

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts

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RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,' 'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE LIGHTSHIP.

IN the cabin of a lightship off the Essex coast sat Richard Cable, knitting a baby's sock or boot. The sock was small, so small that when he thrust his great thumb into it, his thumb filled it.

'Thirteenth row,' said Richard Cable. 'One, two, three, four,' he began aloud, and went from four to forty-seven in decreasing tone, reaching finally an inaudible whisper. Then he raised his voice again: 'Two together; one, two, three, four, five, six. Two together; one, two, three, four.' His tones died away again. He moved his lips; but no sound issued from them till he reached forty-seven, and that he uttered as if it exploded on his lips. Richard Cable was a fine, strongly built, well-proportioned man, about halfway between thirty and forty, with brown curly hair, and eyes of clear blue. His face was tanned with exposure; but the nape of his neck, as visible, now that his head was bent over the knitting-needles, was of a nutty brown, many degrees redder than his face. He wore a knitted blue worsted jersey, with a pair of thick, warm, dark-blue loose trousers beneath and below the jersey. On his head was a round, brimless sailor's cap, with ribbons behind. He had shoes on his feet and white stockings.

Although he was about thirty-five, he had all the freshness of youth about him, and not a trace of care, not the furrow of a trial on his honest brow. The mouth was firm; but as he knitted, he smiled with the most pleasant smile. His face was agreeable, kindly, open; however roughened by wind and spray, its expression was gentle, now especially so, as it was turned to the baby-sock.

'Fourteenth row,' said Cable, 'plain.—Darn the boy! I wish he were back.'

Cable was not on deck; he was, as already said, in his cabin, and the light fell on him from above. When he raised his eyes, he could see the blue sky through the deck-lights; and across the strip of blue sky, white flakes of cloud were flying fast, like swans and Brent geese on their autumnal migration.

'Fifteenth row. One, two, three, four.' Cable began very loud, but went *diminuendo* as he progressed. He also emphasised the first few numbers; but he slurred over the next, and only recovered emphasis at the last. When he came to forty-seven, he changed the position of his feet, and said: 'Knit two together. One, two, three, four. Two together.—Darn him! What creatures boys are to eat; who'd ever thought of his gorging all the bread! 'Tis too provoking to have to send for more.'

The lightship lay about four miles off the shore, the low flat shore of Essex near the little fishing-port of Hanford, a port so insignificant, carrying on so little trade, that Trinity House ignored it, and would do nothing for it, not even concern itself about the entrance to the harbour, and take on it the charge of the lightship. This vessel was stationed where it was, manned, and supplied by the Hanfordites. It was a convenience to them, that is, to the oyster and fishing vessels which put out from the little place on Monday and came home on Saturday.

The sea on the Essex coast is shallow, so shallow that it cannot form a wave on the margin large enough to sweep away the frail dike that has been thrown up to oppose further invasion.

Through the shallows outside Hanford ran one deep line of water, and at the entrance to this

lay the lightship. The coast-line was marked in that random in-and-out course which prevails in hedge demarcation inland; land was divided from water in a loose and arbitrary fashion, without the existence of any physical reason why one patch should be accounted land and another sea. What was arable was arable only because it lay behind the dike; and on the other side of the bank were acres of land as good that might have been reclaimed. There were three stages in which the soil stood: for a mile out seaward were flats on which grew seaweed, overwashed by every tide; nearer land, in creeks and estuaries, were flats of the same soil that grew thrift and sea-lavender and glasswort, and where occasionally sheep were sent to browse. These patches were only covered at very high tides. Then came the seawall; and behind that was pasture and arable land, and the water only swept over the bank upon it once in ten, fifteen, or twenty years, when high-tide coincided with an inshore gale.

The outer flats grew their own crops; but the crops were distinctively marine, a long ribbon weed, and winkles. After every gale, the weed and countless winkles were swept ashore in black wreaths, and the weed whitened in the sun to a thin ash-like film.

'Sixteenth row, knit plain.'

On the seaface of the seawall a strip of sand and gravel ran the length of the coast, varying in width from a foot to half-a-dozen yards. Between this beach and the clay beds lay a depression, scooped by the retreating current as the tide went out, filled with black slime, formed of decomposed seaweed and winkles, dead crabs, and all the refuse of the sea that it washed up and could not withdraw again. The flats grown over with winkles, thick as daisies in a meadow, formed a happy hunting-ground for boys and girls alike, who went out on them with 'splashers' on their feet to gather shellfish. The splashers are flat boards fastened to the foot; on it the mud can be traversed by human beings as easily as by web-footed aquatic birds.

'Seventeenth row! One, two—— Drat that boy!'

Richard Cable stood up, laid his knitting down on a locker and went on deck. He looked landwards. A line of foam marked where the deep sea broke over the submerged banks of clay. A glare of sun was on a belt of willows, that seemed white, against a gloomy mass of vapour that hung on the horizon. The trees were five or six miles distant; but they were perfectly visible, and looked against the dark background like tufts of cotton-grass.

'Ah!' said Richard Cable, 'there he comes. I can see the boat. If he don't look smart, the squall will be on him and capsize him before he gets here.'

The lightship was rolling and straining. The wind was rising. From the bed of black cloud

lines extended, shadow-rays over the sky. The sea seemed to be uneasy, and had become fretful. The brightness was gone from the day, the colour from the water.

'Darn the boy!' said Cable, looking aloft. 'We shall have dirty weather on us in ten minutes, and he not here.' Then he returned to the cabin and resumed the knitting-pins and the little sock. He had done the tiny foot; he put his fingers into it and turned it about and looked at it. The fellow was already done, in white wool, and lay on a polished ash-wood stool. He took it up and measured the sole of the sock he was knitting by the other foot. 'Right you are,' he said; then, after a pause: 'Well! it does seem a time to be away from the little uns—a whole fortnight. I don't know how I should manage it, if I hadn't the knitting of their socks and stockings to keep me in mind of their little pattering feet. What a beauty the baby is! That she is indeed, and nobody can deny it.' Then he sighed. 'Poor Polly!' and he wiped his eye with the sole of the little sock he was knitting. 'Drat it!' said he; 'I've dropped a stitch. Eighteenth row. First two together. Lord! what wonderful little toes the baby has got. They're like a row of peas in a pod, only no green about them, pink instead; and then, the little nails! what mites they be, to be sure, not half-quarter so big as one of my stitches. And to see the way the baby works her toes, just as though she'd be as handy with them as with fingers. This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef—— No! Baby hasn't got to that pitch of reason and understanding that she can count her toes and take in all about the pigs. She's not equal to Pat-a-cake Baker's man yet. What a pleasure it will be when she's old enough to laugh at Pat-a-cake!—Darn the boy! Not here yet, and the gale is on us.'

The ship was struck by a great wave, and a blast of wind screamed over it.

'He's been dawdling, that he has. He ought to have been back with the bread an hour ago. What a plague boys are! It's a mystery how over reliable, sensible men grow out of such untrustworthy louts; but then the plant and the seedling differ in every particular.' He put down the sock again. 'I can't get along of my knitting because of Trinity House. Why doesn't Trinity House take the light upon its own hands? Then it would not be undermanned; I should not be left here, alone with a hulking, scatter-brained boy. I must go on deck and have another look after him.'

He climbed the ladder. The aspect of the sky and sea was changed. The sky was overcast with black whirling vapours; the sea, from being fretful, was angry; a shadow as of an impending woe crept over the face of nature.

The wind was off shore, so that the waves were not considerable; but behind the spit of land and the willows the coast bent away to the south,

and the wind was able to heap up the waters there and roll them round in a sort of race beyond the spit, a line of leaping, shaking, angry tumblers, dark as ink when not maned with foam, meeting and driving back the muddy, churned wavelets that were swept outwards from the shallow shore and mud-flats.

'Blow that boy! If he gets swamped, his mother will lay all the blame on me for certain.' He stood clutching the bulwarks, looking at the boat. He could not see distinctly; the wind, charged with foam, drove in his eyes, and in the dancing water, the boat was as often hidden as seen.—'Bless me!' he exclaimed suddenly, 'it ain't Joe after all! Why—who in the world can it be? Bothered if it ain't a gal!' He drew his jersey sleeve across his eyes. 'Joe never can ha' gone and changed his sex. He can't have bided ashore and sent his sister. Of all unreliable creatures, there never was the likes of a boy. Here's a pretty go! Sending a gal out with the bread—and me a widower.' Then suddenly his heart stood still, and a feeling of sickness came over him. 'There can't have nothing happened to the little uns—and mother have sent!—not to baby!—and me knitting her socks.'

The lightship pitched and rolled; anchored as she was, she was subject to more violent and abrupt motions than if she had been free. Cable went on one knee and held his hand over his eyes, to assist in taking a more steady observation.

'It ain't our boat,' he said. Then he shouted. The boat was now near. A girl was in it, rowing towards the vessel. She wore a glazed, black, sailor's hat; from under it her hair, long and dark, flew about in the wind.

'Come under the lee!' shouted Richard Cable. The girl slightly turned her head; as she did so, the wind covered her face with her hair. She seemed all but completely exhausted. She pulled with long and laboured strokes.

'She's a young thing, and looks like a lady,' mused Cable. 'However she comes out here, it is not about the little uns. Mother is no fool.'

The girl, perhaps dazed with the hair and salt water in her eyes, and overcome with exhaustion, let go one oar to raise her hand and brush the hair from her face. The boat swung about at once.

'Hold hard!' shouted Cable. 'Don't lose heart. Here's a rope-end.' He caught up and cast a rope to her with such true aim that it fell athwart the boat; and the girl seized it with both hands, and in so doing, let go the other oar, which was at once carried off by the sea.

'She's lost her head,' said Richard. 'It's lucky she didn't do it afore she came within reach.' Then he called to her: 'Make fast round the thwart, and I'll haul you in. Don't lose your head, whatever you do. Hold together, if but for a minute.'

The girl was staggering to her feet in the rolling boat.

'Keep hold of the rope!' he shouted. Then the boat touched the side of the lightship, which rolled at the moment. He caught the girl's hands, extended imploringly. The ship swung over, and he managed to raise the girl to the deck; but as she sprang from the boat, the

spurn of her foot, or the recoil from the side of the vessel, sent her little boat adrift. The next moment it was swept away by the waves, whither Cable could not see—he had not the time to look; the condition of the girl he had saved engrossed his attention.

She was tall; in dark-blue navy serge gown, with a leather belt round her waist. She could not speak. Her breast was heaving; her breath came short and fast. Her cheeks were on fire, but her eyes were dim. Her consciousness was deserting her.

'You're pretty nigh done,' said Cable; 'let me fetch you a drop of brandy, miss.'

She put out her hand to arrest him, and held to the bulwark with the other. She could not keep her feet. The motion of the vessel was irregular. It rolled, and was brought up with a jerk.

'I see,' said he; 'you must not be left alone. Drat it!—that's a souser!' as a wave went over the deck, covering him and the girl with a drench of spray. 'Come down with me—or, stay! let me carry you into the cabin.'

She offered no resistance, so he caught her in his arms and took her to the ladder. Her heart, under his hand, was fluttering like a butterfly at a window. Her breath came in sobs. He bore her to the ladder with long strides and descended with her to the outer cabin; this was where the coals were stowed, and the oil stored; where he cleaned and trimmed the lamps. Beyond was a low doorway, that led into the main cabin, which in shape and relative proportions was like the toe-half of a boot. At the narrow end was the fireplace or stove; round the sides were lockers for the stowing away of sundries of every kind. The tops of the lockers served as seats. There was no table. On each side of the cabin was an aperture about two feet square, closed at pleasure with a sliding panel; this gave access to the bunk or sleeping-berth. By crawling in at the hole one found a mattress, and space, but only just space enough to lie down in, with the nose six inches from the nether surface of the deck. The smallest trifle in the cabin had its proper place, and everything was beautifully clean and orderly.

'There, miss,' Cable said. 'I doubt you won't be able to stow yourself properly into one of these here bunks without knocking yourself about; and if I was to put you on the locker, with the lurching you might slide off; so you had better just lie down on the cabin floor, with your feet to the fire. I'll spread a mattress for you. Lie down till you've got your breath again and recovered from your fright a bit. You'd better presently, when you can manage it, whip off that gown, which is wet, and let me cover you up with blankets and give you a drop of hot brandy and water. Then try to get to sleep. Don't you mind me, miss! I'm the father of a family. I'm the father of seven little girls, and two of them twins. When you're able to look about you, miss, you'll see a pair of socks I've been knitting for the baby. I've one done, and t'other's getting on. Excuse the liberty, if I throw my pilot coat over you—your gown was wet by that wave, and you seem so exhausted you might get your death of a chill. I've got to go aloft after the light, which will occupy me

some time. Then you can take off your gown. The darned boy has gorged all the bread, and there was none left; and I sent him ashore for more, and he hasn't come back, or he would act as your lady's-maid. Very sorry, miss, I can't do better; but don't think anything of me. I'm the father of seven children, and there's ne'er a boy among them, and two of them are twins, so there's no occasion to be afear'd of me.'

He did not like to leave her in her condition of exhaustion, so he made an excuse to remain till he saw her a little recovered. He put the kettle on the stove. 'We'll have the water boiling directly. It don't mix well with the brandy if it isn't boiling.' Then he lit the pendent lamp, for the cabin was dark, and poked the fire, and coaxed the kettle, and groped for the sugar. When he had mixed her a glass, he brought it to her where she lay. The light of the lamp was on her face. 'Why—I declare, miss!' he exclaimed, 'why—surely, you're Miss Josephine Cornellis.'

She slightly nodded.

'Lord! What ever brought you here?' he asked.

'I was running away.'

'From what?'

'My own thoughts.'

THE BANK OF FRANCE.

NEXT to the Bank of England, the Bank of France is the largest and most important of all the other banks in Europe. Occupying very nearly the same position in France as the Bank of England does in this country, it is in many respects similar, and performs for the country the same kind of duties. The public moneys are deposited with the Bank of France; it alone has the sole right of issuing notes in that country. (This is what Sir Robert Peel would have attached to the privileges of the Bank of England, if he had been able; but usage and vested interests were too powerful.) Its capital is possessed by a proprietary whose liabilities are of a similar nature to those of any other banking institution. It opens accounts with properly introduced persons, and keeps in its coffers the metallic reserves.

Having mentioned these analogies between these two great Banks, there are points where their conduct diverges. The transactions of the Bank of England are on a larger scale, owing to the larger mercantile operations in this country. The commercial habits of the French are plainly indicated in the class of bill business which their chief Bank undertakes. During the whole of last year, it discounted no fewer than 1,590,839 bills under four pounds, most of them payable at private addresses. It is an unusual thing for an English banker to take a bill under ten pounds, and he will require satisfactory reasons for discounting bills payable at private addresses. It is presumed here that in such a case the acceptor cannot be a substantial man, or he would have a banker.

Another point of divergence, again, is in the government of the Bank, wherein the French have shown their belief in the efficiency and effectiveness of government control. Our own government cannot in any way interfere with

the operations of the Bank of England, except in respect of its note issue. The French Bank is presided over by a Governor, appointed by the government, who also appoints the two Deputy-governors. The three highest offices are thus held by government men; and the office of the Governor is held for life. It is his duty to see that the obligations imposed upon the Bank by the government are in all respects carried out, and to act as the connecting link between it and the government. In addition to the Governor and two Deputy-governors, the General Assembly, consisting of two hundred of the largest shareholders, elect the General Council, which is made up of fifteen Regents and three Censors. The manufacturing and trading interests are supposed to be duly represented in the Council, for five of the Regents must be chosen from each of these bodies. There is yet another Committee of twelve persons, who must be shareholders carrying on business in Paris, appointed by the Censors. This Committee has the responsibility of examining and passing all the bills taken for discount.

The Bank was established in 1803 by the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. Its constitution has been slightly modified from time to time, as circumstances have required. It has been successfully and prudently managed, though there have been times when its existence has been threatened. In 1848, during the Revolution, it made large advances to the government and to the city of Paris, which, combined with a severe drain on its gold, strained its resources to so great an extent that it was compelled to suspend specie payments. To lessen the evil of this measure and limit the inconvenience arising therefrom, its notes were made and have continued to be legal tender.

The Reports annually issued by the Council of this Bank to the shareholders are full of interesting and instructive details, whereby comparison with those of other years, and the progress of the business, can be followed, and the public support estimated. These Reports present a curious study to bankers and economists in this country, for they afford a glimpse of the nature of the banking business carried on in France and of the commercial habits of the French people. To the statistician they form a repertory of figures from which he can construct tables of the trading transactions of the country, always important and valuable in its history. From the Report before us for the year 1885, we shall lay before our readers some of the items mentioned, and especially those which our English banks have not yet condescended to give us. It would indeed be a great relief to many shareholders in the latter to have presented to them fuller details of a concern for which, through decline of business or mismanagement, they may find themselves involved in a heavy liability.

The Bank of France not only informs its shareholders of the amount due to its customers, but also of the total amount operated through their accounts. There were 8592 current accounts open at Paris and the branches, with a sum of £21,724,000 standing at their credit at the end of the year. Omitting the balances due to the Treasury, the fluctuations of the total balance due on these accounts are given as regards their limits. On the 18th of April 1885, the maximum amount

due by the Bank was £20,304,000; and the minimum amount on the 28th of February was £11,556,000—being a difference of £8,748,000. The total operations in the year amounted to £492,983,092—being less than the operations of 1884 by £50,658,180. The returns from the clearing-house in London have revealed the same features. While the volume of trade as a whole has not diminished, the money values have shown a perceptible decrease. These effects are due to the fall in prices in France no less than in England. We feel curious to know whether the operations of the Bank of England would exceed those of its sister Bank. Out of the total operations already given, £226,755,520 are accounted for by the operations conducted gratuitously for the public Treasury.

The Report congratulates the shareholders on the increase of the metallic reserves in two years of £12,000,000, of which the greater part was gold. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that silver has fallen in value so rapidly and to so great an extent. When silver was worth five shillings an ounce, the holding of the Bank of France was no anxiety; but now that silver has fallen to three shillings and ninepence an ounce, the amount of its metallic reserve in silver is not worth so much by about one-fourth as the sum stated. Thus, out of £89,552,000 gold and silver held by the Bank, a little less than half (£43,344,000) was in silver. Deducting one-fourth, the value of the silver may be put at about £33,000,000.

There is nothing more curious in the whole statement than the particulars of the commercial bills and 'paper' discounted. The amount reached £370,004,862—made up by 11,660,589 bills; making an average of £32 for the bills, with an average of nearly 32 days to run. The large number of 103,664 bills, for £3,588,924, were refused discount—a large portion on account of irregularities of form, and the remainder for want of confidence. In Paris, alone, 5,017,904 bills, amounting to £158,832,892, were admitted to discount; of these, 14,106 bills were of the amount of 8s. 4d. and below; 656,980 were from 9s. 2d. to £2; 919,763 were from £2, 0s. 10d. to £4; and 3,427,065 were above £4. These figures are an indication of the trade habits of our neighbours, and show the services rendered to the retail trade by the chief Bank. An idea of the immense quantity of work connected with these small bills, payable chiefly at the residences of the drawees, can be gathered from a paragraph in the statement giving an account of the day's work on the 31st of October, the heaviest for the year. It included the manipulation of 199,272 bills, representing a sum of £4,850,769—to receive which, application had to be made at 69,707 dwellings. The expense of a large staff of collecting-clerks and others to perform these duties adds a very large proportionate cost to these documents in addition to the discount.

The Bank makes advances on public securities, railway securities, and other securities. The maximum amount at Paris was on the 12th of January, and reached £6,508,000—the minimum on the 25th of March, reaching £5,348,000. At the branches the maximum occurred on the 12th of July, and was £6,152,000. The minimum was very nearly coincident with the minimum at Paris, occurring on the 27th of March, and

amounting to £5,596,000. The total operations in advances amounted to £25,058,804.

The note circulation is given in amplified detail, the statement showing the number of notes in circulation with their denomination, the numbers issued, cancelled, destroyed, and withdrawn during the year. On the 28th of January 1886, there were 18,130,565 notes, amounting to £116,050,539, in the hands of the public. There are no notes issued higher than five thousand francs (£200) each, and there were only five of these in circulation. The note most in use was that of one hundred francs (£4), of which there were 12,819,676; and the one least in use is of the denomination of two hundred francs (£8). There were only 2624 notes of two hundred francs (£8) each; 1212 notes of which the form was out of date; and 164,026 notes for five francs (4s.) each in circulation. During the year, there were 9,350,000 notes issued, representing an amount of £81,300,000; there were cancelled, 6,711,613 notes, representing an amount of £62,731,200. There were destroyed, 21,658,566 notes, representing an amount of £161,128,032; and there were withdrawn from circulation, 12,076,300. The manufactory of the Bank at Biercy produced 9,689,000 notes, of which more than half were notes of fifty francs (£2). The growth of the circulation requiring an increased production of notes, fresh buildings were erected fitted with every improvement, and capable of meeting all the demands likely to be made.

The transactions in connection with the deposits of securities form a considerable portion of the services rendered by the Bank. The business attached to this is of three kinds—the free deposits, the deposits as guarantees, and the securities deposited by the syndicate of stock-brokers. The general operations in all these divisions were 4,643,348 in number. There were deposited in the safes at Paris 4,238,281 securities, the value of which amounted to £120,960,000—representing 251,582 deposits brought by 44,869 depositors. Of the first kind of deposit—the free deposit—the number of securities in the safes at Paris was 2,698,252—representing £82,923,506, of 1577 different descriptions, belonging to 31,157 depositors. During the year, 190,000 persons called at the Bank in connection with these securities. Only three branches—those at Bordeaux, Lyons, and Marseilles—appear as having carried on any operations in connection with the deposit of securities. The branches transmitted to the chief office 99,116 coupons. The amount of the charges for custody of valuables at Paris reached £35,617; and at the three branches enumerated, £7891; and, as the Report goes on to say, these charges are a trifling recompense for the expense and the responsibilities which the undertaking these duties imposes on the Bank.

The branches, of which there are ninety-four, are classified according to the importance of the business done at each during the year. Placed in order according to the extent of their operations, numbers are affixed against them to show the order in which each branch stands in respect of the profits. The branches at Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, Havre, Lille, and Bouen, stand in the first rank as regards the importance of their operations; but respectively first, second,

fifth, third, fourth, and tenth in respect of their profits. The largest net profits (£72,717) were realised at Marseilles; the smallest (£27) at Digne; and five branches showed a loss. One of these, Bar-le-Duc, stands forty-fourth in respect of its operations, but shows a loss of £137. La Roche-sur-Yon shows the highest loss (£662).

The expenses connected with the Bank at Paris amounted to £255,472; at the branches, £236,693; and those of a general character, such as cost of transport of specie, duties and taxes, £129,024, of which £99,488 represents taxes. The amount distributed among the 25,782 shareholders was £7, 7s. 6d. per share. The buildings occupied by the branches had cost £1,234,938; but of this, there had been written off £857,503. The number of officials employed at Paris was about the same as those employed by the Bank of England in London (1016); those engaged at the branches numbered 1222.

There are a great many more particulars of less general interest in this very interesting document, but we have given sufficient for our readers to form an idea of its nature. We cannot better conclude than by adding the words of the Council: 'We should have desired to reduce the size of this statement; but it derives the greater part of its interest and importance from the comparative figures with which it necessarily bristles, and we have been compelled, to make it complete, to pass all of them before your eyes. This is our excuse.'

TOLD BY TWO.

A NOVELETTE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAP. I.—TOLD BY WILLIAM HENRY GARNER.

My position in life at the time of the occurrence I am about to relate was that of junior clerk in the service of the Bemerton Banking Company. Every one knows, or ought to know, that Bemerton is one of the busiest and most prosperous manufacturing towns in the Midland counties. If my life at the bank was not altogether to my liking in some respects, it was at least not so irksome as to render it utterly distasteful to me; and as it allowed me an ample margin of leisure for my favourite pursuits and studies, my grumblings at the destiny which had condemned me to an existence so uneventful and monotonous had no great amount of bitterness in them. Besides, I had lately become engaged to a very charming girl; and although the prospect of my marriage with Emmeline lay far in the future, yet the very fact of loving, and knowing I was loved in return, flung a roseate hue over the prosaic details of every-day life, and lent them a glamour they would not otherwise have possessed.

Our bank manager at that time was a certain Mr Yarrell, a strictly well-meaning and conscientious man, but somewhat too severe, pompous, and unbending in his dealings with those under him. He was one of those people who find it difficult to believe in or make allowance for human infirmities or weaknesses of any kind; as a consequence of which he was more feared by his subordinates than liked or respected,

which is not an enviable position for any man to attain to.

The oldest clerk in the bank, in point both of years and length of service, was Mr Mimms. At the age of sixty-five he still wrote a hand that could scarcely be distinguished from what is commonly called 'copperplate,' and his books were a perpetual marvel to us youngsters of a more careless generation. No one ever credited 'Old Meth'—short for Methuselah—with the possession of any extraordinary amount of ability. He was slow, mechanical, and plodding to a degree, but eminently trustworthy, and when that is said, all has been said. It was perhaps owing to this latter quality of trustworthiness that he was selected in the first instance—that is to say, some twenty or more years before I joined the service of the bank—for the performance of a certain peculiar duty, a duty which had been faithfully carried out by him week by week and year by year without break or interruption—for Old Meth never took more than three days' holiday at a time—up to the date of which I am now writing.

One of the largest customers of the bank was the Thorpdale Colliery Company, whose works were situated about sixty miles by rail from Bemerton. One of the obligations undertaken by the bank in connection with the Thorpdale Company was to send by messenger every Friday night an amount in hard cash varying from five to six hundred pounds, for the purpose of paying wages the following day; and it was as the bank's messenger for this special duty that Mr Mimms had acted for close on a quarter of a century.

The *modus operandi* of the transaction in question was as follows: Into a certain strong black-leather bag, which was never used for any other purpose, the verified amount, whatever it might be, was put, each fifty pounds of gold and each five pounds of silver being tied up in separate canvas bags; in addition to which, and as a sort of foundation for the whole, from ten to fifteen pounds-worth of copper coinage was always included. The bag was then double-locked by the bank cashier, and could only be opened by a duplicate key in possession of the cashier at the colliery. A cab was fetched, and Mr Mimms having deposited himself therein, to him entered a porter in the uniform of the bank, carrying the all-important bag. The porter's duty was at an end when he had seen Mr Mimms and his charge safely shut up in a first-class carriage, and had watched the train steam out of the station. Thenceforward, Mr Mimms journeyed alone, except for such chance passengers as might come and go by the way. On reaching the station at which he had to alight, he went at once to the nearest hotel, where a bed was always reserved for him, locked up himself and his bag for a few hours, paid the money over to the colliery cashier next morning, and was back in Bemerton shortly after mid-day on Saturday. Thus, without let or accident, had matters gone on for so many years that it almost seemed as if they might go on for ever.

But a certain morning brought the manager a medical certificate in which it was stated that Mr Mimms had been taken suddenly ill and was unable to leave his bed. We were

all sorry for poor Old Meth, whom everybody liked; but five minutes later—alas! for poor human nature—each of us was whispering to his neighbour and wondering which of us would be the lucky individual to whom would be intrusted the conveyance of the Thorpdale bag on the Friday evening next ensuing. There was scarcely a clerk in the bank who would not gladly have undertaken the duty. Office life with us passed so monotonously, that almost any change would have been welcomed as a boon. However, be that as it may, no one could possibly have been more surprised than I was when in the course of the day I was summoned into the manager's room and told that I was the person who had been fixed upon to succeed Mr Mimms *pro tem*. There had been nothing to lead me to suppose that Mr Yarrell had the slightest preference for me over any of my fellow-clerks, nor do I know to this day why several of my seniors were passed over in my favour. As, however, the honour, if such it might be deemed, was thrust upon me, I could do no less than gratefully accept it. Of course Mr Yarrell did not fail to improve the occasion after his own peculiar fashion; it was only to be expected of him; for if our manager had one weakness, it was a fondness for hearing himself enunciate a string of solemn platitudes, which he seemed to have learned by heart in early life and never to have forgotten.

When I made my first journey to Thorpdale, I quite expected that it would also be my last, and that Mr Mimms would be back at business before the following Friday; but it fell out that Old Meth, instead of getting better, grew slowly worse, so that when, about a couple of months later, we received the news of his death, it scarcely came upon us as a surprise.

Three weeks after this event, Mr Yarrell sent for me again. He had golden news for me this time. Not only was I permanently confirmed in my new position as messenger between the bank and the colliery, but I was further informed that my salary was to be augmented by fifty pounds per annum. It is needless to say I was overjoyed. My marriage with my darling Elm. seemed at last within measurable distance. I wrote her a long letter that evening full of sweet nothings and lover's foolishness. Before me, I seemed to see an assured and happy future; not a cloud dimmed the horizon. It is a wise dispensation that in this world one never knows what an hour may bring forth.

The train by which Mr Mimms had always travelled, and I as his successor of course followed his example, left Bemerton at a quarter past six P.M., and reached the Thorpe Valley Station, which was about a couple of miles from the colliery, some three hours later. The railway between the two places was not on any of the great trunk lines; consequently, the service was not what is usually termed an express one; that is to say, all the trains stopped at a greater or lesser number of stations by the way. For instance, the quarter past six train, which was one of the fastest on the branch, made five stoppages between Bemerton and Thorpe Valley. It is needful to make mention of these points, in order more clearly to understand what follows.

On the particular Friday evening to which we

now come—it was in the month of November—I drove down to the station as usual, accompanied by Bingley the porter. Having found an empty first-class compartment, I proceeded to take possession of it and to set about making myself comfortable for the journey. The seat I made a point of occupying—as my predecessor had done before me, and I was usually fortunate enough to secure it—was the corner seat, with my back to the engine, on the far side of the carriage, so that whoever should get in or out would in no wise disturb me. As I happen to belong to the lean kine, the seat was roomy enough to allow of the bag being wedged into it with me, although I should have sat more comfortably without it. I always carried a railway key; and if, as frequently happened, I was the sole occupant of the compartment when the train started, we had no sooner got clear of the platform than I at once made a point of locking the door, by which proceeding I generally insured myself a solitary ride through to my destination.

The fingers of the moonfaced station clock pointed to fourteen minutes and three-quarters past six, the doors had all been slammed, Bingley was standing a little way from the carriage, ready to touch his hat to me the moment the engine whistled; I had drawn on my travelling cap, and was already fingering my railway key, when a young lady, carrying a tiny handbag and a slim umbrella, came hurrying along the platform, followed by a couple of porters, and pointing to the door of my compartment, gasped out some inarticulate words. When, a few seconds later, the engine gave its warning shriek, I was no longer alone.

I presume that a young man in a free country like England, even although he is engaged to be married, may look at a young lady—may even look at her more than once, especially if she happen to be pretty—without having any serious charge laid against him. For the young lady who had joined me so unceremoniously seemed to be very good-looking indeed, and I am afraid I must plead guilty to having glanced at her several times. I say that she 'seemed' to be good-looking; but, with the exception of her mouth and chin, which were uncovered, only the merest outline of her features was discernible through the black lace veil which was stretched tightly over her face and fastened in a knot behind. But the mouth and chin were charming, or appeared so to me, and I judged of what was hidden by what was visible. It was that distracting veil that acted as a lure to my imagination.

Was she regarding me, I wondered, with eyes as curious as those with which I regarded her? Probably not; but it was impossible to tell. As soon as the train was fairly under way, she opened her bag and drew from it a small thin volume, in the contents of which she apparently became at once absorbed; but what with the veil over her eyes and the wretched light in the carriage, I felt sure that it was next to impossible for her to read a line. Evidently she was acting a part, but whatever her object might be in doing so, was no affair of mine. Her age I judged to be about twenty. She was dressed entirely in black, but was not, I think, in mourning. She sat facing the engine, in the farthest seat from

mine on the opposite side. She might be a countess or a governess, or anything between the two, or so it seemed to me, whose knowledge of the world at that time, although I should have resented the imputation, was on a very limited scale indeed.

Enigmas have attractions for most people, but when there seems no possibility of solving them, they soon become tiresome. By the time we had left Bemerton half-a-dozen miles behind, my thoughts were beginning to wander back into their wonted channels. I fell to thinking of my darling Em. and of the sunny prospect which had so unexpectedly opened itself before us. There could not have been a more charming mode of whiling away a tedious journey.

The first station at which our train was timed to stop was Luxford, which is ten miles from Bemerton. Here a second lady entered the compartment, attracted, as it seemed to me, by seeing one of her own sex there before her; but this second lady was middle-aged and not at all nice-looking, nor ever had been, as far as I could judge. I took a dislike to her face, or rather, to the expression of it, the moment I set eyes on her. It may have been prejudice on my part, but I could not help it. Apparently she was about fifty years of age. Her hair was gray, or as much of it as could be seen, which consisted of three flat curls on either side of her forehead. Her features were prominent, aquiline in shape, but somewhat coarse in outline; she had a small brown mole on the left side of her chin about a quarter of an inch below the corner of her mouth; while the two middle teeth of her upper set were so long and protruded so conspicuously, even when she was not talking, that few people could look at her without noticing them. She gave me the impression of being well but quietly dressed; but I took no note of details. A porter had handed into the carriage after her an oblong black leather travelling case, which she proceeded to deposit on the middle seat, while she herself sat down on the seat opposite the younger lady, and, like myself, with her back to the engine.

Being strangers to each other, no one spoke. The younger lady still kept up the pretence of reading, turning over a fresh page now and again; the elder one bent a meditative gaze on the lamp in the roof of the carriage and seemed to be deep in a brown-study; for myself, I closed my eyes and went back to my castle-building.

I forget the name of the next station at which we stopped, but it was about six miles beyond Luxford. The third station, which was eight miles farther, was Sherrington. As nearly as I could judge, we had still about two miles to run before reaching it, when my reverie was broken by an exclamation from the elder lady. 'Good gracious! I'm afraid she's going to faint,' she cried.

My eyes instinctively followed the direction of hers. The young lady's book had dropped from her fingers, and she was lying back in her seat with parted lips, gasping softly for breath. Her face was very pale; she had pushed her veil up a little farther, but it still shrouded her eyes and the upper part of her face.

'My dear, I'm afraid you feel ill,' said the elder woman, as she bent forward and laid a hand on the other's knee.

She gave a slight gesture of assent, and her lips faintly murmured 'Water.'

'What's to be done?' said the other, turning her black glittering eyes on me for the first time. 'The poor thing wants water, and there's none to be had.'

'We shall be at Sherrington in two or three minutes,' I replied, 'where a glass of water can no doubt be obtained.'

'Ah, yes, to be sure; there's a refreshment room there, if I remember rightly. Meanwhile, perhaps it would revive her a little if I were to open this window.'

I hastened to take the little duty in question on myself.

'Do you feel any better, dear?' asked the elder woman as she bent forward again.

There was a feeble shake of the head, and again her lips murmured 'Water.' Certainly she looked very ill.

'All she asks for is water,' said the other to me. 'What a pity it is I left my smelling-salts at home.'

The train was slackening speed by this time, and a few moments later we drew up at the platform. At that hour there were but few people about.

Even before the train came to a stand, the elder woman turned to me: 'O sir, pray make all the haste you can and get the poor child a glass of water.'

Under such circumstances, how was it possible for me to hesitate, although my instructions were most peremptory that I should on no account quit the carriage without taking my bag with me? The refreshment room was only about thirty yards down the platform; I should not be away more than a minute and a half; and with the two ladies in the carriage, and the door on the opposite side locked, as I knew it to be, what possible harm could happen? There was not a moment to spare. Hastily throwing my rug over the bag, so as to hide it, I was out of the carriage the instant the train stopped; and after shutting the door behind me, I sped down the platform as fast as my legs could carry me. I found several people in the refreshment room before me; and about half a minute, certainly not more, elapsed before I could obtain what I wanted. Then I hurried back as quickly as possible. The younger lady still lay back in her seat, looking very wan and faint, and that provoking veil still hid her eyes and forehead. The elder lady had taken off her gloves, and was in the act of chafing one of her companion's hands. As she took the glass of water from me through the open window, I could not help noticing, as a rather singular personal peculiarity, that the little finger of her right hand was abnormally short in comparison with the length of her other fingers, and that the tip of it only reached half-way between the second and third joints of her third finger: it was one of those trifles to which, under other circumstances, I should never have given a second thought.

The girl drank the water eagerly and murmured her thanks. I gave the glass to a passing porter, and had just time to resume my seat before the train sped on its way. I spread my rug over my knees again and glanced at my bag: nothing had been disturbed.

In the course of a few minutes the young lady seemed very much better. She gave utterance to a few words of apology and thanks in a low voice, addressed partly to the elder woman and partly to me.

'Are you going much farther by train?' asked the other.

'Only as far as Birkwood—the next station.'

'Why, that's my station too,' was the answer.

Then a little conversation passed between the two in a lower tone, to which I paid no heed; and a few minutes later, Birkwood was reached. I hastened to open the door for them, and both ladies alighted. Then I handed the elder one her travelling case; she thanked me with a smile which brought her two long incisors into more objectionable prominence than ever; and then she beckoned to a porter. The young lady said: 'Good-night, sir; and thank you so very much for your kindness.'

Still, it was provoking that she did not lift her veil and allow me to see the colour of her eyes. No sooner was the train under way again, than I proceeded to lock the carriage door; no ladies, young or elderly, pretty or plain-looking, should share the remainder of my journey.

PENNY GAFFS.

LONDON! One Saturday night I was strolling aimlessly along one of the principal market thoroughfares in the neighbourhood of Hoxton, when my attention was drawn to a crowd of people outside a shop, the window of which, instead of being filled, as usual, with goods suited to the requirements of the locality, was occupied by a large canvas, painted all over in glaring colours with marvellous figures of performing dogs, fat women, skeletons, giants, red Indians, and a number of odd-looking animals, to classify which under their correct genus would have puzzled the most eminent living naturalist. In front of the shop, a piano-organ, evidently ordered to stop there for the occasion, poured forth such cheering lays as, *Wait till the Clouds roll by, Jeanie*, and *Mother, I've come Home to die*; varied by a lively jig or breakdown, which was the signal for a number of children in the roadway to perform singular gymnastic feats, which passed muster for dancing. A fat man with a red face and a very hoarse voice stood guard at the entrance to the shop—the inside of which was concealed from the eager gaze of those without by a dirty curtain of green baize stretched across the doorway—and endeavoured to induce the crowd to pay their pennies and 'walk in.' His harangue, frequently repeated, was something like this: 'Just a-goin' to begin, Signor Barberino's great travelling show—admission one penny—where can be seen the wonderful fat woman of California, and that hextrahordinary freak o' nature the armless child, which can write with its feet, and never knows the loss of its harms, 'cos it never had none, and also 'cos nater 'as perwided it with legs what does twice as well.—Now then, there—stand aside, and let

the lady pass.' (This to a group of small boys who had got as near to the doorway as possible.) 'Thank you, marm.—Just a-goin' to begin, as exhibited before all the crowned 'eads of Europe and all the ryal family, and specially engaged to appear at the Himperial theatre of Peking, in Chiney.—No dogs admitted, sir; and children must be paid for.—Signor Barberino's,' &c.

The impression left on most of the crowd seemed to be that if they missed that show, it would be a matter of regret to them for the rest of their natural life, for they pressed eagerly forward and paid their pennies. In about seven minutes the shop was crammed with a miscellaneous crowd of men, women—with some of their purchases for the Sunday dinner bulging out of baskets too small to contain them—and boys and girls of that intermediate age between childhood and youth; little children in the charge of bigger children; and one or two of a better class of young men, who seemed to have dropped in merely for the fun of the thing.

I entered with a number of others, and obtained a place as near as I could to another hanging of green baize at the further end of the shop, for I imagined that behind this must be concealed some of the wonders so graphically painted on the canvas outside. The place having become full, this green baize was drawn aside, and a young man with a very East-end look handed out a short, fat, ugly, greasy-looking woman of about four feet in height, but weighing, I should think, about eighteen stone. She was dressed in a showy, tawdry material, covered with elaborate trimmings equally tawdry, bare about the back and arms, and certainly no pains had been taken to conceal her ample frontal charms. She was a mass of huge flabby fat; and had evidently been got into her present condition by methods which the faculty would no doubt condemn as harmful, though possibly it *might* be constitutional. But she seemed pleased with the amount of attention she received. When the East-end young man had finished a minute account of her height, weight, age, measurement round the shoulders, arms, &c., members of the crowd were requested to 'shake 'ands with the fat lady;' and an intimation was given that should any of the audience, in the performance of this act of friendly greeting, pass any coin of the realm from their own into the lady's palm, why—well, the fat lady would not be offended.

This part of the ceremony having been got through, displaying on the part of the crowd an eager desire to get near enough to have the honour of touching the lady's hand, she was handed back again behind the baize screen; and another woman, the antipodes of the first one, made her appearance. She was about five feet eight inches in height, dressed in dirty white muslin, covered all over with pale blue and pink bows, and which barely reached her knees, displaying limbs of an unnatural thinness. Her

arms were just the same, being no thicker than an ordinary broomstick; and in feature she was horribly ugly. The East-end young man stated she was only four stones in weight, and gave various other particulars, which were all received by the audience with rapt attention. The sight of this hideous specimen of humanity was too much for me, and I elbowed my way to the door, thus missing the remaining attractions of the show, including the 'hextrahordinary freak o' nature the armless child,' whom, however, I was destined to see at a future date.

The following Monday afternoon I was passing on business through the same thoroughfare, when I observed the red-faced man with the hoarse voice standing, or rather lounging, outside the entrance to the show. Having a quarter of an hour to spare, and feeling interested in the extraordinary beings I had seen on the previous Saturday, I accosted him, and asked him if he would come and have something to warm him at a neighbouring public-house; intimating, as an excuse for my speaking to him, that I had been in his show on the Saturday. No apologies seemed necessary; and having watched him take his refreshment, I proceeded to question him as to the working, prospects, &c. of his show.

'Where do we git the living curiosities from? Well—lots o' places; generally, the least likely uns. Sometimes a pore family has some sort o' deformed child born, and they gits to hear as 'ow, in a show like ours' (he straightened himself up), 'they gits taken good care on, and 'as a chance o' making something besides what we pays 'em. They comes and offers us the curiosity; and if we thinks it'll take, why, we gives 'em a sum down, and so much a week as long as they're with us; and precious glad they are of it, they are. You see, it's friendly all round: it pays us; it pays the poor people; it pleases the curiosity; and it amuses the public. If we didn't take 'em into our show, they'd very likely git sent to the workus, or kicked about and ill-treated, 'cos they wouldn't be able to earn their own living. But when they're with us, their people gits kind o' proud of 'em, and will come and 'ang around the show, and seem glad if they can git any one to listen to 'em when they says they're related to the curiosities inside. There's always plenty of offers a-coming to us. Sometimes we buys a performing animal off some circus people when he's old and not good enough for them, but quite smart enough for us. Sometimes we gits 'em young, and trains 'em ourselves. Sometimes— But there—it won't do to tell you heverything, or you'll be writing to the newspapers or something o' that kind.'

This dark allusion to something mysterious heightened my curiosity, and I endeavoured to draw him out further, but with no success; and he presently went on again as follows:

'Pay!—Yes, of course it pays, else we shouldn't keep on the same lay. There ain't much to be done anywheres in the daytime, and none at all just here; but of a-night, we can fill the show as many times as we likes; and although it's only a penny, when there's sixty or seventy people go in every quarter of an hour, you see it mounts up. Lots on 'em goes in three or four times, they gits so interested. After one

show's over and a fresh batch ready, some o' those who went in first 'll come back and pay agin, p'raps bringing a friend, who was awaiting to hear what the fust one said about it; and then they goes in again, 'cos they can't remember how much the fat lady weighs; or else they gits to feel a sort o' pride that they've bin to our show more times than any o' their mates. Lor bless you, sir, I b'lieve some on 'em feels sorry they wasn't born a curiosity themselves! Yes, it's always best to git in what's called a low neighbourhood, though why it should be called low, I dunno. Poor people's pennies are as good as any one else's, as fur as I can make out; and if any o' the young fellers ever gits obstroperus or a-teasing of the curiosities, we've only got to speak a bit sharp to 'em, and they're as quiet as a murderer after he's been and got 'anged.'

The reader will observe that his similes were both forcible and original.

'Yes, about a week is the time for staying in one place—sometimes a fortnight; and we have run as long as three weeks when we've had some fust-class curiosities. But we allus seems to be moving, and never gits settled. Of course, if one of our best attractions dies, as they often does if the weather's bad, we have to shut up for a time, 'cos it gits noised about that there ain't half so much to be seen as is announced.— There never is, you say? Well, and wot if there ain't? Are we any worse than any one else, I should like to know? Is the man what advertises medicine to cure everythink a-telling the truth, any more than us? Is the man what waters his milk and takes his davy it's pure, any better? No; but just 'cos it's us, and our show ain't quite all what it says on the canvas, we gits called rogues and swindlers.'

I saw it was time to replenish the empty tumbler; but in spite of it, I could get very little more out of the hoarse-voiced man. I had evidently touched his dignity; so, wishing him 'crowded houses' wherever he went, I left him to his whisky, and his reflections on the inequalities of social adventurers generally.

Since then, I have been to scores of 'penny gaffs,' as they are called in the neighbourhoods which are favoured with their visits, and have seen natural deformities ('freaks of nature,' the canvas generally has it), wild animals (generally poor beasts which want a lot of goading before their 'hot blood' can be got up sufficiently to make them look fierce), fat women and skeletons, strong men and dwarfs, jugglers and acrobats, performing dogs, snake-charmers, and latterly 'thought-readers;' the last-mentioned having all been pupils of the leading thought-readers of the day, and paid a fabulous sum for their initiation into the many mysteries of the art. Sometimes the tricks done are really clever; sometimes as transparent as crystal; often, by the aid of an accomplice, who, despite his endeavours to appear to be one of the crowd, can generally be picked out by the discerning, because he invariably overdoes his part; and sometimes they are not tricks at all, but miserable attempts, which deceive nobody. But the people who go to see them are satisfied, and that is everything. They can give a penny where they could not afford sixpence; and if the

entertainment is not intellectual, it is certainly not very harmful, the only really objectionable feature being the exhibition of natural, or, more correctly speaking, unnatural, human deformities.

MY GRANDFATHER.

THE SECRET OF AN OLD MAN'S LIFE.

THE last remnants of the dinner had been removed from the table; the curtains were drawn across the windows; the oil-lamp was placed between us; the fire roared up the chimney; we faced each other in two armchairs, my grandfather and I. It was the anniversary of his birthday; and I, his grandson, the only relative he had left in the world, had spent the day at his fireside, more in pity for his loneliness than for any love of kinship. They said I should inherit the large fortune he had acquired, none knew how; but the life of this strange old man had ever been an enigma to the few who were intimate with him, and none could foresee from day to day in which direction the next seeming freak of his folly would lie.

So I was dining with him on the ninetieth anniversary of his birthday; and when the repast was finished, we had drawn up the great armchairs; and in silence I watched the deep glow of the firelight play upon his haggard face, as he seemed to search the inmost depth of the blaze with his piercing and outstanding eyes. His life had been a mystery to those who had known him; for years he had lived in that little house with but one servant; and it was only on anniversaries of his birthday that I dined at his table. It was on such occasions as these that I had learned enough of the old man's life to know that some heavy secret lay on his mind, that some one act in his long span of existence had marred and seared the remaining years. The fevered mutterings, the staring eyes, the long fits of abstraction, followed by hoarse pleading, as if for pity, had told their tale. Occasional mention, too, of early days in Paris—of spectacles there, that had dulled the courage of stoutest hearts, of women and men dying at the hands of fanatic Republicans, of little children falling in the widespread sacrifice—all these led me to believe that it was in Paris that my grandfather had spent his early years, with Paris and with the past that his secret lay. More I knew not; more I dared not ask, for I was always ill at ease in the company of this strange old man, whose very eccentricities repelled the least advance.

Would he ever tell me more? was the question I asked myself that night; and as I watched the quivering lip and the trembling eyes, and heard from time to time the muttered prayer, I felt that his secret would perish with him. But I was mistaken; for suddenly he turned his chair from the fire, and clutching the arms of it as if with determined purpose, he began to speak in a low and solemn voice. In a minute I learned that the time had come; the mystery would be hidden no longer.

'Grandson,' he said, 'it comes to every man at a certain season to know that the end of his

life is not far distant, that the day is approaching when he must face his Maker. When such a season is come to a man, it behoves him to think of those who will inherit his possessions when he is gone. I have thought over that difficult question, and I have made my decision. You are my only relative; you will inherit such property as I possess; but more than this, you will learn now from me, that which no doubt has often troubled you, the secret of an old man's life. It has not escaped you, this weight that lies upon my soul and threatens to crush it. Others have often questioned me; an idle curiosity prompted them to do so; you have shown your sense and held your peace. Your discretion has not escaped me; it shall be rewarded by a gratification of your suppressed curiosity, painful though it may be for me to give it. You have learned from the words that have escaped me, that images of the past rise ever before me—images that never leave me day or night—that carry me back again to Paris and to my crime.'

The old man paused a moment here, for emotion was working strong within him; then recovering himself, he went on hurriedly.

'My father, himself a man of letters, decided to educate me for a literary profession. With sense and discrimination, he planned for me a scheme of education which embodied a wide range of reading and of travel. I was to work my way at Eton, to study for a time at Cambridge, then to seek the great centres of learning upon the continent, and to finish in the richly stored libraries of the East. It was a grand idea, worthy of a noble and generous man. Alas that his generosity was so thrown away!

'I went to Eton, and passed through the school, making friends here, gaining honours there, learning something of the classics, and of those difficulties and disappointments that face us all when we start on the battle-field of life. At Cambridge I was a scholar and took honours. I remember now the gladness of my poor father, when the news came to him that I had mounted one rung of the ladder before me. I hear again his hearty words of congratulation, feel again the warm pressure of his hand, undergo once more the welcome labour of writing to my mother. It was a happy time, for I was full of hope and confidence in my own powers, and around me were those whose every thought breathed a prayer for my welfare and my happiness.

'Then it came that I should set out for Paris. It was with reluctance that they let me leave home, for at that date the first murmurs of the mighty torrent of revolution which swept over France were beginning to be heard. The writings of Voltaire and Rousseau were commencing to bear their fruit. Agitators in the byways were decrying the king and demanding liberty; as the low moaning of the wind before the storm, so were these the warnings of what was to come. But I had no fears then; rather I hoped to learn much from seeing a country whose people had commenced to test the truths which the great philosophers of so many years had preached in their writings and in their teachings. You must remember, too, that none could then foresee that under the cloak

of freedom men would lose their instincts of humanity, and would become as wild beasts; that rapine and vice would prevail where virtue and goodness had been; that women and children would be sacrificed to ambition and to fear; that the land would lie under the curse of misrule. My father could not foresee this, or I should never have left the comfortable home in the midlands and have faced the dangers that soon awaited me in Paris. When I arrived in that great capital, it was hard to believe that beneath that gaiety and brightness lay hidden a great stratum of discontent and poverty and crime. It was yet harder to believe, as one heard the frenzied cries of welcome that greeted king and queen, that the cries were a mockery, that the voices were but empty sounds. That was the year 1788, and the Bastille had not yet fallen; Pitt himself scarce gave heed to the rumours; why, then, should I, a student, foresee, beneath this wealth of loyalism, a rising power that would crush and kill both the lauders and the landed?

'So I began my studies at the university. Making few friends, retiring to my lonely rooms at night with my books, I had little opportunity for noting the changes that spread so rapidly over the political and even the private life of the country. Yet the first comings of the approaching storm did not entirely escape me. One day, a student, who had frequently made overtures of friendship, chanced to talk with me in the library of the university. I was handling some old folios of the Fathers and noting the opinions of the great French theological thinkers, when, pulling me by the arm, he said: "My friend, why waste your time? Do you not know that Frenchmen no longer believe in such books as these?" I stared at the speaker, and the volume fell from my hand as he poured his insidious words into my ears. Then, for very shame, I quitted the building and retired to my own rooms. I pictured to myself the old home with the village church, where purity and belief went hand in hand, and I shuddered lest a rumour of that which I had heard should ever enter that quiet community. But, thank God, my own life was never tainted with their words; my ears refused to receive their mockery and their blasphemy.

'The student who had so advised me came to my rooms one evening with an invitation to his club to hear a great speaker. Though I was no friend of the boy, my curiosity led me to accompany him, that I might assure myself that the pretended agitation was but the work of a few fanatics. I entered the hall. It was crowded with some hundreds of students and workers and rascals, the last apparently drawn from the worst slums of Paris. A man upon the platform, with fervid oration, advised the extermination of king and nobles. His words were at times drowned by the storm of applause they occasioned. I learned afterwards that the man who spoke was Jean Paul Marat, and that there were many such clubs as the one I had that night attended. The fanatics then were many; in a short time we were able to say that they were a majority in the city.

'From that date the tide of revolution flowed fast. In the succeeding year, the Bastille fell, and France, nay, Europe, rejoiced as, from that relic of despotism and darkness, the prisoners

were restored to the light of day. I was before the gates as the mob of women and of men perpetrated that wonderful and surprising deed, and never did I witness a multitude that displayed such a vivid resolution and such united action. But a glance at the mass of upturned and repulsive faces showed the danger of trifling with people who regarded no sacrifice of human life too great for the accomplishment of their purpose.

'It was shortly after such an event that, walking with a fellow-student near the palace of Versailles, a carriage passed us on the road to Paris. The vehicle was occupied by an aged man and a girl, who must have been but twenty years old. It was in the spring-time, and the woods were white with blossoms, and the cottages filled with the scent of the May flowers; and as the carriage came slowly along the hard road from a chateau that stood upon a neighbouring hill, I felt that one occupant of it at least was worthy of the glorious picture that nature unfolded around us.—Ah, Marie! how can I find words to speak of you! Grandson, it is enough to say that since that hour, her face has been before me day and night, sleeping and waking, in prosperity or misfortune. Everywhere I look, I see those eyes of hers speaking to me, those hands lifted in pleading, her lips moving as she bids me to her side, and I cannot stir!'

The voice of the old man sank low, the veins on his forehead swelled, he stretched out his arms, then for a moment or two he was silent, and his heavy breathing and stifled sobs alone were heard in the room. After a time, becoming somewhat more calm, he continued.

'My companion, in answer to my questions, told me that the old man was the Baron Jendavi, and that the girl was Marie, his daughter. I followed the carriage with my eyes until a cloud of dust alone marked its progress along the road; then, with little ceremony to my friend, I turned back and walked straight to Paris.

'It was only when I was alone in my rooms that I asked myself what prompted this strange action. I had seen but for a few moments a face by the roadside, yet I believed that not one atom of the beauty of it had escaped me. In that short walk I had created to myself an ideal in a world of fancy, which ere this my imagination had never penetrated. Before, I was the scholar; life was for me in the mass of volumes that lined the walls of my rooms and of the libraries, amongst the thoughts and the researches of those who had left to their fellow-men an imperishable record of the labour for the good and the elevation of mankind. If I had looked into the future, it was with the hope that I should then find myself striving to follow the example of these great men, perhaps winning some of the rewards that fall to the successful in a career of letters. But such matters as home-life or wife or children had never caused me a moment's thought. The change in me, then, was sudden and startling. As the scene that delights us one moment is forgotten in the beauty of the one that replaces it, so did my ambition fall as the face of Marie rose up before me. A new realm of ideas was opened, but the new would not blend with the old, for the one was absorbed in the other.

'When common-sense had in a measure returned to me, I began to remember that my hopes and dreams rested but on a name—"Marie Jendavi, the daughter of the Baron Jendavi, of an unknown chateau on the road to Versailles." We were seemingly separated by as great a gulf as divides the Old World from the New. Whom did I know in Paris, then, that I could go to and say: "I have a fancy to be introduced to the daughter of the Baron Jendavi—will you do that service for me?" Such a reflection disturbed me more than in those days I would have been willing to have confessed. Agitated with fear and hope, I paced the narrow room where I lodged, until I sank upon my bed from weariness. Who would unlock the gate that shut me from the presence of the woman I would have staked so much to have seen?

"In such a mood, I chanced to remember my letters of introduction. In my negligence and desire for solitude, I had made use of the one to the head of the university alone. The others—and they were many—lay as I had brought them from England. With some anxiety lest they should be missing, I opened my valise, and after a short search, found them intact. There was one to Monsieur Bailly, the talented and at that time popular Mayor of Paris; and another to Madame de Stael; also to Lafayette, at that time the captain of the National Guard. The others were to citizens of less position, and I did not attach much importance to the possession of them for the purpose I had in view.

'I presented my letters at the earliest opportunity, was cordially received, and, by the instrumentality of Lafayette, introduced into the family of the Baron Jendavi. I say family; but I should add that the baron and his daughter alone were numbered in it, he having lost his wife some ten years before I met him. He was a thorough representative of the French school of nobles, as then existing: courteous to a degree, dressed with extreme care, yet without great display; of a reserved manner, and apparently devoid of affection or of sympathetic feeling. He received me for some time in his library, where he had collected many valuable treasures of literature and of art; and as he was very anxious to learn something about the men and manners of that productive set of scholars and writers who had lately adorned the clubs of London, I managed in a measure to interest him. But it was wearying work for me sitting there with that grave old man, dressed in his solemn black, the diamond buckles upon his shoes alone relieving the dullness of his attire, and knowing that Marie, so full of life and picturesqueness and colour, was scampering across the great park with the dogs, or kneeling at her devotions in the chapel—a very type of girlhood and purity and love. Yet those hours of heavy explanations of the peculiarities of Johnson, the foibles of Boswell, the failings of Goldsmith, were alike forgotten when at dinner I faced her, and could for some minutes be entranced with the soft beauty of her face, with the sweet gentleness of her words.

'Ah, you ask, "Why has my life been a mystery?" The key to this mystery is buried in those days, when no world seemed so fair as France, no woman so beautiful as Marie. I

loved her as I believe no man ever better loved a woman; and she, too, returned my affection—not with a careless word, not with a half-promise made but to be broken, but with the whole outpouring of her affectionate nature, with a love that was strong—because it was a love!

'It was but in scattered moments that I could speak to her, yet we found them all-sufficient to build for ourselves a future with every stone a wealth of happiness. But at the very foundation of our hopes we met rebuff. One night, as we returned from the little chapel, she confessed her fears to me. Her father, blind to everything around him but his own interests, had, after the fashion of his countrymen, entered into negotiations for the barter of his daughter with an old and affluent member of one of the noble houses of France. I said nothing, but leaving her, went home to think. As I passed through the village, the peasants, many of them half-naked, all of them wanting bread, were gathered around a speaker who in fiery terms exhorted them to break the chains of despotism that bound them and to establish the new order. They banned me as I passed through their midst, for I was from the chateau. In the words addressed to Louis the king, "it was no longer a revolt in France, it was a revolution." That night, when I arrived at my lonely rooms and lay down to rest, Louis XVI. had left Paris and was on the road to St. Menchould. When he was brought back, and the citizens received him in silence, I foresaw that a crisis was rapidly approaching, and determined to make at least one effort to secure the hand of the woman I loved. I would go boldly to her father and state my wishes. He received me with his usual courtesy, treated my request with the most business-like air, refused me with a smile, regretted that other arrangements had been made.

'What could I do? Pleading with such a man would not have recompensed the loss of dignity entailed. I was dumb before him; but my brain reeled under the blow; and as I left the chateau and the great gates closed behind me, it seemed that my life had been left in that mass of stone and brick that stood over the village. Along the roadside, the ragged peasants gathered the harvest. I envied them their lot; they had their wives, perhaps the women they loved. The gay clothing of the fields, laden with the golden grain, irritated me. Why was all so fair, and I so sorrowful, so devoid of hope, by which alone man lives? Ah! the dream is ended, yet I would live my life again for a repetition of those hours.

'I returned to the city, now dark and overcast, as whispers of the terrible reality forced themselves from the slums and the low faubourgs into the great palace and the houses of the rich. Many fled; many hid themselves in fear; none knew when the reaping would come in all its hideous intensity. I rarely left my rooms, yet I hated their loneliness. I could not stir in the streets; the surface gaiety, never stilled during that period of bloodshed and vice, galled me to despair as my heart went out to the chateau, or rather to the fair woman within its walls. I would have studied—her face was on every page, her eyes looked into mine from every painting! Hope having gone, despair was followed by a deadly hatred of the man who had thus broken

both our lives. In my rage I heaped obloquy upon his aged head. I have been punished; may my punishment atone!

'I waited my opportunity of revenge for nearly a year. It came. Visiting again the Jacobin Club, where, nearly two years before, I had heard Jean Paul Marat denounce the monarchy, I listened to violent and unrestrained demands for the immediate sacrifice of the leading nobility who had had the courage to remain in their native country. The scene was one I shall never forget: the clamour of the ruffian crew—their faces rendered more repulsive as the flickering oil-lamps shed their yellow rays upon them—resounded through the vaulted chamber like the roar of distant thunder. Had you pierced into the hearts of such men, you would have found no trace of affection, of good, of right knowledge, of any instinct of humanity. They were like so many wolves howling for their prey, and the sight of them would have chilled the bravest heart! I watched the proceedings from a bench in the rear of the room. At length silence was somewhat restored, and a terrible process known as the "naming" commenced. The President rose in his seat and addressed the turbulent crowd. "It was the intention," he said, "of the Club to hasten the cause of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity by removing those who so prominently stood in the way of its advancement. Ah, *mes enfants*," he went on, "how great a lesson have we taught our oppressors in the past few years! The flag of Progress is unfurled; the fire of those who would enslave us is kindled; we shall soon sift the ashes and sweep them away; but we must be unceasing in our work; our courage must be unflinching, our self-denial unbounding. If it is necessary for the safety of our country, wives and daughters, fathers and mothers must be handed to the care of unswerving Justice. They must die!"

'The President finished, and produced a sheet of paper. A man rose amongst his hearers and denounced "Bailly," the scholarly and courteous Mayor. Another rose, another death-warrant was signed, ay, as surely as if the victim then stood upon the scaffold. I shuddered as I saw the list growing, growing, and I knew that those whose names were written there, though at the moment surrounded perhaps by wife and children, would in forty-eight hours be numbered with the dead.

'Contrast the picture, grandson: a low, vaulted, stifling room, three huffed men like fiends asking for the life's-blood of many of those they had erstwhile applauded, cheered, honoured. Away, perhaps not half a mile, a home where the husband built, with his wife, loving plans for the little ones asleep above. Children kissing their father as he returned from his labour, men kneeling at the feet of the women they hoped to spend their lives with, everywhere affection, home-life, brightness, godliness. And these men were to die ere the sun had twice set!

'But to resume. As man after man rose to denounce his victim, it happened that the namers approached myself, so much so that the very member at my side began to speak. What evil spirit spoke to me then, I know not; only this, that a great wave of irrepressible anger rushed across my mind, destroying every impulse of

good, and left me for the moment as one of the wretches that sat by me. When my neighbour had finished speaking, I stood and in a loud voice denounced Monsieur le Baron Jendavi.

"Who speaks?" said the President.

"À bas!" shouted the crowd—"a stranger."

"I am a stranger, citizens," I replied; "but I speak in the name of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

'Grandson, I lied—lied in my heart, with my tongue. I spoke rather in the name of pride, of anger, of a thirst for revenge. In that hour I destroyed my happiness for ever.

'As I heard the cries of applause, saw the name of the baron inscribed upon the sheet, the room swam before my eyes. Tottering, half-swooning, I reached the street; but the words I had spoken yet rang in my ears; the very sky seemed red with the blood of the coming sacrifice. As I paced my own chamber, a deadly spirit of exultation crept over me; the whispers of remorse I silenced, as I murmured: "Marie is mine—mine for ever." But as her face rose before me in my self-created vision, it seemed that a great gulf lay between us: on her side, the crystal streams, and the green swards, and the golden valleys, where, in unending bliss, the good had gained their reward; whilst on mine, the bleak chasms where the cries of the wrong-doers echoed from rock to rock, and where a spirit of evil descended upon all. I crushed the vision, and all the next day lay upon my bed awaiting the coming morn. The night seemed endless; I was afraid in the darkness. The low roar from the city ceased; Paris was sleeping. At every sound I started, and from a fitful doze awoke, and trembled as the white light from the moon fell upon my bed and cast heavy shadows upon the panelled walls. I could sleep no more, but watched the day breaking over the spires and domes. Cold and gray, the light struck the roofs; a workman passed on his way to his daily labour, a few carts rumbled on the pavement; the sun rose, a golden orb in a setting of mist. It was day.

'I opened my door and breathed the fresh morning air; but I walked as one that is guilty, and felt ashamed as I stood in this great purity of nature. By-and-by the streets filled; the citizens laughing, and wishing "good-day," were mostly walking to one spot. An irresistible impulse drew me thither. It was to the Champ-de-Mars, where the guillotine stood. I can see it all again, ay, so vividly, for the scene has never left me day or night. It is my retribution. A great crowd had assembled there—a sea of faces, diabolical, fierce, making merry with death. From their midst, on a platform, rose a tall, dark object, that chilled me as I saw it—it was the guillotine.

'Then, and not till then, did I realise my crime, and with returning reason, I would willingly have given my life to have saved the man I had destroyed. But it was too late. Already from the distance the roar of the crowd was borne on the wind. Those around, as the shouts of "*à bas les aristocrates!*" became more distinct, elbowed me to the front. There, surrounded by groaning and shouting men, whose horrid cries of execration rang in my ears, I could see, yet some way off, the wagon

that bore the victims to their doom. As it drew nearer, so did the fury of the mob increase; had they been able, they would have torn the condemned limb from limb. In an agony of fear, I turned my head away, for remorse, terrible overwhelming remorse, came upon me, as the horrible deed of revenge was about to be acted. But that strange fascination again prevailed, and I was compelled to take one look at the death-cart. It was full of men and women. Men, the lights of intellectual strength and culture, now rewarded for their labours by the curses of those for whom they had laboured; women, the fairest and most innocent in France, who clung, trembling and weeping, to brothers, or fathers, or lovers, so powerless to help them. A spell held my eyes.

'I looked for the baron. He stood with his back to me, his head bowed down, buried in his hands; but clinging to his arm was a girl, with her hair streaming over her shoulders, her hands upon the neck of the man at her side. For the moment I could not realise her presence; the cart passed close at my side; she turned, and her eyes met mine.—Then she stretched out those arms to me; those lips moved as if in pleading. It was the tender, loving, face of Marie that looked on me, her great eyes that spoke, her arms that invited me! May heaven forgive me—I had sacrificed the daughter with the father! She was to die. Realising the terrible crime, with an awful cry I tried to force my way through the crowd, to join her in life or death; but the soldiers beat me back, the mob pressed upon me, the cart had stopped. The people and buildings around grew faint and confused before my eyes, yet, as the deadly faintness came over me, I saw that face of anguish still looking for me. Grandson, she believed that I could save her; she knows now that I had brought her to her doom. I had killed Marie, my love!'

The old man ceased speaking; he half rose from his chair, and the fire showed that he was deadly pale. His mind was again enacting that terrible scene. At length he stretched out his arms, moaning 'Marie, Marie!' and fell back into his seat. His life's tale was told—my grandfather was dead.

QUEER TAXES.

MANY strange methods of taxation have been adopted in this country. A review of some of these is interesting. The first tax ever imposed was the one levied by Julius Cæsar. When this brave warrior had subdued the warlike races of Southern Britain, he ordered the chiefs of the various clans to send annually to Rome a given number of men and wild animals—the former, he said, would be retained as hostages; and the latter would be used for the great fights in the Colosseum. But very often the men and the wild animals were put on an equal footing, and forced to fight with each other in sight of the bloodthirsty and applauding Romans.

When the military prowess of Rome disappeared, there arose in its place an ecclesiastical ascendancy. Britain was again in subjection—

not to a Cæsar, but to an infallible pope. Now, the pope was interested in the welfare of the British Isles, and to put that interest into a concrete form, he established a university at Rome expressly for English students. The pope, however, did not maintain this college at his own expense, but looked to England for support. A tax was accordingly imposed, the name it went under being that of 'Peter's Pence.' The imposition of taxes by the pope gradually extended, and in a few centuries the country was but the exchequer of the Roman pontificate.

As history advances by time, so the kinds of taxes also change. When the English, in the reign of Edgar the Peaceable, conquered Wales, they levied a tax on the Welsh. It was a very unique one. Instead of a money tribute, the conquered people had annually to hand over to the English king three hundred wolves' heads; a plan which in four years cleared their forests of these wild animals, and thus more safety was secured both for man and domestic animals. About this time, also, Britain was sorely beset with foreign foes, who for the most part came from Norway. To protect their shores, the British required a fleet, and to provide for this fleet, a tax was imposed on all the counties bordering on the sea. At times, however, the enemy were so numerous that the islanders resorted to the cowardly method of buying off the invaders. The whole country had a share in raising this money. The amount levied was twelve pence upon each 'hide' of land from all classes except the clergy; but this foolish policy had no other effect than to bring the pirates in larger swarms on the English shores. All the taxes hitherto mentioned were not strictly imposed on England as a whole, but rather on certain special districts; this tax, however, applied to the whole of England—all had to pay it—so that historians are justified in calling it 'the first direct and annual tax imposed on the English nation.'

About the fourteenth century, another tax was imposed; this was the poll-tax. It consisted in the payment of one shilling annually by every one above the age of fifteen. No distinction was made; rich and poor were amenable to the same amount. Great discontentment followed its imposition, and the discontentment spread into open rebellion. Nothing in these bygone days seemed to escape taxation; thus, we find at one time wool was heavily taxed. The cause of all these demands for money arose from the ambitious desires of the English kings. They longed to rule not only England, but France and other continental nations as well. Taxation in kind was also common. An English king or general passing through any part of England with his army could provide for his soldiers and horses simply by demanding supplies from the people who happened to be in the line of his march; and for these provisions, no money was given in return. Labour was also taxed in kind; labourers and tradesmen had often to give their services gratis to the king, and sometimes even to the nobles. It was in this way that many of the great palaces in this country were built. Windsor Castle may be cited as an example.

But of all the taxes ever imposed on a people, the 'birth-tax' was the most odious. It lasted

thirteen years, dating from 1695. Every person not in receipt of alms was required to pay two shillings for every 'little stranger' that came into existence. The tax was a great burden to the lower orders; but the nobility and gentry were subjected to still heavier payments than their poorer neighbours. Thirty pounds had to be paid on the birth of the child of a duke. This sum gradually diminished according to a certain fixed scale, until it reached ten shillings, the amount levied on real estate of fifty pounds, or personal estate of six hundred pounds and upwards. Reasonable excuse can be given in most cases why it is that certain things are taxed; but where the imposers of the 'birth-tax' can find an excuse seems to our modern minds impossible.

Contemporaneously with this 'birth-tax' there existed another, called 'the bachelor's tax.' It was not a very heavy imposition, and was probably intended to be as much a reminder of their duty as a means of 'raising the wind,' which William III. so often stood in need of. As soon as a man reached the age of twenty-five, he was liable to the tax, which was one shilling yearly till he took to himself a spouse. But it did not stop with bachelors; and here we think it was unjust, for it taxed widowers without children. Besides the shilling, every person had to pay an amount according to his rank for the luxury (or otherwise) of single-blessedness; thus, a duke or an archbishop was amerced in the yearly sum of twelve pounds ten shillings; an esquire, two pounds five shillings; a gentleman, five shillings. Social distinctions were nicely drawn then. Nowadays, probably there are not a few who would not mind being assessed at five shillings, or even a much larger sum, if it would give them the enviable distinction of gentlemen.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the English parliament passed an Act of Uniformity, ordering all those who should refuse to be Episcopalians, or should absent themselves from church on Sundays, to pay a tax of one shilling per year. In those days, religious toleration was at a very low ebb.

There is nothing British people pride themselves so much in as their desire for sanitary arrangements best suited for the health of the general community. Air, light, and cleanliness is the triad of the reformers. 'Introduce these,' say they, 'and many difficulties regarding health will be simplified.' But what would such ardent reformers say if a proposition were to arise advising the taxation of window-glass? The idea would be spurned; yet there was a time when glass was taxed, so that light, free to all, did not penetrate the Briton's house without being paid for. The tax was a graded one, according to the number of windows.

In the reign of George III. the national debt of England grew to an enormous sum. The almost personal fight between Pitt and Napoleon brought about this; and it may be guessed to what straits the government of the day was reduced when they were forced to tax funerals. A man, although he had toiled all his life and had paid his taxes regularly, was not exempted from them even after death. To him it was of no consequence; but to relatives it was a serious

matter, and very often was the source of quarrelling even at such a solemn time as death. The tax on funerals was hated by every one, and a poet of that day wrote an epigram on the matter. It was as follows:

Taxed to the bone, thy loving subjects see;
But still supposed when dead from taxes free;
Now to complete, great George, thy glorious reign,
Excised to death, we're then excised again.

Such are some of the curious methods that have been adopted for raising revenue. Looking at these methods, there is one which for its worth outstrips all the others—the one is that of Edgar the Peaceable. He was a king inexperienced in the government of nations, and yet his action shows that he could understand how a people ought to be ruled; for his taxes blessed those who gave; and even in the manner of giving, the givers had some credit, for their tax could only be paid with the fruits of bravery and self-denial.

HIS ONLY FRIEND.

He crouched upon the pauper mound
Where his loved master's bones were laid;
In dumb despair he gazed around—
One shaggy paw half-fearful laid
Upon the earth so cold, so gray,
Where his one friend, his master, lay.

He whined and howled, his grief to tell;
His face was pitious to behold;
And lo! the rain in torrents fell,
While long and loud the thunder rolled.
He did not mind the angry storm
That beat upon his trembling form.

Who slept below? A worthless scamp,
An idle outcast, people said.
A waif—a stray—a ragged tramp,
Who gladly shared his crust of bread
With the fond brute, his only friend,
Who lived to guard him, and defend.

They had been comrades in distress;
Misfortune marked them both its own;
And, now he missed that rude caress,
How cold, how dark, the world had grown.
He drooped his head, his eyes grew dim;
Life held no ray of light for him.

He sought one pitying glance in vain,
For dainty ladies shrank away,
Held back their skirts in cold disdain;
Rough urchins kicked him as he lay.
They heeded not his grief, for he
Was but a cur of low degree!

'Let's drown the brute!' the urchins cried.
One last despairing howl he gave,
Rolled over on his weary side,
And died upon the lowly grave,
Unpraised, unwept, as if to prove
How well a faithful brute can love!

FANNY FORRESTER.

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THE CHILDREN'S POET.

MOST of us have wondered, when we read,

Come to me, O ye children!

For I hear you at your play,

who were the children, and whether they came, and what were the real relations of the poet Longfellow with child-world, when he was able to put into words so perfectly the feeling of other hearts. His brother, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, in the *Life* lately published, gives portions of a journal and letters, from which we may glean glimpses of the household laureate in a new and winning character. In his spacious old mansion, Craigie House, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, there were two sons and four daughters born to him. 'Little Fanny,' who died as an infant, was the 'one dead lamb' of the flock. When the first baby-boy came, the poem *To a Child* was composed, partly while walking in his luxuriant garden. He was Professor of Modern Languages in the American Cambridge, and poet and student as well; and a nervous affection of the eyes made rest and air necessary. Sometimes his wife read for him under the linden tree, while he stretched upon the hay, and 'C., red as a clover blossom, ran to and fro and into all possible mischief.' At other times, he spent whole afternoons and mornings playing in the garden with the 'monarch absolute,' wheeling him in the hand-barrow, or telling him stories which would not do out of any book, but should be improvised on the spot.

But was Master C. the monarch absolute? He cries 'Yide! yide!' for half an hour before the horses are out, for a drive to town; but in the carriage with him there is another boy, smaller, nodding to sleep, 'with his cape, and straw hat shaped like the helmet of Mambrino.' The diary was brief; but there was space for minute descriptions of these two, despite Dante and the college, despite poetry and the world. They drove over the snow—'C. with the reddest of cheeks and leggings, and E. with his new white plush cocked-up hat.' E. went for his

first walk in the street, and the cocked-up hat with plumes was out again, and how splendid he looked!—white, red, and blue, with blue coat and red gaiters. But as yet, the elder was the more companionable. It was he that burst jubilant out of the study in the lamplight, when his father came in from the winter afternoon walks and the inevitable pause on the bridge—that famous bridge with the long black rafters. It was he that paid a visit to the college library, and was regaled with Audubon's big Book of Birds. It was he, again, that was taken to the circus, and refused to be amused by clowns or horses, but, instead, was vastly amused with a black kitten sitting on a post when they came out; whence his father drew the moral, that children enjoy slight things best, because they understand them.

When the author of *Evangeline* went into town to arrange for its publication, his account of the day included the purchase of a railway-train of painted tin. Another day he buys hoops, and he always writes down the 'infinite delight' or the 'great delight' his presents gave. But when the boys grew bigger, and, in a misguided moment, he purchased two velocipedes on a Saturday, he hears prodigious noise all Sunday in the hall, and shrewdly notes in his journal that Saturday is the wrong day for buying playthings.

If a child of his was ill, he himself was sick at heart and could do nothing. It was a day of agony when his infant daughter was dying and when the physicians despaired; but he would not give up hope. Then he heard the clocks ticking loud in the desolate rooms, all labouring on to the fatal hour; and his own child's death is described in the *Golden Legend*:

She left off breathing, and no more.
I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.
She was more beautiful than before.
Like violets faded were her eyes;
By this we knew that she was dead.

In the darkened library he sat beside her, watching the white face and the white flowers in her little hands; in the deep silence, the bird

sang from the hall—a sad strain, a melancholy requiem, that touched his grief somehow with comfort. Afterwards, in the night, the youngest boy, three years old, half waking from a dream, said out loud: 'Little sister has got well!' The loss was a bleeding wound, a sleepless pain, long after he had gone back with a heavy heart to his college work. 'An inappeasable longing to see her comes over me at times, which I can hardly control,' he wrote; and this was the prose of the poem called *Resignation* and of its lines towards the end:

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed.

His boys are seen in glimpses still, through the journal. One day he 'worked hard' at their snow-house; another day he cast lead flat-irons for them, while one talked volubly, and the other showed his glee by joyous eyes and silent tongue. His lectures the day before had been upon Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, and their interest in the casting of a mighty bell could not have been greater. 'Why not write for them a Song of the Lead Flat-iron?' One August day he took them—very small boys still—to the old house under the Washington elm, and left them sitting in their little chairs among the other children. God bless the little fellows! Afterwards, his favourite after-breakfast walk was the walk to school. Three little girls came to his house and his heart as time went on, and completed the circle.

Their home was the old house with its grassy terraces and lilac hedges. There was a white wainscoted hall, with the drawing-room at one side, and the study at the other, with its ever open door; the nursery was over it and the patter of little feet. Between the front garden and the river Charles lay his own meadow, with 'a whole California of buttercups;' and in mowing-time, haycocks, beyond which one saw the brown sails of boats. In the rear, the garden was beautiful in early summer with apple and cherry bloom, 'and the fiery blossom of the peach,' the fragrance scenting the piazza along by the windows, and blowing into the upper rooms, where the huge old fireplaces glistened with quaint Dutch tiles.

Every summer, the family went to Nahant, a favourite seaside resort, with ocean breeze and burning sun; his brother-in-law invented for it the name of 'Cold Roast Boston.' If he longed to renew his Rhineland travels, the idea dissolved like a mirage. 'The trouble there is in getting my babies to Nahant in summer, with all the go-carts and nurses, warns me of the perils of any long journey, and admonishes me to "let well alone."' At Nahant, there were promontories covered with wild-roses, a wide strand where the sea-gulls skimmed and the red kine wandered home while the bells sounded from Lynn; and there were also nurses of surpassing ugliness to dip the children. Who does not remember childhood's horror of the blue bathing-woman, on reading his note: 'They wallow about like unhandsome mermaids or women of the walrus family.'

Home again; and winter brought Christmas, kept in the good old style. Mr Ferguson, in *America during and after the War*, has given a

guest's description of Christmas at Craigie House: 'The yule-log sparkled on the hearth; the plum-pudding smoked upon the board; with his prettiest offerings did the good saint fill the stockings of the little girls by night; and all day long did the presents come pouring in to the children of a much-loved household, till the drawing-room table on the following morning looked like the stall of a fancy fair. Even the passing guest came in for some tokens, not needed to remind him of that day. And he left the house wherein the presence of the master is a perpetual sunshine—where never a peremptory word is spoken, and yet there is a perfect loving obedience—with the feeling that it was good for a man to have been there.'

The master and father's birthday was a home-feast too. Years before this Christmas description, when he told one of his children that he was forty-five, he was asked in return, was not that nearly a century old? On their birthdays, his little ones had parties—a multitude of children racing along the piazza, romping in the hay, besieging a fort in the old apple-tree, scrambling for sugar-plums, and winding up with supper and a simple merry dance in the drawing-room. He often went to small-folk parties, and observed how lovely and graceful were the little girls, and how awkward a thing is a boy at the green-gosling age. 'Children are pleasant to see playing together,' he wrote in his diary; 'it is still pleasanter to have one alone; then you are a confidant or father-confessor.' This sympathy inspired poems that have given a voice to the inner secrets, the airy thoughts, and the mysterious joy, of love for young life in ten thousand homes.

One day when he was in a melancholy mood, he heard the children rejoicing in the room over his study; and he wrote the poem, *Come to me, O ye Children*, for with the sound of their gladness his sad thoughts had vanished. They were to him the light of morning and the warmth of the sun, the music of summer, the singing of birds.

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses
And the gladness of your looks?

These last four lines sum up a universal feeling; and the whole poem upon that theme of the widest sympathy, was perhaps the most true and sympathetic ever written. To the sanctuary of home, Longfellow entered for ever; he had sung to the pulse of the whole world's heart.

And how did the children come? Elsewhere, he tells us in *The Children's Hour*. They came between the daylight and the dark, rushed in by three open doors at once from the lamp-lit stairway and the hall, climbed his armchair, and devoured him with kisses, till he thought of the legendary Bishop of Bingen in his Rhine-tower overrun with mice:

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

And as they have entered his fortress, he puts them down into the dungeon of his heart, to keep them there for ever and a day, till the walls shall moulder to dust. The blue-eyed banditti are described in prose in a letter sent with a kiss to a little girl: the eldest, liking poetry; the second, golden-haired, 'a very busy little woman, and wears gray boots;' the youngest, 'Allegra, which you know means merry, and she is the merriest little thing you ever saw—always singing and laughing all over the house.' The boys are left out of this playful letter, because 'they are such noisy fellows; it is of no use to talk about them.' In vacation, he took the noisy pair to the play. 'The play, wretched stuff!' says the journal. 'A young woman in yellow satin, representing the fashionable life of New York, holds a red-covered book, which she says: "dear Henry W. Longfellow's poems," and she asks her milliner which she prefers, Longfellow or Tennyson.' Happy boys with Paterfamilias—how they must have laughed!

Year after year there was a Maypole in the garden on the first of May, and a sedate little party of flower-crowned children feasted in the summer-house. But the Twelfth Night record is still better when over the snow came 'a sleighful of schoolgirls'—O shade of Dickens, O pencil of Greuze!—and then the young men from the college were knocking at the door, and there were rings in the cake, and a King and Queen of Twelfth Night. And we hear of another party with the little ones disguised as the Old Year with big boots and beard, and the New Year with a wreath; and after the fun, he notes the mysterious feeling at midnight, as if some one were dying in the darkness. Did he not write verses on it too, when 'the foolish, fond Old Year' was out like the despised king in the night and the storm?

On April Fool's Day, the children were alert with fun to make a fool of papa, and were caught in the attempt; and in July there came a holiday—the anniversary of that happy marriage. At Nahant, it was celebrated by a sail; waiting beforehand with his boys in the school-room, he saw the masts of the boats outside reflected like corkscrews in the water—'two corkscrews that will soon uncork the schoolroom, and let these effervescing spirits free'—an echo from the wine-cellar of the *Golden Legend*. In the evenings, his wife read aloud—she who was the beautiful and sympathetic companion of his labours and his life; and it was a pleasure to him when his sons were old enough to relish *Don Quixote*, and when his little circle gathered round the pages of Dante, his lifelong study and delight.

But now came the break. Only three summers after that day on the water at Nahant, his wife was laid in her grave on their marriage anniversary; while he remained in his chamber—badly burnt in vainly trying to save her. A lighted match for sealing, and a summer dress, were the origin of that terrible disaster.

In the long, silent agony of grief, his children were his best earthly consolation. After a long time, he tried to occupy his mind with translating Dante; but for all hopefulness and return to life it was to the children he looked. They had their Christmas tree year after year, though

all holidays were sad to him and all brightness lonely; he took care that Christmas still diverted their young thoughts from the sorrow they knew but too well; and an unseen presence blessed the scene. He felt on Valentine's Day that it was something to busy one's self with their small business; and the simple joys of childhood seemed to call him back to life and hope. They flitted about his study, and he had to write the little girls a letter apiece, and then playfully turn them out. One of them spent her leisure in a correspondence with him; the post-office was under her pillow, and she expected to find a letter there every morning. The dolls' birthdays had to be celebrated too, and on one of these great occasions, he purloins the written programme to inclose in his letter to a friend, and adds: 'What a beautiful world this child's world is! so instinct with life, so illuminated with imagination! I take infinite delight in seeing it go on around me, and feel all the tenderness of the words that fell from the blessed lips—"Suffer the little children to come unto me." After that benediction, how can any one dare to deal harshly with a child?'

His tenderness spread far beyond his own home, and was not without return. On his seventy-second birthday, the children of Cambridge gave to him the carved chair, or, as he called it, the throne, made of the wood of the spreading chestnut tree that had overshadowed the village smithy sung by him long ago; and he gave to each child who came to see him on his 'throne' a copy of his poem—

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood.

At the close of his days he enjoyed *playing* at playing backgammon with his little grandson. On the very last Saturday of his life, he kindly received four schoolboys from Boston, showed them the objects of interest in his study, and wrote his name in their albums; and it was noticed that during his last illness the boys who passed the house went silently, taking care that no voice sounded in the street.

Such was the character of Longfellow towards young hearts and young lives. His words were genuine in calling children living poems prized beyond all the rest; and in his own journals, now printed in his brother's book, we see him in no aspect more winning than as the little ones' indulgent father and sympathetic friend.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER II.—JOSEPHINE.

THE storm increased to fury as darkness fell. Richard Cable stood on deck. To the south-west was no light whatever, only purple blackness. To the north, however, was a coppery streak, over which hung a whirling, spreading mass of angry vapour, casting down lines of heavy rain in dense bands. Then rapidly the growing darkness wiped out this band of light, and left only the east clear, and the clouds swept overhead like curling waves, and fell beyond, cutting off all sunlight there also, till on all sides nothing was visible but leaping

water and shaken foam-heads; and above, a wild hunt of tearing, galloping clouds, lashed by the wind, with now and then a blinding streak of lightning shot through them, stinging them to fresh paroxysms of flying terror. Richard Cable had ascended to the masthead and kindled the light. The mast was but low, perhaps fifteen feet above the deck, topped with a huge glass globe, that contained a powerful light.

As Cable clung to the mast, he and it and the light swung, and the light described arcs and curves in the sky, against the driving smoky clouds and the gathering night. Now and again a great wave leaped up, and the swaying lamp irradiated its crest, and glared a glittering eye at it, that was reflected by the angry water, which rushed away under the keel, and threw it aloft, as if diving to get away from the blazing eye. The ship reeled and almost plunged its fire-point in the water; it tantalised the waves with it; it heeled almost to overbalance, and held the light above some hissing, hungry wave, which gathered itself together, rose at it to snap, and suddenly, with a whisk and a streak of fiery ribbon, away went the luminous globe, and the wave roared and tore itself to ragged foam in rage at being balked. Then a seamew hovered in the radiance of the lamp, beating its long white wings about it, coming out of the darkness and spray-dust that filled the air, and disappearing back into it again, as man comes out of the Unknown, flickers a little span in the light of Life, and dives back into the Unknown. The wind had shifted several points, but it was hard for Cable to make out from whence it blew; the lightship was anchored, and swung about her anchor, seemingly describing circles, pitching, tossing, heading at the wind, running before it, brought up with a jerk, lurching sullenly at it. She was moored to a couple of anchors, one of them a 'mushroom' (so called from its shape), for greater security against dragging, and Cable had paid out more chain to each. In such a gale, with such rollers, she must be given room to battle with the sea. Cable was by no means satisfied that she could hold where she was. The bank on which she was anchored was a shifting bank, formed by the swirl of the water round the ness; a treacherous bank, that formed and reformed, that was now a strip, then a disc, that eased this way and that, according to the drift of the sea at equinoctial gales. He looked landwards, but saw nothing, no blink of light from behind the willows, where lay Hanford; and outside Hanford, near the beach, a little white cottage with green windows, and under its brown tile roof seven little fair heads on white pillows.

As he stood looking through the darkness in the direction of the sleeping heads, he was startled by a voice at his elbow.

'Captain, is the worst over?'

'Miss! You should not be here.'

'I cannot help myself; I was suffocating below. I fancied we must part our anchor. I have plenty of pluck. My strength, not my courage, failed me in the boat. I lost my head because I was losing consciousness. I am well again. Is the gale spent?'

There was a lull in the wind, though the waves were still running. 'You must go below—you must indeed,' said Cable.—'No; the gale is not

over; it goes as a teetotum spins, and we're now at the peg. Wait, and it will be on us harder than ever again.'

'Can I be of any assistance?'

'You!' Cable laughed. 'Yes, go down below and be ballast.'

The girl was in his pilot coat, which he had thrown over her on the floor. She wore his glazed hat. The hair that had been dispersed was gathered in a knot again.

'If we are likely to drown,' she said, 'I will not drown in the hold, like a mouse in a cage.'

'Go down at once, whilst you may. You will be swept overboard if you stay here.'

'I will not,' she answered. 'Lash me to the mast, and let me look death and the storm in the face.'

Cable saw that it was in vain to argue with her. There was no time to be lost; he heard the roar of the gale again approaching.

'Here!' she said; 'this is my leather strap. Pass it round the mast and my waist. It is long and it is strong. Quick!'

He obeyed with a growl: 'Girls are more unruly nor boys.'

The storm was on them again. It had paused to gather strength, and then rush in concentrated fury and accumulated force to destroy the defiant little lightship, that tossed its glittering head so dauntlessly, even defiantly, in its teeth.

They could hear it coming far away, in a roar that waxed in volume, and seemed like an enveloping thunder when it smote them with foam and a blast that struck like an open hand. But the wind was not one handed, but as a Briareus, many armed, tearing while it bellowed at what it could not beat down. At the stress of the blow, one of the cables gave way, a link having snapped somewhere under water. Then the main anchor, the chain having got foul of it, began to drag, and at once the lightship was adrift, at the mercy of wind and sea, swept before the hurricane. From force of habit, Cable flew to the helm, but as quickly dropped it again. He was helpless. The dragging of the anchor kept the vessel's head to wind, which was so far in their favour, and also steadied her to some extent. Now and then the anchor caught for a moment, and then let go again, and the craft was driven farther out, always heading to the wind, like a living being forced to retreat, but reluctant to yield an inch to the infuriated assailants.

Cable looked at the girl, on whom the flicker of the lamp fell; she did not cry, or, if she did, he did not hear her. She was fast bound by the belt, and stood, apparently as firm as the mast to which she was strapped. Cable folded his arms. He could do nothing. He thought of his little ones. Had they prayed that night, before going to rest, for their father? Never had he more needed their prayers. He thought he knew the danger that threatened; but he did not. He saw indeed that shipwreck was imminent; but he little imagined that another and very different shipwreck menaced him. How old were the seven daughters of Richard Cable? The eldest was just thirteen; then came the twins of eleven; then a child of ten; and the pan-pipe descended in a regular fall to the baby, aged a year. They had come so fast as to exhaust the strength of

the mother, who had died shortly after giving life to the youngest.

Richard Cable raised his eyes, half-blind with salt, and, through the film of brine, looked at the swaying lamp, that seemed to blaze with prismatic colours, and shoot forth rays and draw them in again, like a fiery porcupine. And then he thought no more of the light and the darkness in which it danced, and saw far away into dream-land. Then through the cold salt spray on his face, a warm sweat broke forth.

'Poor little ones!' he said; 'if I am taken, whatever will become of them!'

At that moment he heard the girl's voice: 'Mr Cable! Loosen the band—my arms are frozen.'

Her voice jarred on him at that moment, he knew not why; but it called him back from the consideration of his children to thoughts about her. He went to her and did what she required. He didn't speak to her; and, when he had complied with her wishes, he went back to the place where he had stood before. He tried to think of his home, of his children, and could not; her face, her voice had distracted him, and disturbed the visions he tried to call up.

How much of the night passed thus, he did not know; he was roused by a grating sound, that made itself felt in every fibre of his body. The ship was aground; she had struck, not on a rock, but on a sandbank. Cable stood for a moment motionless. Then a wave came, raised the bows, ran amidships, then to the stern, and carried the vessel farther on the bank. Thereupon, Cable left his place and came to the mast. 'Miss Cornellis,' he said, 'we're aground. I believe my little ones' prayers have helped me to-night.' He laid his hand on the mast and grasped the thong that bound Josephine. 'Young lady,' he said, 'in ten minutes we shall know our fate.' He stood still, holding the thong. He said no more for full twenty minutes. The vessel lay over somewhat on one side, and the water she had shipped poured out of her lee scuppers.

'I can see the horizon on the south-south-west,' said the girl.

'Yes; the worst of the gale is over.'

'The waves no longer washed the deck.'

'The tide is ebbing,' said Cable. He unlashed Josephine. 'Danger is over. Turn in and sleep.'

'But you?'

'I stay on deck a while, and then I shall coil up in the fore-castle.'

'Good-night,' she said, and held out her hand.

'I wish you sleep,' he said in reply. 'Mind the knitting-pins and the little sock in the cabin. They may be on the floor—anywhere.'

Next morning, Cable woke early. The sun was shining. He descended the ladder to the outer cabin. Almost at the same moment the girl threw open the door and stood in it. She wore her blue serge gown. Her hair was fairly smoothed, though she was unprovided with brushes, and the leather belt was about her waist. She laughed. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled. 'Not in Davy Jones' locker, after all,' she said. 'I must run on deck and look around me.'

'And I, Miss Cornellis, will get the fire lighted, the kettle boiling, and some breakfast ready.'

Half an hour later, both were together on deck. The vessel was not so much inclined that it was difficult to walk the deck. When she had struck, the sand was in motion, and she had subsided almost upright in it. The morning was fresh, the sky clear, but for some lagging, white, fleecy clouds that flew high aloft after the storm. Except for the roll of the sea and the foam-wreaths round the bank, every trace of the terrible hurricane was gone. That storm had been short and violent; it had spun its spiral course over land and sea, doing damage wherever it passed; it had strewn the Essex level land with up-turned elms; it had torn the leaves of the chestnuts to threads, and blackened the young beech as if a breath from a furnace had seared them. Here and there it had taken a rick and sifted it and scattered the straw over the adjoining fields. It had ripped roofs and tossed the brown tiles about and heaped them like russet autumn leaves. At sea it had caught and foundered coal-barges from the North, and sunk fishing-smacks. It had torn great gaps in seawalls, like the bites made by children's teeth in rounds of bread and butter. It had twisted and turned about old sandbanks, had swept some away, and torn channels where had been no road. For some miles out to sea, for two or three days, there was neither crystalline purity nor amethyst blue in the water; it was cloudy and brown with the mud it had churned and what it held in suspension. Along the shore lay wreaths of foam, not white, but brown; not evanescent as a bubble, but drying into a crust.

The lightship lay far away from the zone of turbid sea, and the ocean about the bank in which she was wedged was deeply blue, full of laughter, and shake of silver curl, as though bent on passing off its late fury-fit as an excusable frolic.

'Where are we?' asked Josephine.

'I fancy that I know,' answered Cable; 'but without a chart, I cannot make you understand. Now here we must bide till we are taken off, and you may tell me what brought you to the lightship.'

'I was out rowing yesterday afternoon,' said the girl, 'and I was caught unawares, the storm came on so suddenly. I rowed against the wind till I could row no more, and I saw I could do nothing. I was being carried out to sea; and then I felt that my only chance was to reach your vessel.'

'That was wise of you. But your father should not have let you come out alone.'

'Oh, I go out, and go alone, when I choose.'

'But—if he had looked at the glass, he would have seen the fall.'

'I did not ask his leave. I went because I wanted fresh air, to blow the bad thoughts out of my head that troubled me.'

'Bad thoughts trouble you!' exclaimed Cable, and looked steadily at her out of his crystalline blue eyes, clear and sparkling as the sea that surrounded them. 'I should not have supposed that possible. Where the head is that of an angel, one does not expect that it shall hold bad thoughts. No one looks for explosives in a porcelain vase.'

Josephine laughed a short impatient laugh, and tossed her chin. The elastic was tight; she

put her finger under it; the skin was compressed and reddened by the band.

She was a handsome dark girl, with transparent olive skin, and large lustrous eyes like agates. The lashes were long; when she half-closed her lids, they gave a languor to the orbs, dispelled at once when full lifted. Her cheek flushed not the rose pink, but the ripe hue of the apricot. She had very dark hair, a rounded chin, broad temples; was firmly built. To any one experienced in detecting types, a tinge of Jewish blood would have been recognised in the features and hue. 'Well,' she said, and laughed again, 'the hurricane has blown my bad thoughts out of my head, as it has carried the down from the willow flowers, and scattered them—heaven knows where. Woe be to him who picks them up!—they will detonate and injure his hands.'

'Were they so bad?'

'You said yourself—explosives.'

'Miss Cornellis, I made a clumsy comparison. If I may ask—What were these thoughts?'

She fidgeted with her feet and plucked at the elastic band. In her nervous confusion, she drew it out, let it slip, and the elastic snapped on her delicate skin so sharply as to make her cry out. Then she took off her hat, and holding her knees, swung the hat from her finger, and let the wind play with her hair, and unravel it, and scatter it and toss about the short growth over her brow.

'Were the thoughts like to explode?' asked Cable.

'The questions you put to me are not fair, captain,' said the girl. 'My thoughts are my own.'

'Not a bit, Miss Cornellis: you said yourself they were blown about for any one to pick up.'

'Well—and I am too much indebted to you to wish you to gather them. They are dangerous. Hands off!' She hugged her knees, and played with the string of her cap, and looked at the plunging waves on the sand. Her brow darkened, and her eyes lost their sparkle. 'Captain, when shall we get home—I to my worries, you to your babes?'

Cable shook his head. 'We must wait. Ah, miss, patience is an article of which a good cargo is laid in, in a lightship. One consumes a lot of it in a fortnight—separated from all one loves at home, and with none to speak to but a lout of a boy with no more intelligence than a jelly-fish.'

'I should think it pleasant to live in a lightship. I could be well content to stay where I am now. If I go home, I shall get into troubles again.'

'But—what are your troubles?'

'I'm adrift,' said the girl. 'As I stood bound to the mast last night, and the wind and the waves carried the boat and me where they would, I thought it was a picture of myself morally. You have your seven little anchors holding you. I have nothing. You are tied by many little fibres to hearth and home. I have none of these fibres: if I have, they hold to nothing.'

She was still looking before her. She put the elastic band of her hat between her teeth and bit and tore till it parted.

'There!' said Cable. 'Now, how are you to keep your hat on?'

She looked at the broken string. 'I did not know what I was about,' she said; 'I was thinking my thoughts again.'

'I see,' said Cable. 'These same thoughts are not wholesome; they hurt her who harbours them and those they concern.'

'Yes,' she said; 'they drive me mad. I do not know what to do, where to go. I care for no tie any more than that of my hat I have torn. I would tear any one of them that restrained me.'

'I do not understand you,' said the lightshipman, shaking his head. 'I've seven little girls at home, and I'd be sorry to think any one of them should grow up with such thoughts as you have in your head.'

'They will not. Do not be afraid. They will always look up to and respect you. Did you not see how the lantern swung at the masthead all through the storm? It never went out; it burned all night; no wave engulfed it. We could always look up to that. You are the light to the little vessel of your family, and your children will look up to that.'

'And you, my dear young lady?'

'I—I have no light above me.'

'And what about helm and helmsman, compass, chart, Miss Cornellis?'

'I have nothing, neither helm nor helmsman, nor compass, chart, nor anchor, nor light. I am—drifting—a derelict.'

SOME INTERESTING GEOLOGICAL ITEMS.

ALL things new and old are weighed in the balance of searching inquiry and assayed in the crucible of fierce criticism. Every increase of knowledge throws a more powerful glare upon the things that are. As the light is concentrated and directed to the events of history or the beliefs of the present, some of them shrivel up and pass off in the smoke of exploded error. The gold of truth comes out purified from the dross of superstition, and as the lake flashes back the sunbeams from its surface, so it sends back reflections from the searching light thrown upon it, and thereby stands more clearly revealed. It is, then, not surprising that the characters of many of our kings should be found varying with the amount of light thrown upon them. Now, a monarch's character appears in bright colours; and then, again, the increased light shows it much darker—the brightness has perhaps been only whitewash laid on by some partial historian. In other cases, some blots disappear as the light grows stronger—they have, perchance, been only mud thrown by some enemy. It is, however, strange and unexpected that geology should step in to correct the historian, and remove a grave stain from the character of one of England's kings. We have all felt how greatly to the discredit of our First William was that making of the New Forest, of which we read in our histories. We learn how he laid waste villages, and drove out the inhabitants to make a royal hunting-ground. Our histories relate it as a fact, and cast no shadow of doubt upon it. And now, geology steps in, and says that

such a thing never happened. An examination of the geological features of the New Forest has led to this remarkable conclusion. 'To the eye of the geologist,' says Professor Ramsay, 'it easily appears that the wet and unkindly soil produced by the clays and gravels of the district forms a sufficient reason why in old times, as now, it never could have been a cultivated and populous country, for the soil for the most part is poor, and probably chiefly consisted of native forest-land [that is, uncultivated land] even in the Conqueror's day.'

And so this voice-geological bids us acquit our monarch of a stain which has rested on his name these long centuries. Shall we, then, accept this evidence as conclusive, and let go the long-cherished bit of history? We can only reply in the words of Aristotle: 'The matter is before you—judge of it.' There are, however, two historical considerations which should have made our chroniclers pause ere they accepted the story. In the first place, forests and wild beasts were, we should suppose, only too plentiful in England at that period. A vast area of the country was covered with woods, which doubtless swarmed with wild animals of various kinds. Is it likely that under such circumstances, any one would take the trouble to make a forest for hunting? And then, William I. being a foreigner, and having taken land from the natives for his own followers, stories to his discredit would be sure to arise. Some of this false coinage would be very likely to be circulated by historians.

Not only has the light of geological truth been thrown over the broad fields of knowledge, but it has also penetrated into various out-of-the-way corners and brought to light many odd and unsuspected facts. To account for the smaller number of reptiles in Ireland, tradition says they were driven out by St Patrick. And even on this obscure problem geology has shed a light, and given a scientific reason for the fact. It has been well established by geological reasoning that Britain has been again and again united to the continent, and as many times severed from it. Here, then, is the key to explain the mystery of the reptiles. It appears that there are twenty-two native species in Belgium, eleven in England, and only five in Ireland. Professor Edward Forbes drew attention to this, and explained it by supposing that they migrated from the continent westward while Britain and Ireland were united to it. Suppose them spreading from some continental centre towards our land. We know that different species vary greatly in their powers of colonising: some spread quickly, and others slowly. During the continuance of a continental epoch, some of the faster-spreading species would get as far as Ireland; others, not so quick, would only get to England; while some would not have time to get even as far. And so, when the continuity of land was broken up, Ireland had received fewer than England, and England itself only a portion of the continental species; and it may be that Ireland was separated from England before the latter was severed from the continent. The smaller native flora of Ireland is accounted for by the same facts.

Geology is no respecter of nations. Not only does it show us our proud island as a mere fragment of the continent, but we are also assured

that some of our chief rivers were only tributaries of the Rhine. We fear that some patriotic politicians will have a quarrel with geology on this point. During a portion of the glacial period, the land was covered, or nearly so, by the sea, and afterwards united to the continent, chiefly by a plain of boulder clay. Through this plain, Professor Ramsay thinks the Rhine wandered to its mouth in the north part of the North Sea; while the Thames, the Tyne, the rivers of the Wash and Humber, and possibly some Scottish rivers, were its tributaries. Thus the solid lands and the constant rivers are shown to be mere passing phases in an ever-changing picture.

The political geography of Europe has undergone great changes in historic times: geology tells of extensive physical changes in the more distant past. The outlines of a physical geography very different from that of to-day have been sketched out for us in the caves and on the rocks. Geologists have transferred the sketch to paper in the ordinary style of map-drawing. Here is an outline of it: The Bristol Channel is a fertile valley, where the horse, bison, elk, mammoth, and rhinoceros browse on the rich herbage. Lions, wolves, and other beasts of prey pursue and devour them, where now the salt waves roll. The British Isles are united to the continent, and the Rhine flows along a great valley, now the North Sea, and is joined by its tributaries the Elbe, Thames, &c. Extensive valleys occupy the sites of the English and St George's Channels, where the herbivora graze, and are pursued by their carnivorous contemporaries. Spain, and Italy with Sicily, being respectively joined to Africa, divide the Mediterranean into two large lakes; Corsica and Sardinia united form a great promontory, stretching out into the most western of these. Across these connecting areas, the animals of Africa—the lion, spotted hyena, Kafir cat, serval, antelope, and African elephant—pass into Europe. After long ages, their remains are found in the caves, to testify of this former state of things.

Geology receives aid from every other science, and in return throws back light upon each. Meteorology, or the science of the weather, is one on which geology largely depends; it furnishes the key-note for the resolution of many geological problems. In return, geology has enriched it with many interesting facts with regard to the weather of the ages that are gone. Rain-prints and ripple-marks on slabs of sandstone or shale tell us that the rain fell, and that the wind ruffled the surface of the water. Rounded fragments and striated pebbles tell us of rivers rolling along their gravel, and glaciers moving down the valleys. Such evidence is so common and well known, that it ceases to surprise us. When, however, we hear that there is good geological evidence to show that in times so remote as the Silurian, the prevailing winds in this region were westerly, as they are to-day, our wonder can no longer be restrained. Evidence of the prevailing westerly winds in the present is seen in the one-sided growth of trees towards the east in exposed situations. The growth of large towns towards the west, to avoid the smoke from the manufacturing quarters, is another proof. And what is the witness of the rocks to a similar prevalence in the past? Long ago, when the rocks which we call Silurian were being laid down, Wales was a centre of volcanic

activity. Mount Snowdon is formed of the products of the volcanoes of the period, interstratified with contemporaneous sedimentary rocks. The roots of some of these old volcanoes have been found and examined. The ash-beds around them thin out very rapidly towards the west, while to the east and north they are much thicker. Towards the east they thicken for a space, and then thin out. It is evident that the greater part of the lighter volcanic products fell to the east of the mountain. The natural explanation is, that the wind blew more strongly and frequently from the west and south-west than from other quarters.

Geology teaches us that countless forms of life have passed away, as far as we can tell, for ever:

From scarpèd cliff and quarried stone,
She cries, a thousand types are gone.

Species and genera which once had a local habitation on earth have disappeared from the stage, and have now only a name; and not only species and genera, but whole orders have gone, leaving only their epitaphs on the gravestones which mark their last resting-places. And yet, side by side with this, we are brought face to face with the remarkable constancy of other species. In the Silurian rocks, which occupy the lowest place but two (Cambrian and Laurentian) in the geological chronology, we are taught that 'remains of foraminifera, some of them apparently identical with existing forms, have been detected in various places.' And in the Cretaceous rocks, some of the foraminifera are the same as those now dredged up from the bottom of the ocean.

As we ascend the scale of time, leaving behind us the shadowy realms of the far past, and come to the most recent rocks, we find the labours of the geologist mingled with those of the archæologist and historian. In their united labours we have a cord of threefold strand to draw up the full buckets of knowledge from the wells of the past. In the study of the caves, the three sciences alluded to overlap, and their devotees work together. Volumes of interesting lore, fascinating as the legends of fairyland or the magic tales of Arabia, are there written in the hieroglyphics of vaulted dome and hanging stalactite, of buried bone and coin and implement of varied use. The many races of men who inhabited the land in prehistoric times appear again on the scene; something of their manner of life is revealed. Again they hunt the mammoth bison and bear over the broad plains and through the thick forests. At one time we see them using the dog, the horse, and the hare for food. Strange revolutions have taken place in this matter of diet. The dog early passed out of favour, and its use has not been revived. The horse was used as food in Roman Britain and after the English invasion; it was afterwards forbidden by the Church, because used by the Scandinavians in honour of their god Odin; now, it is used in France and other countries. The Britons, however, would not eat the hare—it was held to be unlawful to do so. The revolving hand of time has changed this, and we now accept the hare as fit for food.

Even the rude artists of those primitive times when man was a cave-dweller have left us specimens of their skill. In the caves of Dordogne, in

the south of France, are found horns and bones with spirited carvings of reindeer, bison, ibex, and birds done upon them. One of the most interesting of these relics is the portrait of a mammoth carved on a tusk of the same, from the cave of La Madelaine, in Dordogne. Simple as these artistic attempts are, they tell us that man was not altogether uncivilised. This must be admitted, even if we regard these carvings as the most advanced art of that day, which, perhaps, we have no right to do.

What part of the art of to-day will be recorded in the stony pages of the geological future? Not the highest, assuredly; and so it may have been in the past. The bold and striking, though simple, likeness of the mammoth seems to tell us that the artist had seen and hunted it full often. We see him sitting at the entrance of his cave after the excitement of the chase and the satisfaction of the subsequent feast, engraving the likeness of the animal on its own tusk! Thus, as the painter takes simple mineral powders and vegetable extracts, and with them makes the canvas eloquent with glowing pictures of life, so imagination works up the dry bones of fact until the past is again enacted before us.

TOLD BY TWO.

A NOVELETTE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.—THE NARRATIVE OF WILLIAM HENRY GARNER CONTINUED.

MY destination was reached in due course; then followed supper and bed at the hotel. Immediately after breakfast, I and my bag were driven in a fly to the colliery offices. Here I found Mr Wharton, the cashier, waiting for me as usual. After the customary greetings, he produced his bunch of keys and proceeded to unlock the bag, or rather, he proceeded to endeavour to do so, for, strange to relate, the bag obstinately refused to be unlocked. Mr Wharton stared at me, and I stared at him. 'What mystery is here?' he asked.

My flesh began to creep, but I did not answer. Then he took up the bag and examined it carefully.

'Why, Garner, what have your people been about?' he said. 'Why didn't they tell you that they were sending you with a fresh bag? No wonder my key won't open it.'

'A fresh bag!' was all I could gasp.

'Undoubtedly. This is not the bag Mr Mimms used to bring, which you have brought every week since. This one is the same size, and apparently of the same material as the other; but that it isn't the old one, I am certain.'

'No one told me about sending the money in a different bag,' I contrived to stammer out.

'Then they ought to have told you, that's all,' responded the cashier dryly.

I was full of horrible misgivings, which, however, as yet did not formulate themselves into anything definite even in my own mind.

'There's only one thing to be done,' said Mr Wharton after an awkward pause, 'and that is, to cut the confounded thing open.' He glanced

at the clock. 'I shall have the off-turn hands here in an hour's time, and it won't do to keep them waiting. I'll give you a note to take back to Mr Yarrell, explaining the circumstances of the case, and that you are in no way to blame.' Then with a laugh he added: 'Why, Garner, my buck, you look as white as if you had seen a ghost, or as if you had smoked a strong cigar on an empty stomach, which, I daresay, would have much the same effect on you.'

I was in no mood for banter. I turned to the window while Mr Wharton went into the outer office in search of something wherewith to open the bag. Presently he returned with a clasp-knife having a long pointed blade, with which he at once proceeded to cut a slit in the bag large enough to allow the insertion of his hand. 'What have we here?' he said wonderingly, as he drew forth a small canvas bag, tightly tied, and full of something which was certainly not gold. Too impatient to untie the knot, he cut it with his knife and poured the contents on the table. Those contents were nothing but sand!

For a moment or two the room and everything in it wavered and grew indistinct before my eyes, and I was compelled to clutch at the table to keep myself from falling.

'There has been foul play here without a doubt,' said the cashier in deep hard tones. 'I hope to goodness, Garner, you have had no hand in it,' he added as he glanced keenly at me from under his shaggy brows.

I did not speak: I could not.

With what seemed to me like a species of cold-blooded deliberation, he now proceeded to draw out of the slit one bag after another, each precisely similar in appearance to the first one, and each filled with the same kind of coarse heavy sand. I watched his proceedings in a sort of fascinated stupor. I had a feeling as if for the time being I had lost my identity and had been changed into some one else. When the last bag had been taken out and emptied, the cashier's keen eyes fixed me again. 'As I said before, Garner, I hope you have had no hand in this affair.'

My silence and evident discomposure had aroused his suspicions. But at last I found my tongue. 'Is it at all likely, Mr Wharton,' I said a little indignantly, 'that if I had had any hand in substituting a bag full of sand for one full of money, I should have been such an idiot as to bring it to you, of all people in the world? Had I wanted to abscond with the money, there was nothing to hinder me from doing so last night, or to have prevented me from being a couple of hundred miles away by this time.'

'Your remarks are logical and to the point, my boy. I was wrong to suspect you. But what, then, has become of the money? Are you sure—are you positively certain—that this is the same bag you brought away from the bank last evening?'

I hung my head. 'When I entered this room I could have sworn that it was; but now I have my doubts.'

'Um. You never let the bag out of your sight, of course?'

His question caused me to tingle from head to foot. 'Mr Wharton, let us sit down for five

minutes and I will tell you everything,' I said in desperation.

So I told him all that had happened from the moment of my leaving the bank, exactly as I have set it down here. He listened without interrupting me by a word; but his grave face grew graver still as I went on with my narrative, and when I came to the end of it, he sat for a full minute without speaking.

'Garner, I am sorry for you,' he said at last. 'You have been robbed—robbed, I repeat, in a most audacious and barefaced manner.'

'You don't mean to say, Mr Wharton'—

'I mean to say that while you were gone to fetch that glass of water, short as was the time you were away, the two women, who were without doubt confederates, possessed themselves of your bag and substituted this one in its place.'

I stared aghast. It seemed incredible, and I stammered out a remark to that effect.

'Pooh!' he said with a little contemptuous shrug. 'What can you, who are little more than a boy, know about the tricks, the schemes, and the dodges of the great world of knavery? There can be no doubt that this robbery has been planned for a considerable period, in all probability before you began to act as messenger. How this class of people contrive to obtain their information is a mystery to me, but they do obtain it somehow.'

'But where did this bag come from, and what became of the real bag?' I asked. 'The only article of luggage the two women had between them was'—

'An oblong black leather case: those are your own words. Man alive! can't you see that during the two minutes you were away, they had ample time to take this bag out of the case and pop yours in its place! There is no doubt that Mr Mimms, or you, or both of you, have been furtively watched and followed week after week for some time past. This bag, as I said before, is almost a fac-simile of the old one; they have even been clever enough to gauge the weight pretty accurately. Pity so much cleverness wasn't applied to a better purpose!' He rose and pushed back his chair. 'I must hurry off to our local bank and borrow what I can towards the wages,' he said. 'As for you, I should advise you to get back by the first train and make a clean breast of it to Mr Yarrell; but, by Jove, I shouldn't care to stand in your shoes when you tell him!'

I never spent a more miserable three hours than those occupied by my journey back to Bemerton. I took a cab at the station and drove direct to Mr Yarrell's house. It was Saturday, and I knew he would have left the bank by that time. I told my tale precisely as I had told it to Mr Wharton. He listened in ominous silence—at the bank we all knew that he was to be feared most when he said the least—and when I had come to an end, he simply rang the bell and sent a servant with a message requesting the immediate presence of the superintendent of police or his deputy. The superintendent answered the summons in person. Then for the third time my story had to be told, my heart sinking lower and lower at each repetition. Then followed a string of questions from the superintendent, the answers to which he jotted down

in his notebook. It was evident to me that his theory of the robbery agreed in the main with that of Mr Wharton.

When all was over, Mr Yarrell said to me in his iciest tones: 'You may go now, Garner. You will be at the office at nine on Monday as usual. It will be for the Board to determine what further steps it may be requisite to take in this most unfortunate affair.'

I must pass over what followed as briefly as may be.

Mr Yarrell was one of those men who never forgive a blunder or condone an error of judgment. In his eyes, the thing I had been guilty of almost assumed the proportions of a crime, and I felt only too sure in my own mind that in his statement of the case to the Board all lenient touches on the score of my youth and inexperience would be forgotten or overlooked, and that in the picture he would draw, all the shadows would be elaborately filled in. My sentence was not long in being promulgated. In the first place, I was severely reprimanded; in the second, my promised advance of salary was cancelled; and in the third place, I was relegated to a position in the office which I had held upwards of two years previously. This virtually meant a sentence of ruin as far as my career with the Bemerton Banking Company was concerned. I knew that all prospect of promotion was over, if not for ever, at least for long years to come; but I had no mind to sit down quietly and sink into a miserable underpaid drudge, like one or two others whom I saw about me.

Meanwhile, I stayed on at the bank, hoping from day to day that some clue would be forthcoming which would lead to the arrest and conviction of the thieves, and so prove to the world that I had been guilty of nothing more criminal than an act of youthful carelessness; for it had been whispered to me that in certain quarters it had been hinted that I knew more of the robbery than I chose to divulge; and circumstances which came to my knowledge later on led me to suspect that all my comings and goings about this time were quietly watched without my being in the least aware of it. To a certain extent, however, the story I had told was backed up by confirmatory evidence. Two females answering the description given by me were traced as having taken a cab at the Sherrington Station, and as having been driven across country to a station on another line of railway five miles away. Thence they would seem to have doubled back to Bemerton, at which station they were seen, and there they were supposed to have hired another conveyance; but for any further clue which could be found, they might have been spirited away on one of those magical carpets I used to read about when I was a child.

During those weeks of waiting and suspense, a project had been slowly ripening in my mind, and the more I considered it, the more it grew in favour with me. I had a cousin in Australia who owned several thousand acres of sheep-run. Frank had often pressed me to go out and join him; but, for various reasons, I had hitherto declined doing so. Now, however, that my prospects of advancement at the bank were blighted,

my cousin's offer began to look more alluring than it had ever looked before. The one objection there was to the scheme, and it was a very grave one in my eyes, was, that it would separate Emmeline and me for an indefinite period. If it seemed hard now not to be able to see her for more than a few hours once every six months—she was governess in a family who lived among the far-away Yorkshire moors—what would it seem like with twelve thousand miles of ocean between us? But it was a question that concerned Em. quite as deeply as myself; so, taking advantage of the Easter holidays, I ran down by rail to Crutchley Priory, where she lived. By good fortune Em's pupils happened to be away on a visit; so we were enabled to have many long happy rambles together through the old priory woods, which will always hold a sweet place in my memory. What a brave-hearted, high-spirited girl she was! Her counsel was, that I should go out and join my cousin without delay. She would wait, she said, though it might be a dozen years, till I should be ready to send for her; and when the time came, she would leave everything to obey my summons.

Six weeks later, I had said good-bye to Old England and every one in it for long years to come.

A FEW COMMON ERRORS.

It is not always an easy matter to trace a popular error to its source; but we shall endeavour, as we proceed in the following enunciation of a few of the commonest, to assign to each some definite and plausible origin. We do not refer to that class of fallacy which is founded on the popular belief in some common saying or proverb, nor on some erroneous notion concerning the dealings of man with man, but to misconceived ideas concerning some of the simple workings of nature that are constantly taking place around us. Fallacies—or some may prefer the term illusions—abound on endless subjects; but whichever be the term employed, both may fairly be included under the common heading 'errors,' for such they really are.

It is by no means uncommon to find educated men and women obstinately dispute the fact of moist air being lighter than dry air. They say they cannot understand how anything can be made lighter by being moistened, and their almost invariable illustration is that of a sponge. It certainly at first sight does appear an anomaly when put in this way; but it is just this false way of putting it that has been their stumbling-block. If asked why the mercury in a barometer rises in fine weather when the air is dry, and falls in bad weather when the air is full of moisture, we find, as a rule, that they are unacquainted with the principle of the Toricellian vacuum, or that they have remained content with the knowledge that the mercury does so rise and fall.

That smoke is lighter than air is another very common belief, and this doubtless arises from the

smoke issuing from a chimney being invariably seen to ascend; but if we follow the warm smoke in its upward course, we shall find that as soon as it has lost the impetus derived from the draught in the flue, and has in addition become cool and condensed, that it begins to descend, for the most part in the annoying shape of 'blacks.' The simplest way of proving this is to fill a clay or other pipe, and, having lighted it, to insert the mouthpiece in a basin of cold water, and then to blow down the bowl. When the smoke that issues, having been cooled in passing up through the water, will be seen to rest on the top of it, but will not ascend, owing to its being heavier than the air.

There is a very common superstition that sewer and other poisonous gases are more deadly *in themselves* when they are inodorous than when they appeal forcibly to the olfactory nerve. We do not of course refer to those venomous gases which are originally void of scent, such as nitrogen, but to such pungent ones as carburetted hydrogen or coal gas, the fragrance of which is unmistakable. The fact is that gases may be deprived of their smell without losing their destructive properties, by passing up through a sufficient depth of earth, &c.; just as filtration will remove impurities mechanically suspended in water, but not those held in chemical solution; and it is this circumstance of not being able to detect their presence by the smell that is so dangerous, as we receive no warning of the virulent poison we are inhaling, the principal function of the nose, namely, that of intimating to the brain the approach of a volatile substance unsuitable to the system, being rendered inoperative.

We noticed not long ago, in a newly built house, all the doors and windows hermetically sealed, while every available gas jet both in stoves and lamps was being kept at full blaze, in order to dry the walls. No plan better calculated to defeat the object in view could have been adopted, for the simple reason, that the combustion of gas produces moisture. That this is not a solitary case, the following couple of incidents, taken from a back number of *The Builder*, will show. 'I was much puzzled for some time,' says the writer, 'by a solicitor's strong-room, which I had built, obstinately refusing to become dry, although favourably situated for the process, and a jet of gas being kept burning day and night. The consequence, however, was that the papers and parchments became flaccid and damp. The mischief has been entirely and speedily remedied by inserting two ventilating bricks and extinguishing the gas,' clearly proving that where there is no ventilation, gas, instead of exciting evaporation, produces moisture, and consequently condensation. The other case is as follows: 'In a lobby, the gas was left burning for five hours, when the paper on the walls was found to be saturated with moisture, and where, as on varnished parts, it could not be absorbed, the moisture hung in great drops, as if a pipe had leaked.' We fear that this fallacy must be attributed solely to ignorance.

We have frequently met with people who consider that it would be sheer madness to attempt to build a house upon sand, and it is

difficult to persuade them that such an idea is erroneous. The reason for this belief is in most cases based upon the scriptural comparison between the man who built his house upon the sand and he who built it upon a rock, the sequence being either forgotten or ignored—namely, that 'the floods came.' It was then, and not till then, that the house fell; for sand will only form a sure foundation so long as it can be kept dry and in its place. The common epithets applied to sand, for example, the 'shifting' sand, may also have helped to form this misconceived idea; but when desirous of clenching the argument, we have only to point to the Pyramids as a convincing proof of our statement.

But perhaps there is a greater amount of misconception concerning lightning than almost any other natural phenomenon. As an example, we may quote those who consider that the lightning invariably 'cometh down from heaven,' and that it never ascends. The tower of Dundry Church, which was struck in March 1859, furnished a clear proof of its ascending, the lightning entering at the base and passing up through the tower. Others, again, from lack of information, have no idea that this earth frequently plays an equal part with the clouds in supplying the electric fluid necessary for the discharge; while many imagine that lightning will set fire to anything it touches; the fact being that the flame of lightning is generally inoffensive, though, under certain circumstances, it may be a consuming and terrible fire.

We will conclude with the mention of a trick over which small bets have often been lost and won—namely, the fact of brandy floating on the top of castor oil. Most people having been accustomed to take this nauseous aperient in milk, sherry, or coffee, have always seen it floating on the top of these fluids, of higher specific gravity than the oil; but brandy being a spirit, is lighter than oil, and consequently reverses the customary order of things. The same of course holds good with regard to all other spirits, owing to their specific gravity being lower than that of the oil extracted from the liver of the cod-fish.

SPUR-MONEY.

For several centuries past, and until comparatively recent times, persons wearing spurs in any sacred edifice in England were accosted either by choristers or beadles, who demanded a fee, by way of fine, for thus entering a cathedral, minster, or church, and thereby interrupting the service. Two or three centuries ago, when spurs were commonly worn, the amount received for 'spur-money' was considerable, and singing-boys and beadles were ever on the alert for the ringing of the spurred boot, often to the neglect of their more legitimate duties. Sometimes the choristers lost their perquisite because of their inability to repeat the gamut on the demand of spur-wearing persons. In the *Privy-purse Expenses of King Henry VIII.* (edited by Sir Harris Nicolas) are several entries of payments made to the choristers of Windsor 'in reward for the king's spurs;' which the editor surmises to mean 'money paid to redeem the king's spurs, which

had become the fee of the choristers at Windsor, perhaps at installations, or at the annual celebration of St George's feast.' No notice, however, on the subject occurs either in Ashmole's or Antis's histories of the order of the Garter.

From the cheque-book of the Chapel-royal, Dr E. F. Rimbault made the following extract of an order made by the Dean in 1622: 'That if anie knight or other persone entituled to weare spurs enter the Chappell in that guise, he shall pay to the quiristers the accustomed fine; but if he command the youngest quirister to repeate his ganut, and he faile in the so doing, the said knight, or other, shall not pay the fine.' This rule was enforced until about the year 1830.

Quoting a note in Gifford's edition of the works of Ben Jonson, Mr Markland says: 'In the time of Ben Jonson, in consequence of the interruptions to divine service occasioned by the ringing of the spurs worn by persons walking and transacting business in cathedrals, and especially in St Paul's, a small fine was imposed on them, called "spur-money," the exaction of which was committed to the beadles and singing-boys.'

Under the title of *The Children of the Chapel stript and whipt*, there was published a curious tract, in which the following passage, bearing upon the subject of spur-money, occurs: 'Wee think it very necessarye that every quorister shoulde bringe with him to church a Testament in English, and turne to everie chapter as it is daily read, or some other good and godly Prayer-book, rather than spend their tyme in talk and hunting after spur-money, whereon they set their whole mindes, and doe often abuse dyvers if they doe not bestowe somewhat on them.'

From *The Memorials of John Ray* we cull the annexed illustration of the practice under notice: 'July 26, 1661, we began our journey northwards from Cambridge, and that day, passing through Huntingdon and Stilton, we rode as far as Peterborough, twenty-five miles. There I first heard the cathedral service. The choristers made us pay money for coming into the choir with our spurs on.'

Spur-money was exacted in Westminster Abbey from Dr Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who handed over an eighteenpenny token as the fine. The penalty was also imposed, about the same time, on the Duke of Cumberland (afterwards king of Hanover) for entering the choir of the same abbey in his spurs; but his Royal Highness, who was installed there, excused himself with great readiness, pleading his right to wear his spurs in that church, inasmuch as it was the place where they were first put on him.

About 1847 or 1848, a party of Sappers and Miners were stationed at Peterborough, engaged in the trigonometrical survey, when the officer entered the cathedral with his spurs on, and was immediately beset by the choristers, who demanded money of him for treading the sacred floor with armed heels. One of the dignitaries was ignorant of the practice, so that we may infer that blackmail was seldom levied at Peterborough forty or fifty years ago.

Spur-money has often been demanded at Southwell Minster, though not recently, the last case

the writer can state definitely occurring just over thirty years ago. A visitor attended service with spurs on, but was surrounded immediately after by several of the choristers. He refused to give anything, so was consequently locked in. He tempted the juveniles with sixpence, which he slipped under the door. This not being considered sufficient, he put a shilling under as well, when, after a good deal of debating amongst the 'songsters,' the offender was released. The custom is said to have been instituted by Henry VIII.

QUITE CURED.

MAJOR HENDERSON was the most obstinate man imaginable. For a whole hour, Lieutenant Mapleson tried to convince him that it was the hand and heart of Maude Henderson for which he was pleading, her comfortable little fortune being a matter about which he was supremely indifferent. At the expiration of the hour, Major Henderson's decision remained unchanged.

'Save a thousand pounds as a proof of your attachment to my niece, and I will give my consent to your marriage with her. Under no other circumstances will I do so.' This was the extent to which the major would commit himself.

Save a thousand pounds indeed! Why, a million would be equally possible to a man of refined tastes, with but a paltry two hundred a year or so besides his pay.

Maude waylaid her lover outside the library door. Very pretty she looked as she listened to dear Jack's angry protestations, her cheeks flushing and her brown eyes filling with tears.

'You will be true to me, my darling?' pleaded the impecunious lieutenant, as his arm stole round her waist and his tawny moustache pressed her rosy lips.

True to him? Indeed and indeed she would be!

'You know, dearest, you will be twenty-one in a fortnight's time and your own mistress. My sweet one will fly with her poor loving Jack then; won't she?'

'Yes'—rather dubiously. It was hard to put aside the prospect of being followed to the altar by a bevy of daintily arrayed bridesmaids, although she was so deeply in love.

True, she would soon be of age, and consequently her own mistress, but what would that fact avail her, if she were miles away from her lover? And such indeed seemed likely to be the case, for her uncle carried her off to a small village in North Wales the day after Lieutenant Mapleson had been told his fate. Of course she left a note behind for 'dearest Jack,' telling him the name of the village to which they were going, and earnestly begging him to do 'something,' although she could think of nothing practical to suggest.

On the morning of her twenty-first birthday, Maude came down to breakfast looking fresh, and even a little happy. She had honestly tried to be miserable for a whole fortnight, and had succeeded for two days. With youth and health on one's side, it is almost impossible to be thoroughly out of spirits for any length of time, however much one may be experiencing the truth of the proverb about 'true love, &c.'

The landlady's bright-looking daughter brought

in the coffee and rolls. 'Mrs Evans opposite has let her front rooms, miss,' she volunteered. 'A gentleman all by himself came and took them last night.'

A gentleman, and alone! Maude's spirits rose. 'Did you happen to hear Mrs Evans say what her new lodger is like? I suppose,' added naughtily, deceitful Maude, 'he is an elderly gentleman?'

'Yes, miss, quite. He's a bit lame, walks with a stick, and has a long gray beard. His name's Mr Browne.'

Maude's spirits fell again. At breakfast, however, she mentioned the new arrival to her uncle.

Major Henderson was beginning to find North Wales a little dull, so he listened rather readily, thinking that there might perhaps be a prospect of having some one with whom to smoke a friendly pipe.

In the course of the morning, when the uncle and niece were sitting in one of the many beautiful glens in which the neighbourhood abounds, Maude saw a bent figure approaching, walking with a stick.

'I think, uncle, that must be Mr Browne, Mrs Evans' new lodger,' she said.

Her uncle looked up from his book. 'Out of health, I should say,' was Major Henderson's comment. 'He doesn't look old enough to be so infirm.'

When the stranger came up to them, he paused, and inquired the way to the Swallow Falls.

Maude started. 'That voice! Her uncle, however, merely made a courteous reply. Evidently his suspicions were not aroused.

'Excuse me,' continued the stranger, 'but have I not the pleasure of addressing one who is a neighbour for the time being? I fancied I saw you come out of Honeysuckle Cottage this morning with your daughter.'

'Yes, sir, you are right—at least my niece and I are staying opposite to you.'

'Your niece?' and the stranger politely raised his hat as he glanced at Maude. 'May I inquire if you have been making a long stay in the neighbourhood? It is the first time I have visited North Wales, and I should be glad to know of the principal spots of interest in the immediate vicinity. My health is so shattered that I cannot undertake long excursions.'

'This is the commencement of our third week,' replied the major. 'Like yourself, we have chosen rather to enjoy the scenery within walking distances, in preference to travelling about by rail or coach. My niece has been a little upset lately, so we came here to recruit her health.'

Maude flushed up indignantly. To speak of the cruel blow which had been dealt her as if it were a mere nothing!

'The young lady is looking so fresh and charming, that I think she must already be on the high road to recovery.' This with a stiff old-fashioned bow to Maude. 'I was about to say I trusted I might derive as much benefit from the change, only I fear that is too much to expect. Age cannot hope to compete with youth.'

'With your permission,' suggested Major Henderson, 'my niece and I will accompany you to the Falls. They are within a quarter-of-an-hour's walk from here; and I can then give you a few hints about the neighbourhood as we go along.'

Mr Browne would be only too pleased.

Maude walked on by her uncle's side experiencing a mixture of joy and alarm. She was so delighted to hear that dear voice again; so fearful lest her lover's stratagem should be discovered!

Mr Browne noticed her agitation, and was careful to divert Major Henderson's attention from his niece, in case her confusion should betray the secret. The trio had to cross a stream by means of stepping-stones. The stranger offered to assist Maude. Managing to keep his back to Major Henderson, Mr Browne, alias Lieutenant Mapleson, tenderly pressed Maude's yielding hand, and with a world of expression in his blue eyes, whispered: 'Be careful, my darling, and all will yet be well with us.'

The next morning Mr Browne called on Major Henderson. 'I have just received these, and I thought you would perhaps like to look at them,' he said, producing a packet of periodicals.

Major Henderson was glad to avail himself of the offer, as current literature was rather difficult to procure in so out-of-the-way a place.

After a little further conversation, Mr Browne was asked if he would care to join the uncle and niece in their morning ramble. Again he would be only too pleased.

When the trio had gone some distance, Major Henderson, wishing to enjoy a quiet half-hour's read, suggested that he should sit down and rest a little, while Maude conducted Mr Browne to a spot close by whence a good view of Snowdon could be obtained.

'I would fain, like you, rest a while,' replied Mr Browne; 'but as the day is so unusually clear, I feel I must make an effort to take advantage of it, especially as this young lady has so kindly consented to act as my guide.' And so Mr Browne hobbled off, with Maude walking patiently beside him.

As soon as the trees had hidden the lovers from view, Jack drew Maude to him, while she, half laughing and half crying, stroked his long gray beard.

'O Jack, whatever made you come like this? What do you intend to do?'

'This, my sweetest;' and the bold lover drew from his pocket a marriage license and a wedding-ring. Half playfully, the gallant lieutenant removed Maude's glove and slipped on the ring. 'What a dear little hand it looks!' he cried rapturously; 'and how happy I shall be when I can call its dear owner my sweet little wife.'

A slight sound fell on their ears, and looking up, they beheld Major Henderson not a hundred yards off!

Maude would have been grateful to the earth had it opened at that moment to receive her, but as it showed no signs of accommodating her, she disengaged herself from Mr Browne's embrace and hastily handed him back the ring.

Mr Browne was equal to the occasion, although he had grave misgivings, as he hobbled towards Major Henderson. 'Were you hastening to join us? You see we haven't got far. I am a wretched walker at the best of times; and in such scenery as this, one feels forced to pause frequently to look around.'

'I expected to meet you coming back,' explained the major. 'But I was looking for you

in that direction,' indicating another path more to the right. 'I was quite surprised when I saw you coming towards me.'

With what feelings of relief did the lovers listen to the major's innocent remarks!

At their early dinner, the major drew from his pocket a letter which he had received by the morning's post, and had forgotten to read. With a polite 'Excuse me, my dear,' to his niece, he hastily glanced at the contents. 'I must leave for London by the eleven o'clock train to-morrow morning,' he exclaimed. 'This letter is of the utmost importance. How stupid of me to have delayed reading it!'

'Am I to accompany you, uncle?' asked Maude faintly.

'No, no, my dear; there's no need for you to do that. I shall be back here by the evening of the following day.'

The major was very preoccupied until dinner was over, but as Maude had also much food for reflection, silence was agreeable to both.

'I wonder if I could do anything for Mr Browne while I am in town?' queried the major.—'My dear,' turning to Maude, 'just write a little note to him asking him to step over for a minute. You know we half promised to show him the way to Fairy Glen this afternoon. I don't feel inclined for any more walking myself; but there is no reason why you shouldn't accompany him, if you are not tired and he is agreeable to the arrangement.'

Maude's note quickly brought Mr Browne; and the lovers were soon on their way to Fairy Glen.

'My darling, we are in luck's way!' exclaimed Jack. 'Your uncle's absence will make matters as simple as an A B C guide. I shall have to-morrow to make the necessary arrangements; we can be married the following morning; and by the time your uncle returns in the evening, we shall be miles away from here.'

Maude acquiesced rather reluctantly. She loved Jack dearly; but still she had some compunction about deceiving her uncle, who, with the exception of the unaccountable obstinacy he had shown towards her lover, had always been ready to humour her. Jack, however, drew such a glowing picture of the happiness in store for them, and declared with so much confidence Major Henderson's anger would not last more than three weeks when once the irrevocable step was taken, that Maude was much comforted.

When they returned, Major Henderson pressed Mr Browne to spend the evening at Honeysuckle Cottage. Tea being over, the major asked Maude if she would mind packing his portmanteau for him.

'I have laid out the things I wish to take, my dear. You will fit them in more neatly than I could.'

Maude was delighted to have an opportunity of doing a last little kindly act.

Directly she had left the room, the major began fidgeting about, and at length got up and paced the room. Suddenly turning to Mr Browne, he said: 'Comparative stranger as you are to me, I feel as if I must tell you the nature of the business which is calling me to London so unexpectedly. The blow has fallen so suddenly, that to speak of it would be an immense relief.'

The stranger was all sympathetic attention in a moment.

'Mr Browne,' continued the major excitedly, 'this time yesterday I believed that poor girl up-stairs to be the mistress of a fairly large fortune. To-day—if the information I received this morning be correct—I know her to be penniless. And that is not all: the greater part, if not the whole, of my own income is lost also.'

So sympathetic was Mr Browne that he begged to know all the details. These, however, the major was unable to furnish; in fact he could explain nothing satisfactorily, so great was the state of excitement into which he had worked himself.

'Hush!' he said, as he heard Maude approaching. 'Not a word to her. I wouldn't disturb her peace of mind for worlds, poor girl, until I am certain how the matter stands.'

The next day, about an hour after her uncle had left for London, Maude received the following pencilled note from Mr Browne:

MY OWN DARLING—I am the most unlucky dog that ever lived! I passed a wretched night, and this morning I am too ill to leave my bed. To be disabled to-day, when I was to have arranged for the event which is to make me the happiest man in England. I have sent for the village 'bones,' and if he can but patch me up, it may not yet be too late. Send a book back by bearer, to account for having received a letter from your nearly frantic JACK.

Poor Maude! The torturing suspense of that day! In the evening she ventured to ask the landlady to inquire how Mr Browne was. 'No better,' was the alarming reply.

Maude passed a sleepless night. In the morning she received a second note from her dear Jack, even more despairing in its tone than the former one. 'Fate is against us,' he wrote; 'I feel as if I shall never be able to call you mine.'

In the middle of the day, she again sent to inquire after her lover; and was overjoyed when she heard he was much better, and was even thinking of getting up, his recovery bidding fair to be as sudden as his seizure.

That evening, Major Henderson returned. Hardly had he knocked at the door, when Mr Browne emerged from the opposite cottage.

'What news, sir?' asked the sympathetic Mr Browne.

'The worst possible,' replied the major, throwing himself into an easy-chair and covering his face with his hands. 'That poor girl yonder is a beggar, and I have but a hundred a year left.'

Maude looked from one to the other in utter bewilderment; and then crossed over to her uncle, trying to comfort him and gain some explanation at the same time.

'I feel this is no scene for a stranger to witness,' said Mr Browne. 'Sir, you have my deepest sympathy, and I am sure that at the present moment I can show it in no better way than by withdrawing.'

Maude followed her lover to the door. She was much distressed on her uncle's account, but did not fully realise her own loss of fortune.

'Are you really better, dear Jack?' she asked anxiously.

'Yes, thank you. Quite cured. Good-bye;' and he was gone.

That her lover's leave-taking was a little abrupt did strike Maude; she was, however, far too confused by the turn affairs had taken to attach much importance to the first circumstance.

When she returned to her uncle, he seemed wonderfully better; and at supper he talked quite cheerfully of their future.

Maude passed another sleepless night. She did not so much mind the terrible loss she had sustained on her own account; but she was bitterly disappointed that she could not do all she had promised for her dear Jack. She determined, however, to be the most loving and economical wife possible. At all events, her uncle would not be able to accuse Jack of being mercenary now; and there was much comfort in that reflection. Perhaps, after all, they would be able to have a proper wedding, only of course it would have to be a very quiet one. How much nicer that would be, than running away and deceiving her uncle, who had always been so kind to her.

When she came down to breakfast the next morning, she was looking pale and a little worn, after her two sleepless nights. The major, however, seemed to have succeeded in throwing off his grief in quite a wonderful manner, and was in almost his usual spirits.

'Have you heard how Mr Browne is this morning?' Maude ventured to ask the landlady's daughter.

'Why, miss, he paid up for the week, and went off by the mail-train last night, declaring he was sure the place didn't suit him.'

Poor Maude! The blow did indeed fall on her with crushing force.

'Dear me, rather sudden! We shall miss the old gentleman—eh, Miss Maude?' said the major, as soon as the uncle and niece were left together. He laid a slight stress on the adjective, and there was a suspicion of fun in his eyes. It was, however, no laughing matter to Maude; she, poor girl, unable longer to act her part, burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

'Poor child, poor child!' said the major compassionately. 'It's a sharp lesson for you to learn. But it is better to bear a little pain now, than to suffer for the remainder of your life, as would most probably have been your fate, if I had not paid that scoundrel out in his own coin.'

The threatened loss of fortune was all a fabrication, Major Henderson having gone no nearer to London than the top room in Honeysuckle Cottage.

The truth was, the major had discovered what was going on, when he came upon the lovers so unexpectedly. He then devised the scheme, which he afterwards carried out so successfully, in order to test the sincerity of Lieutenant Mapleson's attachment to Maude. Major Henderson had of course been obliged to take the landlady into his confidence, and she, fully entering into the spirit of the thing, had suggested the major's occupying the top room in her cottage, whence he could watch Mr Browne's movements. And so Major Henderson had merely walked to the station, portmanteau in hand, and returning,

had entered Honeysuckle Cottage by the back way.

Maude's grief and humiliation were so real when she heard these details, that her uncle, thinking she would not care to remain where her story was known, wisely suggested returning home the following day.

'We can give a garden-party, or something of that kind, in honour of your twenty-first birthday. It will be a few days after the event, but that won't matter. I would give a good deal to see that young fortune-hunter's face when he finds out how he has been duped. There's no fear of his tittle-tattling about it, though, for his own sake, so the story won't get all over the town.—I suppose, my dear,' added Major Henderson, rather anxiously, 'you'll never let him again find the way to your kind little heart with his honeyed words?'

Maude drew herself up to her full height. 'No, indeed, uncle, that I never will. To use his own words, I am quite cured.'

Before the year was out, another suitor asked for Maude's hand; and on this occasion the anxious pleader did not have any cause to complain of Major Henderson's obstinacy.

PIANOFORTE DISPLAY.

MANY players are quick to recognise that an ostentatious parade of their abilities will win applause which would be denied to their natural gifts unassisted by art. And for this reason the modern candidate for popular favour will exhaust himself in efforts to heighten the effect produced by the exercise of his executive and intellectual powers, by tricks and artifices which are totally unworthy of a true votary of art, and which only serve to substantiate his claims to an apish origin.

When a passage involving the utmost exercise of the mechanical ability is rendered with perfect ease and dignity and with unconscious mastery over existing difficulties, the audience is apt to be unimpressed, and to conclude that the composition is not of an exacting nature. An artist who truly respects himself and the profession will not stoop to solicit admiration. When the performer is content to degrade himself to the level of popular taste, the performance assumes the character of a mere exhibition of legerdemain. The affected stride; the deliberate and ostentatious adjustment of the performer's majestic person to the artistic throne, the impressive pause while the hands are poised over the keys like a hawk preparing to swoop on its prey; the alternate elevation and depression of the wrist—one of the most absolutely useless and ungraceful artifices in vogue—all these things are an offence to artistic taste, and degrading in their very essence to the man or woman who resorts to them; but, sad to say, they possess an undoubted weight with the public.

A *staccato* passage executed as if the keys were electrically charged; a *legato* strain played with the fingers prostrate on the notes, and the person of the performer sprawling inelegantly over the instrument—these and a score of other uncouth and needless contortions go to make up the sum of many instrumental performances.

Now, our conviction is that these artificialities one and all are absolutely and entirely unnecessary, and do not enhance the brilliancy or expressiveness of the performance by one iota.

Contortions are totally useless as a means toward increasing the digital dexterity of the performer, or enabling him to interpret with greater fidelity the composer's inner meaning; the most delicate gradations of light and shade, the subtlest distinctions of expression, may be attained by the quiet, masterly, and intelligent exercise of those flexible bones and muscles underlying the structure of the hand and wrist, and are entirely compatible with the maintenance of that dignified repose which should characterise the interpretation of the most exacting classic.

The velvety smoothness of the *legato*, stealing on the rapt senses as gently 'As tired eyelids upon tired eyes;' the different *staccati*, varying from the feathery touch, tripping like elfin footsteps on an enamelled sward, to the clear, incisive strokes, cleaving the air like the crystalline tinnabulations of a woodpecker's fairy mallet; the strong, deep, passionate, singing tone, 'Yearning like a god in pain,' are all attainable by the same simple methods, and do not require the lavish display of power, the patent drain upon the player's faculties, which are now the inseparable adjuncts of a pianistic exhibition.

Nor are these meretricious arts confined to the superficial charlatans who throng the courts of music. Were this the case, a strong league of earnest-souled artists could be formed the better to crush out this crying evil, one of the surest indications of the growing artificiality of the age. But men and women of undoubted genius, whose mechanical ability and intellectual grasp are frankly conceded by their peers, and reverentially acknowledged by their inferiors, do not scorn to resort to artifices wholly out of keeping with their attainments and pursuits, and which only enable them at best to exercise an insecure and evanescent ascendancy over the minds of their hearers.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

A curious project is on foot to erect, in the rear of the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, on ground belonging to the present prime minister, the Marquis of Salisbury, a vast Tower, four hundred and twenty feet high, and sixty feet square at the base. This prodigious erection is to be called the Victoria Jubilee Tower, as a grand memorial of Her Majesty's jubilee year. Its estimated cost will be about thirty thousand pounds, and it will have the credit and peculiarity of being the tallest erection in England. At present St Paul's Cathedral is the highest, measuring four hundred and four feet from the ground to the top of the cross; whilst Salisbury comes next, the altitude of the beautiful spire being just four hundred feet. The proposed Tower will contain a staircase; but for those who desire to be saved the climb of nearly five hundred steps, a lift will be provided in the centre of the building; and it is hoped that, as the Tower itself will be a great novelty, and the view from the summit both remarkable and striking, a large revenue will be derived from sightseers. Tall towers seem the fashion just now; and Paris proposes to erect one

to measure six hundred feet in height. Most people will be ready to admit that the object and motive for the building of the 'Victoria Jubilee Tower' is both just and high-minded.

DE LA Y.

Ripae ulterioris amore.

STREAM, that from yon mountain-crown,
Bubbling forth through sand and sedge,
Swollen and turbid, tumblest down
Over boulder, slab, and ledge,
Pain I to my lady go;
Stay, fond flood, thy torrent flow.

No kind bridge, no mossy plank
Guides me to the further side;
No boat, hidden 'neath the bank,
Mocks the foaming barrier tide;
And no human strength could breast
Such tumultuous unrest.

Three days syne, I might have crossed
Ankle-dry thy rocky spine;
All thy pools were flecked with frost,
Slim thy runnels: three days syne,
I had laughed at thaw and spate—
Stream, I had not felt my Fate.

In a night my passion rose,
Burst its panoply of ice,
Gathering fury from the snows
That had choked it in their vice:
In a night hast thou, too, risen
Vaster from thy frosty prison.

Passion's sudden birth, wild flood,
Is an image of thine own;
May the same similitude
Stamp their course: o'er stock and stone,
May Love's torrent onward roll,
Barrier-spurning, to its goal.

Vain the prayer: already thou,
Rioting without remorse,
Strength, and more than strength enow,
Hast to ban and bar my course;
Love's impetuosity
Meets and moans its match in thee.

Ah, roll on—roll out thy power—
Roll: for yet a little while,
And the kindly glittering hour
Shall efface thee by its smile:
Under suns that find thee drained,
Still shall Love flow on unreined.

Here, upon the roaring brink,
I shall linger on and mock,
While thy beaten waters shrink,
Eddying under stone and rock;
Then shall Love arise and pass,
Merrier for to-day's 'alas!'

L. J. C.

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THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

I. WHAT HAS BEEN DONE FOR IT IN SCOTLAND.

It is not to be denied that much doubt still lingers in the public mind—doubt not without a reasonable foundation—as to the desirability of any higher or university education for women, any systematic culture of their intellectual powers after school-years are over. On the other hand, it is still less to be denied that over the whole civilised world the means of higher education are now fully within the reach of all women. None who now care to avail themselves of their opportunities need 'pine with regret or sicken in despair' because the means of intellectual cultivation are beyond their reach; and this is peculiarly the case in regard to our own portion of the British Isles. So, while people are still debating whether the Scottish universities ought to be thrown open to women, it is true that the question whether women in Scotland are to have a university education or not is already settled, and settled in the affirmative.

In regard to the prevailing prejudice against what is regarded as too much learning for women, we hope by-and-by to have something to say. Meanwhile, confining ourselves to facts, and to the facts of the case so far only as Scotland is concerned, we think a short account of what has been done here up to the present time for the higher education of women, may be found useful and interesting. These facts, so far as we are aware, have not yet been thus brought together, and are, we believe, not so well known as they ought to be by those most concerned.

Casting our thoughts backwards, we find what we may regard as the dawn of higher culture for women in Scotland in a certain course of Lectures on English Literature, delivered in Edinburgh to a class of two hundred and sixty-five lady-students, by Professor Masson in the spring of 1868. This was the first thing of the kind ever attempted in this country. We believe it would be impossible to convey even to the

most enthusiastic of lady-students nowadays, or to any one who did not personally experience it, any idea of the intense interest and delight produced by those lectures in the minds of those who listened to them for the first time. To many it was the opening up of a new world. It was the awakening to a new life, through the creation of new interests, and the stirring of faculties that had lain dormant for want of exercise. The interest and enthusiasm only widened and deepened in the following winter, when the Professors of Logic and Metaphysics and of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh University added their labours to those of the Professor of English Literature; and classes in these three subjects were systematically taught. Thus the nucleus was formed of what is now known as the Edinburgh Association for the University Education of Women, an institution indebted alike for its foundation and its continued success up to the present time—apart from what is due to the disinterested work of the professors and the support of the students—to the untiring zeal of a few gifted and devoted women. Notice of its origin would be incomplete without mention by name of one of these who has passed away, Mrs Crudelius. Those who were connected with the Association in its early days know with what wisdom and energy she then guided its course; and how, indeed, to her, in a great measure, it owed its very existence.

We find, from the first published Reports of their work, that the professors by whom the movement was inaugurated looked upon it very much in the light of an experiment; and it is interesting to learn from the same source that at the very first the experiment proved successful beyond the most sanguine hopes. The professors, who, as they confess, began their first sessions with dim forebodings—with 'considerable hesitation,' one says; with 'the sense of a very obscure future,' says another—at the end of these are found extolling in the highest terms the new-found powers of their lady-students. 'With every disposition to be critical,' says Professor

Maason, 'I found ample reason to conclude that, as regards my own set of subjects at least, there are in the community a sufficient number of ladies perfectly well prepared, by prior culture, by interest in the higher studies, by already formed habits of thought, and by persevering willingness, to take advantage of the most highly organised means of instruction accessible anywhere within the country. There were members of the class in lecturing to whom one had to feel, quite as decidedly as in recollecting the superior students of a university class, that the best one was giving might have been a great deal better and yet not good enough.'—'The answering at examinations of the working part of the class was very satisfactory,' writes the Professor of Physics. 'A considerable number passed with great credit, and there were a few whose answers could scarcely have been improved. I look upon the experiment as a very successful one indeed. A more attentive or intelligent class I have never had, nor—considering the small number of lectures into which so much had to be compressed—one in which the progress made was more marked.'—The Professor of Logic and Metaphysics is even more laudatory still in his remarks. 'I found, as the session advanced,' he says, 'that I had at the outset underrated the mental power and persistency of as able and zealous a set of students as I have ever had the good fortune to conduct. It became evident, as far as the results of a session could make it so, that women were not inferior to the other sex in capacity for psychological and logical education, and that they might be animated with the enthusiasm for these studies which Scotchmen so often show. The answers given by more than one at the examinations indicated power not inferior to that of successful candidates for honours in mental philosophy at graduation, or at examinations for scholarships and fellowships. Some of the essays were very good, and in one or two the higher questions of mental philosophy handled by Hamilton and Mill were discussed with a firmness, acuteness, and intellectual grasp not excelled by the best students elsewhere.' Continued trial during the seventeen sessions that have elapsed since these words were written has served only more fully to confirm the opinion then formed, that so far as intellectual ability goes, there is nothing to prevent a woman from studying, and studying successfully, any of the higher branches of education; and that—again to quote Professor Maason—'Success in teaching women strictly and academically can remain doubtful only to those who have not tried such teaching or seen it tried.'

Admitting, then, the existence of a body of lady-students able and willing for higher instruction, let us see what the universities have done to meet this demand. Hampered as they are by legal restrictions, we find the Scotch universities have taken up towards the higher education of women a somewhat anomalous attitude. They recognise, indeed, the right of women to be taught in higher subjects, by extending to them the benefit of the examinations originally destined only for men graduates; but at the same time provide no means for teaching them. They grant to the successful students at these exami-

nations printed certificates which testify to the work done; but—except in the case of St Andrews, which created a special degree for women—they withhold the added dignity of the letters after the name, which would accompany the same certificates if given to the other sex. Meanwhile, pending the sure if somewhat slow march of legislation in the direction of university reform, we have to confess that private effort has accomplished much. Although, as we have said, no university in Scotland makes any provision for the teaching of women in preparation for its appointed examinations, the deficiency is very well supplied by other means.

In Edinburgh, there is an Association, under the direction of a Council consisting of ladies, professors, and other gentlemen, and supported by the subscriptions of members, the fees of the students, and sundry donations and contributions. Provision is made by this Association for a course of instruction in Literature, Science, and Philosophy, the subjects embraced under the faculty of Arts in the university; and its classes, of which there are seven annually, are taught by the professors of Edinburgh University acting on their own responsibility. To students who study in these classes, and afterwards pass a successful examination in a certain number of subjects, the university of Edinburgh grants a certificate; while a higher certificate still, or diploma, as it is called, for proficiency in seven subjects is bestowed by the Association. In the examinations for these certificates, the same standard is required as for the M.A. degree in Edinburgh; indeed, precisely the same examination papers are given. Thus, the diploma of the Association when taken in the same subjects is equivalent to that degree.

An Association of a similar nature, formed in Glasgow in 1877, is now known as Queen Margaret College—a name it took, with some changes in its constitution, about three years ago. The classes of this college, taught by the university professors, and intended to prepare the students for the examinations appointed by the Glasgow University, were originally formed with the same aim, and are conducted on much the same system as those of the Edinburgh Association. There are minor differences, indeed, which may be considered improvements or the reverse, according to the view held as to the absolute perfection of time-honoured university rules and methods, for they are all traceable to the fact that Glasgow appears to be less conservative than Edinburgh in regard to these. So we find Queen Margaret College admits modern languages into its curriculum of study; also, attendance by the student at the professors' lectures is not, as in Edinburgh, a necessary qualification for the certificate examination. Hence, there has arisen in Glasgow a system of tutorial and correspondence classes in connection with the professors' classes and higher examinations, which would be superfluous in Edinburgh under existing conditions.

Aberdeen, following in the wake of the sister universities, holds examinations for women and grants them certificates. It is, however, to be regretted that an Association modelled on those of Edinburgh and Glasgow, which flourished there for some years, has dwindled away for want of

adequate support, although still preserving a nominal existence.

The work done by St Andrews is by no means least in importance, and is peculiar to itself. This university holds annual examinations for women, not at St Andrews alone, and not in the United Kingdom alone, but also at specified centres all over the world: at Edinburgh and Eisenach, at Lerwick and London, at Barbadoes and Belfast, Paris and Pietermaritzburg, and numerous other places near and remote. And on the successful candidates at these examinations it bestows with their certificates the title of L.L.A. (Lady Literate in Arts). Books and subjects for these examinations are prescribed by the St Andrews University, and the student may prepare anywhere and anyhow, if only she is able to present herself on the appointed day and hour at one of the examining centres and to write answers then to the paper of questions set before her.

Thus, while the examinations of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen are only available for those who can be present in these towns at the appointed times, and in the case of Edinburgh are further restricted to those students who have studied under the Edinburgh professors in the classes of the Association; St Andrews, by means of its widespread centres, extends its benefits to all sorts and conditions of women over the length and breadth of the land, or, indeed, of any land within a reasonable distance of one of these. We do not deny, by any means, the incomparably superior advantages of attending classes for those who are able to do so. Not only are there superior intellectual advantages to be obtained from the *visu voce* instruction of one who is master of his own subject, but the effect of the social stimulus gained by studying with others in increasing and intensifying intellectual effort, can scarcely be overestimated. But when all this is allowed, there remain to be considered the many women, cut off by conditions of time and space from attendance on any existing professors' classes, or compelled by the exigencies of domestic duty to study at home, if they study at all; and the work St Andrews does by means of its L.L.A. examinations has special reference to women so situated. It provides them with a knowledge of the curriculum of study pursued at a university; and holds out an inducement to study in the form of a final examination, an inducement enhanced by the offer of an outer stamp on the work done, in the form of a degree or title. With this, in itself much, as its share in advancing the work of higher education for women, St Andrews has remained contented. In St Andrews itself there is no association for university education, and there are no professors' classes, nor does it provide any other means of preparation for its final examinations. The work of systematic preparation for the L.L.A. examinations, however, quite as important, from an educational point of view, as the final examination itself, is provided for from another quarter. Correspondence Classes have been formed to supply just the right kind of help and stimulus most required by the solitary student. Of these there are various systems now in operation in Scotland. The pioneer of them all, however, was that known as the St George's Hall Classes in Edinburgh, instituted more than eleven years ago

to furnish preparation for the Edinburgh local examinations, and which now provides full means of instruction in all the St Andrews L.L.A. subjects. The plan pursued in teaching by correspondence is this. By the tutor of the class, the reading to be gone through is divided into portions corresponding to the three terms of which the session consists, and these are subdivided again into fortnightly parts. At the end of each fortnight, a paper of questions on the work done is sent to the student; and at the end of each term, a general examination on the work of the term is set. These when answered are sent to the tutor, who returns their papers again to the students with full corrections and all necessary explanations. There is thus constant practice in examination; the regular appearance of the papers is an incentive to regular work; and with the tutor to refer to, the struggling student is not left unaided, with an insurmountable heap of unsolved and, to her, apparently insoluble difficulties rising ever higher before her. Nowadays, neither place nor circumstance can take any one beyond the reach of the post; and few women, indeed, of any intellectual capacity are so unfortunately placed or circumstanced that they cannot find, if they desire it, an hour or two daily for reading and study. When we reflect on this, it is easy to see the immense influence it is possible for the St Andrews examinations, when supplemented by preparatory correspondence classes, to have on the higher education of women in general. To the lonely daughters of the manse, dwelling perhaps in the Outer Hebrides, cut off by the gray sea, like the Phæaciens of Homer, from busy men; to the unwilling victim of the society life of our cities, whirled about in the weary search for pleasure, and only able to snatch stolen half-hours for the satisfaction of the unquenchable thirst after higher things; to the hard-worked daily governess, with her time so occupied in instilling the beggarly elements of knowledge into the opening minds of her pupils, that her own is in danger of stagnating in the process; to every solitary struggler after knowledge and the nurture of the intellectual life—these examinations have come as an inestimable boon, bringing with new possibilities of mental growth and development, new life and new hope.

Our facts, then, so far, show that the women of Scotland are now amply provided with facilities for higher culture, and that all over the country these facilities are being taken advantage of. The students in the Edinburgh and Glasgow classes are yearly numbered in hundreds, and a due proportion of these pass away at the end of every session, graduates in all but the name. The candidates for the L.L.A. examinations are numbered in hundreds annually also, and last year nearly a hundred obtained the title. Nevertheless, there remains widely diffused in the public mind a grave doubt as to the utility of such studies for women. For those who intend to make teaching their profession or to engage in literary work, it may now be conceded a longer and fuller education is necessary; but in regard to the generality of women, to the wives and mothers of the future, the stays and props of domestic life, the public voice asks, what is the good of all this learning on their part? Are

they themselves, are our homes and our children, is the community at large to be the better for it or the worse?

Leaving, in the meantime, the facts to speak for themselves, we reserve our answer to this question for another paper.

RICHARD CABLE,
THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER III.—A SEA-NETTLE.

CABLE went about his work as usual. He would not have to relight the lamp, as the boat was not at the station, but a castaway; however, he cleaned the lamp as usual and put the burners in order. Then he went into the cabin to clear away the breakfast and make all tidy, after the night. It had not occurred to Josephine to do anything. She was not accustomed to put her hand to menial work; she expected to be waited upon.

She half sat, half lay on the side of the vessel that leaned over, nearest the water, listening to the pleasant lap of the waves, with the glitter on her face from the sun reflected in the glassy water. She amused herself with watching the foam bubbles dance along, with wondering what the dark things were beneath the green surface that drifted by. Then she looked up and let the hot sun burn her face; she shut her eyes, and basked, or opened them to see the gulls and kittiwakes hover and dart above. Then she put both her hands about her eyes, and tried to distinguish whether that faint white patch far away in the blue were the moon or a ghostly cloud. The tide had risen, and occasionally the waves came up so high that her hand over the side dipped in the water, and she sought to catch the weeds that were floating on it. With her fingers hanging over the bulwarks, with salt drops falling from them, she sang the Mermaid's air in *Oberon*. She was happy, doing nothing, inhaling the fresh sea-air, basking in the bright sun.

Josephine Cornellis was the daughter of a gentleman of independent means, who lived in a villa or cottage near the sea at Hanford. The house was not beautiful, built of white brick, and square, but it was comfortable. It had a glass conservatory to the south before the drawing-room windows; and a pretty garden, inclosed within tarred wooden boards, that went down to the seawall. Mr Cornellis lived in Rose Cottage with his unmarried sister and his daughter. He was a man of whose antecedents little was known. He had bought Rose Cottage some seven or eight years ago, and had come there with his sick wife, because the doctors ordered her sea-air and the chlorine effluvium from the rotting seaweed. She had died there, a feeble, dispirited woman, whom few had got to know; and the husband remained on, as widower, with the little daughter, whom he allowed to go much her own way.

Mr Cornellis was suspected of having Jewish blood in him; but no one knew anything about his ancestry. His true history was this. His great-grandfather, the first of the name, was an Austrian Jew, who came by his appellation in this way. The Emperor Joseph II. issued an

order that all Jews in his dominions were to provide themselves with fixed surnames. Accordingly, the Hebrew Levis and Samuels and Isaacs chose for themselves the most flowery appellations they could invent, and became a Mountain of Roses (Rosenberg) or a Valley of Lilies (Lilienthal), or affected heraldic distinctions, as Redshield (Rothschild) or Golden Star (Goldenstern), or simply Stag (Hirsch) or Lion (Löwe). But old Moses Israel had not a lively imagination nor much ambition, and when summoned before the magistrate to have his name registered, he was at a loss what to call himself. 'Come, old skin-flint,' said the official, taking the pen from his ear—'come—the name.'

'The name!' stammered Moses Israel.

'The surname. It must be entered on the protocol. I have no time to waste on you.'

'Surname!' repeated the Jew, and put up his hand to his head.

'I see,' said the magistrate, 'you have a cornelian ring on your forefinger. Cornelian shall be your name, or'—

'Or!' Moses Israel accepted the appellation given him from his ring rather than risk the alternative. Austrian officials did not lose much time with a Jew in those days. So the son of Moses Israel called himself after his father, Levi Carneols, but came to England, where he softened the Carneols into Cornellis. He married an Englishwoman, and professed Christianity. The great-grandson of old Moses Israel was Justin Cornellis. As his father was not well off, and he was obliged to do something for a livelihood, and as he had no love of hard work, he attached himself to a Missionary Society, and was sent about Asia and Northern Africa in quest of the Lost Tribes. He drew three hundred a year from this Society, and rambled about, sending home occasional Reports, pure fabrications, based on absolutely no facts, spiced with appeals to fanaticism and piety. This lasted till somewhere in the Levant he caught the affections of a young English lady, the daughter of a merchant, and eloped with her, got married, and then threw up his position as missionary to the Lost Tribes.

The relations of his wife were very angry at the marriage, and Cornellis did not get with her as much money as he had calculated on securing. Nevertheless, he got something—her mother's portion; and with her and her income, he settled in England, where he did his best to dissipate her fortune on his own selfish pleasures. He neglected his wife, and spent much of his time in town. She became a mother, and then her health gave way. She had not the spirit to bear up against her disappointments. She had idealised the earnest, handsome missionary; and when she found him a sceptical, selfish man, her disappointment crushed her spirit. She lived on for several years, till her daughter Josephine was about twelve, and then died.

Mr Cornellis was a man who knew human nature, or prided himself on knowing it; but he knew only its weaknesses. He held mankind in contempt, as something to be preyed on by the man who had intelligence.

Associated with such a father, void of principle, it may be understood how Josephine could speak of herself as a derelict without anchor, light, or chart. She was a girl with natural warmth of

character and generous feelings; but they were blighted by the cold sarcastic breath of her father's spirit, a spirit that sneered at kindness, yet affected it in public; that made a mock of enthusiasm, yet pretended to it when likely to be profitable.

For some time Mr Cornellis had cut himself completely adrift from all his old associates; but as his means became reduced, he began again to court them, and resumed his cloak of piety and benevolence, as occasion served, much as an actor would put on his costume for the part he was prepared to represent.

There are hypocrites of all sorts in the world; the most common kind is that which deceives itself. Those who belong to this breed are unconscious hypocrites, and no one would be more surprised than themselves to be stripped of their masquerade. But Mr Cornellis knew perfectly what he was about. He wanted something of a certain class of men, and he dressed his window to catch them. At home, he made no pretence to believe in the goodness of the articles exposed; he scoffed at the fools who were caught by them.

Josephine respected her father for his ability, but could not love him. He showed her little affection; he ridiculed all exhibition of feeling.

Her aunt was not an interesting woman. She was a butt for her brother's jokes. A woman with a mind essentially commonplace, without taste, refinement, and ability. She was stout and plain. There was in her, however, a certain amount of honesty and kindness. Josephine despised Aunt Judith because she was stupid. There was no one about her whom she could love.

Richard Cable came up, took a bucket, turned it over, and seated himself on it, with his knitting, near Josephine.

'I have been watching a violet-coloured jelly-fish,' she said languidly. 'It opens and shuts like a parasol, and so works its way along; but how it can think to do this perplexes me, as it has no brains.'

'There are certain to be jelly-fish where the water is shallow and warm.'

'What an ideally perfect life they lead, floating when the sun shines, sinking when storm threatens.'

'But, Miss Cornellis, it is not a good life at all for such as us—we must always keep up, never sink.'

'And to drift with the tide,' she said.

'This makes the difference between us and jelly-fish,' said the sailor. 'They go with the current, and we swim against the tide. God has withdrawn brain from the creature because it does not require one, floating as it does with the tide. Brain is needed only for those whose life is made up of effort.'

'Yes,' she answered, and laughed: 'I suppose it is so. And yet, there is a luxury in having the consciousness of brain-power in one, and yet—swimming with the tide.'

'That is not a luxury—it is a treason,' said Cable. 'Would you be a jelly-fish, Miss Cornellis? Then choose only lukewarm and shallow water as your element.' There was a tone of reproach in his voice.

She was displeased at it, and pouted.

'Would you like a net, miss, and try to catch prawns?' he asked after a pause.

'No. I want to be a jelly-fish for the nonce—do nothing, think of nothing, but enjoy the sun and the glitter of the water.'

Again a silence of some duration.

'Did you chance to see my mother and any of my little ones about, before you left Hanford?' asked Cable. 'Excuse my asking; but I have not seen them for ten days.'

'No,' answered Josephine. 'I don't know them by sight.'

'There are seven,' said Cable.

'So I have heard.—You have lost your wife?'

'Yes. Poor Polly died ten months ago.'

'Tell me something about the children,' said Josephine. She lacked sympathy to hear concerning them. She spoke carelessly. She was vexed in her idle mood at being disturbed. She was in no way interested in the children; if they had been drowned, she would not have cared.

'It's a funny thing for a man to do, to knit,' she said sleepily.

'I knit for my babe; and I knit the love of my heart in and out with the wool, to keep the dear little feet warm.'

'I suppose you are fond of it.—I hate babies.'

Cable said nothing. He looked at Josephine's handsome face and wondered. He knitted a round, thinking, and then he said: 'Some day you may have babes of your own, and then you would like them to have a thousand feet, and to clothe all the little feet in socks knitted out of your heartstrings. You would give them everything you had; you would love them so dearly.'

'I cannot understand you. Are you talking Chinese?'

'No—the language of nature.'

'Yes; I suppose it is so. Cats and dogs, and I have no doubt also jelly-fish, love their young. As the brain gains, there is less of this animal affection. My father is a very clever man. He does not care much for me. You see, I am of no use to him.'

'He not care for you!'

'Oh, he *cares* for me, because he has the trusteeship of my mother's little fortune. You must see, Mr Cable, disinterested affection is, and must be, irrational. That, I should think, was obvious to the meanest capacity.'

Cable continued his knitting. Her words troubled him, and his hand was unsteady; he dropped a stitch.

Josephine had her eyes half-closed, watching him, and a smile twinkled on her lips. She was amused at him, he was so simple. He loved his children, he had little brain. Then she laughed out.

Cable raised his bright blue eyes and met hers. He did not speak; but he questioned the occasion of her laugh with them. He had a suspicion that she laughed at him.

'I only want one thing to make me quite happy,' she said. 'I was thinking of some chocolate creams I left on my dressing-table. Do you know that when I have been missed, Aunt Judith will eat my chocolate creams, and so console herself for my being drowned?—What is there for dinner to-day?'

'Salt pork. I have nothing else.'

'It is well Aunt Judith is not here. She would be more troubled at having salt pork, than at being cast away on a sandbank.'

'You do not speak respectfully of your aunt.'

'I do not respect her.'

'I wish, miss,' said Cable, 'you would promise me, when you are on shore, that you would look at my little ones.'

'O yes; I will carry them bonbons; but I gave you fair warning that I shall not fall in love with them.'

Richard Cable's brow was troubled, and his hands would not make the stitches right. He laid the little sock aside, and folded his rough brown hands round his knee. He was a man who thought a good deal. Isolated from all companions for every alternate fortnight, except only from the tiresome, stupid boy who was no associate, he lived much in his own thoughts. In the lightship he had time on his hands, time in which to think; and perhaps the nature of his occupation, perhaps natural proclivity, had made of him a man who lived an inner life, a quiet, serene-souled man, who had never known a greater trouble than the death of Polly, his young wife, whom he had married when she was eighteen, and he hardly one-and-twenty. At sea-side places, where there is much fishing, the men marry early. He had loved his Polly warmly, placidly, not passionately. There had been no cross-currents in his courting; all had gone smoothly to marriage; and since marriage, the course had also been smooth till the great breakdown ten months ago. He was a God-fearing man, with a simple, childlike trust and faith; and he was a kindly man to all around him. Though he grumbled about the boy Joe who was associated with him, he was considerate of him, and gentle with him, sparing him hard work, and careful to speak no unseemly word before him. Joe looked up to him as a dog to its master, with a hearty devotion; and his parents were inclined to joke him about his references to Master Cable's opinions, as though they were infallible.

When Richard's fortnight was out, and he came back to Llanford, no man could be happier than he, as he sat with the baby on his knee, and put his rough finger into its mouth and let it try its new tooth on it; with the six other little girls round him, all fair-haired, with clear complexions and blue eyes. But though he dearly loved them all, and made most fuss with the baby, the eldest, Mary, sat nearest his heart. She was called after his dead wife; and there was a look about her eyes and something in all the upper part of her face that made him think of Polly. He took her to walk with him, but did not speak much. He was a silent man, thinking his own thoughts. These thoughts were of a simple order, and the revolution in his brain was by no means excentric; but now he was brought in contact with a young girl who belonged not only to a different social sphere, but to a distinct moral and mental order; and against his will, she exerted a powerful disturbing influence on his mind. He did not understand her; he was uncertain whether she spoke out the real feelings of her heart; or whether she dissembled with him, and affected a callousness which she

did not actually feel. He looked long and steadily at her, trying to read her character. She felt his eyes on her, and every now and then half-opened her lids and looked at him in reply to his gaze; then he started and turned his head away with a sensation as if he had received a shot.

'How long is it since your father died?' asked Josephine, sitting up and putting on her hat.

He paused a while to gather his thoughts before he replied, then he said quietly, gravely, without a muscle changing in his face: 'I have lost him since I was an infant. I do not remember him.'

'What did he die of? Was he drowned at sea?'

'I do not know that he is dead.'

'Not dead!' She opened her beautiful brown eyes in surprise. 'Where is he, then?'

'I do not know.'

'How droll! Why does he not live with your mother and you?'

He paused again—a dark colour mantled his brow and temples. 'He deserted my mother.'

'And you have never been after him?'

'No.' He moved uneasily.

'Nor would I—unless he had money.'

Cable stood up and paced the deck with his head down. He raised it now and then and looked over the sea to the horizon. He was wishing that a sail were visible. He became uneasy at being cast away on a sandbank with this girl. Her presence disturbed the equanimity of his mind. He was attracted by her, yet she repelled him. He pitied her, yet he feared her.

Presently he came up to her, and she raised her brown eyes to him to ask what he wanted. He bent his away. 'Look into the water,' he said a little roughly.

'The water is falling; I can see through to the sand.'

'Do you see yonder yellow mass floating by?'

'Yes—like a ghostly sponge.'

'Do you know what it is?'

'A sort of jelly-fish.'

'It is a sea-nettle.'

'A plant?'

'No; a living being. If you were to touch it, it would sting you, perhaps paralyse you. I have known bathers in deep water who have encountered one of these harmless-looking creatures, and the touch has deadened their nerves, so that they have sunk as lead and never came up again alive.'

'It is a pretty thing, too, with its long filaments. You hinted that there were human beings like jelly-fish.'

'There are. What I say, I think. And there are human beings, even beautiful young girls, like sea-nettles. The jelly-fish have no heads; they do not hurt. The sea-nettles have no hearts; they sting and kill.'

'And I!' laughed Josephine, 'I am one of the latter! You are not complimentary. I have not hurt you—at least I have had no intention of doing so.'

'The sea-nettle has no thought of hurting the bather; its touch palsies without its having spiteful purpose, simply because it don't consider the feelings of those it encounters.'

Her face became grave, and she turned it abruptly away towards the sea.

He continued his walk. Then he went into the

cabin and fetched his telescope. He looked intently in one direction; Josephine looked over the bulwarks in another; he at the far off, she at the near—the ebbing tide and the drifting weed and living creatures in the shallows. Then he came across to her. 'I am sorry I spoke rudely,' he said.

She turned her face. There were tears in her eyes, perhaps of mortified vanity. She put out her hand to him. 'Do not be afraid to touch me,' she said with a forced laugh; 'I will not hurt you. I would not do so for a great deal. I dare say I am hard. I am unhappy. I trust no one; believe in nothing; have no love, no hope. I will not sting. Tell me the truth always, however unpalatable. I hate lies.'

Then he stooped and touched the tips of her fingers with his lips. 'I pity you infinitely,' he said. 'You must find some one or something to love, or you will be lost.'

His voice was so kind, his manner so deferential, such genuine, hearty compassion streamed out of his honest eyes, that she was softened. 'I will come and see you sometimes,' she said; 'I will see your mother and the children. I will try to get interested in them, and get out of myself, and away from the hateful atmosphere that surrounds me at home.' Then she laughed. 'Mr Cable, throw me a rope now and then, and haul me out of the shallow water in which I live, and where I shall become a sea-nettle.'

'With God's help, I will do what I can,' he said gravely, and put his hand to his cap, as offering a salute.

TEMPORARY STARS.

THE appearance of a new star in the midst of the great nebula in Andromeda offers a fitting opportunity to say a few words on stars of a similar character which have from time to time blazed forth in the heavens. Although the appearance of a new star is unquestionably a marvellous event, the existence of stars whose light varies is a well-known astronomical fact. Patient observation of the heavens during many centuries has shown that there are hundreds of such stars; and every year is adding new members to the already lengthy list. The great difference between variable and temporary stars is, that in the case of the former their period and maximum and minimum brightness are known. In other words, continued observation reveals the fact that an ordinary variable star changes from greatest brilliancy to least brilliancy in a certain definite time, different for different stars, and attains and fades to, though it may be with slight irregularities, a certain definite maximum and minimum brightness. It is therefore possible, after these points have been determined, to predict with tolerable success the conduct of the star during a longer or shorter period, according to the accuracy of the observations. There are, it is true, variable stars which display the most remarkable eccentricity. The most wonderful object of this class is a star in the southern heavens situated in the Keyhole nebula, and known as Eta Argus. To give full particulars of this star would occupy too much space; suffice it to say, that from being a comparatively faint object,

it gradually increased in splendour, till, after passing through numerous strange fluctuations, it outshone Canopus, and was surpassed only by Sirius. It remained thus brilliant for some time; but at length faded away till it was lost to almost all eyes, and now shines as a star barely visible to the unaided vision. Stars of this class form, doubtless, a kind of bridge between the more regularly variable stars and those which suddenly blaze forth in the heavens.

In looking back over the history of temporary stars, we are struck first with the rarity of their appearance, and next with the very meagre accounts of them which have come down to us. Though there are said to be frequent references in the Chinese annals to the appearance of these objects, the first historically recorded account of such an event occurred in the year 125 B.C. We may infer, without much risk of error, that princes and potentates, with a characteristically undue sense of their own importance, looked upon this object as blazing forth some event in their own petty career. It had, luckily, a more useful and lasting effect, for Hipparchus, an astronomer of the school of Alexandria, was led by its appearance to construct the first recorded catalogue of the stars. Over and above this fact, we know little or nothing of it; and doubtless had it not come down to us associated with the name of Hipparchus, its memory would long since have sunk into oblivion. The next star which blazed forth in the heavens was seen in the year 389 A.D., and was situated near the brightest star in the constellation of the Eagle. We know nothing of it, further than that for three weeks it remained as brilliant as Venus, and then gradually faded away till it became quite invisible.

But the two most remarkable of these temporary stars appeared in comparatively modern times, and have been described to us by the two celebrated astronomers, Tycho Brahe and Kepler. No stars of equal brilliancy have appeared since, and in looking back on them, the student of astronomy cannot but regret that the means of observation were at that time so meagre that we have only the bare account of their varying brilliancy and the time they remained visible. The former of these stars appeared in the constellation of Cassiopeia in the year 1572. Tycho, in describing its apparition, tells us that on the night of the 11th November, in returning from his laboratory to his dwelling-house, he found a number of country-people gazing at a star which he was sure did not exist half an hour before. The star when first seen equalled in brilliancy Sirius and Jupiter, two of the most lustrous objects in the heavens, and gradually increased in splendour till it rivalled Venus, and was quite visible at noonday. It began to fade in the following month; and in March 1573, though then very much fainter than when discovered, it was still a fair first-magnitude star, being as bright as Aldebaran, the most brilliant luminary in the constellation of the Bull. During the next twelve months it gradually faded, till at length it became quite invisible. No star can now be seen in the position referred to as occupied by it; but some years ago, a minute star was discovered near its place, and where one was not hitherto known. From the fact that stars of a similar character to that of 1572 are reported to have appeared in an

approximate position in the years 945 and 1264, some astronomers would have us believe that a variable star having a period of somewhat over three hundred years exists in this part of the heavens. If so, we may not have long to wait for another apparition of this most remarkable object. It should, however, be borne in mind that if the star appeared as suddenly as Tycho would lead us to believe, there is great improbability that it is periodically variable.

Thirty years after the disappearance of this object, another star blazed out in the constellation of Serpentarius and remained visible for about three months. It is said to have rivalled Tycho's star in splendour; but as it was not favourably situated for observation, we have a very meagre array of facts concerning it. It is known as Kepler's star, having been described to us by that astronomer.

Passing over the apparition of one or two stars too unimportant to be noticed, we come now to the temporary stars of modern times. Here we have a great advantage over the old astronomers, for they, in dealing with temporary stars, could record only their brilliancy, duration of visibility, and facts of a similar kind; but since their time, we have had placed in our hands the telescope and the spectroscope, the former enabling us to watch a star long after it becomes invisible to the naked eye; the latter giving us valuable information on the changes in progress in its physical constitution. Both of these instruments have been employed with success in observing the temporary stars of recent times, and especially is this the case, as regards the spectroscope at least, in the observation of the star which appeared in 1866 in the constellation of the Northern Crown, and which is technically known as the Blaze Star. The Blaze Star was not, strictly speaking, a new one, as it was already known to astronomers. The younger Herschel in 1842 gave it as of the sixth magnitude; and Argelander in 1855 noted it as about the tenth—the object in both cases being invisible to the naked eye. We have therefore good reason to believe that it was originally variable. However, in 1866 it suddenly increased in splendour, and when first noticed, on the 12th May of that year, was of the second magnitude. It retained its splendour only a very short time, for on the 24th of the same month it was invisible to the naked eye. In August it again revived slightly; but since that time it has been irregularly decreasing.

During all these fluctuations, it was carefully examined both with the telescope and the spectroscope, but especially with the latter. What, then, did the spectroscope reveal regarding it? It revealed beyond a doubt that the sudden increase in brilliancy was caused by an intense glowing of the hydrogen gas existing in the vaporous envelope surrounding the star. All stars are surrounded by an envelope consisting of the vapours of the materials—though not necessarily of all the materials—of which the stars themselves are composed. These vapours, though intensely hot, are cool when compared with the intenser heat of the star itself; they therefore absorb more light and heat than they emit, and when the light of a star is examined with a spectroscope, this absorption makes itself known in the long, narrow, rainbow-coloured band known as

the spectrum, by the presence of delicate dark lines or gaps, which are perpendicular to the length of the spectrum, and which indicate that a certain definite part of the light is absent. Each vapour has in any given spectrum its own characteristic dark lines. But the hydrogen lines in the spectrum of the Blaze Star, instead of being dark, were bright. In fact, the whole extra light of the star seemed concentrated in four bright lines, which were referred to the elements nitrogen and hydrogen. The brightness of these lines indicated that, from some unknown cause, the hydrogen gas existing in the vaporous envelope of the Blaze Star had become so intensely heated that it burst out in a sudden excess of light, which, to us, converted the star from a faint to a conspicuous object.

Of the actual change we can form no conception. Even of the ordinary changes in progress in the vaporous envelope of our own sun we have but the faintest idea. Hydrogen gas forms, we know, the chief constituent of those glowing vaporous masses known as the solar prominences. These prominences are shot up from the surface of the sun with the most remarkable rapidity to a height varying from a few thousand to a hundred thousand miles. They change in a most astonishing manner. Lockyer quotes an instance in which he saw a prominence of glowing hydrogen gas twenty-seven thousand miles high disappear totally in ten minutes! Yet these tremendous outbursts, with which the imagination can but inadequately deal, cause no appreciable difference in the light and heat emitted by our sun. How unimaginably tremendous, then, must have been the outburst in the Blaze Star in Corona—so tremendous, in fact, that were the same event to occur in our own sun, we are safe to say that every planet in the system would in an instant be converted from its present solid state to incandescent vapour.

The only other important temporary star which has appeared in modern times was discovered in the constellation of the Swan by Professor Schmidt of Athens on November 24, 1876; but as to give any particulars of it would simply be repeating with slight additions and differences what we have said about the star of 1866, we shall conclude with a few remarks about the star which appeared some time ago in the Andromeda nebula. The Andromeda nebula itself is seen as a faint misty patch, plainly visible on a clear moonless night to the naked eye; almost in the centre of this object the new star appeared. It did not attain any great brilliancy, for even when brightest it was not visible to the unaided vision. As soon as the star appeared, the question arose, was it situated in the nebula or between the nebula and us? Had we not been possessed of the spectroscope, we should have been unable to answer that question conclusively. Spectroscopic examination, however, showed that the spectrum of the star and that of the nebula were similar, and as the spectrum of the nebula is a peculiar one, there does not remain the slightest doubt that they are physically connected. But the apparition of this star has conclusively settled one great astronomical question. A popular theory of stellar nebulae constantly appearing in text-books is, that they are island universes—galaxies similar to our own situated far out in

space. This theory, though strongly negatived by evidence, still clings tenaciously to life. The only nebula which, strictly speaking, did fall outside of the evidence was this one in Andromeda; for, while the spectroscope indicated that it was composed of countless stars, the most powerful telescopes were unable to reveal with certainty any of these objects. This circumstance, taken in connection with its great apparent size, seemed to give some ground for supposing that it might be a universe similar to our own—though probably infinitely larger and more complex—situated far out in space. From considerations too lengthy and complex to be stated here, the appearance of the new star in the nebula is inconsistent with such an idea, and proves beyond a doubt that the nebula itself is situated within and forms a part of our own system.

HIS FIRST ACTION.

PERMISSION to solicit leave to Europe at the close of the great Mutiny struggle, in which the fate of our Eastern empire hung so long tottering in the balance, was no sooner accorded, than I hastened to forward an official application for furlough, which was in due course acceded to. My health was much broken, and I needed change, for I had been almost continuously on field-service for several years: among the ague-laden swamps of Burmah, I had assisted at the storming of the far-renowned cathedral of Buddhism, the Shoey Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon; I had served with the expedition to the Persian Gulf; and last, but far from least, had hastened under Havelock, the soldier-saint, to the relief of the beleaguered garrison; and shared in those droughty marches, when the earth was as a sheet of brass, and the sun poured down like a flood of molten lead, which waited on the crowning triumphs of the forces under Sir Hugh Rose.

Arrived, after a long absence, at home, I found that sickness eagerly pursued me still; and obedient to my doctor's advice, was quickly banished from the din and dust-whirl of London to recruit in the more bracing atmosphere of a northern watering-place. How different the sights and sounds of the little haven from those to which I had been so long accustomed: the blue sea swelling in its might, speckled with red-sailed fishing-boats, winging their way towards the Dogger Bank, the tides ever ebbing and flowing obedient to the influence of the moon; the rock-fanged shore, with its relics of saurian monsters, telling the tale of times which followed hard upon chaos; the shrieking of the wild seaweed too often fleeing from the crafty wiliness of Cockney sportsmen—these and the countless other sights familiar enough to those who go down to the sea in ships, or stand upon its beached margin, observant of the wildness of waters, were yet strangely unfamiliar to me, who had known so long far other sights and sounds—the voice of neighing steed, the trumpet's clang, the roll of red artillery, as the noise of battle hurtled through the air.

Seated one afternoon upon the pier, inhaling the fragrance of the free brine-laden air, I was watching somewhat intently the games and gambols of a number of fisher-boys, who, while

the tarred ropes lay idle, chased one another along the low parapet which was its sole protection on the seaward side; yet I failed not to take note how a grave elderly man of military bearing, who looked like a veteran of some mark and pretension, had descended the little flight of steps by which the pier was approached from the principal street of the ruddy roofed town, and commenced to pace to and fro with a soldier's measured tread. By-and-by he seated himself at the further extremity of the bench I occupied, and raised his voice in threatening rebuke, chiding the venturesome lads, whose horse-play he deemed fraught with danger; and as the urchins, desisting, slunk one by one away, the old officer turned himself and thus addressed me: 'You would never believe, sir, how frequently I find it necessary to save those boys from the certain consequences of their recklessness in racing about upon this parapet. The drop on the far-side is, as you may see, pretty considerable, and sooner or later one of those youngsters is tolerably certain to lose the number of his mess, if such folly be persisted in.' And then regarding me for a moment somewhat intently, he continued: 'May I ask, sir, if you are in the service?'

'Just home on sick-leave from India,' I replied, 'seeking to re-establish a constitution somewhat undermined by fifteen years' constant service in the tropics, during the last five of which I've hardly known what it was to be in cantonments.'

'Nor could you have come to a better place for the purpose,' rejoined my companion. Then suddenly examining his watch, he rose, bowed, and with erect carriage, moved to the end of the pier, reascended the steps, and passed into the town. Curiosity being somewhat roused as to this interview, I ventured to make inquiries of my landlady, and found in this latest addition to my acquaintance, a soldier astute and gallant, one indeed no less renowned than General Duncombe, with whose name I was very familiar, as that of one whose work had been well and bravely done amid the clash and bicker of the soldiers' fight at Inkermann. Nor was it forgotten in the recital of the general's numberless virtues that he was kind to the poor and needy, and that he had a hand open as day for melting charity.

A short time after the conversation I have just related, I was strolling idly one morning along the cliffs, watching the lapping and curling foam, as the waxing tide chafed and fretted the smooth surface of the golden sands, when I descried the form of my old friend of the pier apparently intent on the movements of a pair of bay horses which a groom, riding one and leading the other, was urging to lave their well-shaped limbs in the invigorating and sun-crested waves. Anxious to atone for any shortcomings on the occasion of our former interview, I eagerly availed myself of the opportunity thus afforded me of acknowledging, in the punctiliousness of my accost, the respect and admiration which I felt for the veteran and his brave martial deeds.

'Good-morning, sir,' I said, raising my hat as I approached him. 'I feel that I ought to apologise'—

'Not a word, sir—not a word,' interrupted the general. 'You see, sir, I'm obliged to carry out watering-order parade under my own eye, now

that I've left the army;' and as he drew himself erect and took a comprehensive glance around him, he continued: 'What a grand coast this is, sir! Do you observe how busy nature has been between here and yonder purple headland, notching and clipping out bays and inlets innumerable, around whose green recesses the salt sea's blue laughs gaily such bright sunny mornings as these?'

No road, I was quick to find, lay more open to the general's heart than a genuine admiration for the beauties of his native county; and I am convinced that it was due no less to the accidental association of fellow-soldiers not wholly unwilling to fight their battles over again, than to the sympathy with which I ever regarded the general's frequent eulogies of the Yorkshire coast scenery, that the acquaintance between us so rapidly warmed into friendship.

Time passed on, and I was made welcome in the little sanctum of the old-fashioned house adjoining the cliff—long since replaced by more modern and pretentious 'apartments'—whither General Duncombe had removed such household gods as a long and varied military career had enabled him to collect, when he quitted the service consequent on a severe wound received at Inkermann. Youngest and only survivor of seven brothers, all of whom had been engaged in the naval or military service of their country—the elder ones active participators in the events of the giant struggle with Napoleon—he had ranged above the chimney-piece, in order meet, the swords and medals of this band of heroes, who had sunk to rest, some victims to the pestilence which ever dogs the footsteps of armies; others, again, on the gory battlefields, or in the deadly breaches of fortresses of the Peninsula; while the remains of yet another, beneath the waters of the great deep, where never burns the sun nor ever sound is heard, await the moment when the sea shall give up her dead. And it was here that he would now and again talk with me about the past, telling stories of Napoleon, whom he had helped to guard on the far-away rock of St Helena, of our own Great Duke, under whom he served—a callow stripling—during the occupation of Paris; and of the stern and obstinate combats which precluded the yielding of the Khalsa kingdom. But of warfare more recent, of scenes in which he had borne a part so honourable that his name had been familiar as a household word to every reader of the story of the Crimea—of these, I observed he never spoke.

Sometimes, too, we rode together, taking long gallops over the undulating wolds, with their distant glimpses of the towers of York, the waters of Humber sparkling beneath the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, amid relics of times far distant as those when the savage chased the buck and boar through the dank solitudes of the adjacent forest, or chipped his flint and fashioned rude vases of clay beneath the shelter of some smoky hut. And on one such occasion it was that I determined, if possible, to break through the rigid rule of silence, which, on matters connected with his last campaign, the general seemed to have imposed upon himself. Nor, in so doing, was I prompted by mere motives of idle curiosity, for I was anxious to hear, from the lips of one who could tell it well, what manner of men

those Russians were who strove so stoutly to save the stronghold of their Czar; nor was I the less interested because the day was coming, men said, and that no distant one, when Cossack and sepoy sentries would confront one another on the Oxus.

'You stir up bitter memories, Colonel Tremayne,' replied the general, in answer to an appeal that he would enlighten my ignorance as to matters Crimean, of which, by reason of being engaged all but continuously on Eastern fields while the great struggle on the Black Sea littoral was progressing, I was, pardonably enough, less informed than the mass of my countrymen—'you stir up bitter memories of a loss I sustained in the untimely death of a fine young fellow whom I had destined to be to me as a son, but of whom the fortune of war robbed me; or rather,' he added, 'I should say, whom the Almighty saw fit to remove "ere wickedness could alter his understanding or deceit beguile his soul."'

And as, through the evening air, we gently walked our horses homeward, the general confided to me the narrative of the loss of his protégé, by which it was easy to see he had suffered at least as keenly as from the wound which induced his retirement from the service.

'Ceasing to command my regiment on promotion to major-general,' he commenced, 'I returned home from the Cape, and established myself at Ferrybridge, a somewhat decayed resort of fashion, compared with the queens of modern watering-places, such as Brighton or Scarborough yonder, or even as resuscitated Bath; pluming itself, nevertheless, as is the wont of those who have known better days, upon the regard in which it once was held, and speculating, Micawber-like, upon something turning up, under whose fostering impulse it might rise another phoenix from its ashes. To lovers of nature, however, its attractions were manifold; for here, with no niggard hand, her gifts had been bestowed. Neither wealth of blossomy unbrage—nor visions of gray cliff covered with lichen, shooting up through garments of greenery—nor purple masses of mountain far removed—nor the reflection of a thousand variable pleasant lights out of the sky upon the waters of the distant estuary, were wanting to the manifold perfections with which Ferrybridge was dowered by nature. And yet, as a lover of sport longing for the music of hounds, and opportunities for "captivating the timorous trout in the streamlet blithe," I quickly found it wise to shift my base of operations—to quit the club with its weary whist and prosy reciters of oft-told tales, and establish myself in country quarters within easy reach of the town. And here it was that I first made the acquaintance of poor Charlie Howard. The Howards were my only near neighbours—Mr and Mrs Howard, two daughters, and an only son—and so it came about that acquaintance soon merged into friendship, and friendship ripened into intimacy. Charlie and I became inseparable. Destined for the university, it was not long ere he confided to me his ardent yearning after the vicissitudes of a military career. Tall and well knit, with eyes that seemed like eagles' to dart their light into the light of the sun, in his temper timidity had no place, and enterprise was strong within him.

Ever in the first flight when we rode to hounds, his was certain to be the fullest creel when, at the close of day, we forsook the velvet margin of the purling trout-stream. Nor can I hold myself guiltless in that I fanned the flame and added fuel to the fire which already burned bright within him. It was I who stimulated his ambition, speaking ever of the bubble reputation, while decrying home-keeping youth and their homely wits; and verily, I have my reward.

Meanwhile, as the crisis drew on, excitement increased; the Angel of Death hovered so nigh, men said, that the sound of his wings even smote on the ear; all the youth of England were on fire, and Charlie's entreaties waxed more and more urgent. By-and-by, the Guards departed for Malta, and, as you may remember, the sovereign herself bade them God-speed from the balcony of Buckingham Palace. Poor Charlie's feelings were wrought to the highest pitch; he would take no refusal; his importunities were backed but too urgently by my own. Consent was at last reluctantly given, and my influence procured him a commission. Months passed away. At length, while the army still lay at Varna, certain changes on the headquarter staff enabled the commander-in-chief to offer me the command of a brigade, and I hastened to embark. The very ship which was to convey Charlie from the depot to the headquarters of his regiment was the one in which I was provided with a passage. How green are the recollections of that voyage, and how riveted in the memory; how keen the interest wherewith his unfamiliar associations were invested in Charlie's unaccustomed eyes! Corunna with its tragic yet imperishable story; Trafalgar and its fatal bay; the rock-fortress key of the Straits, "where Europe and Africa on each other gaze;" the giant cone of Etna scintillating in the morning's sun; and by-and-by, the *Piur del Mondo*, as its children call Malta, with frequent forts frowning above each creek and harbour, bristling with guns and mortars, and guarded by sentries ever watchful. And brief as was the halt we made, we managed to visit the grand old cathedral of St John the Baptist, beneath whose high altar are treasured, it is said, the keys of Acre, Rhodes, and Jerusalem, ere pursuing our voyage through the Ægean, and sighting the plains of Troy and the sepulchral mounds of classic heroes.—But I must hasten my story.

'It was the night before the battle of the Alma when we joined the army; and amid all the confusion caused by the flank-march from Eupatoria, it was with infinite difficulty that we at length found Charlie's regiment. I hurriedly introduced him to his colonel, with whom I had fought on other fields; and with a warm handshake, we parted, my boy and I; for I was eager to find the brigade whose movements I was to direct on the morrow; and as, amid the tentless host, I pursued my way, seeking ever and anon, from some wayworn straggler, for directions by which to find the portion of the position of which I was in quest, my thoughts were of the morrow's battle as of another glorious record to be emblazoned upon the colours of British regiments; for I was all too confident to give admittance to a thought of fear for him I had just

quitted, whose hands were to bear aloft for the first and, alas! the only time the Queen's colour of his corps. I thought of him indeed, but joyously; for to-morrow he was to receive the longed-for baptism of fire; and I looked forward to the time when next I should press his hand, and see the light of battle in his eye, proud that upon his maiden sword should sit laurelled victory; but I never thought of that which I really saw— But I am anticipating.

'Swiftly the night passed away, not silent, indeed, yet without alarm; and beneath the earlier beams of a golden sun—for many to rise no more—the army, as though at some great review, pursued its forward march. It was noon as we drew in sight of the dense masses of Russian troops garnishing the plateau, into which merged the steep knolls which rose abruptly beyond the further bank of the narrow stream. Grim batteries stood in the intervals which separated the heavy masses, and I could see that they lacked not such support as squadrons of Cossack horsemen could afford. Puffs of musketry marked the progress of the French advance as they swarmed the face of the rugged crags which lay in front of them; and it was no long time ere the sharp and ringing roll of musketry and the ceaseless roar of artillery were heard on every side as the battle joined and both sides fiercely fought. But to you, familiar with the sights and sounds of war, there is no need to describe the onward progress of the action; the veil of smoke now dense, now lifting awhile to disclose swift glimpses of nodding plumes and gleams of burnished arms; while above all raged an ear-deafening, ceaseless roar, lest some sweet sounds of mercy and pity might chance to be heard amidst the clamour.

'The battle was fought, and won, though the Russians might still be seen withdrawing in masses across the plain, ere I felt free to ride in quest of Charlie Howard. Slowly amid gullies dotted with wounded and dying, and the knapsacks and accoutrements of the flying foe, my horse picked his way over elastic turf, yielding beneath his tread, too carefully, indeed, for me, who longed to see my boy and inquire how it had fared with him, and give him joy that his had been the good fortune to carry a colour on such a well-fought field. And as, intent on this object, I rode, the groans of the dying falling on a scarcely heedful ear, my eye caught sight of a group apparently engaged in removing the body of an officer from the coffin, which was imbrued with his blood. As I drew nigh, mingled feelings of doubt and alarm were converted into hideous, ghastly certainty, for he lay there—the object of my search, the boy who was to have been to me as the son of my old age—lifeless, yet beautiful he lay, young, gallant Howard!

'Fortunate, indeed, was it for me that the active duties of a command amid stirring scenes such as those which in rapid succession ensued—the immediate movement across the Katcha and the Balbek; the transfer of our operations to the south side of Sebastopol, and the occupation of Balaklava; followed as it ere long was by the stunning catastrophe of the great cavalry charge—left little time for the indulgence of excessive grief. But when, after Inkermann, I was compelled to quit the service and become a man of

peace, then indeed I found that "sorrow ends not when it seemeth done." It is easy for men to counsel and speak comfort, quoting wise saws, such as, "What's gone and what's past help should be past grief;" but the day is yet far distant when I shall cease to remember the tenant of that nameless grave in the far-distant Chersonese.

Ere long, as health improved, I removed from the little haven on the shores of the beautiful bay, nor was it long before I was able to resume the active duties of my profession and return once more to the gorgeous East. But I never forgot my kind old friend the general, nor the story which had saddened his later life. And when, as recently, I revisited my old haunts, and, after long years, paced again the pier where first we met, remembrances of the brave old soldier, who lies in the adjacent cemetery, were vividly stirred within me.

SACCHARINE FROM COAL-TAR.

BY AN ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.

COAL-TAR, since it was discovered to be the source of an almost unlimited variety of those very beautiful colours known generally under the name of 'aniline dyes,' has yielded so many strange and new substances under the searching scrutiny of the numerous investigators whose attention these brilliant colours have attracted—much in the same way as the gaudy flower attracts the busy bee—that no one is surprised to hear that another wonderful discovery is announced. And yet, who would have dreamt of obtaining sugar from a substance so uninviting as coal-tar? and such sugar too! Nothing shown at the recent Edinburgh Exhibition by the Greenock sugar manufacturers—excellent though their exhibits at the farther end of the main hall were—could equal it. Here are some of its properties. It is a white crystalline powder, easily soluble in warm water, and it possesses two hundred and thirty times the sweetening power of the best cane or beetroot sugar. One part of this saccharine dissolved in ten thousand parts of water produces a solution of a distinctly sweet taste. All its known combinations have a sweet taste. A substance to which the name 'dextro-saccharine' has been given is prepared by adding one part of saccharine to between one thousand and two thousand parts of glucose, and is said to be scarcely distinguishable in taste from ordinary sugar; moreover, it is cheaper than real sugar even at the present high price of saccharine, namely, fifty shillings a pound. The bitterest quinine solution, or acid drink, is rendered so sweet by the addition of a small portion of saccharine, that not the least trace of the bitter principle of the acid can be tasted.

The all-important question to the public, and especially to those interested in the manufacture of sugar, is—Will saccharine supply the place of sugar? The answer, so far as can at present be judged, is, that it will. It possesses many advantages over sugar. It is very stable, and not subject to influences which produce mould and decay. In small quantities, it has no injurious effect on the human system, but passes unchanged through it. This is of considerable importance to diabetic

patients and others on whom sugar acts detrimentally. It possesses moderately strong antiseptic powers. This would be taken advantage of in jams, preserves, and such like; moreover, jams could be made to consist almost entirely of fruit instead of containing, as at present, so large a proportion of sugar. Although, at fifty shillings a pound, it is cheaper than sugar, this price will probably be considerably reduced when the manufactory started some time ago in Germany makes its output felt in the market—probably, indeed, before this reaches the eyes of our readers.

The sugar industries in this country have during recent years suffered so severely from competition and the 'bounty' system, that the entrance of saccharine into the field of competition might prove the last straw on the camel's back. They certainly are not in so prosperous a condition as to view with equanimity the addition of this saccharine to the already long list of competitors. Any check on the home industries would be felt with increased effect on the sugar plantations. To what extent capital and labour would suffer, it is difficult to surmise. It is rather a strange coincidence that the sugar plantations should, by the discovery of coal-tar saccharine, be threatened at the same time as another important industry—the cinchona plantations—is threatened by the invention of an artificial method of preparing sulphate of quinine.

Having said so much about the properties of coal-tar saccharine, a few words about the preparation and the discovery may be desirable, in order to satisfy a very natural curiosity to know more about so remarkable a substance. The constituent of coal-tar from which saccharine has been prepared is called toluene. Toluene is obtained by distilling coal-tar, and collecting the portion which distils between the temperatures of one hundred and ten and one hundred and twenty degrees centigrade. It is a colourless, mobile liquid. The first step in the process of manufacture is to convert toluene into toluene-mono-sulphonic acid. This is done by heating toluene with concentrated sulphuric acid at a temperature not exceeding that of boiling water. The excess of sulphuric acid must then be removed by the addition of chalk, subsequent filtration, and addition of carbonate of soda. The second step is the preparation of toluene-sulphonic chlorides. This is done by the action of phosphoric pentachloride on the dry residue obtained on evaporating the filtrate containing the sodium salts. Certain impurities have again to be got rid of. Two chlorides are produced in this operation—the one solid, and the other liquid. Only the latter is suitable for the production of saccharine. The third step is the formation of ortho-toluene-sulphamide. This is done by mixing the liquid with solid ammonium carbonate, and steaming. The fourth and final step yields saccharine. The last product (ortho-toluene-sulphamide) is oxidised by permanganate of potash, and the saccharine thus formed is separated from the materials with which it is mixed by precipitation by means of dilute mineral acids.

No less interesting is the account of the discovery given by the *American Analyst*, after an interview with the discoverer, Dr Constantine Fahlberg. No words can be so graphic as his own. 'Well,' he said, 'it was partly by accident,

and partly by study. I had worked a long time upon the compound radicals and substitution products of coal-tar, and had made a number of scientific discoveries that are, so far as I know, of no commercial value. One evening, I was so interested in my laboratory that I forgot about supper until quite late, and then rushed off for a meal without stopping to wash my hands. I sat down, broke a piece of bread, and put it to my lips. It tasted unspeakably sweet. I did not ask why it was so, probably because I thought it was some cake or sweetmeat. I rinsed my mouth with water, and dried my moustache with my napkin, when, to my surprise, the napkin tasted sweeter than the bread. Then I was puzzled. I again raised my goblet and, as fortune would, have it, applied my mouth where my fingers had touched it before. The water seemed sirup. It flashed upon me that I was the cause of the singular universal sweetness, and I accordingly tasted the end of my thumb, and found that it surpassed any confectionery I had ever eaten. I saw the whole thing at a glance. I had discovered or made some coal-tar substance which had out-sugared sugar. I dropped my supper and ran back to the laboratory. There, in my excitement, I tasted the contents of every beaker and evaporating dish on the table. Luckily for me, none contained any corrosive or poisonous liquid. One of them contained an impure solution of saccharine. On this I worked then for weeks and months until I had determined its chemical composition, its characteristics and reactions, and the best modes of making it scientifically and commercially.

Saccharine is not the first grand chemical discovery which has been made wholly or partially by accident. Whatever its future may be commercially, its discovery must undoubtedly be regarded as one of the grandest triumphs of chemistry.

It is not a little surprising, too, that the same coal-tar from which so many wonderful and useful substances have been obtained should be a glut in the market. It barely fetches twopence a gallon. But the cause of this excessive supply of tar is the enormously increased consumption of gas, and more gas means more tar.

According to a recent estimate, the amount of tar produced during 1886 fell little short of one hundred and six million gallons. The demand is not equal to this enormous supply; and gas-makers are at a loss to know what to do with the excess. Various proposals have been made. Some persons recommend the destruction of thirty per cent. of the tar, in order to keep up the price of the remainder; others say that the best plan is to reduce the production by increasing the temperature at which the coal is distilled. Neither of these is likely to be adopted. But the utilisation of tar for firing in furnaces is likely to meet with more favour. Liquid fuel is for many reasons growing more popular with engineers and manufacturers. Tar is a very good liquid fuel. It gives out so much heat on combustion, that only the best Welsh silica fire-bricks can stand it; but if the supply be carefully regulated and proper attention paid to the damper, tar is not more destructive than any other form of fuel. It is also more economic than coal at their present prices. But

the amount of tar used for fuel *does not* at present amount to more than one per cent. on the total produce, and the question, 'What to do with our tar?' still remains a puzzle to our gas-manufacturers, who, doubtless, would gladly welcome the discovery of some other substances like saccharine.

TOLD BY TWO.

A NOVELETTE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. III.—TOLD BY EMMELINE BURT.

You have already heard all about my dear Will's unhappy and unfortunate adventure in a railway carriage—how he was robbed of a bag of money belonging to the bank while on his way to Thorpdale, and what were the reasons which induced him to leave England and join his cousin in Australia. It now devolves upon me to take up and continue the narrative from the point where he left off.

At the time of Will's departure, my position was that of governess in a certain family in Yorkshire. Six months later my engagement there came to an end, and I was compelled to look out for another situation. Fortunately, I was not long in obtaining one. My new engagement was to superintend the education of the two youthful daughters of Sir Francis Clavison, a wealthy baronet, who resided at a place called Normanfield, about sixty miles from London. Sir Francis had not always been so rich as he was now; he owed the chief part of his wealth to his wife, the daughter of an iron-master in the north of England. Lady Clavison was a very handsome woman, with imperious manners, but a kind heart.

Sir Francis was a good-looking, indolent, well-bred nonentity, whom nothing could rouse into action. Figuratively speaking, he yawned through life with his hands in his pockets, interfering with no one, and only asking not to be interfered with in return.

One of the most important members of the family circle at Normanfield, and one who was treated with much consideration, was Mr Primley, a wealthy bachelor of sixty-eight, and Lady Clavison's uncle. A suite of rooms in one wing of the mansion was set apart for his sole use; and however full of guests the rest of the house might be, his apartments were never intruded upon. Here he led a quiet, almost solitary life, seldom taking any of his meals with the family, and never being seen at all when there were visitors. He was one of the shyest of mortals, and I had been three months at Normanfield before I had exchanged half-a-dozen words with him. Mr Primley had a library of several thousand volumes, and, after his own fashion, might be considered a great student. He was a Fellow of two or three learned Societies, the meetings of which he occasionally attended in London; and he was generally engaged on a paper for one or another of them, which was destined ultimately to find its way into the printed Transactions of the particular Society for whose edification it had been written, and there, with many more of its congeners, be buried and forgotten.

It was scarcely to be expected that so devoted and assiduous a student as Mr Primley, especially now that his eyes no longer served him as well as they once had done, should be able to dispense with the services of an amanuensis. In his case, the office in question was filled by a lady—a certain Mrs Mumby—a widow, apparently about fifty years of age. Mrs Mumby's duties were multifarious. She had not merely to conduct her employer's correspondence—he was a terrible man for letter-writing—but to hunt up references, verify authorities, and transcribe Mr Primley's hieroglyphics into something that the printer would be able to set up without having to tear his hair in the process. She also read to him by the hour together, when the more arduous labours of the day were over.

As a matter of course, my life at Normanfield was a very lonely one as far as companionship and sympathy were concerned; it could not well be otherwise. But I had no lack of books to fall back upon, having the free run of the library; then, outdoors, there were the great sunny spaces of the park to ramble about in, which the deer and I had all to ourselves; while, best of all, every fortnight brought a bright, cheery letter from Will, which I need scarcely say I read again and again, so that I knew each of them by heart long before the time the next one was due. Dear boy! he always wrote in good spirits, and seemed to like his new mode of life far better than he had ever liked his old one. At present, of course, he was merely learning his business; by-and-by, he hoped to begin in a small way on his own account. Whenever my spirits flagged a little, and they did sometimes, whenever the way seemed long and the burden heavy, I sat down in my room, and taking out Will's bundle of letters, I read them through from beginning to end. In such cases I found them to act like the finest tonic in the world. Punctually every fortnight, my answers, such as they were, went speeding across the ocean. My quiet mode of life left me very little to write about, and often my epistles seemed to me scarcely worth the postage; but if Will had the art of reading between the lines, he must have known how dearly I loved him.

All this time, no clue had been forthcoming to the perpetrators of the audacious robbery of which Will had been the victim, nor, after so long a period, did it seem probable that there ever would be. And yet, how often in life it happens, when things seem the most hopeless, that unseen Powers are working for us by devious paths of which we know nothing!

I had been about nine or ten months at Normanfield, when Mrs Mumby died suddenly after only two days' illness. We were given to understand that poor Mr Primley was disconsolate, and wandered about his rooms bewailing his loss, and murmuring that he should never find any one who would be to him what his 'devoted Mumby' had been. Before a week was over, an advertisement was inserted in the *Times*; and two days later Lady Clavison and her uncle went up to London together. It was on Tuesday they went, and they did not return till Friday, when it was noticed that Mr Primley's placid cheerfulness seemed to have quite come back to him. Next day, it was whispered that Mrs

Mumby's successor was to arrive in the course of the following week.

My informant in this and a score of other matters—for my position in the household was to a certain extent an isolated one—was Mrs Case, the housekeeper, an elderly personage of ponderous build and stately manners, who had taken quite a liking to me on account of some fancied resemblance I bore to a daughter whom she had lost many years before. When the day's labours were at an end both for her and me, Mrs Case would generally trot up-stairs to my room and entertain me for half an hour with the gossip of the day; and thus it fell out that I came to be acquainted with many matters respecting which I should otherwise have known nothing.

It was on the Thursday evening following, as Mrs Case entered my room, that she said to me: 'Well, my dear, she's come at last, and I can't say that I like her.'

'Who is it that has come, Mrs Case, and why don't you like her?'

'Why, who should it be but poor dear Mumby's successor; and I don't like her because I don't,' answered the old lady sturdily, as she deposited herself in the easy-chair, which was drawn up to the fire in readiness for her.

'Is she young and pretty?' I ventured to ask.

'She is neither one nor the other. She is forty, if she's a day; and if anybody ever told her she was good-looking, the truth was not in them.'

'Have you spoken to her?'

'O yes, I've spoken to her. When the fly drove up to the door, and I was told who was in it, I sent Susan Cott to show her to her rooms—the same two rooms Mrs Mumby used to occupy—but it seems that Susan was not good enough for madam, and she asked to see me. As, of course, I could not go to her, she was obliged to come to me. She was very polite and soft-spoken, I must say; but for all that, I took a dislike to her the moment I set eyes on her. I can't tell why, I'm sure; I only know that I did; maybe it's instinct. Well, she wanted this and that alteration made in her rooms: the writing-desk to be placed between the two windows, the position of the bed altered, and so on. I promised all she asked; and as she was so excessively polite to me, I could not be otherwise than excessively polite in return; but for all that, we hate each other like cat and dog; it did not take either of us long to find that out. You should have seen the evil look in her eyes, although there was a smile on her lips, when she bid me good afternoon and left the room. A dangerous woman, my dear. I wonder where she came from?'

'Did you ascertain her name?'

'It's rather an uncommon name—Mrs Ion. I don't know that I ever heard it before.'

What Mrs Case had told me with regard to the newcomer made but little impression on my mind at the time, and our duties were so diverse that it was not likely she and I would ever be brought much into contact. I think she had been nearly a fortnight at Normanfield before I even saw her, and then only in the dusk of evening. We met on the staircase, stared at each

other for a moment, and that was all. Meeting only by that dim light, we should scarcely have recognised each other again.

Of my two pupils, Fanny, the elder, was now close upon twelve years old. In honour of her birthday, Lady Clavison decided to give a juvenile ball; but before the arrival of the youngsters, there was to be a little dinner-party, strictly *en famille*, to which both Mrs Ion and I were invited. Of course I knew quite well that I should be called upon to play the dance-music afterwards; but I did not mind that. It would be a pleasant interlude in the somewhat stagnant round of my daily existence.

When I entered the drawing-room on the evening in question, previously to going in to dinner, I found a gentleman in conversation with Mr Primley whom I had never seen or heard of before. Lady Clavison, who happened to be in one of her gracious moods, introduced him to me as 'my brother, Mr Bruton.' He was a resolute-eyed, masterful-looking man, but with an exceedingly pleasant smile, and the moment he spoke to me I felt that I should like him. He took the head of the table at dinner, he and Mr Primley being the only gentlemen present. Sir Francis was in one of his hipped moods, and did not appear.

As it happened, I was placed at table exactly opposite Mrs Ion, who glided in at the last moment with a few whispered words of apology to her ladyship. Her dress was of black satin, relieved by a little lace here and there—all in very good taste. There was a stand of ferns between her and me, which partially hid us from each other, and for a little while I made no attempt to gratify my curiosity with regard to her. By-and-by Lady Clavison addressed some question to her, and as she bent forward to reply to it, I raised my eyes, and for the first time I had a clear view of her face. I could not repress a start the moment my eyes rested on her. 'I have seen her before, but when and where?' I whispered to myself. It was a puzzle that occupied my thoughts for the next ten minutes, but without bringing any solution. Her face had been in profile when she was speaking to Lady Clavison; but when next I had an opportunity of observing her, she was looking across the table, and our eyes met. Then it was I saw something which caused a light to flash suddenly across my mind, and for a moment or two left me almost breathless. Without seeing more of her than her profile, I had seemed vaguely to recognise her; but now that her face was turned full towards me, now that I saw, about a quarter of an inch below the left corner of her mouth, a small brown mole, I knew in an instant who it was of whom she had put me so strangely in mind—it was of the elder of the two women who was a fellow-traveller with Will on that memorable night when he was so cruelly robbed!

As, however, I had never set eyes on the woman in question, it becomes needful to explain how it came to pass that I was so immediately struck by the close and singular likeness which existed between her and the Mrs Ion who was now sitting opposite me.

I don't think Will has mentioned the fact in his narrative, but he has the pleasant gift of

being able, with a few apparently careless strokes of his pen or pencil, to sketch a faithful and unmistakable likeness, or a good-natured caricature, of any one whose features, or personal peculiarities, circumstances, or his own artistic instinct, render him desirous of reproducing. Thus, as he and I sat together one day in the wood at Crutchley Priory, our talk at the time being chiefly about the robbery, he tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, and proceeded then and there to make three or four pencil sketches of the two women whom he had such bitter cause to remember. The sketch of the younger woman, as a matter of course, was of a very indefinite character, seeing that the whole of the upper part of her face had been hidden by her veil, and that there was nothing distinctive about the rest of her features, or any peculiarity of dress or appearance which would tend towards her identification at any subsequent time. But with the elder woman it was different. The strongly defined but somewhat irregular aquiline features, the prominent cheek-bones, the eyes deep set in their orbits, the two protruding, wolfish-looking teeth, the three flat gray curls on each side of her forehead, and the mole below the left corner of her mouth—were each and all distinctive features which lent themselves readily to the sketched's art. When we rose to go, I asked Will to give me the paper. I had often looked at it since, and at the present time it was locked up in my desk up-stairs.

After eyeing me for a few moments, as if mentally taking my measure, Mrs Ion turned her attention elsewhere; but I, on the contrary, was so interested, that I scarcely noticed anything that was going forward around me. The stand of ferns was between us; but by sitting as upright as possible, I could see her between the fronds; while, unless she should fix her eyes directly on me, she would scarcely notice that she was being so closely observed. As far as features were concerned, the likeness between Mrs Ion and the face in Will's sketch was an exceedingly remarkable one. The aquiline nose, the high cheek-bones, and the mole on her chin, all were the same; but, on the other hand, there were two striking discrepancies, which would seem to point to the fact of the likeness between the two women being nothing more than a somewhat remarkable coincidence. Will had described his fellow-traveller as a woman apparently about fifty years old, with hair that was unmistakably gray; whereas Mrs Ion could not be more than thirty-eight or forty, and her hair, which she wore in plain bands, was of a glossy black without a gray thread in it. Then, again, where were the two long protruding teeth which formed such a marked feature in the appearance of the other woman? Mrs Ion's teeth were as regular and unremarkable as my own; but it was just possible that the dentist might be answerable for that. The longer I looked at her, the more puzzled and disquieted I became.

There was another feature of the affair which did not fail to present itself to me. Mrs Ion's position at Normansfield was that of amanuensis and secretary to a gentleman of literary tastes—a scholar and an antiquary; presumably, therefore, she was a person possessed of some culture and considerable educational endowments. That

being the case, how was it possible to connect such a woman, even in thought, with the bare-faced, vulgar theft of a bag of money from a railway carriage? While, to go a step farther, it seemed incredible that Mrs Ion should have obtained her present situation had not her testimonials been of the most unimpeachable kind. No; the likeness between the two women, starting though it was, could not possibly be anything more than a coincidence.

I had all but settled this point in my mind, not perhaps entirely to my own satisfaction, but because no other conclusion seemed feasible, when I suddenly remembered one important factor in the problem, which up to that moment I had quite overlooked. More than once in our talks about the robbery, Will had made mention of the little finger of the elder woman's right hand as being so much out of proportion with her other fingers; it was a peculiarity that had at once struck his quick artistic eye, which nothing out of the common in any one's appearance seemed to escape. My heart began to beat with painful quickness as soon as I realised the fact that here at least was a test which ought to turn my doubts into proof positive or dispel them for ever. If a certain malformation of one of Mrs Ion's fingers existed a year ago, it must exist at the present time: nothing could be more evident than that.

I now became far less anxious to scan Mrs Ion's features than to obtain an unimpeded view of her hands; but for some time that was impossible, hidden from me as they were by the stand of ferns. Chance, however, favoured me when dessert was put on the table. Mrs Ion reached forward with her right hand to select an apricot from the dish. One glance was enough: she was the woman!

How I got through the rest of the evening, I scarcely know. I played the dance music mechanically, and laughed and romped between times with some of the little ones. Uncle Primley only stayed while the children danced their first quadrille; and half an hour later, Mrs Ion quietly vanished. She went without a word having passed between us.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

What droll things are to be met with in *Gardeners' Gazettes*, or in *Half-hours with Horticulture*, or in *Conservatory Chronicles*, or in whatever other blue-apron and pruning-knife journal falls under the non-technical eye! Here is a peep into one of them, just to show its fruits of learning and flowers of speech. In it, we read of an orchard-house in full swing; of a stage in a conservatory; of melons having a collar; of a primula getting a habit; of gloxinias wanting a shift; of all plants requiring to be dressed; of peaches forming elbows; of potatoes having well-ripened eyes; of currants having spurs; of pines wanting hot-water pipes under their beds; of specimens being starved to rest; of roses being impatient; of sap being inclined to rush away; of azaleas not liking tobacco-smoke; of figs running riot; of grapes that can stand sulphur-fumes, that are well out of the way, that are no end of trouble, that may not be left to themselves, that will not be hurried, that can get

rusty, that are gross-habited, that dislike to be buried, that refuse to be finished off, that rob one another, stone themselves, have warts, and can colour, and swell, and bleed, and start! Gardeners, also, are directed to do dreadful deeds. They are to pinch the bines, to stake the carnations, to strike veronicas, to behead winter greens, to turn out bouvardias, to reduce climbers, put endive into cold-pits, prick out celery, and stick peas! The territories in which all this is to be done are as uninviting as possible. They are full, so we read, of red spiders, green-fly, earwigs, mealy-bugs, wireworm, caterpillars, carrot grubs, onion maggots, mildew, snails, ants, slugs, scale, club, and cats. Nor are the weapons with which war is to be waged against these, any sweeter to the imagination. Gardeners are to arm themselves with clay, tar, chalk, soot, lime, bran, sulphur, sweet oil, wood-ashes, gas lime, resin, soap suds, soft soap, nicotine soap, tobacco dust, tobacco paper, guano, quassia, paraffin, hellebore powder, fir-tree oil, brewers' grains, and red-lead. In such perpetual battle against garden pests—as they are called—the one pleasant thought is that all seems to be greatly in favour of the gardener.

'REPARABIT CORNUA PHŒBE'*

Al! yes! the moonlight comes again;
Tweed still flows on by holm and hollow;
But gone is Harden's warrior train,
Nor longer they the raid shall follow.

The glad free life of bygone years
Scarcely lingers save in Border story;
No wandering minstrel moves to tears,
Or thrills with tales of battle's glory;

And, when the mystic twilight falls,
No wind of eve o'er moorlands blowing,
Bears echo from the elfin halls,
Or weirder song than Yarrow's flowing.

No Thomas by the Bieldon Tree
Hears bells on fairy bridles ringing;
On Carterhaugh no glamourie;
Of other years the streams are singing.

All gone: yet o'er the gulf of Time
We stretch out hands of love and sorrow,
And tune our ears to ballad rhyme,
Some cadence from of old to borrow.

When Vesper, star that maidens love,
Far in the fading west is gleaming,
Those Border songs our spirits move,
And lull us into blissful dreaming.

And still in Yarrow's haunted vale,
Like dew upon our dry hearts falling,
Come memories borne upon the gale,
Sweet thoughts 'too deep for tears' recalling.

JAMES WILKIE.

* Ancient motto of the Scotts of Harden.

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OLD CLOTHES.

It may be taken as an axiom that nothing goes unappreciated in this world. Some one, at some time or other, will find a use for or take an interest, either pleasing or painful, in any given object. Thus the blue Delf ware which makes a boudoir nowadays like a china-shop, was once a source of solid comfort to some worthy Frau; then a source of profit to intermediate dealers; now, of pleasure to the æsthetic mistress, and of tribulation to the dusting-maid.

Among things of which one might hastily say age destroys all the value, perhaps old clothes are the first to suggest themselves. Who desires them, save the unlovely, many-hatted Jew, and the dealer in 'cast-off apparel,' as he calls it, whose very advertisements have a greasy look? 'Faugh!' we say to the abstract idea—'away with old clothes!' But, on second thoughts, how lovable are some; how pathetic, or tragic, others, according to their history and associations. What inspiration enwraps you as you put on that velvetene coat, with its old-fashioned collar, rubbed and worn, its baggy pockets, and wide sleeves! For years past, you have done your best literary work in it. Did you not wear it night after night, when you were working hard at your book, and was it not in at the death, so to speak, when you wrote the last chapter of that *magnum opus*? In your lesser labours, when newspaper or magazine articles are overdue, and you have no mood for work, do you not feel that if anything warms you up to writing-point, getting into that old coat will! Why, as you thrust your hand down into the pocket, you will probably find a dog-eared love-letter received and answered when you and your coat were both younger, in your green and salad days. It has been a faithful friend and confidant, that dear, shabby, old coat. You could not bear to send it to the dealers who 'purchase wardrobes solely for export to the colonies'—on their honour!

We can hardly expect to find the fair and fashion-loving sex sharing this devoted attach-

ment to old clothes. Has not Lord Tennyson recognised, sanctioned, almost instigated their extravagant changes of raiment in his warning to Enid:

Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.

After that, need any lesser authority, husband or father, shake his head or say, 'My dear, you look *very* nice as you are;' or, 'The dress you have on will do perfectly.' But if we cannot expect women to glory in wearing old clothes, we must admit their love of them as relics. What woman has not her treasury of ribbons, laces, shawls with histories, the little blue kid first-shoes of her first-born, now a grave-faced physician; and the christening robe worn by her daughter, now a portly mamma herself. To this feminine instinct for hoarding old clothes, the world owes many quaint survivals of long bygone fashions. In our childhood, long ago, it was an unfailling amusement, when we gathered in the grand-paternal home at Christmas-time, to ransack an old black hairskin trunk stowed away in an attic, and rig ourselves out gloriously for charade acting in the old-world clothes it contained. The antiquated uniforms, the gay flowered waistcoats; the short-waisted gowns with scanty skirts and leg-of-mutton sleeves; the bright China *crêpes* and painted fans; the three-cornered hats, which were simply invaluable when the scene opened, as it usually did, in a country inn, at which we would arrive, belated travellers, throwing ourselves into chairs, and our hats ostentatiously on the table, flicking our boots with our riding-whips, and calling for Mary. There was one very magnificent dress, I remember, always worn by the dowager of the piece—a thick gray brocaded silk, in a huge bucolic design, of a farmhouse, with trees and stacks and a duckpond, at which a pony was drinking. A brave design!

Then the old clothes of the great people of history, what an air of dignity they have, even in their decay. Nelson's old uniform, shot-torn and blood-stained; the hoddens-gray coat in the

library at Abbotsford; what associations they suggest! In what limbo, I wonder, is that yeomanry uniform of Sir Walter's, about which his friend Pringle of Whytbank used to tell so good a story? How they were in Paris together soon after Waterloo. Paris was very gay and crowded, the Emperor Nicholas and a number of fire-eating Russians being there. The two Scotchmen were asked to some ball given in honour of the Czar where uniform was *de rigueur*, and Scott was rather in difficulties, till he bethought him of his old yeomanry uniform, in which he accordingly appeared. Being in the course of the evening presented to the Czar of All the Russias, who had no idea as to who he was, that great potentate, struck by a uniform quite strange to him, asked Mr Scott with some interest in what engagements he had taken part. He replied with ready wit: 'La bataille de Crosseauseway, et l'affaire de Tranent.' The Czar, too polite or too proud to show his ignorance of these battles, bowed with grave courtesy, and said no more.

On the death of an aged and solitary representative of an old family recently, the house and land passed to some distant cousins, who went to take possession and inspect the place. They found stores of blue china, quaint old furniture, and pictures; and in the lumber-room, two portmanteaus locked and keyless. When opened, they were found to contain the clothes of two soldier-sons of the house, long since dead on the field of honour. One had fallen in the Peninsular War, the other at Waterloo; and these portmanteaus, filled hastily by some regimental servant or friend, had been sent to the desolate home, and silently put away, unopened; for when the new heirs came and discovered them, the contents were still packed together. There were Spanish gold pieces and English money in the pockets, notes and letters, and all the trifles of daily life hastily gathered and put in—pathetic memorials of lives so suddenly ended.

And this brings one to the painful reflection, that material things should so outlast the living beings from association with whom they have all their interest and value. How our hearts ache to see the stitches sewed, the letters written, by the hands of our beloved, who are gone from our sight and ken; clothes they wore, things they used so often—these still with us, they gone. Dante Rossetti expresses the intensity of this pain in some of his sonnets written after his wife's death.

But for thoughts on this topic of old clothes that are not sad, and yet have often a pleasing melancholy about them, let me suggest the old clothes of fiction. What a share in our affections is given to the old cloak lined with red of the philosophic Riccabocca, from which even his marriage could not divorce him. How familiar to our imaginations are Edie Ochiltree's blue gown, and the man's coat of the gaunt Meg Merrilies! Mantilini's dressing-gowns, Micawber's waistcoats, the blue dress-coats of the Pickwick Club, whose gilt buttons 'displayed a bust and the letters P. C.'—how they crowd to mind! George Eliot was fond of clothing her clergy in 'well-brushed, but well-worn black,' witness Mr Farebrother, Dr Kenn, and Mr Irwine, who had, she says, 'the secret of never wearing a new-

looking coat.' Thackeray makes us revere as a relic the old pensioner's gown of the good Codd Colonel. Mrs Gaskell's Cecilia becomes more fascinating than ever when she puts on her crumpled shabby muslin dress for the ball, where she throws into the shade all other beauties in their silks and satins; while Maggie Tulliver looked queenly in her aunt Pullet's black brocade.

The poets have seen as clearly as the novelists how much more interest attaches to old clothes than to new, how the joys and sorrows of humanity wearing them become interwoven with, inseparable from the warp and woof. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Burns, Tennyson, Browning, have all given descriptive care to the cloaks, the gowns, the plaids of their men and women. Last, but not least, we recall that anonymous Scotch song, so old as to have been quoted by Shakspeare, wherein 'Bell, the wife,' reproves her husband's extravagant readiness to buy a new cloak, and discard the old, which has seen service during 'thretty year.' 'It's pride,' she says,

'Puts a' the country down;
Sac, tak' your auld cloak about ye.'

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER IV.—ROSE COTTAGE.

MR CORNELLIS was standing at the window of his drawing-room, looking out into the conservatory, with his hands in his pockets. He was a dark, handsome man, with brown eyes, like those of his daughter, but harder: polished pebbles without any softness in them. He wore a moustache, no beard or whisker; he affected nothing clerical in his dress, but he wore black, chiefly because he thought it suited him. He was particular about his clothes, always was neat, and with fresh white starched cuffs and collar and shirt-front; and his cloth suit fitted him admirably. One might have supposed that, with his rambling life in the East, he would have contracted untidy, careless habits; but this was not the case; he affected to be a well-dressed man. He knew how important it is for a man in Europe to maintain a good exterior, if he is to command the respect of men. No one will believe that the moral character is out at elbows, when the cloth coat is without creases; and every one mistrusts the uprightness of the man whose trousers bulge at the knees. Why not? Is not a dog with a patchy back out of sorts? and a moulting fowl an unprofitable creature? How are we to judge except by the exterior? There are telescopes constructed by which we can peer under water, and see what lies far down in the depths; but we have no such apparatus for thrusting down men's throats and prying into the abysses of their hearts. Besides, if we had them, our fellows would decline to allow us to use them. There are stethoscopes by which the doctor can hear the inhalations of our lungs, the inflation of its vessels, and can detect which are sound and which carious; but there are no spiritual stethoscopes which we can apply to our neighbours' temples,

and hear through them the operation of the brain, and distinguish base from healthy thoughts there. I maintain that we are justified in judging of a man by his coat and continuations, by his hat and gloves and his boots; for there is congruity in all creatures, and the exterior does almost invariably correspond with the interior. The face is the index of the mind. Who does not know that the pair of lavender with the fingers showing at the ends indicates radical shabbiness through all the integuments of the character? and the dirty left-hand and clean right-hand dogskin an ill-balanced spirit?

Mr Cornellis was piping low to himself between his very white front teeth, which were just so far apart as to allow the breath to hiss or whistle between them. It was unusual with him to have his hands in his pockets; that was a luxury in which he indulged himself only at home. Abroad, he played with his gold watchchain, curling it round his forefinger. He was now looking at a *Maréchal* Neil rose that hung its drops of yellow flowers from the roof; the sun streamed in through its pale green leaves upon the beautiful blossoms. Then Mr Cornellis opened the French window and went into the conservatory, and still hissing, plucked off the withered blooms, which he put in a basket kept for the purpose. He was tidy in that also. Then he pulled up a weed he saw in an azalea pot; then opened his penknife with a threepenny bit, lest he should break his nail, and carefully cut a charming bud off the creeping rose. He came back into the parlour, laid the flower on the table, and said: 'Put it in water, Judith.'

'For myself?' asked Miss Cornellis, who was lounging with her back to the window in an arm-chair.

'For Gabriel,' answered Mr Cornellis.

'You never give me anything, Justin.'

'Because you take what you want, Judith.'

'I really cannot think how you can have the heart to be squashing aphids and picking roses'—

'I am not, and I have not been, what you call squashing aphids. If I want to kill the aphids, I use an insecticide or brushes.'

'I don't care how you do it,' said Miss Cornellis. 'It is heartless of you, whether done with your fingers, or with brushes or Ghishurst's Compound.—Poor Josephine! Who knows where she may be? Perhaps floating dead on the surface, perhaps sunk in the deeps.'

'Am not I her father?' said Mr Cornellis sharply. 'Have I not the feelings proper to my position? Of course I am troubled and anxious; but I do not forestall evils. If the worst come to pass, her life is insured for a thousand pounds. You would not have me sit moistening handkerchiefs, at the prospect of an evil which may not have occurred.'

'Where is Josephine? She went out in the boat, and neither she nor the boat has turned up since. I don't say that I expect you to blubber'—

'Merciful powers! Judith, how coarse you are. I said moisten, and that word is expressive enough. It is a mark of bad breeding to use exaggerated terms.'

'Justin, I don't care twopence about the word; it is the thing concerns me. You don't seem to half feel Josephine's disappearance, and then—to

talk in that cold-blooded way of having insured her life!'

'I did insure her, two years ago; and if she be lost, I shall claim the money.'

'I never doubted that,' said Judith. 'You will always view everything from a monetary point of sight, even your daughter's death.'

'My dear sister, one must live. I do not wear my heart exposed to all the world, trailed to the light, spread out, tied to wires, and call every one to admire its tears, like the blossoms of a *Marshall* Neil.—What are you about now, with your back to the light?'

'I— Nothing, Justin.'

'I am positive you are doing something that affects your speech.'

His sister hesitated a moment, and then said: 'I have been searching poor dear Josephine's room, in hopes of finding some clue to her whereabouts.'

'And pray, do you suppose she has gone a cruise in her own bedroom, and has run aground on the firemat, or shipped a sea in the wash-hand basin?'

'I thought I might find some trace of where she had gone.'

'That is like your wisdom, Judith. Perhaps you supposed she had gone out meditating suicide, and had left a note to inform us of her intentions. You are hardly gifted with sufficient imagination to conceive of such nonsense as that. Well—what did you find?'

'Only a box of chocolate creams.'

'And you are munching them! Really, Judith, you are heartless, not I.'

'There is no harm in eating chocolate creams.'

'None in the least, only—it is greedy to munch when you should suck.—Hand the box to me.'

Mr Cornellis put a bonbon into his mouth. Were these two, the father and the aunt, unfeeling in consuming the contents of Josephine's box of chocolate, uncertain of the fate of the girl? We have no right to draw such a conclusion. Miss Cornellis looked at her brother, and thought him heartless because he sucked; and Mr Cornellis considered his sister callous because she chewed; and we regard them both as lacking in proper feeling because they ate. Are we not as prejudiced, as unjust to both, as the one was to the other? When we attend the funeral of a dear relative, do we not partake of the breakfast? Do we not expect a well-spread table as the necessary concomitant to hearse and hatband? Are we entirely indifferent to the quality of the sherry? and whether we have the liver wing, or the drumstick of the chicken handed to us? and does not gall make itself felt in the chambers of the heart, if we are balked of one slice of tongue with the chicken? The widow up-stairs has her eyes red with tears, but is quite sensible whether there is sugar enough with the mint sauce with the lamb; and afterwards, in the hush of the evening, when the masons have closed up the tomb about her darling, and the mourners are gone, she will speak to the cook in a broken voice full of suppressed tears, and bid her mind another time and stir the sugar in the saucedish before sending it in, and chop the mint a little finer. So also the widower, who, with manly self-constraint, has bottled up his tears and talked of the weather, thrusts the crust of his cold veal-pie impatiently

to the margin of his plate, because the paste is not flaky, and bans his destiny because now he has no one to keep his cook up to the mark.

Then, why should we take offence at Mr and Miss Cornellis consuming chocolate creams when they are not in the least certain that Josephine is dead? We are all humbugs and hypocrites, more or less; we draw a purely conventional line, and denounce every transgression of that line as evidence of inhumanity or want of taste; but within that arbitrary boundary, we are Pharisees, thanking God we are not as other men are, who eat chocolate creams in times of family bereavement, but content ourselves with gooseberry pie and custard, and blanc-mange and cabinet-pudding.

'The lightship is lost,' said Mr Cornellis, 'and that fellow Cable has gone to the bottom.'

'He leaves a large family.'

Mr Cornellis shrugged his shoulders. 'They will wriggle on. I knew a collier once who drowned himself because he thought his family would be well cared for if he were away, judging by the prosperity of the widows and orphans of some of his mates.'

'No tidings whatever of Josephine's boat?'

'Not like to have them, with the gale off-shore. If blown up anywhere, it will be on the Dutch coast.'

'Do you really flatter yourself she is alive?'

'I will not believe otherwise till I am forced to it.'

'Gabriel is much fidgeted about her disappearance. He makes more ado than you. He has taken greater fancy to her than I thought possible, considering how she treats him.'

Judith had hardly said the words, before the door opened, and a man came in, a gentleman distinctly, but a feeble, mean creature, with a thin face, almost transparent nose, a low brow, and with faded, watery blue eyes. His face was pale, and the muscles twitched in it. The head shook on the neck with a nervous, convulsive tremor. The expression of his countenance was a curious mixture of conceit and appeal. He wore a bottle-green coat with velvet collar. As he entered, a smell of opium pervaded the room, and neutralised the fragrance of the tea-rose.

'O Mr Gotham!' said Aunt Judith, 'we were just speaking of you.'

'Eh, eh! My left ear was burning. What was it? No good, no good, of course.'

'Certainly not, squire,' said Mr Cornellis, going up to him and clasping his hand with frank and almost boisterous geniality. 'My sister has been shaking her head over you, wondering whether you have sowed all your wild-oats yet; telling me what a scapegrace you are, what a roystering, dashing blade you are, and was asking me to deny you access to our house—and see! in you walk without ringing at the front door, or tapping here at the parlour entrance, just as if you were hail-fellow-well-met, and had the run of our house, and a right to the first place at our table. And, by George! squire, you are right; you are lord of the manor, and I have to do homage to you annually with a straw.'

Mr Gotham's weak eyes twinkled, and a pink blush suffused his nose. He looked from one to another, and giggled.

'Come here, squire,' said Mr Cornellis, handing

him an armchair. 'What sort of sport have you had with the harriers?'

'Not much. The last meet, killed two.'

'Any nasty jumps?'

'Two or three.'

'Glad to see you alive, squire.'

'I don't myself care for a hare-hunt,' said Mr Gotham, letting himself stiffly and slowly down into the chair. 'We run in a circle, you know. Nothing like a fox-hunt; but no more of that till next season.'

'Who were out?'

'I—I—I can hardly say. I wasn't there. I had my neuralgic pains again, and so, at the last moment, reconsidered my purpose. But I intended to go, I intended fully. I began to dress for it, and got on my boots; but the neuralgia took me when I stooped, and I was obliged to have recourse to my drops. So—Judith, I frighten you, do I? No occasion for that. I am sadly changed, sadly—a poor broken being now.' He looked eagerly, questioningly from sister to brother, and back again.

'Broken fiddlesticks!' exclaimed Mr Cornellis. 'Do you suppose, if Judith thought that, she would have been pulling a Marshal Neil for your button-hole? Ladies don't lavish flowers on broken beings and weaklings, but on boisterous fox-hunters and jolly dogs. I know women's hearts; but ah! so do you, you rascal!'

Mr Gotham chuckled and blushed. 'There,' he said; 'I have come to hear about poor Josephine. I am so troubled. I could not sleep last night thinking about her. The anxiety brought on my neuralgia—all thinking and worry does, and I should not have slept last night at all but for my drops.'

'It is really very kind of you, squire, to give her so much thought. We have been in sad distress, as you may judge. I am a father—her father; you must excuse me, Gabriel. I try to talk of other matters, but I can only think of my child; she is my own flesh and blood.'

Mr Gotham began to fidget in his chair; he put up his hand to his brow, and said in a tremulous voice: 'Any news of the lightship? It is lost, I hear, and—I have not been particular in inquiries about it; I was afraid of seeming too particular.'

'None,' answered Mr Cornellis with his hard eyes on the man.

He, feeble creature, looked at Miss Judith, then at her brother, as if he wanted to say more, but was afraid to commit himself.

'You need not hesitate,' said Mr Cornellis. 'My sister knows all, and is close as the grave.'

'I am very uneasy, very unhappy. I—I do not know what I ought to do. I could not possibly—and yet—You can hardly conceive how I have suffered, how the neuralgia has tortured me in consequence of—of—You can understand me.'

'Let bygones be bygones,' said Mr Cornellis. 'I knew an old bastion where the dead had been buried after a siege two hundred years ago. Lately, a speculative builder ran up houses over the site, disturbed the earth for his foundations and kitchens, and the first inmates of his new houses died of diphtheria. Never rake up old grave-ground, squire.'

'No. I suppose you are right.' Mr Gotham

stood up. 'But I should like to talk the matter over with you in my house, when the worst is known. I'm not happy. I feel the pains coming on again. I think I must go home.'

'Very well. I will come over.—Take something at once to soothe your lacerated nerves?'

Mr Gotham nodded.

'Do not forget your rose,' said Cornellis. 'My sister picked it expressly for you, but is too shy to offer it you with her own fair hands.'

'The rose will lose half its charm unless it be presented by her,' said Gotham with a bow; and when he had left the room, he sniggered. 'He, he! I can turn a pretty speech to a lady! I'm an old buck! Am I not, Justin?'

'Not old. Why, what are your years—forty-five?'

'Oh, more than that, alas!'

'You don't look it. But it is the hunting, the fresh air. The back of a horse makes you, as Polixenes says, to be boy eternal.'

'Yes. I subscribe very liberally to both the Foxhounds and the Harriers.'

'And you are out with them continually.'

'When I can. I have my horses and my hunting suit; but the neuralgia interferes terribly with my sports.—You will come in—you will be sure to come in, after I have had some rest—say, in three hours. I am so uneasy. There is really nothing heard of the lightship?' He looked appealingly to Cornellis.

'Nothing. And believe me, Gabriel, it will be best for all if the blue sea covers him.'

Gotham's hand trembled in that of Cornellis. 'I—I do not know. I am in pain. I cannot bear my sufferings. I must go home. You will come to me?'

'You are overdone, squire, with the hunt.'

'I only intended to go.'

'But the exertion, even of that! And the drawing on of the boots, to a man so agonised with pain as yourself. Good heavens! the heroism, the self-mastery! What men there are in the world!'

He stood in his door, looking after the squire, who had not far to walk; his gate was within a stone's-throw of Rose Cottage. Not a muscle in his face changed, to show in what way his thoughts turned. Then he went back to the sitting-room.

'Justin,' said his sister, 'I really think you might say a word to him. He is killing himself with opium.'

'My dear Judith, when you see a man on his way to destruction, let him alone. If you try to divert him, he will go another way; but the destination will be the same, and the blame of his going will attach to you.—Give me another of those chocolate creams.'

'You know best,' said Judith. 'You are very clever, and I am dull; but you might do something, I think.'

The door suddenly opened, and Josephine appeared in it, browned from exposure, her eyes dancing. 'I knew it, I knew it! I said as much to Richard Cable. Eating my chocolate creams!'

'Josephine!' Her father stepped forward; her aunt sprang up.

'Well, I knew aunt would be at them. I did not think it of you, papa.—Pah! how the room

smells of opium. I know that Cousin Gotham has been here.'

'I am very, very glad to see you again, Josephine,' said her father. 'Give me a kiss. Where have you been? What has happened?'

'I—I have been on the lightship with Dickie Cable.'

'He is not dead—not drowned?'

'No more than myself.'

Mr Cornellis was silent; his brow contracted.

'Upon my word!' exclaimed Josephine, 'what ravages you two have made on my box of chocolate creams!'

SOME OLD LONDON CITY NAMES.

THE majority of those who throng the streets and lanes of that part of London known as the City are of necessity so absorbed either in their own avocations or in the art of walking the streets, which Gay describes in his *Trivia*, that the names of the streets and parishes and churches convey little more to their minds than the notion of 'whereabouts.' Yet, if we examine the origin and meaning of many of these names, we are brought face to face with that old London life of which every scrap of information in this iconoclastic, 'improving' age is eagerly sought after, and when found, carefully treasured up. In many cases, of course, the abbreviating and distorting influence of centuries has destroyed the original significance of these names to an extent which makes the task of unravelment appear at first sight almost hopeless; but so pleasant and so interesting does the task become, that, with some few exceptions, an origin may be found for most of them.

Of the ancient ecclesiastical importance of the City of London we are reminded in all directions; indeed, from our evidence of street names, medieval London must have presented a magnificent appearance, even if we note the religious houses alone, without taking into consideration the churches. There was more than one house of Black Friars; Whitefriars still marks the site of the notorious Alsatia, with which we are made so familiar in the pages of *The Fortunes of Nigel*; the Blue Coat School stands on the site of the House of the Gray Friars; the Charterhouse on that of the Carthusian Monastery. In the heart of the purely commercial part of the modern City, Austin Friars commemorates the Augustine foundation; the name of the Mincheons or Nuns of Saint Helen's lives in the modern Mincing Lane; that of the 'Fratres Cruciatii,' or Brethren of the Holy Cross, in Crutched Friars. In the modern Minorities was the house of the nuns of Saint Clare. In Great Saint Helen's was a famous priory of Benedictines. Bevis Marks is a corruption of Bury's Marks, that is, the boundaries of the property of the priory of Saint Edmund's at Bury. In Ely Place, Holborn, was another Benedictine house, a relic of which perhaps survives in 'Bleeding Heart Yard,' not very far off; as may be considered the sign of the 'Nun's Head' in Aldgate of the priory which formerly stood there.

Moreover, we have Black Cross, Red Cross, and White Cross Streets, pointing to the former existence either of religious houses or of monumental crosses. Off Fenchurch Street, besides

Mincing Lane above mentioned, are Rood Lane, Mark Lane, and Seething Lane—the last a corruption of Sidon Lane, an allusion probably to one of the crusading ports of debarkation. The name Cripplegate commemorates one of the oldest City legends, to the effect, that when the body of Saint Edmund, king and martyr, was being carried through it, many lame folk there congregated immediately recovered the use of their limbs.

When Protestantism succeeded to Roman Catholicism, the religious stamp on the old City assumed another form. The priories and nunneries disappeared, and were replaced in all directions by churches; indeed, to this day one of the chief features of the City which strikes the stranger is the enormous number of churches, pointing not only to the fact that the City was far more densely populated than it is now, but also to the absurdly small proportions of many of the parishes, a fact of which an eminent example is given by the Bank of England, which itself occupies an entire parish.

The curious nomenclature of many of the City churches and parishes is another fact which strikes the stranger. We have, for instance, Saint Mary Axe, said to be so called from the proximity to the old church of a house bearing an axe as its sign, but which was more likely Saint Mary of Askalon. Saint Andrew Undershaft derives its name from the fact that the church stood under the shadow of the maypole, which was afterwards cut down in a sudden Puritanical fit of the neighbouring householders, and divided into portions, of which each man took one, and placed it over his door, an incident still commemorated in the name Shaft Alley close by.

Saint Nicholas Cole Abbey and Saint Mary Colechurch perhaps derive their names from some old association with the abbey of Saint John or Saint Botolph Colchester. Saint Margaret Pattens, Mr Thornbury thinks, takes its name from the golden 'patines' which decorated its ceiling. The affixes 'Abchurch' and 'Backchurch' to the names of Saints Mary and Dionis, probably refer to the old positions of the buildings with regard to other churches. Saint Benet Fink is a corruption of Saint Benedict, and is of the same character as the surname Bentineck. Saint Nicholas Acons means Saint Nicholas of Acre. Saint Catharine Cree is perhaps a corruption of Saint Catharine and Christ. Of the name Saint Mary Woolnoth, no entirely satisfactory derivation has been given, unless its position with regard to the Woolstaple house can be accepted. Saint Mary Overy in Southwark comes from the famous legend of John Overie the ferryman, by whose wealth the church was founded. Saint Mary Aldermay is so called, says Stow, because it is older than any other church in the City dedicated to Saint Mary.

Some uncommon saints' names are connected with London City churches; thus, we find Saint Ethelburga, Saint Vedast or Foster, Saint Botolph, Saint Bride, Saint Sepulchre, Saint Antholin, Saint Olave, Saint Swithun, Saint Dunstan—a very favourite City saint—Saint Magnus, and many others.

The trade-names borne by many City streets remind us that the custom amongst men of one calling to live together was as strong in old

times as it is now. Weavers cling to Spitalfields; watchmakers to Clerkenwell; woollen-dealers to Wood Street; tanners to Bermondsey; bankers to Lombard Street; butchers to Smithfield, Aldgate, and Whitechapel; old-clothesmen to Houndsditch. The name Poultry tells us where the City poulterers were to be found, as does the adjoining Scalding Alley. Bucklersbury takes its name, according to some antiquaries, from the armourers who made it their rendezvous; according to others, from the family of Bukerel, and was at anyrate a centre of druggists and grocers. Ironmonger Lane tells its own tale. Lothbury was the seat of the tin-plate and copper manufacturing trades, and is fancifully said to derive its name from the 'loathsome' noise these gentry made in the pursuit of their avocations. Founder's Court, in Lothbury, speaks for itself; whilst from Tokenhouse Yard, adjoining, were issued the tradesmen's tokens which are so eagerly snatched up by the modern curio-hunter. Budge Row was the abode of the fur-dressers—'budge' being the old word for fur. Staple Inn was the old hospital of the woolstaplers. Bread Street was filled with bakers; Friday Street with fishmongers, who supplied the diet for the weekly fast. Paternoster Row is still the literary lane it always was; and the neighbouring Creed and Ave Maria Lanes and Amen Corner still testify to their old association with St Paul's, the metropolitan cathedral; whilst in Ivy Lane lives a memory of the ivy-clad houses of the canons which surrounded the church. Cornhill was the old Corn market; and near Gracechurch or Gracious Street was the hay and grass market. Pie Corner, where the great fire of 1666 ended, was famous for its pieshops, allusion to which is made in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*:

At Pie Corner,
Taking your meal of steam in from cooks' stalls.

We are reminded of old London professions which have lost their *raison d'être* by the names of some still existing City Companies. For instance, the Armourers and Bowyers carry us back to pre-breech-loader days; and the Company of Bowstring-makers existed until long after the bow had ceased to be the national weapon. The Broderers, Girdlers, and Patten-makers tell us of articles of ordinary costume now out of fashion; the Horners remind us of the time when horn entered largely into the manufacture of articles of domestic use. The Gardeners must have been a large community, when London houses possessed actual gardens in the place of areas and backyards. The Scriveners, amongst other duties, probably wrote letters for the illiterate in the public streets of London, just as they do to-day in the streets of Naples, Madrid, Cairo, Peking, and Yedo.

The topographical characteristics of the old City still live in many familiar names; thus, Knight-rider and Giltspur Streets tell us of the route taken by the knights on their way to the jousting-ground at Smoothfield or Smithfield. There is Playhouse Yard, where stood one of the theatres in which Shakspeare's, Ben Jonson's, and Beaumont and Fletcher's plays were performed. Printing House Square is where stood the king's Printing House, from which were issued the authorised editions of the Bible and

the royal proclamations. Bridewell commemorates Saint Bridget's Well; and, later on, the locality notorious for Fleet marriages, from which fact some authorities derive the name. At Doctors' Commons, the doctors of civil law were accustomed to meet four times annually to eat their 'commons.' Where now is Wardrobe Place, next to the Heralds' College, was the Royal Wardrobe, whereat the sovereigns stopped to be invested with their robes and insignia before entering the City from the river. Old Change was the Exchange; Paul's Chain was the private road of the cathedral dignitaries to the river-side. Old Jewry was the London Ghetto, although in more enlightened times citizens took up their abode in it, as Knowall, in *Every Man in his Humour*, says: 'Dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there?'

We are reminded of the days when the City had many a rural spot about it, by names which almost move a smile by their incongruity. Thus we have densely populated neighbourhoods still known as Lincoln's Inn Fields, Spa Fields, Goodman's Fields, Spitalfields, Saint George's Fields, London Fields, Moorfields, and Bunhill Fields. Saffron Hill takes its name from a part of the old Hatton Garden which was devoted to the growth of that plant. In horrible slums we come across Rosemary Lane, Orchard Court, Sweet Apple Alley, and Nightingale Lane. Out of busy, bustling Holborn lead the Great and Little Turnstiles through which the citizen passed on his way to Lincoln's Inn Fields and the river-banks; whilst Gate Street tells us of a gate which prevented the cattle of those fields from straying into the public thoroughfare.

Wallbrook tells us of what must have been a pleasant stream running to the Thames, as the foundations of many Roman villas and other remains have been unearthed from its banks; and a small stretch of the imagination enables us to picture the Old Bourne, the Cran-bourne, the Fleet, and the Long Bourne as very different from the creeping sewers they now are; whilst Shoreditch and Houndsditch, London Wall, Barbican, Aldermanbury Postern, together with the names of the gates, tell us of the old City fortifications.

Some of the corruptions of the old City street names are curious in the extreme; thus, Fetter Lane was Faitours or Beggars' Lane; Gutter Lane was Guthurun's Lane; Birch Lane was Birch-over Lane; Poppin's Court was Popinjay Court; Cannon Street was Candlewick Street; Vintner Alley was Wine Tonner's Alley. Even Ludgate is said to have become so from Floodgate, just as Lloyd has issued from Floyd. Watling Street is supposed to have been Atheling Street; and even by some enthusiasts, Vitellian Street, which is about as plausible as the derivation of Billingsgate from the mystic Belinus, king of Britain. Addle Hill, off Upper Thames Street, was perhaps Athelstan Hill; Fyefoot Lane was Fiveloot Lane; Ducksfoot Lane was Duke's Foot-Lane. And so we might go on with examples of corruption and abbreviation which have destroyed all apparent signification from familiar names, almost *ad infinitum*.

Time and trouble may, in the estimation of many people, be given to other tasks with greater results; but to the true Cockney, who loves and

is proud of his old City, there are few pleasanter pursuits of a sedentary nature than that which involves with the study of its history the study which finds a meaning and an origin for so many apparently silly and meaningless names, familiar in his mouth as household words.

THE 'MAN-EATING' ELEPHANT OF MUNDLA.

MOST persons who have had occasion to visit the prettily wooded station of Nagpur, the seat of the administration of the Central Provinces of India, and who have been inside the little English Museum there, must have observed a trophy in the shape of the skull and tusks of an elephant occupying a prominent place among the other curiosities. These, and the awful reputation for blood-thirstiness which he left behind him, are all that remain to us of the once notorious 'man-eating' elephant of Mundla. Hardly anybody who has ever resided in India can have failed to hear of the enormities committed by this extraordinary animal, whose history would read like a monstrous fable, were it not corroborated in every particular by the official records.

About the year 1851, when the estate of the Nawab of Ellichpur devolved to the Nizam's government, this elephant escaped, and made its way into the jungles of Chindwara, in the Central Provinces. The rajah of Nagpur hearing of it, offered a reward for its capture, and sent out two detachments of sowars (troopers) after it. Hunted about the Chindwara District, it descended the *ghats* and, passing close to the city of Nagpur, turned northward, and took to the hills at the north of the Hattia Pergannah of the Balaghat District. For several years it roamed the Dhansna Hills, and then went away north of Bhimlat to the Bhaisan *ghat* range, where it remained without doing much damage to man or property until the beginning of the year 1871, when it signalled itself by killing, without any sort of provocation, twenty-one persons in the Mundla District, catching them with its trunk and pounding them to death. It then passed on once more to the Balaghat District; and the history of its atrocities while there, the measures taken for its destruction, and the result of those measures, are detailed and perfectly clear. The following account is extracted from the official Report, the substance of which is here given, with only a few omissions and some slight alteration, in the language of the Report.

On the evening of the 30th of October 1871, a report reached the Deputy Commissioner at his headquarters at Balaghat that the elephant had killed and partially devoured* a Gond (aborigine) near Behir, in the north-east corner of the district. Owing to press of work, the Deputy Commissioner was unable to take any action until the 1st of November, when he moved off by the most direct route towards Behir, with the object of meeting there with the district superintendent of police, with whom it had been previously

* This is an exaggeration; but it was from similar stories that the animal acquired the name 'man-eating' elephant.

arranged to hunt the animal. On the 3d of November he got to a place near Behir, where he came across the superintendent of the Mundla District, who had followed up the elephant. Here they were informed that the creature had been seen on the night of the 27th of October by a Gond, who was watching his fields with his father on a *machan*, or rude wooden platform, erected for that purpose. The former had jumped off the platform, and, shouting to alarm his father, had bolted to the nearest village for safety. The latter, however, was not so fortunate, and his body, smashed almost to pieces, was discovered in a field on the following morning. Again, on the night of the 29th of October, a Gond and his wife were sleeping on a *machan* in a field to the north of the village of Jatta. The woman was awakened by hearing strange noises, and catching sight of the elephant, she roused her husband, and ran to alarm her two children, who were sleeping in a neighbouring field. She then, with the children, ran off to the village. Her husband, who did not at first believe her, took his time in coming down, was caught by the elephant, and killed. His body was found in a fearfully mangled condition. The elephant had then passed round to the south of the village, and had given chase to a decrepit old Gond whom he spied among the grass. According to the account given by the old man, the elephant came up with him, and planted his tusks into the ground on either side of his prostrate body. 'Thinking my last moment had come,' he said, 'I placed my hands on the elephant's tusks and called on the god Ganesh to save me; and the elephant immediately turned round and went away!' The animal would then seem to have passed southwards to Bhanderi. On the way, he destroyed several huts, lifting the thatch and knocking down part of the gable ends, and feeling inside with his trunk for the large grain jars which he expected to find there. The inhabitants, it is needless to say, fled on his approach.

After listening to these several accounts, the Deputy Commissioner and the superintendent of police determined to take action. The elephant had been last seen still going southwards, and might be lying concealed in the jungles hard by. No positive evidence of his whereabouts could, however, be obtained. In this emergency, a party of Bygas, or wild hill-men, were despatched southwards to take up the track; a party of Gonds were sent eastwards to inquire if he had shown himself thereabouts; a constable was sent north-east to Bhimlat to put some well-known shikaries there on the *qui vive*; and a party of men was sent south-west to warn the Gonds of the neighbouring villages to be on the lookout. The west was closed in by the Tipaghar and Khandapur Hills, over which there was little fear of the elephant passing. Before the day was far advanced, news was brought from the Bygas going south that the elephant had passed a village nine miles from Jatta; while next day there was another report that he had been seen at a village fourteen miles farther on. A march after the animal was immediately ordered; and the farther they went, the thicker and faster came the reports of his depredations. He had destroyed a number of houses and attacked several people. At the village of Jagla, after

various attempts to discover grain, he had walked up to an open space in the bright moonlight, where he stood some little time, observed by all the inhabitants, who had huddled up together in a dark corner, from where they watched him. To use their own words, they 'uttered not a sound' during this time of suspense, and 'ceasing to breathe, their bodies dried up!' The fierce beast had then gone on to another village, and seeing three Gonds, who had been asleep in the village square, gave chase to them. Here, however, the people had turned out with their drums, and had made such a clamour that the elephant was frightened, and turned off into the jungle. The elephant was next seen at a place called Karapuri by some Gonds, who had with them a large jar of grain. Instantly setting this down, they had scudded into the long grass, where they succeeded in concealing themselves. The elephant came up to the jar, broke it, ate most of its contents, and scattered the remainder about.

On the morning of the 5th of November the Deputy Commissioner's party had struck their tents, and accomplished a march of twenty-three miles to the Hatta Pergannah, eighteen miles of their journey being made through thick jungle and over rough stony hills. Here they were told that the elephant had been seen at the village of Goderi, where he had pursued and succeeded in catching a girl about six years old, whom he literally broke to pieces. She was found next morning a mass of pulp.

On leaving Goderi, the elephant went on to the Dro River. Here a party of eight travellers and five boatmen were asleep on the sands, when they were roused by cries of '*Bagh!*' (Tiger!) from a boy who was with them. The moon was just rising at the time; but as they happened to be on the western slope of some high hills, the place where they were was almost in complete darkness. On the alarm being raised, the elephant was observed standing about ten paces off, whereupon there was an immediate stampede. All the party succeeded in gaining the shelter of the bamboos and rocks on the side of the hill, except one of them, who first ran for about four hundred yards along the bed of the river, and then ensconced himself under the bank in the midst of a thick bush. The elephant, after failing to get at any of the party on the hill, followed the fugitive down the river. From the tracks, it appeared that the animal, after diligently searching for the man, had found him, and, pulling him from his hiding-place, had smashed him to pieces.

The news next obtained of the elephant was that he had killed several persons hard by, among them a man named Pandu, whom he had surprised in company with some other men and had singled out and chased. A man named Dekal was asleep in his *machan* outside the village of Maté, when he heard Pandu crying out, 'Sidd Ganesh, Sidd Ganesh!' and a sound of heavy blows. 'I thought,' he subsequently told the Deputy Commissioner, 'that some one had come to steal the rice, and was beating the man, so I called out: "Who is ill-treating him? Look out! I am coming."' At the same moment, he heard the rush of a heavy body through the grass, and had just caught sight of the elephant, when it seized the *machan* with its trunk and

heaved it over. On recovering from his fall, he took to his heels and escaped. The villagers on hearing this story were in a woful plight. They sat up all the night in companies, and the every-day work of the village was neglected, men and women fearing to go outside it. The elephant then seems to have continued its wanderings, shaking people out of *machans* and killing them whenever he could. It heaved a man named Moti and his servant out of their *machan*. They got on their legs and ran towards the village with the elephant in pursuit. He came up with them before they had gone very far, and, seizing the servant, pounded him to a pulp, his master continuing to fly for his life with the poor fellow's despairing shrieks ringing in his ear. After this, the elephant went westward to the village of Kesa, where he surprised a man and his wife in their *machan*. They had barely time enough to get down and run for the village. The man, who was ahead, had just arrived at his house, when he heard shrieks from his wife, and turning about, saw the elephant inside the inclosure with the woman in his trunk. He was lifting her up above his back and smashing her on the ground. On seeing the man, the animal dropped the woman and made for him; but he escaped into the village.

During the whole of the 4th of November, the elephant was in the scrub jungle situated between the village of Sale and the left bank of the Dro River. Hundreds of people from the high bank on either side looked on from a distance at the animal as he alternately fed on the bamboos in the ravines and rolled himself in the water of the river. About three o'clock in the afternoon, some thirteen or fourteen people from Maté, armed with two guns and some swords, resolved to cross the river and go to the Dhyde Bazaar. They had just arrived at a place where the bank was high and precipitous and the water deep, and seeing no signs of the elephant, were wondering where he had gone to, when one of their number, who had lagged behind, called to them to run, as the elephant was upon them. They faced around, and seeing the savage beast coming at them with his ears back, they jumped into the water close under the bank and held on to the long grass overhanging the edge of the stream, to keep their heads above water. The elephant came up, and stretched his trunk over the water, as if in search of his victims, when one of the party struck out into the stream and began to swim across. Immediately the elephant saw him, he moved quickly down stream to a place where the bank was sloping, and sliding into the water, started in pursuit. The man got across the stream into a dry watercourse, in which, a few paces from the water, there was a perpendicular ascent of about five feet. Up this he scrambled, and had just managed to get a few feet up a tree, when the elephant came up, and, breasting the perpendicular bank, stretched out his trunk to lay hold of the man. Luckily, he was just out of reach, and he lost no time in getting up higher. Being unable either to reach the man or to get up the steep bank, the elephant walked a short distance down stream, and getting up the river's bank in another place, came up to the south side of the tree. Stretching out his trunk, and failing to get hold of the man, he tore down

some branches; and making another circuit, came up to the tree from the east. Again the fierce animal failed to reach the man; and again he made a circuit in the jungle, and came up to the tree from the north side, where, again failing in his purpose, he broke down some branches, and after standing about for a short time, moved slowly away into the jungles. It was dark before the man ventured to descend the tree. In the meantime the remainder of the people hiding under the bank had climbed up and run off to the village, leaving one gun and some swords at the bottom of the river. About the time the elephant had attacked the man, a rumour reached the bazaar at Dhyde that the elephant was coming. The effect was instantaneous and magical. A regular stampede commenced, the people there assembled on the weekly market day, scampering off in every direction, some leaving their property behind, others leaving their own and taking that belonging to their neighbours, and a few taking both their own and that of their neighbours. The scene is described by those who witnessed it as something never to be forgotten!

On the forenoon of the 6th of November, the Deputy Commissioner with his party, which had now been augmented by the arrival of the superintendent of police of the Balaghat District, arrived at a place called Kosmara, where the elephant had been last seen. They were now hot on his track, and the chase became exciting. It was decided that their best plan was to surprise the animal at mid-day, when he would be either asleep or in the water. They halted outside the jungle, and dismounting, sent back all the superfluous men, keeping only their spare gun carriers, the party of Bygas, two men armed with police muskets, two men leading five dogs, and a she-elephant belonging to the zemindar (landholder) of Hatta. Then they moved off in perfect silence, two of the Bygas following up the trail in front, while the remainder stayed with the main body, and expecting every moment to hear the 'trumpet' of the savage beast and the crash of his unwieldy bulk through the brushwood. After they had proceeded for about a mile in this fashion, the Bygas in front suddenly stopped short on the bank of a dry stream, and pointing to the front with their spears, exclaimed in a whisper: 'There he is!' And there he was sure enough, lying at a distance of about thirty-five yards in front of them, asleep in the long grass, over which they could see the immense arch of his left ribs and a small portion of the spine. Not being able to get a good shot from where they stood, they moved a few paces to their left. The slight noise made in doing so aroused the animal, and he raised himself, as if to listen, showing above the grass the top of his head as far as the ear and just above the eye. They immediately raised their rifles and fired, and the creature disappeared for a second, but was seen the next moment, and saluted with another shot as he went up the opposite bank of the nullah. He then disappeared in the jungle, but was found two hundred yards farther on, standing under a *mohwa* tree. Two more shots started him off again, and there was a hot chase after him for about fifteen hundred yards, a brisk independent fire being opened upon him whenever he showed himself. At last, just as they went down into a nullah,

the elephant turned half round, exposing the whole of his right side. Two shots were immediately fired into his right ear; and with a shrill trumpet, the huge beast fell, burying his right tusk deep into the earth, while at the same moment the Bygas rushed forward with a yell of triumph and hurled their spears into the carcass!

He was found to be a full-grown male, measuring twenty-six feet from the tip of his trunk to the end of his tail. His height was nine feet five inches; and length of tusks, two feet five inches. He was in splendid condition, being covered with a thick layer of fat. His skin had been perforated by six bullets.

So ended the career of this extraordinarily bloodthirsty animal. He had killed in all forty-one persons—twenty in the Balaghat District—and wounded several. So great was the fear he inspired, that whole families became accustomed to pass the night on platforms erected on high trees rather than in their huts. Balaghat is still a very wild district, and men-eating tigers are not unfrequently to be met with there; but such intense and widespread terror has perhaps never been felt before or since the time of the notorious 'man-eating' elephant of Mundla.

A BOOK OF TABLE-TALK.

THERE is a curious little work the contents of which are said to have been collected by Hans Sachs, the Nuremberg cobbler and master-singer, in 1517. This curious book was reprinted several times in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century, but is now somewhat scarce. It was issued without place of publication or publisher's name, in small form without cover. The book pretends to have been prepared by Hans Sachs for his private use, that he might make merriment among his friends, when drinking, and they were tired of his songs. It does not contain any anecdotes; it is made up of a collection of riddles more or less good, some coarse, and some profane; but the age was not squeamish. The title under which the little work was issued was, *Useful Table-talk, or Something for all; that is the Happy Thoughts, good and bad, expelling melancholy and cheering Spirits, of Hilarius Wish-wash, Master-tiler at Kienhausen*. The book consists of just a hundred pages, of which a quarter are consumed by prefaces, introductions, &c., and about thirteen filled with postscript and index. The humours of the book are somewhat curious; for instance, in the preliminary index of subjects it gives—'IX. The reason why this book of Table-talk was so late in being published.' When we turn to the place indicated for the reason, we find a blank. There is no such reason. There is a fulsome and absurd dedication to the 'Honourable and Knightly Tilburner' who lives 'By the icy ocean near Moscow, in Lapland, one mile from Podolia and three miles above it.'

Although we are not told in the place indicated why the little collection was not issued immediately after the death of Hans Sachs, nor among his works, we learn the reason elsewhere, in the preface, where we are told that the jokes it contained were so good that a rivalry ensued

among them as to precedence, and till this was settled, it was impossible to get the book printed. The collection contains in all one hundred and ninety-six riddles; among them is that which gives the date of the book, and that in a chronogram: 'When was this book of Table-talk drawn up?—*Answer*. In letzIlg taVsenD flInff hVnDert sIbenzehenDen Iahr' (1517).

Here are some of the conundrums.—*Question*. After Adam had eaten the forbidden fruit, did he stand or sit down?—*Ans*. Neither; he fell.

Ques. Two shepherds were pasturing their flocks. Said one to the other: 'Give me one of your sheep, then I shall have twice as many sheep as you.'—'Not so,' replied the second herdsman: 'give me one of yours, and then we shall have equal flocks.' How many sheep had each?—*Ans*. One had seven, the other five. If the first took a sheep out of the flock of the second, he had eight, the other four; if the contrary, each had six.

Ques. What is four times six?—*Ans*. 6666.

Ques. What does a goose do when standing on one leg?—*Ans*. Holds up the other!

Ques. When did carpenters first proclaim themselves to be intolerable dawdles?—*Ans*. When building the Ark—they took a hundred years over it.

Ques. Under what law are the soldiers?—*Ans*. Can(n)on law.

Some of the riddles have survived in the jocular mouth to the present day; for instance, who does not know this?—*Ques*. What smells most in an apothecary's shop?—*Ans*. The nose.—There is one conundrum which surprises us. The story was wont to be told by Bishop Wilberforce that he had asked a child in Sunday school why the angels ascended and descended on Jacob's ladder, whereupon the child replied that they did so because they were moulting, and could not fly. But this appears in Hans Sachs' book, and is evidently a very ancient joke indeed.

In this collection also appears the very heavy riddle: 'Which is heaviest, a pound of lead or a pound of feathers?' which every one knows, but with an addition, which is an improvement. After the answer, 'Each weighs a pound, and they are equal in weight,' the questioner says further: 'Not so—try in water. The pound of feathers will float, and the pound of lead will sink.'

Ques. How can you carry a jug of water in your hands on a broiling summer day, in the full blaze of the sun, so that the water shall not get hotter?—*Ans*. Let the water be boiling when you fill the jug.

Ques. How can a farmer prevent the mice from stealing his corn?—*Ans*. By giving them his corn.

Ques. A certain man left a penny by his will to be divided equally among his fifty relatives, each to have as much as the other, and each to be quite contented with what he got, and not envy any of the other legatees. How did the executor comply with this testamentary disposition?—*Ans*. He bought a packet of fifty tin-tacks with the penny, and hammered one into the back of each of the legatees.

There is another very curious old German collection of riddles called *Æsopus Epulans*; but that contains anecdotes as well and a great deal

of very interesting matter. This is a much larger volume, and is the commonplace-book of a party of priests who used to meet to smoke and drink and argue and joke at each other's houses. One of the members took down the particulars of conversation at each meeting, and published it. A most curious and amusing volume it is. Some of the conundrums the old parsons asked each other were the same as those in Hans Sachs' collection; they had become traditional. We may safely say that none were better, and some were, if possible, more pointless. They have all much the same character: they resemble only faintly the popular conundrum of the type so widely spread, and so much affected still by nurses and the labouring class, and which so often begins with 'London Bridge is broken down,' or, 'As I went over London Bridge.' These are far more ancient. We have analogous riddles among those which Oriental tradition puts in the mouth of the Queen of Sheba when she 'proved him with hard questions.' Mr Kemble published for the Ælfric Society a collection of questions and answers that exist in Anglo-Saxon as a conversation between Solomon and Saturn, and numerous versions existed in the middle ages of the dialogue between Solomon and—as the answerer was often called—Markulf. But these questions only partially correspond with our idea of riddles.

A more remarkable collection is that in the Icelandic *Herrarar Saga*, where the King Heidrek boasts of his power to solve all riddles. Then Odin visits him in disguise as a blind man and propounds to the king some hard questions. Of these there are sixty-four. We will give a few specimens. *Ques.* What was that drink I drank yesterday, which was neither spring-water nor wine nor mead nor ale?—*Ans.* The dew of heaven. *Ques.* What dead lungs did I see blowing to war?—*Ans.* A blacksmith's bellows whilst a sword was being forged. *Ques.* What did I see outside a great man's door, head downwards, feet heavenwards?—*Ans.* An onion.

These riddles are all in verse, and the replies also in verse. The end was that Odin asked Heidrek what he, Odin, whispered into the ear of Baldur before he was burned on his funeral pyre. Thereupon Heidrek drew his sword and cut at his questioner, shouting: 'None can answer that but yourself!' Odin had just time to transform himself into an eagle; but the sword cut off his tail, and eagles ever after have had short tails.

The Sphinx will recur to the recollection of the reader, who tore to pieces those who could not answer his riddles. At last Creon, king of Thebes, offered his sister Jocasta to any one who could solve the enigmas propounded by the Sphinx. Œdipus ventured, and when asked by the monster, 'What animal is four-footed in the morning, two-footed at noon, and three-footed in the evening?' answered: 'Man, who as a babe crawls, and as an old man leans on a crutch.' The Sphinx was so distressed at hearing its riddle solved, that it precipitated itself from a precipice and was dashed to pieces.

But to return to our book of Table-talk. In many of the answers there are puns only to be understood by those acquainted with German. This, however, is comprehensible by all: *Ques.*

In which month is least drunkenness?—*Ans.* In February, because it is the shortest. *Ques.* Where stands the tallest of trees?—*Ans.* On its roots. *Ques.* What is a sure way of being mourned after death?—*Ans.* Dying in debt—when all your creditors will talk about you. *Ques.* What is that which, bred of love, kills love?—*Ans.* Jealousy.

This is a conundrum of a different nature. *Ques.* Two fathers and two sons caught three hares one day in a field; each carried a hare home and ate it, none was without a hare, and no hare was divided. How was that?—*Ans.* The party consisted of a father, a son, and a grandson—the last being the son of the former, who was both son and father.

TOLD BY TWO.

A NOVELETTE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. IV.—THE NARRATIVE OF EMMELINE BURT CONTINUED.

No sooner did I find myself alone, than I unlocked my desk and drew Will's pencil sketch from the drawer, where it had lain untouched for months. As I stood and gazed at it, I was even more struck than I had been, when trusting to memory alone, with its startling resemblance to Mrs Ion, more especially when, by placing a strip of paper over the lower part of the face, the two protruding teeth were hidden. After the proof afforded by the deformed finger, it would have seemed as if doubt were no longer possible, and yet my mind shrank involuntarily from the only other alternative. I lay awake till daybreak, unable to sleep. What to do, I knew not. From whatever point of view I looked at the affair, it seemed beset by improbabilities too glaring to be reconciled.

Next day brought no enlightenment. I went about my duties like one in a dream. In the afternoon, a fresh thought struck me: I would seek an interview with Mrs Ion by daylight, and ascertain, now that I had renewed my acquaintance with the sketch, whether a second perusal of her features would do anything towards either the confirmation or the removal of my doubts. The excuse that I wanted some particular book from the library would serve my purpose. I waited till Mr Prinley was taking his usual constitutional on the terrace, when I knew that Mrs Ion would be alone. My heart beat considerably faster than usual as I tapped at the library door, and then, without waiting for an invitation, I opened it and went in. As I had anticipated, I found Mrs Ion alone. She rose from the writing-table and stared at me out of her deep-set eyes in unmistakable surprise. I told her the object of my errand, naming the book I had come in quest of.

'Yes, I think we have the work in question,' she said; 'and I have no doubt I can find it for you in half a minute.'

Short as the time was, it gave me the opportunity I sought.

'The little people seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves last night,' she said with a cold smile as she handed me the book. 'I should have liked to stay and watch them a little longer, but had some transcribing to finish for Mr Prinley.'

I made some commonplace reply, thanked her, and left the room. 'If she is not the original of Will's sketch, she must be her twin-sister,' I said to myself as I went slowly up-stairs.

Never had I felt my loneliness and helplessness so much as during the next few days; never had the space that divided me from him I loved seemed so immeasurable. How I wished that he were near enough to counsel and advise me; for, in truth, I knew not what steps it behoved me to take in the disquieting position in which I now found myself.

Matters, meanwhile, went on in their ordinary quiet groove, and at times I almost grew to fancy that I must have been the victim of some uncanny dream or unaccountable hallucination. When I had done with the borrowed book, I sent it back by one of the maids with my thanks: I had no desire to seek another interview with Mrs Ion.

About the middle of March, Lady Clavison was laid up with a severe cold, and forbidden to leave the house. One day she sent for me. 'Miss Burt,' she said, 'as I am unable to get out myself, I want you to be so good as to go to Cheriton this afternoon and get these crewel silks matched for me. There is a train at four o'clock, and another one back a little after six, which will give you ample time. You will take a first-class return ticket, and let me know to-morrow what you pay for it.'

Cheriton, which was fifteen miles away, was the nearest large town. I had never yet visited it, and the prospect of doing so, though it were for a couple of hours only, was a pleasant one; besides which, I should be enabled to do a little shopping on my own account, a gratification from which I had long been debarred.

I experienced some difficulty in matching her ladyship's silks, having to call at three or four shops before being able to do so; and by the time I had completed my own small purchases, the quarter-past-six train had been gone some time. The next train was at half-past seven, so I had to while away the intervening time as best I could. When the train, which had started from London two or three hours earlier, came booming into the station, I looked out for a compartment containing one or more passengers of my own sex. The only one I could find that was not already crowded contained two gentlemen and a lady, and in this I proceeded to take my seat. I had scarcely done so when the train started; and as soon as I had arranged my packages, of which I had three or four, I turned to examine my travelling companions. The two gentlemen seemed commonplace individuals enough, and I did not bestow a second thought on them. But the woman! If ever in my life my blood ran cold, it did at the moment my eyes fell on the female, who was sitting in the opposite corner of the carriage, her hands folded on her lap, and looking as impassive as if cut out of marble. Was I gazing on Mrs Ion, or on the original of Will's sketch, or on both, or neither? I was like a creature fascinated; I could not turn away my eyes.

Before me I saw a woman, the upper half of whose face, like that of the younger of the two women in Will's adventure, was effectually hidden by a veil; but what the veil did not hide was

a brown mole a little below the left corner of her mouth, and two long, sharp, protruding teeth, which lent a strangely sinister and cruel expression to as much of her face as could be seen. Was I bewitched? I asked myself. Was what I was looking at a reality, or was it nothing more than an optical delusion—the unsubstantial phantasm of an overwrought brain? I turned and stared out of the window into the darkness, while I strove to steady my fluttering nerves. When next my eyes were drawn to the opposite corner, the woman had lowered her veil, so that it now hid the whole of her face. Then involuntarily my gaze travelled down to her hands, which were incased in tightly fitting black kid gloves. But here I was foiled; the left hand being laid lightly over the fingers of the right in such a way as to completely cover the latter. She was dressed quietly and in good taste, and there was nothing in her appearance to attract the special attention of any one; but to me the smallest detail might not be without its value and significance. Among other things, I noticed that she carried a tightly folded brown silk umbrella with a carved ivory handle, one of the ribs of which bulged out a little, as if it had been bent by accident. Her cloak was long and black, and reached nearly to her feet. She kept it closely wrapped round her; but a slight displacement of one corner, of which she was probably unaware, revealed to me that it was lined with some kind of gray fur. Almost before I had time to gather my scattered wits, and certainly before I had made up my mind what course I ought to adopt in a contingency so startling and unexpected, the train stopped at Dane Hill Station. Here the two gentlemen alighted. The next station we should stop at would be Royston, where I should have to quit the train; it being little more than a mile from the entrance to Normanfield Park.

Twenty minutes later we were there, greatly to my relief, for the tension of my nerves was fast becoming unendurable. 'Here you are, at Royston, ma'am,' said the guard, addressing my companion through the open window as I was preparing to alight. 'You want to get out here, don't you?'

'I have changed my mind,' she answered from behind her veil, and speaking with a pronounced foreign accent. 'I will go on to the next station and pay the difference.'

'All right, ma'am,' responded the guard as he hurried off to attend to some one else.

Was the voice Mrs Ion's voice, or was it not? I could not determine. A minute later I was left standing on the platform, watching the train disappear in the distance.

The road to Normanfield was a lonely one, and I did not care to traverse it on foot at so late an hour. I accordingly engaged a fly at the station, and was not long in reaching my destination. As soon as I had seen her ladyship and had been commended for my skill in matching her silks, I hurried to my own room. I had already decided on a certain plan, which I at once proceeded to put into execution. Changing my dress for a warmer one, and shrouding myself in a long, dark, hooded cloak, I stole out into the grounds by way of the conservatory, unseen by any one. Here and there, close to the road through the park which Mrs Ion would traverse on her way

to the house—if she it were whom I had encountered in the train—certain thick clumps of evergreens were planted, and it was in the black shadow of one of these that I now took my stand. The station at which the veiled woman had stated her intention of alighting was three miles beyond Royston, and was two miles from Normanfield. Presumably she would do as I had done—that is, take a fly at the station, which would deposit her at the lodge gates, whence she would have to walk up to the house. The night was clear and starlit, and from my hiding-place, should she come my way, I could not fail to see her.

I felt very lonely and depressed as I stood there in the hushed darkness, my heart quaking at every sound, with the great silent spaces of the park unfolding themselves on every side—so lonely that it seemed as if I must be miles away from any other living being. Only the stars seemed to look down on me with friendly eyes and to strengthen me in my newly formed resolve to break through the meshes of the dark mystery in which I felt myself entangled, if it were anyhow possible for a girl's weak hands to do so.

I had waited about a quarter of an hour, although the time seemed much longer, when I thought I distinguished the far-away sound of wheels. I was not mistaken. Nearer and nearer came the vehicle, whatever it might be, and then in a little while it stopped. Pulling the hood of my cloak over my head, I drew closer into the shelter of the evergreens, and waited. The distance from the lodge to the house was about a quarter of a mile, and some minutes elapsed before my patience was rewarded. At length came the sound of footsteps on the gravelled drive. As they drew nearer, I scarcely seemed to breathe. Some one came, passed me, and went on in the direction of the house—a figure draped in black, a figure whose gait even by that dim light I did not fail to recognise: it was Mrs Ion.

I waited so as to give her ample time to get indoors, and then I stole back by the way I had come. I experienced a strange sense of elation, for which I was at a loss to account, and that night my sleep was more peaceful and unbroken than it had been for weeks. Could it be because certitude had at length usurped the place of doubt in my mind, and because my duty now shone clearly before me?

The first thing I did next morning was to put one or two questions to Susan Cott, who waited on Mrs Ion, but by no means liked her.—Yes, the girl said, Mrs Ion had been out yesterday from ten in the morning till about nine at night—taking a holiday, she supposed. Poor Mr Primley had been like a fish out of water all day, and that cross, nobody could please him.

Satisfied so far, I determined to make assurance doubly sure, if it were possible to do so. A little later on, at an hour when I knew that Mrs Ion would be busy in the library, I made my way to her bedroom, opened the door, and went in. It was a proceeding utterly repugnant to my feelings, but in fighting fraud and cunning, one cannot always choose one's weapons. Hanging from a peg in the wardrobe I found one of the articles I had come in search of—a long black cloak, lined with gray fur. Near at hand was a brown silk umbrella with one bulging rib;

but whereas the umbrella carried by the veiled woman had a carved ivory handle, the handle of this one was of ebony. Some impulse, I know not what, induced me to examine the handle more closely, and it seemed scarcely a surprise to me when I found that it could be readily unscrewed from the body of the umbrella; which went to prove that any other handle of the same size might be substituted in its place. I was satisfied.

While my pupils were engaged over their one o'clock dinner, I, who had no appetite, strolled out into the grounds with a certain object in view. I had made up my mind to tell Mr Bruton everything. I had taken a liking to him when I saw him first on the night of the children's party; indeed, he was a man who seemed to inspire liking and confidence in every one. Of late, he had frequently come down to spend the week end at Normanfield. More than once, when we chanced to meet in the grounds, we had had a few minutes' pleasant chat together; more than once he had requested Lady Clavison to ask me down after dinner into the drawing-room to play. To-day, I was going deliberately in search of him. I knew that I should be nearly sure to find him in the pleached alley, smoking a cigar; and there, in fact, he was. He flung away the end of his cigar and held out his hand with a smile, as I drew near.

'You look very grave this morning, Miss Burt,' he said. 'I hope my nieces have not been more naughty than usual?'

'It is neither about Fanny nor Clara that I have come to see you to-day, Mr Bruton. Can you spare me ten minutes of your time, sir?'

'An hour—two hours, if requisite.'

'I won't trespass on you to that extent. Certain circumstances have recently come to my knowledge which it seems to me ought to be made known to you, or to some one connected with the family, without delay. My object in intruding on you to-day is to inform you what those circumstances are.'

He stared at me for a moment or two, then he said: 'Whatever you may have to say to me, Miss Burt, shall have my best attention. Pray proceed.'

I began at the beginning—that is to say, I narrated to him as succinctly as possible the chief points in connection with Will's loss of the bag of money, now nearly a year and a half ago. Then I went on to describe by what means I had first recognised Mrs Ion, and from that to all that had happened since. He listened with the closest attention, not interrupting me by a word. When I had done, he drew a deep breath and began in an absent-minded way to roll a cigarette. 'What dark conspiracy can be afoot?' he said at last. 'What can be that woman's motive in coming to Normanfield?' He spoke more to himself than to me. Rousing himself, he said: 'I cannot tell you how greatly obliged I am to you, Miss Burt, for making me your confidant in this matter; but at present I must confess that I am utterly at sea. I need time to think over what you have told me. At what hour can you see me again later in the day?'

'Any time after five o'clock I shall be at liberty.'

'I will be in the conservatory at half-past five,' he answered; and with that we parted.

Both of us were punctual to the minute. At that hour of the afternoon we were almost as secure from interruption in the dimly lighted conservatory as we should have been in the park itself.

'I have not been idle—I have excogitated an idea,' he said the moment we met. 'In plainer words, I have discovered a possible motive, which, if it should prove to be the real one, would at once account for Mrs Ion's presence at Normanfield.' His words put me on the tenter-hooks of curiosity, and I told him so.

'Well, then, you must know that, among other fads, my sister always celebrates the anniversary of her wedding-day by a grand dinner-party and ball to all the big people for a dozen miles round. On these occasions she puts on the whole of her war-paint, which means that she has her diamonds home from the banker's, where they are stored for safety, and wears them in honour of the day; and it must be confessed that Laura has a very splendid stock of jewels. As a business man, it makes me wild to think of so much capital lying utterly idle and unproductive. There's the tiara my father gave her on her marriage; there's the necklace and pendant that came to her from my mother; there's the bracelet my Uncle Primley made her a present of; together with half-a-score other baubles—in fact, I doubt whether ten thousand pounds would purchase the contents of her jewel casket.—Now, my dear Miss Burt, can you guess what wildgoose notion has taken hold of me since you and I talked together this morning?'

'I think I can,' I answered in a low voice. I could feel the colour dying out of my face as I spoke.

'Well, then, to leave guessing. After carefully considering what you told me from every point of view I could think of, one conclusion, and one only, forces itself on my mind—that Mrs Ion's presence under my sister's roof is connected in some occult way with a plot to rob her of her diamonds.'

The same thought had flashed through my own mind the moment he made mention of Lady Clavison's jewels.

I need not detail our conversation further. Mr Bruton impressed upon me the necessity for the strictest secrecy; not a hint, not a whisper, must be breathed to any one. 'It wants nearly a fortnight yet to Laura's wedding-day,' he said. 'I shall have ample time to elaborate my scheme. To-day is Thursday; on Monday I shall go up to town and make the first move in my game to checkmate Mrs Ion.'

I saw nothing more of Mr Bruton for several days. I think it was on the following Wednesday evening that Lady Clavison favoured me with one of her formal but polite requests that I would go down and play in the drawing-room after dinner. As I quite expected to do, I found Mr Bruton there, and with him a stranger, a tall, dark, keen-eyed man, whom he introduced to me as his friend Mr Felix. Later in the evening I learned that her ladyship had invited Mr Felix to stay over the anniversary of her wedding-day, which was now close at hand, and also that he was as much a stranger to her as to me, Mr

Bruton having brought him down from London that afternoon. But it was enough for her ladyship to know that he was her brother's friend, and she treated him with much consideration. Before the evening was over, I somehow came to connect the presence of this keen-eyed stranger at Normanfield with the errand which had taken Mr Bruton to London the previous Monday morning. Ground for such an assumption I had none, yet I found it impossible to disabuse my mind of it. As Mr Bruton was turning over a piece of music for me at the piano, he whispered: 'All is going on well, but remember—silence and secrecy.' It was the only allusion he made to the matter between us.

BEYOND: A WINTER IDYLL.

WE would protest against the conventionalism which ordains that winter shall be always symbolised by dreary landscape or a weak old man. If our artists could with brush or pen hint at the wealth of life beneath the snow, the force hidden by the white beard, it were well; but coloured cards have no 'beyond,' and those who draw from them their chief ideas of nature are apt to look on nature's beauties as the touches on a painted page. 'A real winter's day,' we say, when the world is clad in snow; whereas, indeed, the bright green winter days number by tens for every one of these. And then we go forth to admire: the white snow and bending trees strike pleasantly on the eye; and we compare the frosted boughs to finest lacework, the fields to sugared cakes. 'Beautiful as a picture,' we pronounce it, and we say well. Fair it is to us as the coloured page to whose loveliness is no 'beyond.'

It is this 'beyond' that we would fain seek out from behind the mask of outward seeming. The snow has melted now, and we can see and feel the flood of life and its enchantments, which the whiteness hid. Come forth into the clear sunset of this perfect January day. Cold, dead winter? For a moment, the infinite fullness of life on every hand intoxicates us, so that we can only stand gazing in mute incomprehension up to the clear blue sky, and down again through its warmer harmonies of crimson, to the network of purpled boughs, and the sunlit grass beneath. Then slowly our poor minds struggle to take these mysteries one by one into their feeble grasp.

Those leafless trees—have we been blaming winter for stripping from them summer's cloak of brilliant green? Why, every leaf is there before us; could our weak eyesight only pierce beyond the bark which hides them now. Do you point to the dead heaps of rustling brown beneath? *Those* are not leaves, only the useless framework which was cast aside when the true leaf—the vital principle which should surely be to us the real leaf—returned into the parent stems. What are those spreading trees but the life of infinite leaves? They bloom forth in green splendour for one short summer, and then—we mourn for them as dead; they rustle out a mocking laugh as the brown husk drops to earth, and the life, the spirit of the leaf, slides back to strengthen and increase the stem from which it sprang.

Talk not to the trees of death while their roots are still striking downwards into the silent, dark 'beyond' of earth. If you would know what death is, look at the withered branch upon the ground beside. While there are roots still diving deeper into earth's mysteries, life must increase. Sever life from the infinite, rest on the surface only, and nothing but withered death can follow.

So with the flowers; those that were blooming here around us last year are around us still, resting beneath the surface of mother earth, hid by her mystery. When we thought they died, they only went to sleep for a little while, soon to awake, refreshed. The blossoms alone that we have gathered never can come again. Heaven forbid that we should blame the hands that picked them! Those flowers may have fulfilled their highest mission; only from earth are they gone for ever. They have been severed from earth's never-ending circle of recurring life, and their place shall know them nevermore.

Here, under the trees, the flowers are already beginning to reawaken. The snowdrop spikes peer forth with pale timidity; the celandines spread abroad their glossy leaves in triumph to the light again. The winter-aconite has already bloomed, and lies in streaks of sunlight over the brown earth. First of the flowers, we hail it as a friend, and hasten to look nearer at the bright face that bids us hope for spring. We will not pick it, only look our thanks to the golden head raised from its ruff of green, and strive in vain to read the mystery written there. Ay, we have come again upon a mystery too deep for our wisest to fathom.

Some botanists are trying to convince men that the flowers can move, and do, each in its little orbit, each in its own routine. To us, as we gaze down into the flower-face that looks so nearly human, there seems no reason why it should not move as it listeth, and speak to us of what no botanist can know. Would that the flower could only speak, and tell us what it does below the ground! It is wiser here than we—the aconite; wiser, inasmuch as it knows more of earth's deep mysteries. We, with our human skill, can dive down further than the flowers, and cut great holes of awful depth; we can despoil earth of her treasures; but we cannot force from her the secret of life that every snowdrop knows—

For beasts and birds have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

The birds soar upwards, and the flowers spread downwards, while we can only walk between, and look and long in vain.

Even thought, our tireless messenger, cannot help us here. She will fly round the earth at our command, swifter than any swallow: here she is powerless. In vain we bid thought penetrate the clear, deep blue above; in vain we say: 'The moon is something other than a silver lamp; the stars more than clear sparks of most pure, tender light: fly forth, and up to them, and bring us word of what they really are.' Thought wings her upward course only to sink wearied to earth again, saying: 'I will believe that the bright stars are worlds, that on the moon rise chains of mountains, but I cannot reach them.' In vain we tell her that beneath the grass whereon we

stand stretch depths of mysteries, most marvellous hidden springs of life. Thought strives at our behest to dive beneath, but owns her efforts vain. Dazed and bewildered, she can only tell us that she knows the earth is not the crust it seems, but cannot penetrate below the surface.

But what if thought must always fail? Were it not better she should weary her pinions in aching, unavailing struggle to reach the limits of 'beyond,' than fold her wings in placid contemplation of earth's beauties as pages of a picture-book?

If beauty were beauty only, then the mind should surely rest content to-night. The western flame glows with a duskiest red; the blue above is growing more intense. One star trembles above the sunset, and the moon gleams softly from the deepening sky. From earth the sunset glow has faded, and the only brightness left is in the aconite gleams from the wood. The sheep are herding together in the meadow; the birds bid us good-night in a chorus wherein we try in vain to catch the echoes of grief or joy which must sound beyond the twittering harmonies.

All last week's snow has vanished, except the shapeless heap which shows where our great snow-man was built. Where is the splendid sphere that formed his head, the nose of proportions so heroic? All disappeared. And yet we know that in nature's vast economy each tiniest snow particle remains intact. It is our handiwork which has disappeared for ever—the snow-man has only changed his form.

Does it not seem a strange freak, this of nature's? that she should be so miserly over the least of her own elements, so prodigal of man's labour, God's completest work. When the toil of a lifetime crumbles into dust, she mocks the worker, saying: 'My elements, wherewith you wrought and worked, are indestructible; I hold them safe through endless ages in an altered form. Your toil, your restless days and sleepless nights, are gone for ever, leaving no mark behind.' Then a wonder strikes us whether this can indeed be so; whether in God's providence so great an inconsistency exists; and for one moment we seem to catch a glimpse of a yet more marvellous 'beyond,' whither, after its one short bloom of action, our force slides back, to render stronger yet the stem from which it sprang.

But a cold wind rising from the dying sunset, bids us hasten home. Back we go into the house, with its cheery fires, and the bright curtains that shut out all our sunset. Walls cannot bound our horizon now, for we have learnt our lesson, and we know that on every side of the bright room stretches an infinite 'beyond.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

M. CHEVREUL, THE FRENCH CENTENARIAN.

How singular and deeply interesting must be the remembrances of so long and eventful a life as that of M. Chevreul. He was born at the end of September 1786, when the bloodthirsty Marat was a veterinary surgeon at the Royal Mews at Versailles; Danton and Robespierre were small provincial lawyers; Murat was preparing to take holy orders or enter a religious life; Ney was

passing a miserable existence as a copyist; Bonaparte had just received his commission as second lieutenant of artillery of Autun, in the regiment de la Fère. Frederick the Great of Prussia had only died the previous month (August 1786); Joseph II. was emperor of Germany; Catharine II., empress of Russia; Gustavus III., king of Sweden. The mention of these historic names tells us how completely France and Europe have been transformed. During the hundred years of his life, M. Chevreul has seen three kings of France, one king of the French, two emperors, three republics; marshals, prime ministers, and other political dignitaries by scores. It seems difficult to realise the fact that a man is now living who probably, as a boy or youth, may have seen, or even spoken to, some of the actors in the terrible drama that was carried out in France at the end of the last century; men who have long since become as much a matter of history as the events of which they were the leaders, or in which they took an active part. M. Chevreul is in the enjoyment of perfect health, and both mentally and bodily is full of life and vigour.

THE TEMPLE OF MITHRAS.

An Italian publication devoted to arts and antiquities (*Notizie degli Scavi di Antichità*) has issued an interesting account of this curious temple, recently discovered at Ostia. During the reign of Pope Pius VI., at the end of the last century, the site was explored, but in a superficial sort of a way, when whatever could be found in the way of antiquities was carried off to the Roman Museum. The foundations of the building are quite undisturbed, and an interesting series of mosaics, all in black on white grounds, were discovered intact. In fact, mosaics seem to be all over the building, not only the pavements—the usual place for mosaics—but the walls and even the seats for the worshippers are covered with them. Those on the pavement represent in the design the seven doors corresponding with the seven degrees of initiation into the mystic worship of Mithras, the Bull-slayer. A dagger is also introduced, according to the well-known representations of Mithras stabbing the bull, of which there are two in marble in the gallery of Antiquities in the British Museum, both in fine preservation, and both in nearly the same attitude. Between the entrance door and the first door of initiation is represented what looks like a well sunk in the floor; but its actual purpose seems difficult to conjecture. On the front side of the worshippers' seats, the six planets are shown; whilst the twelve constellations are depicted on the seats themselves; but neither planets nor constellations are in their usual order, which denotes either ignorance or carelessness on the part of the artists who executed the mosaics. At the end of each of the rows of the seats is a good representation of a figure bearing a torch. It will be remembered that the worship of the Persian sun-god Mithras was greatly cultivated by the Romans; and his festival, lasting six days in October, was celebrated with high honours and rejoicings. The most ancient instance of this worship among the Romans occurs in an inscription, dated in the third consulate of Trajan, or about A.D. 101, on an altar inscribed with the words, 'Deo Soli

Mithræ.' These feasts, or festivals, of the Bull-slayer are said to have been derived from Chaldaea, where they had been instituted, it is supposed, to celebrate the entrance of the sun into the sign of Taurus. They were, however, finally proscribed in Rome, by order of Gracchus, prefect of the Prætorium, in the year A.D. 378.

KILLED ON THE TELEGRAPH-WIRE.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

WITHIN the rough four-feet he lay,
A touch of blood on breast and wing—
His lifeblood, that had sent away
This only singer of the spring.

For he, while morning yet was dim,
And all his singing soul on fire,
And throbbing with an unsung hymn,
Had dashed against the pitiless wire.

And in the dark he fell, to lie
The cold unheeding rails between,
A song within his heart to die
Unheard, and he himself unseen.

I took him up; he lay so light,
That in my heart I did him wrong
To think a thing so frail and slight
Could have such splendid wealth of song.

Was this the bird I could not see?
That somewhere from the wooded hill
Poured forth such music from a tree
That even the very stream grew still.

Was this the spirit who sang, and shot
The soul of summer through the air,
Till all the buds grew quick with thought,
And sweet green births were everywhere?

The very bird! And this was all
His crown of song for such display—
To strike against the wire, and fall,
And bleed his little life away.

He sang of Spring in fond delight,
He would not see her blossoming;
He sang of Summer, but its light
Would never strike against his wing.

Yet these were throbbing in his song,
As yearns some poet in his rhyme,
To flash against a burning wrong
The sunshine of a happier time.

But ere the light for which he woke
His song, dawns upward, faint and dim,
He, bleeding from an unseen stroke,
Sinks in the dark, and dies like him.

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NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.

THE tidings that thousands of the inhabitants of Newfoundland and Labrador were in a state but little removed from absolute starvation have recently startled the civilised world, and in many places prompt measures were immediately taken to alleviate the sufferings which they were said to be enduring. To blacken a picture whose every detail was dark enough, it was further reported, at least on this side of the Atlantic, that hundreds of the unfortunate sufferers had succumbed to their misery, and that their bodies had been savagely devoured by troops of hungry Polar bears, which had been driven to the coast by hunger. The interest and sympathy of multitudes were excited, and the question was being asked on all sides, 'What can we do to help?' While the hearts as well as the heads of philanthropists were thus devising schemes by which to succour and relieve their less fortunate brethren, a third report was spread, giving an unqualified denial to its predecessors, which, it asserted, had been cruelly invented by an enterprising Canadian journalist for base and unworthy motives. Which report are we therefore to believe? Beyond the shadow of a doubt, the bear story is a pure fable; equally fabulous is that which relates the number of deaths which are said to have resulted from starvation.

The truth seems to be, as far as can be gathered from available sources of trustworthy information, that the cod-fishery, both on the coast of Labrador and also in the greater number of fishing stations in Newfoundland, has been an entire failure, and that hundreds of families are consequently almost or wholly destitute. From a recent letter, received by the writer from a friend resident in the north of Newfoundland, we learn that the cod and herring fisheries in his district have been unusually good, and the fish of exceptional excellence; but this can in no way make up for the distressing failures which are resulting in such widespread and genuine misery in all the other parts of the island.

It has occurred to the writer that the present is a favourable time to convey to the readers of this *Journal* the information resulting from his observation of people and things during the period of two years which he recently spent in the island of Newfoundland.

It must first be remembered that the population—numbering about two hundred thousand—of both countries depends mainly upon the various fisheries which they prosecute for their subsistence; hence the fluctuating nature of their temporal condition. This will eventually result in the direst misery, and naturally so; for while the quantity of fish taken remains stationary, with an uncomfortable tendency to diminish, the population increases with alarming rapidity; and various symptoms are quickly developing themselves of the untoward fate which must sooner or later overtake the colony of Newfoundland, unless matters which at the present time are all awry and clamouring to be righted, are subjected to a radical reformation. So long as the unjust truck system is permitted to exert its evil influence amongst the people, it matters little whether the fishery be good or bad, they will always be in a state of poverty. But there is the further reflection, that even if the truck system were abolished, and full cash value paid for the fisherman's produce, the catch of fish would not of course be thereby increased. We are therefore confronted with the momentous fact, that people must either starve or turn their attention to some other means of gaining a livelihood; and the important question arises, what that other means shall be?

It has been said, by those who ought to know, that Newfoundland possesses agricultural capabilities of a high order, which only await the advent of the plough and the strong arm of labour to develop and to produce prodigious results. The writer is not prepared to deny this *in toto*; but he is fully persuaded that the picture is overdrawn, and that, if the soil were subjected to a trial, this would be apparent. It is further said by a recent writer on the subject that the island contains five million acres of land admirably

fitted for agricultural and grazing purposes. To talk and write in this way, however eloquently, is to waste time. If all that has been written and said upon the subject of the agricultural capabilities of Newfoundland is true, why is not immigration encouraged, and the immigrants, together with those of the native population who have the wish, but not the means, to become agriculturists, supplied with implements and grain until they have tided over the first year or two? It is patent to all who have studied the matter with the attention it demands, that the time is fully ripe for action, and that 'sharp and decisive,' if the inhabitants of Newfoundland are not to degenerate into a colony of paupers. It is equally clear that, with the largely increased and still increasing population, the cod-fishery can no longer be relied upon as the sole means of subsistence; and unless something is done by those in authority and others—of whom there are many who have reaped rich harvests of golden coin from the toil of the poor struggling fisher-folk—to remedy matters, the unanimous verdict of posterity will be against those who, from whatever motive, were instrumental in effecting the change which made Newfoundland what it was never intended to be, anything more than a mere fishing station of the British empire.

Again, it is a fact that the mineral resources of Newfoundland are practically exhaustless, and that, if they were turned to account, there need never be much destitution amongst the people, at least of such magnitude as that which exists at the present time. But it seems that all the mines which are of any practicable value are found on that part of the coast which is known as the 'French Shore;' and at every successive attempt which has been made by Englishmen to open up these mines, they have been met by the most serious and determined opposition on the part of the French, who presume thus in consequence of the very vague wording of the treaty made between the French and English governments by which their respective fishery rights are secured. So powerful has this opposition become, that work on the mines has had to be permanently suspended; and for some mysterious reason, the colonial, as well as the imperial government, has treated the matter with supreme indifference, or at least they have so far done simply nothing to effect a final settlement of the dispute, which is of vast importance. It is high time that some determined and united action were taken, by those to whom the welfare of the country is committed, to remove the serious obstacles which undoubtedly exist in the way of that section of the people of Newfoundland who would fain abandon the precarious and profitless life of fishermen, and secure employment which would at once be permanent and remunerative, and, in the future, afford an importance to the colony, which, so long as it depends on an annual catch of cod-fish, it can never enjoy.

The Newfoundlanders are an industrious and intelligent race; and they would not be slow to make the most of any advantages which might be procured for them, and by which they might improve their position, which hitherto has

never been better than that of a mere hand-to-mouth existence.

There is the last, but by no means the least important consideration, that of the seal-fishery, which, for the past fifty or sixty years, has brought almost fabulous wealth to a section of the community. It is now, however, failing, in consequence, it must be said, of the wholesale destruction which has been made of this valuable animal, alike in summer and winter, by those whose interest it was to preserve, and not, as they have almost succeeded in doing, to exterminate it.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER V.—HANFORD HALL.

MR GABRIEL GOTHAM lived in what was called Hanford Hall, but in Essex, every farmhouse is a Hall. It was, however, the manor-house, and was the best house in the place—a long rambling building, plastered, and the windows painted Indian-red; a house long and shallow. It was embowered in trees. The grounds were not extensive, but they were pretty. A steep slope to the sea, with noble elms on it; a set of terraces, where roses grew luxuriantly, and where, in summer, the beds of calceolaria and geranium made a gay contrast to the dense green of the trees and the sweeps of grass. Here and there on the terraces stood statues of plaster painted, somewhat spotted with black and green decay. The terraces were gravelled from the beach with grit that would not bind, and was carried about by the boots of him who walked on it over the grass and into the rooms. The entrance gates were somewhat pretentious; the posts supported heraldic lions holding shields; but these also were of plaster, not stone, and were painted.

When the tide was in, the view from the terraces and from the windows of the house was very beautiful, through peeps among the elms to sea, and across Hanford water to a coast beyond, also studded with trees. The water was generally enlivened by passing sails, as Hanford was a colony of fishermen, either owning their own boats or going shares as a company in one smack. Barges came to Hanford with coal from Yorkshire and Newcastle; and barges left Hanford piled up on deck with straw, veritable floating stacks, for London. At certain seasons, the sprat-fishery supplied the farmers with unctuous dressing for their fields; at such times, clouds of gulls fluttered over the land thus manured, and unless the fish were quickly ploughed in, rapidly reduced the supply spread over the surface. At such times, the inhabitants of Hanford gifted with the sense of smell were heartily glad when the plough did turn the glebe over the dead fish; but there was a worse smell than that of sprats to which the Hanfordians were periodically subjected, and that was when a shipload arrived of what was locally termed 'London muck,' that is, the scrapings of the London streets and the refuse of the

London ashpits. When such a cargo arrived, it announced its presence to leeward for two or three miles; whereupon the farmers lifted up their noses, ordered out their wagons, and distributed the stench broadcast over the country. The gulls were unattracted by this dressing; consequently, the farmers were less precipitate in working it in.

At all times, daily, throughout the year, the noses of the Hanfordians were required to inhale the effluvium of decomposing weed when the tide went out, and so nature providently blunted the organ against offence through the periodical dressings of sprats and London muck. The smells, if not pleasant, were salubrious, according to the opinion of the inhabitants; and, to judge from their robust forms and florid complexions, these odours cannot have been noxious.

The marshes, backwaters, and ditches bred countless mosquitoes, which lay in wait for strangers, whom they tortured to madness; but they did not touch natives. On a warm summer evening, the gnats might be seen hovering in clouds over the elms and oaks, so dense and so black, that the stranger supposed the trees were on fire and smoking. The mosquitoes brought birds, and the trees resounded with the song of nightingale, thrush, and blackbird. In winter, the water was covered with gray geese and wild-duck, and the shooting of these occupied the men, when nothing was to be got by the fishing.

What was it that made Mr Gotham start and tremble and shrink back, as he passed through the side-gate for foot-passengers into the grounds? Before him stood a woman, old, with gray hair, holding a baby in her arms, whilst two little children clung to her skirts. She was a fine woman, commanding, with bright eyes, and a strongly marked nose. She held herself very erect, and there were dignity and sternness in her manner and attitude as she confronted Gabriel Gotham. He, quivering and speechless, shrank from her, as trying to hide himself from her eye. He had occasion thus to cower before her; for if ever a despicable man had done a dastardly act, that man was Gotham, and the proud woman before him was the one he had wronged. Gabriel Gotham's father had been a solicitor at Newcastle; but his uncle, Jeremy Gotham, a successful merchant, had purchased the manor of Hanford and the Hall. Jeremy had lived there in his old age, and as he had no children of his own, invited his nephew, Gabriel, to stay with him; also his brother and his sister-in-law occasionally. As a boy, Gabriel liked to be with his uncle; the old man made much of him, and was liberal in supplying him with pocket-money. He had a pony and a boat at Hanford, and was called by the hangers-on 'the young squire.' But Gabriel was a weak, lanky boy, badly put together, without colour in his cheeks, and with pale blue eyes and fair limp hair—not at all the ideal young squire that his uncle should have desired as his successor. He supposed that the boy had been overworked at school or overtasked in his father's office, and insisted that the sea-air of Hanford would set him up. He urged him to out-of-door pursuits, to ride with the hounds and to row. But Gabriel preferred to jog to the meet and then ride home; and if he went out in the boat, to sit in the stern

with his hands in his pockets and let some one else row him.

Jeremy was very proud of his position as lord of the manor, and made himself disliked by exacting all kinds of rights which he believed to be his legally, but which had been ignored or encroached on by the fishermen of Hanford. By the shore was a piece of sandy ground overgrown with coarse turf, occasionally covered by tides of extraordinary height. On this the Hanfordian youth were accustomed to play cricket. Jeremy Gotham laid claim to it; as lord of the manor, it was his. If the young men ran over it, they would establish a precedent, and he would be unable to inclose and extend his grounds in that direction. Consequently, he railed it off. Thereupon the young men tore down his rails. He repalisaded the ground: it was again assailed. Then ensued a lawsuit, which he gained. But he had accumulated against himself so much ill-will that he was fain to accept a compromise, and allow the cricket club the use of the land for a small annual acknowledgment. Then, again, as lord of the manor he had heriot rights over two farms; and on the death of one of the farmers, he demanded the two best horses out of his stable. He had a right to the horses; but to exact his right was unwise, and brought on him bitter ill-will. There was a copious and unfailing spring in his stable-yard. The villagers were badly off for drinking-water, they were supplied with surface-water collected in tanks. This failed in dry summers, and they came with their cans and pails to his pump. He bore the inconvenience a little while; but when a farmer sent a barrel on a cart to be filled, he put a chain and padlock on the pump, and refused to remove it, and allow of water being taken from his well except at an acknowledgment—every cottager to pay him a shilling per annum, and every farmer five.

The dislike felt for the retired merchant who had set up as squire extended to his nephew; and Gabriel was jeered at when he rode out, and had stones or mud thrown at him when he showed himself in the village street. He was conscious of his own deficiencies, because told of them by his uncle, and because they were flung contemptuously in his face by the village lads. At the same time, his position as heir to the estate and house made him proud, or rather—for there is dignity in pride—conceited. Thus he grew up a mixture of diffidence and vanity. At the lodge lived a woman who had been wife of the boatman of the former squire, a Cornish woman, named Cable. She was left with an only daughter. Her husband had been drowned one night going out in a punt after wildfowl. Mr Jeremy Gotham kept her as a lodge-keeper, and she did charring in the house. The daughter was two or three years older than Gabriel, a strong handsome girl, determined in character; and she constituted herself the protector of the young squire. When he had been assailed with stones or bad words, he would tell her; and if she knew the name of the offender, and he was of or near her age, she would chastise him with her fist or with a stick. She often rowed him out, when he had a fancy to be on the sea, and looked after him—that he had his greatcoat with him; that he wore his muffler; that he did not wet

his feet, or, if they were wet, that he changed his socks as soon as he came home. This sort of intimacy had sprung up when they were children, and continued when they had grown up. No one thought seriously of it, as she was older than he, full of sense and strength of purpose; and he, a weak, washed-out creature without manliness. Nevertheless, she became attached to him. She was one of those strong characters which do not look for a support, but to become a support, and find satisfaction in sustaining the feeble creeper that pulls itself aloft by its means. There were several young fishermen in Hanford who tried to get Bessie Cable to walk out of a Sunday with them; but she gave encouragement to none, and finally left the place as servant to Mrs Giles Gotham of Newcastle, who had taken a fancy to her when on a visit to her brother-in-law. Mrs Giles could never get on with her servants, and laid all the blame on the Newcastle girls. If she could induce a young woman to come to her from a distance, she would be sure of keeping her for a twelvemonth. Moreover, the mother of Bessie being in the service of the Gotham family, the daughter might be reckoned on to do her utmost to have the interest of the Gothams at heart. The handiness, the willingness, the robustness of Bessie, pleased Mrs Giles; and so Bessie, whom her mother relinquished somewhat reluctantly, departed with her to Newcastle.

Gabriel remained with his uncle some time after his mother left. He was now a young man, who looked as if a good shake would shake him to pieces. His legs and arms hung too loosely to his trunk, his back was bent. He never, apparently, could get a tailor to master the conformation of his body and clothe him well. He mandered about, after Bessie was gone, much at a loss for a companion. He had clung to her and made an associate of her, had looked up to her and trusted her; and very forlorn he felt when deprived of her company and protection.

One day, a few months later, Mrs Cable died suddenly of a stroke. The distance from Newcastle was too great for Bessie to come down to the funeral, and the poor woman left but a few trifles for Bessie to inherit. These Gabriel undertook to have put away safely for her.

Before Christmas, Gabriel went home to Newcastle, taking with him such things of her mother's as Bessie wanted. His uncle was reluctant to let him depart, but could not dispute the right of his parents to reclaim him for a while. At Easter, Gabriel was to return to Hanford Hall. But at Easter, Gabriel did not appear; at midsummer, however, he did, looking the same—a limp creature without vigour of body or mind. What had happened in the interim between him and Bessie, his parents and uncle—only these interested parties—knew. What had occurred was this. On his return to Newcastle with plenty of money, which his uncle had given him, Gabriel was delighted to renew his friendship with Bessie. But circumstances were different. She was servant in his father's house, and that house was in the town. She had her duties, and could not row him on the sea or saunter with him in the garden. He found his way down into the kitchen, to complain to her about his mother's tyrannical ways; but Mrs Giles came after him

and pinned a dishelout to his coat, and warned him not to go below stairs again.

Gabriel was almost a stranger in Newcastle, and had no friends there of his own sex and age. He was not a man to make friends, except of boys and girls. He was not muscular enough to feel himself the equal of those of his own age; he could not cricket, or shoot, or play billiards. If he found a boy before whom he could swagger, he would take him up for a day or two and patronise him and give him tartlets; but boys speedily found him out, and despised him and deserted him; occasionally, he caught them caricaturing him. Girls did not pay him attention; they slighted him; only Bessie Cable stood by him, ready to fight his battles and hold him up, and be to him the tower of strength he needed. His father despised him; his mother bullied him; but Bessie loved him with infinite pity and disinterested fidelity. He was flattered and touched, and in his loneliness drew towards her the more because forbidden to associate with her.

One day, both had disappeared from Mr Giles Gotham's house. Gabriel had persuaded Bessie to clope with him over the Scottish frontier and to be married. Married they were in Scotland; and from Scotland, Gabriel wrote to his father and his uncle announcing the step he had taken. He received no answer from either. He remained in Scotland with his Bessie for some weeks, as long as his money lasted, the money wherewith he had been provided by his uncle; and when that was expended, he wrote for more. Then he heard from Mr Jeremy Gotham. His uncle was furious. He would disinherit him, unless he at once separated from the low-born maid-of-all-work he had mated with, and whom Mr Jeremy absolutely refused to acknowledge. Then, Gabriel wrote a penitent letter to his father. Mr Giles came to Scotland, and discovered that the marriage could be invalidated. According to the Act of Parliament on the subject, one of the parties contracting a marriage in Scotland must have been resident there twenty-one days previous to the ceremony. Gabriel had not resided there with Bessie the full time: it was short by exactly five hours; therefore, the marriage could be upset. With Gabriel's consent, it was upset. He was in no position to earn a livelihood; he was destitute of private means; he listened to reason, as his father said, and deserted Bessie. Mr Giles had the marriage cancelled; and when Bessie became a mother, her child was not qualified to bear his father's name.

Three years passed before she reappeared in Hanford with her boy, Richard. There she remained. Of her story, nothing was known; she never spoke of it. She had lost her character whilst in service, people said; but so had many another maid, and the particulars did not transpire. Gabriel was received again into favour by his uncle. He and Bessie never met again to speak; she avoided him, as he avoided her. In his base mind rankled a sense of degradation, of shame for his desertion of the faithful creature. Her pride sustained her. She could not forgive his treachery. So she lived by herself, and reared her son, and the son did not know who was his father.

No wonder that now, after a lapse of but a little short of forty years, Mr Gabriel Gotham started and shrank from the woman he had wronged, when she broke through her reserve and came to meet him within his own gates.

(To be continued.)

COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS AND THE DAVY LAMP.

It is more than seventy years since Sir Humphry Davy constructed his safety-lamp. During all that time it has been greatly used in coal-mines. The British miner is but slightly acquainted with any rival. Of late, authoritative opinions have been expressed that the protection it affords is less efficacious than could readily be attained. Yet, throughout all the period named, no experience has been made known that bears on its alleged defects with an instructive force comparable to that of a story which has been told about a recent explosion at Woodend Colliery, situated betwixt Tyldesley and Leigh. The tale is that of a man who saw, directly and plainly, the origin of the catastrophe. He is thus able to explain what has hitherto been the subject of surmise, authenticated partially by circumstantial evidence, or by analogies drawn from artificial experiments. He saw how the explosive mixture and the exploding flame came together. His testimony demonstrates that if there be need for a better class of lamps in mines, much greater is the need for a more careful handling of them by the miners.

The chief component of the explosive mixture is carburetted hydrogen, with unequal proportions of olefiant, nitrogen, and carbonic acid gases. According to these proportions, the compound, when mixed with atmospheric air, shows different degrees of inflammability. The hydrogen is the chief, perhaps the only, inflammable constituent. It contains two volumes of hydrogen, and one of vapour of carbon. It is the confinement of this gas which causes it to explode. Left free, it is harmless as loose gunpowder. If the proportion of olefiant in combination with it be large, its inflammability is increased. If nitrogen or carbonic acid is present in quantity, the inflammability is diminished. In no case will it explode so as to occasion a mine accident except when it mingles with atmospheric air in a rate varying from seven to twenty-five per cent. Under seven, the gas is too diluted and diffuse: over twenty-five, common air does not contain sufficient oxygen to combine harmfully with so large a proportion. The most dangerous ratio has been found to be about twelve and a half per cent. Davy, following up a series of experiments which gave him the materials for his first Bakerian lectures, discovered these facts early in 1815, when he turned an earnest attention to the hazards of mining; and in November of that year he laid his discoveries before the Royal Society. They have since been substantiated by ample corroboration. The gas described is the firedamp of the collier. It exists in varying quantity throughout coal-strata in general. Cavities in and around the coal-seams are filled

by it, often in a highly compressed state. When the workings advance so that these receptacles are pierced, the hitherto confined gas rushes forth with a hissing sound, and the workmen name them 'blowers.' When it exudes in great plenty from many apertures, the pit gets the reputation of being 'fiery.' The more bituminous the coal, the more readily it *cakes* when burning, so much the more does it for the most part contain of this dangerous aeriform gas.

The exploding flame is also gaseous matter heated so intensely as to become luminous. Simultaneously with his investigations as to the explosiveness of firedamp, Davy also prosecuted experiments regarding different modes of its contact with ordinary light derived from artificial sources. He ascertained that in tubes the seventh of an inch in diameter, explosive mixtures of air and damp could not be fired, as also that metallic tubes were better preventives than glass. Upon this he acted in designing his safety-lamp, which was planned and finished between the middle of November—when he reported to the Royal Society—and the commencement of the ensuing year. The lamp is a simple contrivance. It consists of an oil-fed wick inclosed in a wire-gauze cylinder six inches long by one and a half in diameter, with a double piece atop. The standard first adopted for the number of apertures in the gauze was twenty-six for every linear inch, or seven hundred and eighty-four to every inch square, now sometimes reduced to six hundred and twenty-five. Through these apertures the flame will not pass except by applied force; and the cooling influence of the wire-gauze is such that though the firedamp may get in, yet, in an ordinary case, neither it nor the external air will explode, the quantity that surrounds the wick giving forth a feeble blue flame, which in extraordinary cases may fill the whole interior. This is a signal of danger not to be neglected. Should the wire-gauze, notwithstanding its efficiency as a conductor of heat, become incandescent, then a powerful 'blower,' suddenly discharged, may either extinguish the lamp, or drive the flame through the gauze with most disastrous consequences. The Royal Commission on Mines, that sat five years ago, concluded that a system of ventilation which drives the atmospheric air with great velocity, mingling it with the firedamp which it is meant to carry off, may produce exactly the same result. There is no reason to doubt it; though the fact illustrates how the attainment of a desired benefit may be marred by bringing with it an accompanying evil. How best to get air into coal-mines, causing it to circulate rapidly through every hole and corner, has long been an object of practical regard, and astonishing improvements have been effected on the early and imperfect modes of attaining this end; but if they induce counter-hazards, if improved arrangements for putting in air give rise to a necessity for equal improvements in the method of putting out fire or avoiding it, then, pending their discovery, the gain will be more than questionable.

Both air and fire are powerfully affected by outside influences. Atmospheric changes tell upon the ventilation of a mine when that ventilation appears to be most efficient. Thus, a pit may be well supplied with air during a whole day,

and show every sign at its close of being safe and free, yet, ere the morning a variation in atmospheric pressure may cause such a difference that it is unfit for being entered. Should the weight of common air be lessened, the 'blowers' will be relieved from opposition, and much gas will be released from the hissing crevices of the coal, as well as from the old waste places of the mine, called *goaves*. It is very probable that several unexplained explosions are attributable to this cause; and there is much likelihood that it helped to enhance the violence of the Woodend catastrophe. High winds will change the temperature and the weight of air; and it is always found that a sudden fall of the barometer is closely followed by a derangement of pit ventilation. Hence the propriety of diligently observing barometric changes; while it would be well to discover by a large induction of instances whether the presence of gas is in anywise, like the prevalence of certain weathers, distributed in areas. Another hazard is that which is connected with the comparative density or minuteness of coal-dust. In a dusty mine, the abundance of particles lowers the proportion of firedamp which forms an explosive mixture, extends the flame once it has passed the barrier of wire-gauze, and, by its own partial combustion, increases the poisonous and suffocating character of the air which remains to be breathed. The Woodend pit was dusty; and it seems well nigh evident that the characteristic qualities of such a pit were evinced in connection with the mishap. Still, though such conjectural explanations may supplement, they will not invalidate, the distinct and remarkable narrative of the survivor.

His name is John Wooley. He is not an experienced working collier. His labour was the removal of props at the end of a *goaf*, where the workings have been long exhausted. Within sight of him was another man, Brown, apparently more unskilled, whose duty was to clear away rubbish from the coal-bewers. He had a Davy lamp swinging betwixt his legs from a strap. Wooley says this lamp was fired. 'The gas began coming into his gauze; his gauze burst. Brown shook his lamp, and blew into it. I saw the light flash from it, and there was a terrible report.' He then recounts how he was knocked over and burnt by the flame, as also how he found relief from putting his mouth to the cold iron rail on which the trucks ran, which 'gave him breath,' and 'seemed to revive' him, enabling him to hold out till he was extricated. It was a remarkable deliverance, unexampled by the record of any exact precedent or parallel; and it is replete with suggestions which ought to be as largely influential as they are instructive.

The narrative substantiates in so far the conclusions adverse to the Davy lamp which have been lately indicated. They were expounded in the clearest and most effective manner by Professor Sir F. Abel in a contribution he submitted to the Society of Arts. Agreeing with the Royal Commission on Mine Accidents as to the inferences derivable from their painstaking investigations, he pronounced it certain that with a velocity of air amounting to thirty or thirty-five feet per second, the lamp must cease to afford security. This, however, though it was brilliantly illustrated, did not amount to a new

revelation—it was only to reiterate what has been long familiar. It tallies with reason; it has been confirmed by experiment; it was admitted by Davy himself. He proclaimed with emphasis that his lamp was not an infallible protector; that it gave a guarantee for safety only under certain conditions; that the flame would undoubtedly pass through the gauze in such circumstances as occurred at Woodend. The inquiry thus comes to be: ought the protecting influence of a brisk ventilation to be abated in order to avoid a related danger? or can science so amend the safety-lamps which are in use as to reconcile the two benefits of fresh air in abundance with freedom from explosions? The reply would be easier were the benefits of ventilation, taken separately, well assured. It must be remembered, however, that a large quantity of air is not the sole necessity; much depends on how it is distributed. A mine with a small circulation of air properly sent through all its various passages may be better ventilated than one with a large circulation injuriously applied. Especially is this the case if the air-current so visits the dikes and slips by the sides of which the firedamp collects as to dilute them merely up to the explosive point, for then is good turned to evil, and the intended benefit may prove fraught with extreme peril. This has been exemplified in circumstances wherein the best lamp, most skilfully handled, would not have availed as a preventive.

Still, though the Davy must ever remain a fine instance of inductive and experimental research, it is not in all respects the best lamp now. It were strange had perfection been reached at once, so that no advance was possible during seventy years. The progress made has been slow, though many efforts have been put forth. The oldest rivals to the Davy lamp are the Clanny and the Stephenson—familiarily named by the miners of the north 'the Geordie,' after its famous inventor. Neither is so much liked by the workmen, for they yield less light and require great care in use. Both have shared the condemnation pronounced upon the Davy, as being insecure if exposed to air-currents of even moderate velocity. Belgium has been a fortunate competitor in the provision of a substitute. Many years ago, the Belgian government recommended the invention of one Boty, a citizen of their own. Four years since, a French Colliery Commission advised the adoption of the Mueseler, the work of another Belgian, who had combined the Clanny and the Stephenson, adding original improvements. In their last Report, the British Commission speak favourably of it in a form still further amended, with the view of overcoming two grievous practical defects—one, that when quickly turned it is apt to be extinguished; and another, that its light does not reach the roof of the mine, so that the workers are exposed to danger from the fall of detached masses, and that it is impossible to get through the same amount of labour by its aid.

It is represented that these objections have been obviated by what is called the 'bonneted' or 'protected' Mueseler. The claim seems to be valid, for a Welsh miner told the Commission: 'We can see six yards better with it than we can see three with the other'—that is, the ordinary Mueseler. The Commissioners, notwithstanding,

gave the preference to a lamp contrived by a Welshman, Evan Thomas. He has also taken as the base of his activity the invention of Dr Clanny—an intellectual and philanthropic man, who got little of fame or profit from his labours in this department of exertion. The modifications introduced by Thomas seem, however, to have been very successful. The Commissioners say of the lamp as he has altered it: 'The flame is bright, and remarkably steady in the strongest air-current we can produce. In an explosive atmosphere moving with a velocity of three thousand two hundred feet per minute, it showed no sign of danger after an exposure of nearly eight minutes. With current velocities down to four hundred feet per minute, the gas always burned continuously in the gauze, which did not become visibly hot till the velocity approached sixteen hundred feet. The lamp-flame was in all cases extinguished in the gas mixture in a few seconds.' This last contrivance, it should be said, is borrowed, with improvements, from Stephenson. If the experience of practical men should confirm that of the Commissioners, then Evan Thomas's device ought forthwith to become the lamp of the future, and to keep its place till an unquestionable masterpiece appears.

But the astounding negligence and rashness of colliers are such as to defy enumeration or conjecture. In this Woodend case, it seems indisputable that with ordinary sense and precaution the calamity might have been avoided. Brown, at whose lamp the ignition took place, had obviously slight experience as a miner, yet he was employed at the end of a *goaf*, which is usually a reservoir of carburetted hydrogen. Wooley was at the same time engaged in removing props, an operation likely to disturb the strata, and so to cause a discharge of the gas accumulated in that deserted portion of the pit where the ventilation, unless exceedingly well managed, often does not reach, and sometimes reaches only to aggravate risk. Brown must have been ignorant about lamps, for he had his swinging between his legs, an arrangement which only a very stupid or a very careless man would have adopted. He must have been equally ignorant about firedamp, for when he found the whole interior inside the gauze aflame, instead of removing to the place where the lamps of Wooley and his companion showed that the gas had not reached, he halted amid the explosive atmosphere and blew into his own; a method than which none could be better fitted to bring on the disaster which ensued. Wooley has erred in saying that the lamp burst immediately after, for it has since been found uninjured; but it is certain that no expression could better describe the appearance that must have struck him when the flame burst through the gauze, and was instantly followed by the explosion. That the safety of the Thomas lamp will be lessened when it is less carefully handled than it was under the inspection of the Commissioners, may be assumed. When the hardihood, bred of familiarity, which prevails among colliers is considered, then large allowance may be made for extra risks. It is known how prone they are to the use of naked lights; with what ingenuity they can unfasten even the lock invented by Mr Bidder as a protection for the Davy lamp; what a strange disposition they show to leave

it dingy and foul, though no one has ever heard of a Davy, properly cleaned, 'bursting' while immersed in gas, through the strength of gas alone. The general conclusion is, that wanton laxity or reckless evasion will defeat the most skilful invention backed by the utmost rigidity of rule, and that the safety of the miner must always depend in large measure less upon ingenious contrivance or precise regulation, than upon the conscientious forethought and prudence of himself and his fellows.

TOLD BY TWO.

A NOVELETTE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. V.—THE NARRATIVE OF EMMELINE BURT
CONCLUDED.

TIME passed on, and soon the eventful day was here. Great preparations had been made in honour of the occasion; but of these I should have known little, had it not been for garrulous Mrs Case, who, notwithstanding that she was, as she said, 'nearly driven out of her mind,' yet contrived to find time for her customary gossip. It was from her I learned that Mr Bruton and Mr Felix had been away in London for a day, but that they had returned together on Tuesday afternoon. Early on Wednesday morning, Mr Bruton himself went over to Cheriton to fetch her ladyship's diamonds from the bank.

I had seen nothing of Mrs Ion since that night when I had watched for her in the park; we had not even met casually on the stairs, as we had not unfrequently done before. It almost seemed as if she were shunning me of set purpose.

In the afternoon, after his return from the bank, Mr Bruton took his nieces for a canter across the downs. From my window I watched them start. Mr Bruton happening to look up, recognised me, and smilingly raised his hat. As I sat at my window, I saw Mr Felix, smoking a cigar, pass and repass several times at a distance. He seemed to be strolling aimlessly about the grounds, enjoying the fresh air and the sunshine. What would the next few hours bring forth? If any attempt were about to be made to purloin the diamonds, it would have to be made that night or not at all, seeing that on the morrow they would be returned to the custody of the bank. All day I was restless and uneasy, and unable to settle my mind to anything. I experienced the same quivering tension of the nerves that always affects me in thundery weather. For me the moral atmosphere was charged with electricity. It was a relief when the short spring day drew to a close, and Mary came in with the tea-tray and a lighted lamp. By-and-by the guests began to arrive. From where I sat, I could hear the faint roll of wheels on the gravel as carriage after carriage drove up to the front entrance. It was the evening I always set apart for writing to Will, and I had never yet missed doing so since his departure; but to-night, pen and paper lay untouched before me. 'One day

can make no difference,' I said to myself; 'and to-morrow I may perhaps have so much more to tell him.' I sat like one who waits for the first thunder-clap.

Hour passed after hour, and no one came near me—a respite for which, under the circumstances, I was not unthankful. Now and then, when some distant door opened for a moment, a faint waft of music would reach me from the ballroom; but for that, I might have fancied myself the sole inmate of the great rambling old mansion, which to me always seemed big enough to house a regiment of soldiers. It was long after midnight before I went to bed, and when sleep at last came to me, it brought with it dark, troubled dreams, from which I awoke at daybreak feverish and unrefreshed. Meanwhile, strange things had happened of which I knew nothing.

Hitherto, I have only written of that which came within the scope of my own experience; what follows is derived from information supplied me by others, but chiefly by Mr Bruton.

It was four o'clock when the last of the guests drove away; day would not break till two hours later. Lady Clavison retired at once to her dressing-room. The first thing she did was to take off her diamonds and put them away in the oaken casket, clamped with silver, which stood there on the table, and had never been out of sight of her maid the whole evening, containing as it did a quantity of rings and other jewels which she had not required. Lady Clavison locked the casket with a key which never left her own possession, and a few minutes later dismissed her maid. Her ladyship's dressing-room had three doors—one opening into the corridor, one into her bedroom, and a third giving access to a pretty boudoir, where she generally partook of breakfast, read her letters, and issued her mandates for the day. The dressing-room had two windows, both of which were secured by iron bars, so that either ingress or egress by means of them was impossible. The boudoir had one window—a French one—opening on to a balcony, which in summer was crowded with flowers, but now, in this month of March, held only two or three tubs containing evergreens. Heavy winter curtains draped all the windows. Having dismissed Simpson, Lady Clavison proceeded to lock and bolt the door into the corridor, and then satisfied herself that the corresponding doors in the bed and morning rooms were also secure. Having extinguished the lamp in the latter, she locked the door of communication between it and the dressing-room, and further drew a thick *portière* across the doorway. In the dressing-room, a dim night-light was left burning. These things done, Lady Clavison retired. Sir Francis had retired long ago; he never stayed up beyond a certain hour for any one. The door opening from the dressing-room to the bedroom was shut, but not bolted. Below stairs, Mrs Case, cross and thoroughly tired out, had hurried every one to bed, and in a little while silence and darkness reigned throughout the mansion.

Simpson, sitting in solitary confinement as it were, and keeping watch and ward over the jewel-case, had had one visitor in the course of the evening. Between eleven and twelve o'clock a tap had come at the dressing-room door, and

when it was opened, there stood Mrs Ion, her head shrouded in a black lace shawl. She was suffering from neuralgia, she said, and as she knew that her ladyship sometimes suffered from the same cause, she had come to see whether Simpson could supply her with any drops or tincture that would be likely to alleviate her pain. Simpson of course asked her in, and conducted her from the dressing-room, where the jewel-casket was standing on the table, into the boudoir, where she was able, from a phial kept by her ladyship, to supply Mrs Ion with some drops which would doubtless answer the required purpose. Notwithstanding the pain she was in, Mrs Ion's quick-glancing black eyes seemed to let nothing escape them. 'I have been in this room once before,' she said; 'it was on the occasion of my first interview here with her ladyship.' As she spoke, she drew aside the curtain that shrouded the window. 'Yes, of course—a bay-window with a balcony outside. I remember it quite well;' and with a profusion of thanks, she presently went her way.

The old house was wrapped in darkness and silence, but not in sleep. All through the long hours of the March night, sharp eyes were on the watch, quick ears on the alert both indoors and out. The stable clock had just struck five when from under a chintz-draped couch in Lady Clavison's boudoir there crept a little, under-sized, dark-visaged man, who must have been hidden there for some hours. Having struck a silent match, he lighted the lamp which Lady Clavison had extinguished, and then turned it down till nothing of it was visible but a tiny point of flame. His next proceeding was to glide behind the curtain, open the fastenings of the window, and suspend a rope with a steel hook at one end of it from the iron-work of the balcony. In case of a surprise, he would merely have to lower himself by means of the rope and plunge into the darkness beyond. He had brought a small case of tools with him; and to a craftsman so skilled in his peculiar line as he presumably was, the door between the boudoir and the dressing-room doubtless proved but a trifling obstacle. A quarter of an hour later, he emerged on the balcony with the precious casket in his arms. Peering cautiously down, he could just distinguish the outlines of a cloaked figure. He gave utterance to a low 'Hist!' and at once a voice gave it back like an echo. Agile as a gymnast, a moment later he clambered over the balcony and lowered himself and the casket to the ground. Alas! it was only to feel four bony knuckles inserted between the nape of his neck and his cravat, and to see several dark-coated figures that seemed to spring from nowhere close round him the instant his feet touched *terra firma*.

'Allow me to carry your parcel for you,' said a voice as some one took the casket out of his unresisting hands, while an instant later the light of a bull's-eye was flashed in his face.

'Ah ha, just as I suspected!' said he who had spoken before. 'At your old games, Mr Tony. We have been on the lookout for you for some time, and are glad to make your acquaintance once again.'

'Anyhow, you needn't throttle a fellow,' he contrived to gasp out.

They took him indoors, and there he found his

wife—Mrs Ion, as we must still call her—in charge of two constables.

It is enough to say that they were put on their trial at the next Cheriton assizes, and that both of them were sentenced to long but different terms of penal servitude. In the case of the man, two previous convictions were proved against him. Both of them were persons of good education and tolerable ability, and had started in life with fair prospects. How it happened that they had sunk step by step till they had come to be what they were now, was one of those sad mysteries of which unhappily we see but too many around us.

As a matter of course, the testimonials by means of which Mrs Ion had procured the situation at Normanfield turned out to be barefaced forgeries. It was the fame of Lady Clavison's diamonds which had first set the man's brain to work at concocting a scheme by means of which he hoped to make them his own; and it was through the agency of Mr Felix, who was connected with a Secret Service Office in London, that the plot ended in such a signal failure.

After her conviction, Mrs Ion, having nothing further either to gain or lose, made a full confession of her share in the bank robbery. In that instance the scheme had also emanated from her husband's plotting brain. The young woman who was her confederate in the nefarious transaction had died about a year later.

The particulars of Mrs Ion's confession were duly notified to Mr Yarrell, and through him to the directors of the Bemerton Banking Company. If the slightest shade of suspicion had ever lingered in their minds with regard to Will's honesty in the affair, it was now dispelled for ever. Mr Yarrell, in the name of the Board, wrote him a very handsome letter, in which he did not fail to state that he had always held him in the very highest esteem.

Will and I have been married for several years; but in our happy Australian home, as we sit in the veranda, on the still summer evenings, after the youngsters are in bed, we often call up the pictures of the past, and live over again in memory the events of which we have here endeavoured to give a plain and unvarnished narrative.

A FEW WORDS ON BRONCHITIS.

THERE are very few months in the year when bronchitis is not more or less rife among us. This complaint is, however, notwithstanding its prevalence, little understood by the general public. It is the fashion nowadays, not only with people generally, but also with many medical men, to call all colds in which a cough is one of the symptoms—bronchitis. It is really not so. Bronchitis may be contemporary—if we may so phrase it—with an ordinary common cold. A cough is always present in bronchitis; but bronchitis is not always indicated whenever there is a cough.

Before proceeding further, it will be well, in order that we may better understand the nature of the disease, to examine the structures in which the lesion of bronchitis takes place—namely, the lungs. Imagine a large tube, consisting of

muscular and fibrous tissue, terminating at one end in the throat, at the other end dividing into two tubes, or bifurcating, as it is called. These two are again subdivided; the resulting tubes are subdivided; and so on almost to infinity, terminating at last in little puffed-out, bag-like extremities. This mass of tubes, each running into a larger tube, comprises the whole mechanism which is called the lungs. It is easy to imagine that in the most minute divisions, two tubes have a common wall, and as a matter of fact this is so. The first tube is called the trachea, and with it we have now nothing to do. Its divisions are called the larger bronchi; its subdivisions, for a somewhat indefinite distance, but at anyrate only so far as they can be traced easily with the naked eye, are called the smaller bronchi. It is here, then, that the disease bronchitis, or inflammation of the bronchi (the termination *-itis* in all medical words always means 'inflammation of'), is found. A similar disease is no doubt also found in the smaller tubes and their terminations; it is, however, called by another name, and the symptoms are somewhat different. Bronchitis is not altogether a correct term, for the *walls* of the bronchi are not affected with inflammation throughout their whole thickness, but *only* the thin lining membrane called the mucous membrane is so affected.

Inflammation, then, of this mucous membrane causes the minute blood-vessels running in its substance to become highly charged with blood and much congested. This condition, it is easy to see, would cause some swelling and thickening of the membrane, lessening the diameter of the tube, and so obstructing the passage of air through it. It also causes the surface to be reddened in the same manner as we have all observed in inflammation of the eye, a condition which is commonly called 'bloodshot.' From this congested, blood-charged, swollen, and thickened membrane, a sticky, glutinous discharge is poured forth, forming the expectoration—another symptom of the disease. During the time that the inflammatory condition is being induced, the patient constantly coughs a hard, dry, hacking cough, making him complain of a soreness down the middle of his chest, shaking the whole body in the effort, yet unable to expectorate. No sooner does this discharge appear, than the symptoms abate, the cough is less painful, and though probably frequent, is far less troublesome—the feverishness subsides.

Respecting the poultices—it is not the *drawing power* of the material of which the poultice is composed which does good, but simply the heat which is held by its substance, so that by leaving one of these applications on for a long time, in the hope of it *drawing*, does as much harm as good; for no sooner does it get cold than it begins to do harm, and counteracts what good its heat had already worked. Put on, then, a poultice as hot as it can be borne not only over a small part of the chest, but over the *whole* chest, both back and front, and remove it as soon as its heat has become absorbed.

The medicines used should never be taken with a view to stop the cough; coughing is nature's method of removing the offending matter, and is set up by the irritation of the inflamed surface. To remove the cough permanently, it

is necessary to cure the inflammation, and by taking medicines which prevent the expectoration of the products of that inflammation simply extends and intensifies the disease. The medicines should tend to increase the ease of expectoration, to decrease the viscosity of its composition, and to allay and soothe the irritability of the inflamed membrane.

Bronchitis becomes a dangerous disease when the inflammation is so intense that the mucous membrane becomes so swollen and thickened that the blood can flow with difficulty through the lungs. We must here explain that all the blood in the body is passed through the lungs in the course of its circulation, and is there purified and aerated. Should it pass through less quickly than is natural, its purification is less rapid; its effect upon the tissues through which it passes is less beneficial. The heart has to expend more power in propelling it in its course, and the partial stagnation acts prejudicially upon the whole system.

RECENT HOAXES.

THE worst of English humour is that it is so apt to take a practical form. Practical joking is generally considered, except, indeed, by the unfortunate victim, the cream of English fun, and is tolerated in England to an extent that seems to a foreigner incredible. The most abominable form of practical joking is undoubtedly the hoax, and during the last few years hoaxing seems to have been on the increase. It was only a short while ago that a lively gentleman in one of the London suburbs was fined five pounds for sending a telegram to a friend's wife to say that that friend had seriously injured himself by burns and had gone to the hospital. Never was a penalty better deserved; and the culprit's ardour for practical joking will probably have cooled considerably by this time. A still more senseless and cruel hoax was perpetrated a short time before, when a man was informed that a Newcastle gentleman whose life he had once saved had left him an estate worth a thousand a year. Needless to state, the message was untrue. A still grosser case was the Liverpool hoax of last winter, when an advertisement was inserted in the papers for a large number of workingmen to help in preparing the Exhibition grounds, all candidates for employment to bring spades and pickaxes. There were a great number of men out of work in the city: crowds of them streamed out to the Exhibition site, many of them having purchased, out of the remnants of their savings, the required tools; and when, after a weary walk, they reached the ground, they found the whole affair was a hoax. Can senselessness and barbarity in a so-called practical joke go much farther than this?

More humorous, though hardly less cruel, was the recent advertisement which drew some hundreds of would-be ladies of the ballet to the house of one of the best known and sternest of

the judges. Had it happened to Mr Justice A or Mr Justice B, there would have been nothing so very laughable in it; but occurring as it did to that member of the bench whose name every one instinctively associates with the majesty of the law and the scarlet and ermine of the assize courts, it was irresistible.

Of a more harmless kind was the Downing Street hoax of last July, when several furniture vans from different firms arrived—so it was said—at Mr Gladstone's official residence shortly after his resignation, to remove 'old collars, hats, coats, and similar effects;' such, at anyrate, was the object named on the postcards they had received.

It is tolerably well known that for an undergraduate to be abroad in the evening without cap and gown is an offence against the laws of his university, and if detected in his transgression by the proctors, the offending Cantab or Oxonian is invited to call on the proctor next morning to make a modest contribution to the university finances. In case he does not respond to the invitation with sufficient alacrity, a form is filled in requesting him to attend without delay. In 1884, at Oxford some evil-disposed person purloined a number of these forms, filled them in, and sent them to some sixty or seventy undergraduates; and the scene on the proctor's staircase next morning may be better imagined than described.

But perhaps the most notable hoax of recent years occurred about two years back. An American cotton-planter in the Southern States had, it was reported, after years of fruitless attempts, succeeded in crossing the cotton plant and the ocrea, a species of hemp. The result had exceeded all expectations. The new plant bore only one blossom, of large size, of a fragrance similar to the magnolia—pink at first, and gradually fading to white. When this fell off, its seed-vessel swelled and swelled; till at last, when ripe, it burst, and revealed a large mass of cotton at least two pounds in weight, quite free from the troublesome seeds, which were all at the bottom of the pod. The account was copied from one paper into another; showers of letters came beseeching the lucky planter for a few seeds, and it was confidently predicted that the cotton industry would be revolutionised. The *Standard* and other English newspapers devoted a leading article to the new discovery. And after all this discussion, it turned out that the whole affair was the invention of some waggish Southern editor at a loss for a subject in the holiday season.

Finally, only in the last days of October, comes the news that a clergyman of Dublin has been led on a wildgoose chase into the wilds of Colorado by a message that a deceased Irish emigrant named Moore had left sixty thousand pounds to the Irish Protestant Church, which accordingly, on behalf of the Church, the clergyman set out to claim. Arrived at Denver, after the journey of so many thousand miles, the unfortunate gentleman found that the affair was the production of the fertile brain of a Denver lawyer. It is, however, some kind of satisfaction to hear that the State considers this very practical

joker too valuable an inventive genius to be lost sight of, and there is every probability that for the next few years he will have neither leisure nor opportunities for hoaxing the Britishers.

THE LAW OF TREASURE-TROVE.

THE Home Office notice as to accidentally discovered treasure, technically termed treasure-trove, effects a great change in the practice, if not in the law. Although the arrangement is avowedly a tentative one, and the rights of the Crown are expressly preserved, there can be little doubt that the regulations of the Lords of the Treasury will practically supersede the law, or at anyrate render it obsolete. In future, all finders of treasure-trove—on condition that they report their discoveries to the authorities—are to be entitled to all such articles as are not actually required for national institutions, and to the antiquarian value of those that are so required, less twenty per cent. But although the proceeding seems to be a little irregular, it is certainly a step in the right direction. The rights of the Crown to treasure-trove have without doubt led to many a 'find' being concealed. Old gold and silver coins of almost priceless value to numismatists, rare silver plate of unique interest to collectors, and objects innumerable of 'bigotry and virtue' have often been smuggled into the melting-pot, and converted with all speed into a shapeless mass of metal. This was the fate of a quantity of probably Saxon jewelry found by a labourer when ploughing a field near Hastings some twenty years ago. The plough unearthed a number of old rings and chains, which the ploughman sold for old brass at sixpence a pound. When melted down, the eleven pounds of old gold realised five hundred and thirty pounds. It is of course impossible to estimate the antiquarian value of such a find, and the case illustrates the temptations of the law. The sterling value of gold and silver is enough to tempt ignorant cupidity; and it is easy to conjure up instances in which objects of surpassing historical and archaeological interest have been recklessly destroyed. On this ground alone, then, the Home Office order is abundantly justified.

The right of the Crown to treasure-trove can at anyrate boast a respectable antiquity, for it rests upon the king's prerogative of coinage. This right, under which all gold and silver mines were declared to be royal, and in pursuance of which, under various statutes, the Crown has the right of purchasing the ore of those copper, tin, or lead mines in which gold or silver may be found, at the price of the baser metal, seems to have been founded upon the notion that it was necessary to supply the king with materials for the coinage; at least it is put no higher in the books.

'Treasure-trove' has been defined as consisting of 'money or coin, gold, silver, plate, or bullion'; and must be found 'hidden.' In other words, nothing is included under the designation except gold and silver; and although it is practically immaterial where it is hidden, there must be evidence of actual hiding. Thus, it is not enough to show that it was lost or abandoned. The distinc-

tion is illustrative of the subtleties in which the law delights. If treasure be found on the ground or in the sea, and there is nothing to show who is the owner, it belongs to the finder; but if it be found buried in the earth or in the roof or walls of a house, it is treasure-trove, and belongs to the Crown. The difference lies in the intention of the owner. The fact of the hiding is held to be evidence of the owner's intention not to relinquish his rights of property. But, on the other hand, treasure which has been thrown into the sea otherwise than as flotsam, jetsam, or ligan, or left on the ground, is returned, as Blackstone puts it, 'into the common stock,' and so becomes the property of the finder, in the same way as if he were the first occupant. That 'finding is keeping' was at one period in the world's history also true in the case of treasure-trove; but with the growth of the royal prerogative it was excepted from the general rule. Grotius even speaks of the right of the Crown to hidden treasure as *jus commune et quasi gentium*; and it is not a little remarkable that it was recognised in his day in Germany, France, Spain, and Denmark, as well as in England.

The Goths seem literally to have been the first to declare the prince's property in buried treasure. The rich hoards hid by the Romans when driven out of their homes by the northern barbarians, fell a prey to the conquerors; and such was their value, that the generals made it a capital offence to conceal or appropriate them. This was, too, once the law of England. Both Glanville and Bracton, who wrote in the reigns of Henry II. and Henry III., record that the *occultatio thesauri inventi fraudulosa* was punishable with death. This is the more curious, since treasure-trove was never the subject of larceny; its concealment belonged to the class of misprisions or high misdemeanours. But the penalty was long since reduced to fine and imprisonment.

The holding an inquest upon treasure-trove is among the most ancient duties of the coroner. By a statute of Edward I., the coroner was required, on being certified by the king's bailiffs or other 'honest men of the country,' to go to the places where treasure was said to be found and to inquire who were the finders. It is quaintly suggested that it may well be perceived who is to be suspected of finding it, 'where one liveth riotously, haunting taverns, and hath done so a long time.' Moreover, the individual might be apprehended upon this suspicion.

But the new regulations will probably supersede all these old processes. In the future, there will be little temptation to conceal treasure-trove, because the finder will be quite as substantially rewarded by discovering it to the authorities. In a recent case, the Treasury gave a practical illustration of this. A number of old English gold coins of various dates were found by a workman in some old oak-beam which had been taken from a farmhouse near Luton. Of these, many proved of such rarity that they were sent to the national collections; but the Treasury gave orders that the finder should be paid for them at the rate of their value as old gold; while the remainder were returned to him. But it is a curious instance of the changes of the law, that we should now offer a substantial reward to deter persons from committing an offence

which in the 'good old times' was punished with death, and is still a high misdemeanour second only to misprision of treason and misprision of felony.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

DIFFERENT theories have been enumerated to account for the phenomena exhibited by the so-called 'variable' stars, which wax and wane, and which—many of them—have fixed periods of brightness and dullness. These theories are mostly of an unsatisfactory character, and have been necessarily little more than vague guesses. But at last the spectroscope seems to have done something towards solving the interesting problem involved in the behaviour of these distant bodies. Professor Sherman, of Yale, has brought before the American National Academy of Sciences the results of certain spectroscopic observations made upon the well-known variable star Beta Lyre. Sometimes the spectrum given by this star will exhibit a number of bright lines, while at other times the lines are dark, some of these indicating the presence of magnesium and other metals. It is believed from these observations that the atmosphere of the star consists of three layers, 'the outer layer consisting of carbon and hydrocarbons, which occasionally descend into a subjacent layer of oxygen, and undergo combustion, and ultimately descend into the third layer, where the intense heat again separates the products of the combustion into their chemical elements.' This theory would explain the cause of the variability in the star, for it is obvious that such changes as are described must be attended by evolutions of bright light, which at times are absent.

In the course of a discussion which followed the reading of a paper before the Bristol Naturalists' Society relative to the Deposition of Dust and Smoke by Electricity, the suggestion was made, that in flour-mills and coal-mines, where the dust is of an inflammable nature, electricity would be dangerous, and that it would be better in such situations to water the ground with some solution of a sticky nature, to prevent the dust rising in the air. The President of the Society, Professor Ramsay, remarked that in Paris, some years ago, a solution of chloride of calcium had been used to water the roads, in order to prevent the formation of dust. But the remedy was worse than the disease, for in very hot weather the salt became dry, and formed in itself a dust of such an irritating nature that its use had to be abandoned. He also stated that in certain lead-works, the lead-dust was most effectually retained by passing the smoke through thick flannel bags, a process far more simple and cheaper than the employment of electricity.

According to the *Gas and Water Review*, pipes made of paper have lately been exhibited at Vienna, such pipes being designed to take the place of the iron tubes which convey gas and water beneath our streets. They are rolled from sheets of paper, like firework cases, and are coated on the inner side with an enamel the composition of which is a secret. The paper is also charged with asphalt during the rolling operation. If it

be true, as stated, that these pipes will resist an internal pressure of two thousand pounds, although the material is only half an inch in thickness, many uses will be found for them. But we must remember that this idea of substituting paper pipes for those of iron and lead is one which crops up periodically, and never seems to get beyond the newspaper paragraph stage of existence.

The new submarine boat *Nautilus*, which was successfully tried the other day in presence of the Admiralty authorities, differs from its predecessors in the manner in which it is caused to sink or rise in the water at will. The machinery by which this upward and downward movement is brought about is as simple as it is efficient, and one is tempted to wonder why no one thought of it before. At each side of the vessel are four portholes, into which fit cylinders two feet in diameter. When these cylinders are projected outwards, as they can be by suitable gearing, the displacement of the boat is so much increased that the vessel rises to the surface; but when the cylinders are withdrawn into their sockets it will sink. The idea is such a good one that it seems at once to remove submarine travelling from romance to reality.

The principal use of submarine boats is for the attachment of torpedoes to the bottoms of ships in time of war. But surely the confidence of the authorities in torpedoes must be somewhat shaken after the recent experiments at Portsmouth, when a Whitehead torpedo, carefully fixed to the hull of the *Resistance*, failed to inflict any very serious damage to that old ironclad when it exploded. An American paper, commenting upon this experiment, pays the builders of our ships a compliment in contrasting its effects with the results of a recent accident which occurred to the flagship of the North Atlantic squadron. This ship, while lying in the Brooklyn navy yard, was run into by a small steam cutter, and a hole was opened in her nearly three feet long. It would thus seem that a ram is a more efficient weapon than a torpedo.

Dr Macgowan has sent to the American Agricultural Bureau a collection of shoes made of rice-straw, like those which are worn by the labouring people in the south of China. These shoes are made by the old and feeble who are unfit for hard labour, and cost only a few pence per pair. It is suggested that the manufacture of such shoes in the rice-producing regions of the Southern States would be a most useful innovation. It is also suggested that for nursery use, straw shoes would be invaluable, in giving greater freedom to the growing feet of children.

A new method of making cement from blast furnace-slag has recently been described. While the slag is in a molten condition, it is run into water, and thereby reduced to a state of fine powder. After being ground and screened, this powdered slag has added to it a certain proportion of slaked lime. The mixture is next placed in a machine which thoroughly incorporates its particles. This machine consists of a revolving drum containing a number of metal balls, and it is the constant crushing action of these balls which reduces the mixture submitted to them to a state of the finest possible division. It is claimed that this thorough mixing gives

to the cement a tensile strength almost double that of cement prepared without the help of the machine.

Dr Campbell Brown, the public analyst of Liverpool, recently gave evidence in some cases of pepper adulteration. In one case the pepper which he had examined contained upwards of sixty-five per cent. of rice and four per cent. of a hard ligneous tissue resembling ground olive stones. He explained that this worthless substance was imported into this country under the name of *poivrete*, or *pepperette*, for the purpose of increasing the weight and bulk of pepper. He had much difficulty in ascertaining the exact nature of this compound, which is advertised in circulars sent from Italy to English pepper merchants. It seems to consist of some kind of ground fruit stones or nut-shells, but ground olive stones seem to produce a substance most like it. The price of this rubbish is one penny a pound, or less than one-twelfth the price of pepper.

The carrier-pigeon service of Paris is almost as completely organised as is the telegraph system, for missives can be sent by the winged messengers to neighbouring forts and towns, and even to distant places in the provinces. The staff numbers two thousand five hundred trained birds. The Parisians, during the terrible days of the last siege, learned the value of the pigeon post, and the lesson has not been forgotten.

Our contemporary, *Iron*, remarks that a ton of coal contains far more ingredients than most people are aware of, and gives a list of substances which it yields in addition to gas. First of all, we have fifteen hundred pounds of coke, twenty gallons of ammonia water, and one hundred and forty pounds of tar. It is by the destructive distillation of this coal-tar that we find what a number of useful products are yielded by it. Pitch, creosote, heavy oils, naphtha of various kinds, alizarine, aniline, and toluene are some of these. From the last-named comes that new compound called saccharine (referred to elsewhere in this *Journal*, No. 159, p. 44), which is said to be two hundred and thirty times as sweet as the best sugar.

In spite of all these wonderful products, coal-tar is at present at such a low price in the market that some of the Gas Companies are using it for fuel for heating their retorts as a substitute for coke. The necessary alterations in the furnaces are not of a very important nature, and the whole of the smoke caused by the combustion of the tar is consumed as it is produced.

From various experiments detailed in the *Journal* of the Chemical Society, it would seem that copperas or green vitriol is a most valuable dressing for many descriptions of crops. These experiments took place in 1886 on different farms, and in each case the plot of land treated with the iron salt is compared with a plot of similar size not so treated. Here are some of the results: a plot measuring one-eighth of an acre and treated with fourteen pounds of copperas yielded five thousand two hundred and eighty-seven pounds of potatoes—showing an increase of four hundred pounds against a similar plot not treated. Another experiment showed that the copperas obtained from a field as good a crop of turnips

as did one treated with guano and dissolved bones. In an experiment on two fields of hay, the yield was nearly doubled in that one treated with the green crystals of copperas. Good results were also obtained with crops of onions, beans, and mangold-wurzel.

A new method of getting rid of the snow which had accumulated in the streets of London and stopped the traffic after the great fall during the Christmas holidays, was tried by the authorities of one parish with great success. The snow, instead of being carted away, was thrown upon a large tray which was kept hot by a portable boiler. By this method it was quickly melted and passed off into the drains as a stream of water. The snow-plough was also used with good effect in the main thoroughfares, clearing a broad track in the centre of the road, but raising up a hill of snow on either side, which did not conduce to the comfort of pedestrians.

In a Polish medical journal, Dr Bielczyk gives the results of some observations which he has made upon the health of workmen employed in petroleum wells. Acute poisoning follows the continued inhalation of gaseous matter from the wells, and this is accompanied by delirium; but the symptoms quickly subside when the patient is brought to the surface of the earth. The mortality among the workmen is not high, and they are all remarkably free from diseases of the respiratory organs and from infectious complaints. But they are subject to an eruption like acne, which affects the extremities. The same observer has found that raw petroleum is like carbolic acid, an excellent agent in the antiseptic treatment of wounds.

A Russian official Report states that the use of peat as fuel in factories is rapidly increasing, and from this circumstance, the price of peat-bogs has risen so much that a bog is worth more than a well-timbered forest. Last year, twenty-eight peat-bogs belonging to the Crown were being worked on leases, the total area being six thousand acres. This year there are thirty-three such bogs, with an area of fifty thousand acres, containing peat to the estimated extent of forty million Russian cubic fathoms. Many manufacturers are giving up the use of wood in favour of peat, and this is especially the case in the province of Vladimir. Peat-cutting machines are supplied chiefly from Moscow, but a few are sent from Belgium and Germany. The fuel has been tried for railway work, but so far without any great success.

A correspondent of one of the technical journals has been making some experiments in gastronomy, which certainly do credit to his power of overcoming natural prejudices. He caught by the aid of his terrier two plump barn rats, and after preparation, presented them to his cook to be made into a pie. The pie was, he states, delicious, and was voted a luxury by some friends who partook of it unwittingly. He also says that he can from experience safely recommend a hedgehog stewed in milk as a real delicacy. It is well known that roast hedgehog is a favourite dish with English gypsies. Our readers may also remember that during the last siege of Paris its inhabitants were reduced to such straits that vermin of this kind were often submitted to similar trial. One writer states that so palatable

were they that long after the siege, when beef and mutton were again plentiful, rats often found their way to the French bill of fare, disguised alike by cunning flavouring and fanciful names.

Mr O'Connor, the British *chargé d'affaires* at Pekin, has made a collection of Chinese picks, hoes, spades, hatchets, trowels, and razors, which are manufactured in that country at the present time. These, through the Foreign Office, have been sent to the Birmingham Council of the Chamber of Commerce, who will shortly exhibit them, and will invite inspection of them from the local tool and implement makers. It is believed that similar implements can be manufactured in this country of far better quality and at a lower rate than in China, and that they would, from their superiority, find a ready sale there. Some of these implements are of the most primitive form, and are cut from rough sheet-iron.

Some few years ago, there was much outcry against the use of aniline dyes in textile fabrics, and more especially in the case of hose, the use of which had been shown to be followed by skin disease of a serious character. The alarm has now spread to Persia, where strong measures have been adopted to prevent the importation of these dyes, on the ground that when used for carpets and brocades they are not only unstable and inartistic, but are positively injurious to health. In India, too, where the dyes have been much used, it is feared that the reputation of the beautiful fabrics made there will greatly suffer, unless stringent measures for the exclusion of aniline colours be adopted.

A Polish doctor has adopted a new method of employing the electric current for the treatment of neuralgia, which is said to bring relief in the severest cases. One pole of the battery is connected by a chain or wire with a concave metal plate lined with carbon. This carbon surface, after having been saturated with chloroform, is applied to the spot where pain is most intense. The current, weak at first, is gradually increased as the operation proceeds. A constant battery is said to be the right thing to use, although it does not quite appear how the current can be made to vary in the manner indicated. We should think that if the remedy be really effective, it would be much easier to apply it through the medium of one of those little magnetic machines which are now so commonly used for medical purposes.

Engineering gives some account of a new ammunition which is being adopted by the German army, and which is about to be manufactured under British patent rights at Millwall. The bullet is partly of lead and partly of steel, and is said to have a great penetrative power, and it is urged from the barrel by compressed powder. In what way this compressed powder differs from ordinary gunpowder, which, during manufacture, is submitted to an hydraulic pressure of one hundred and twenty tons to the square foot, we are at a loss to conceive. The new cartridge will keep for any length of time without deterioration and with safety, for the explosive portion need not be attached to them until they are required for use.

The steam yacht *Chic*, which is owned by Messrs Alley and McLellan of Glasgow, is being fitted with an electric light for submarine pur-

poses. The *Chic* is destined for the pearl-fisheries of Australia; and it is estimated that the light given will serve as a torch to the divers at a depth of seventeen fathoms. The necessary current is furnished by a Brush dynamo-machine.

So many terrible accidents through the use of petroleum lamps have been recorded, that we are pleased to notice any invention having for its object the rendering more safe that mode of illumination, which, from its cheapness, is most popular with the poorer classes. In the 'Shaftesbury' Lamp, invented by Mr E. Phillips, of 84 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, an extinguishing cap is so fixed over the burner that directly the lamp is knocked over or dropped from the hand, the flame is automatically caused to go out. The principle can be applied so cheaply, that the commonest forms of lamps can be made with the new attachment, and these will soon be in the market. Thus our poorer brethren will have at hand a brilliant method of illumination without any qualifying condition of danger in its use.

The results of some experiments made by Mr A. Richardson, of University College, Bristol, form a further very useful contribution to the controversy which has lately taken place with regard to the permanence of water-colours. But whereas the former disputants confined their attention almost exclusively to the injurious effects of light on pigments, Mr Richardson has also included the question of damp. By exposing pieces of paper washed over with various water-colours to the influence of light, of damp air and of dry air, he has made the following observations: cadmium, a yellow hitherto considered permanent, disappears in a fortnight in damp air; Prussian blue, another permanent colour, vanished in a month under like circumstances; while the lakes gamboge and indigo appear to be as unstable in damp as they are known to be in a dry atmosphere.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

IRONING BY MACHINERY.

HOUSEWIVES will learn with interest that they can now procure mechanical ironers, and that the engineer, Mr Samuel Bash, 32 Cornhill, London, ever mindful of the requirements of the age, and watchful to lighten by his ingenuity the tasks of others, be those tasks ever so humble or so homely, has succeeded in perfecting a machine designed to press and iron with a precision equaling, if not excelling that of the human hand, every article that modern civilisation demands, from the highly priced mantle to the cheap pocket-handkerchief. The iron is suspended above the ironing-board by an attachment to a radiating arm, which, similar in principle to the well-known jib of a crane, moves freely around its axis, and thus commands the whole board. A pedal, worked by the foot of the operator, actuates a lever which brings the iron down on the article lying on the board, the intensity of the pressure thus produced being regulated by the force of the operator's foot. The table itself is, moreover, movable, and can be moved backwards and forwards by means of a handle,

the iron being held rigidly in its stand. The workman, whether sitting or standing, has thus full command over his machine.

The iron is heated internally by means of gas laid on through flexible hosing; and it will be perceived that a considerable saving both in the time and labour involved in constant reheating at the stove is effected. The labour entailed in handling the present irons, which range in weight from seven to twenty-eight pounds, is entirely obviated. A reduction in the cost of fuel of seventy-five per cent. has been calculated as likely to result. The machine is simple in construction and design, and is not liable to get out of order—a great desideratum in work of this class.

Iron of different shapes can readily be adjusted to the same machine; and throughout the wide range of the manifold industries of dressmaking, mantlemaking, hat and cap manufacture, besides laundry-work of all kinds, every process now performed by manual labour can be speedily accomplished by this machine.

The importance of the industries to be benefited by the mechanical ironer will be appreciated when it is stated that upwards of half a million persons are estimated to be employed in the United Kingdom in the trades enumerated above.

Any mechanical improvement tending to lighten the labour of so large a percentage of the population, or to render more healthy the conditions under which that labour is performed, cannot fail, more especially when viewed in conjunction with its other advantages, to command the attention of an age justly styled that of machinery.

DERMATINE.

A compound known as Dermatine has recently been placed before the public by the Dermatine Company, 13 Billiter Street, London, with a view to supersede gutta-percha, india-rubber, or leather in many of the varied uses to which these materials are applied. Dermatine, it is claimed, is unaffected by changes of heat and cold, and suffers no ill effects from exposure to moisture. The new material is furthermore uninjured by oil or grease—a great desideratum for any substance employed in connection with machinery—and offers, it is stated, a better resistance to the effects of friction than either india-rubber or leather.

There are many purposes to which Dermatine should be successfully applied: Belts for machinery in exposed situations; pump-valves of all descriptions; hydraulic packing, railway buffers, &c.; whilst its waterproof properties would doubtless render it specially suitable for that large class of goods comprising lawn-tennis shoes, boating shoes, mats, &c.

Dermatine is unaffected by high temperatures, and has been employed with success for the insulation of underground telegraph wires.

The new material has been subjected to various tests—immersion for a considerable period both in boiling oil and sulphuric acid; and it is satisfactory to learn that in each instance, the severe nature of the test notwithstanding, the substance was found to have received comparatively trivial injury. Belting made of Dermatine has after nearly a year's continuous running been

found free from any tendency to clog and in excellent condition in all respects.

Beyond all question, a large field exists for a material of this kind; and Dermatine has certainly thus far made good progress, and acquitted itself to the satisfaction of both introducer and consumer.

TRAINING COLLEGE FOR LADIES.

Within the last few months, there was opened in Edinburgh a small College for training educated women who intend to make teaching in secondary and higher schools for girls their profession, or who desire engagements in private families. It is undeniable that of late years great progress has been made in the more thorough and systematic teaching of women; but many a young girl fresh from her own class-work has felt at the outset of her career as a governess that she lacked the power of imparting her knowledge or the right method of teaching. In Germany, every girl who intends to teach receives a professional training; in England, two Colleges have been, within the last few years, turning out fully equipped governesses; but in Scotland, no kindred institution was to be found. It was therefore in the hope of making provision for this want that the Committee of the St George's Hall classes determined to establish a Training College in Edinburgh. It was judged best to make a small beginning last autumn; and thanks to the kind liberality of friends interested in the education of women, a sufficient fund was raised to enable the Committee to take premises in St George's Hall, Randolph Place. Miss Walker, whose name in connection with the St George's Hall classes is so well known, has been chosen Principal, and will be assisted by Fraulein Wuschack and Miss McLean, and also by several lecturers who have kindly offered honorary services. The course of instruction includes (1) Practice in class-teaching under supervision; (2) The theory of education, (a) the scientific basis of education, (b) elements of the art of education; (3) The general history of education in Europe since the revival of learning; (4) The practice of education, (a) methods, (b) school management. Further particulars of the work and all information can be had on application to the Principal, St George's Training College, Randolph Place, Edinburgh.

DISCOVERY OF TWO ROMAN POTTERY KILNS.

A curious discovery was recently made in the neighbourhood of Bury St Edmunds, at the sewerage works now being carried out at West Stow Heath, about four or five miles from the town. During the progress of the operations, two pottery kilns were laid open, similar to those which were found about six years ago by a well-known antiquary of Bury. These are pronounced to be of the late Roman period; and the place where they were found, though now a remote common, was, at the termination of the Roman occupation of Britain, an important station, possessing a considerable population, forming, in fact, a sort of suburb of the still larger Roman station of Icklingham. In the centre of the western part of the heath, called Wildham, is situated a Saxon

cemetery; and the whole region abounds with historical memories and localities, taking us back to the commencement, so to speak, of early English existence, and of the deepest interest to all antiquaries and archaeologists. The specimens of Roman work just unearthened are about five feet in diameter, the walls two feet eight inches in height, composed of tempered clay, which still shows, by its deep redness, that it was subjected at one period to the constant action of fire. One kiln was filled with blackened earth and broken vessels, which had probably been spoiled and thrown aside. Some of these were circular vases with handles in delicate buff-coloured clay. The second kiln was in a more broken condition than the first, yet contained more interesting remains, all the vessels being jars, saucers, pans, &c. of a dark colour, showing that black and slate-coloured work was specially produced in this kiln. A part of a bowl, of very fine red ware, with delicate red-coloured glaze, and ornamented with the figure of an animal resembling a dog, was discovered, together with a quantity of specimens of pottery of various kinds and in different states of preservation. The ground on which these sewerage works are carried on now belongs to the Bury St Edmunds town council, very fortunately, for no doubt a careful watch will be kept for any Roman relics which may be turned up by the workmen during the sewerage operations.

OIL CALMING A HEAVY SEA.

That oil properly used, as has been frequently urged in this *Journal*, has an extraordinary effect on troubled waters there can be no sort of doubt, and it is much to be regretted that the experiment is not brought into general and regular practice, and that every sea-going ship is not provided with a quantity of oil, and the proper apparatus to employ it, as a sea-calmer, if not a tempest-stiller. Its singular efficacy has been proved over and over again by English seamen in English ships and boats, and it is gratifying to find that the same practice has been tried in America with marked success. From a private letter, dated at Truxillo, in October last, from a passenger on board a large trading steamer plying between that place and New Orleans, we learn that the vessel encountered a terrible hurricane in the Caribbean Sea, early in that month, when the ship was disabled and became unmanageable, and lay in the trough of the sea in a dangerous position, and entirely at the mercy of the waves, which ever and anon broke over her. The captain, having tried almost every expedient to keep the ship's head up without success, determined to have recourse to the oil experiment. We give the result in the writer's own words: 'The captain now put four oil-bags on the windward side of the ship, when the oil acted like magic. The sea became smooth for at least twenty-five yards in that direction, and not a sea broke over her, while ahead and astern and to leeward, the ocean was in a wild rage, and the howling of the winds drowned all other sounds.' Here was an extraordinary escape from immediate danger; and the remedy was apparently repeated or continued, for the letter goes on to say that the ship lay for thirty hours in the trough of the sea free from the danger of broken water, and

protected by the application of the oil, until, at the end of that time, the hurricane passed away, and the ship was enabled to proceed on her voyage uninjured. Now it is not too much to say that, had it not been for the efficacy of the oil, the ship in her helpless condition must have succumbed to the violence of the hurricane, and probably all on board would have perished. Could not the Board of Trade be urged to lay down some rule making it incumbent on all sea-going ships to be provided with a certain quantity of oil for use in case of need?

HOW THE KING CAME HOME.

'Oh, why are you waiting, children,
And why are you watching the way?'
'We are watching because the folks have said
The king comes home to-day
The king on his prancing charger,
In his shining golden crown.
Oh, the bells will ring, the glad birds sing,
When the king comes back to the town.'

'Run home to your mothers, children;
In the land is pain and woe,
And the king, beyond the forest,
Fights with the Paynim foe.'
'But,' said the little children,
'The fight will soon be past.
We fain would wait, though the hour be late;
He will surely come at last.'

So the eager children waited
Till the closing of the day,
Till their eyes were tired of gazing
Along the dusty way;
But there came no sound of music,
No flashing golden crown;
And tears they shed, as they crept to bed,
When the round red sun went down.

But at the hour of midnight,
While the weary children slept,
Was heard within the city
The voice of them that wept:
Along the moonlit highway
Towards the sacred dome,
Dead on his shield, from the well-fought field—
'Twas thus the king came home.

FLORENCE TYLER.

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THIS MORTAL COIL.

BY GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.—BOHEMIA.

WHOEVER knows Bohemian London, knows the smoking-room of the Cheyne Row Club. No more comfortable or congenial divan exists anywhere between Regent Circus and Hyde Park Corner than that chosen paradise of unrecognised geniuses. The Cheyne Row Club is not large, indeed, but it prides itself upon being extremely select—too select to admit upon its list of members peers, politicians, country gentlemen, or inhabitants of eligible family residences in Mayfair or Belgravia. Two qualifications are understood to be indispensable in candidates for membership: they must be truly great, and they must be unsuccessful. Possession of a commodious suburban villa excludes, *ipso facto*.

The Cheyne Row Club is emphatically the headquarters of the great Bohemian clan; the gathering-place of unhung artists, unread novelists, unpaid poets, and unheeded social and political reformers generally. Hither flock all the choicest spirits of the age during that probationary period when society in its slow and lumbering fashion is spending twenty years in discovering for itself the bare fact of their distinguished existence. Here Maudle displays his latest designs to Postlethwaite's critical and admiring eye; here Postlethwaite pours his honeyed sonnets into Maudle's receptive and sympathetic tympanum. Everybody who is anybody has once been a member of the 'dear old Cheyne Row.' Royal Academicians and Cabinet Ministers and Society Journalists and successful poets still speak with lingering pride and affection of the days when they lunched there, as yet undiscovered, on a single chop and a glass of draught claret by no means of the daintiest. Not that the Club can number any of them now on its existing roll-call: the Cheyne Row is for

prospective celebrity only; accomplished facts transfer themselves at once to a statelier site in Pall Mall near the Duke of York's Column. Rising merit frequents the Tavern, as scoffers profanely term it: risen greatness basks rather on the lordly stuffed couches of Waterloo Place.

No man, it has been acutely observed, remains a Bohemian when he has daughters to marry. The pure and blameless ratepayer avoids Prague. As soon as Smith becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer, as soon as Brown takes silk, as soon as Robinson is elected an Associate, as soon as Tompkins publishes his popular novel, they all incontinently with one accord desert the lesser institution in the Piccadilly byway, and pass on their names, their honours, their hats, and their subscriptions to the dignified repose of the Athenæum. For them, the favourite haunt of judge and bishop: for the young, the active, the struggling, and the incipient, the chop and claret of the less distinguished but more lively caravansera by the Green Park purlieus.

In the smoking-room of this truly great and unsuccessful Bohemian society, at the tag-end of a London season, one warm evening in a hot July, Hugh Massinger, of the Utter Bar, sat lazily by the big bow window, turning over the pages of the last number of the *Charing Cross Review*. That he was truly great, nobody could deny. He was in very fact a divine bard, or, to be more strictly accurate, the author of a pleasing and melodious volume of minor poetry. Even away from the Cheyne Row Club, none but the most remote of country-cousins—say from the wilder parts of Cornwall or the crofter-clad recesses of the Isle of Skye—could have doubted for a moment the patent fact that Hugh Massinger was a distinguished (though unknown) poet of

the modern school, so admirably did he fit his part in life as to features, dress, and general appearance. Indeed, malicious persons were wont at times unkindly to insinuate that Hugh was a poet, not because he found in himself any special aptitude for stringing verses or building the lofty rhyme, but because his face and bearing imperatively compelled him to adopt the thankless profession of bard in self-justification and self-defence. This was ill-natured, and it was also untrue; for Hugh Massinger had lisped in numbers—at least in penny ones—ever since he was able to lisp in print at all. He had taken to poetry almost from his very cradle; and had astonished his father at sixteen by a rhymed version of an ode of Horace, worthy the inspiration of the great Dr Watts himself, and not, perhaps, far below the poetic standard of Mr Martin Farquhar Tupper. At Oxford he had perpetrated a capital Newdigate; and two years after gaining his fellowship at Oriel, he had published anonymously, in parchment covers, *Echoes from Callimachus, and other Poems*, which had fairly succeeded by careful nursing in attaining the dignity of a second edition under his own name. So that Massinger's claim to the sodality of the craft whose workmen are 'born not made' might perhaps be considered as of the genuine order, and not entirely dependent, as cynics averred, upon his long hair, his pensive eyes, his dark-brown cheek, or the careless twist of his necktie and his shirt-collar.

Nevertheless, even in these minor details of the poetical character, it must candidly be confessed that Hugh Massinger outstripped by several points many of the more recognised bards whose popular works are published in regulation green-cloth octavos, and whose hats and cloaks, of unique build, adorn with their presence the vestibule pegs of the Athenæum itself. The undistinguished author of *Echoes from Callimachus* was tall and slight, and a trifle affected-looking. That his face was beautiful, extremely beautiful, even a hostile reviewer in the organ of another clique could hardly venture seriously to deny: those large sad eyes, that long black hair, that exquisitely chiselled and melancholy mouth, would alone have sufficed to attract attention and extort admiration anywhere in the universe, or at the very least in the solar system. Hugh Massinger, in short, was (like Coleridge) a noticeable man. It would have been impossible to pass him by, even in a crowded street, without a hurried glance of observation and pleasure at his singularly graceful and noble face. He looked and moved every inch a poet; delicate, refined, cultivated, expressive, and sicklied o'er with that pale cast of thought which modern æstheticism so cruelly demands as a proof of attachment from her highest votaries. Yet at the same time, in spite of deceptive appearances to the contrary, he was strong in muscular strength: a wiry man, thin, but well knit: one of those fallacious, uncanny, long-limbed creatures who can scale an Alp or tramp a score or so of miles before breakfast, while looking as if a short stroll through the Park would kill them outright with sheer exhaustion. Altogether, a typical poet of the newest model, that dark and handsome æsthetic-

looking man: and as he sat there carelessly, with the paper held before him, in an unstudied attitude of natural grace, many a painter might have done worse than choose the author of *Echoes from Callimachus* for the subject of a pretty Academy pot-boiler.

So Warren Relf, the unknown marine artist, thought to himself, in his armchair opposite, as he raised his eyes by chance from the etchings in the *Portfolio*, and glanced across casually with a hasty look at the undiscovered poet.

'Has the *Charing Cross* reviewed your new volume yet?' he asked politely, his glance meeting Massinger's while he flung down the paper on the table beside him.

The poet rose and stood with his hands behind his back in an easy posture before the empty fireplace. 'I believe it has deigned to assign me half a column of judicious abuse,' he answered, half yawning, with an assumption of profound indifference and contempt for the *Charing Cross Review* and all its ideas or opinions collectively. 'To tell you the truth, the subject's one that doesn't interest me. In the first place, I care very little for my own verses. And in the second place, I don't care at all for reviewers generally, or for the *Charing Cross Snarler* and its kind in particular. I disbelieve altogether in reviews, in fact. Familiarity breeds contempt. To be quite candid, I've written too many of them.'

'If criticism in literature's like criticism in art,' the young painter rejoined, smiling, 'why, with the one usual polite exception of yourself, Massinger, I can't say I think very much of the critics.—But what do you mean, I should like to know, by saying you don't care for your own verses? Surely no man can do anything great, in literature or art—or in shoe-blackening or pig-sticking, if it comes to that—unless he thoroughly believes in his own vocation.'

Massinger laughed a musical laugh. 'In shoe-blackening or pig-sticking,' he said with a delicate curl of his thin lips, 'that's no doubt true; but in verse-making, query? Who on earth at the present day could even pretend to himself to believe in poetry? Time was, I daresay—though I'm by no means sure of it—when the bard, hoary old impostor, was a sort of prophet, and went about the world with a harp in his hand, and a profound conviction in his innocent old heart that when he made "Sapphic" rhyme to "traffic," or produced a triolet on the theme of "Catullus," "lull us," and "cull us," he was really and truly enriching humanity with a noble gift of divine poesy. But who in London, in the nineteenth century, can for a moment affect to believe in the efficacy of poetry? Look at this last new volume of my own, for example!—You won't look at it, of course, I'm well aware, but that's no matter: nobody ever does look at my immortal works, I'm only too profoundly conscious. I cut them myself in a dusty copy at all the libraries, in order to create a delusive impression on the mind of the public that I've had at least a solitary reader. But let that pass.'

Warren Relf looked up at him a little uneasily. 'I don't like to hear you run down poetry like that,' he said, with an evident tinge of disapprobation. 'I'm not a poet myself, of course; but still I'm sure it isn't all a mere matter of rhymes

and refrains, of epithets and prettinesses. What touches our hearts lies deeper than mere expression, I'm certain. It lies in the very core and fibre of the man. There are passages even in your own poems—though you're a great deal too cynical to admit it now—that came straight out of the depths of your own heart, I venture to conjecture—those lines on a Lock of Hair, for example.—Aha, cynic! there I touched you on the raw.—But if you think so lightly of poetry as a pursuit, as you say, I wonder why you ever came to take to it.

'Take to it, my dear fellow! What an Arcadian idea! As if men nowadays chose their sphere in life deliberately. Why, what on earth makes any of us ever take to anything, I should like to know, in this miserable workaday modern world of ours? Because we're simply pitchforked into it by circumstances. Does the crossing-sweeper sweep crossings, do you suppose, for example, by pure preference for the profession of a sweep? Does the milkman get up at five in the morning because he sees in the purveying of skin-milk to babes and sucklings a useful and important and even necessary industry to the rising generation of this great Metropolis? Does the dustman empty the domestic bin out of disinterested regard for public sanitation? or the engine-driver dash through rain and snow in a drear-nighted December like a Comtist prophet, out of high and noble enthusiasm of humanity?' And he snapped his fingers with an emphatic negative. —'We don't choose our places in life at all, my dear boy,' he went on after a pause: 'we get tumbled into them by pure caprice of circumstances. If I'd chosen mine, instead of strictly meditating the thankless muse, I'd certainly have adopted the exalted profession of a landed proprietor, with the pleasing duty of receiving my rents (by proxy) once every quarter, and spending them royally with becoming magnificence, in noble ways, like the Greek gentleman one reads about in Aristotle. I always admired that amiable Greek gentleman: the *megalo-prepés*, I think Aristotle calls him. His berth would suit me down to the ground. He had nothing at all of any sort to do, and he did it most gracefully with princely generosity on a sufficient income.'

'But you *must* write poetry for something or other, Massinger; for if it isn't rude to make the suggestion, you can hardly write it, you know, for a livelihood.'

Massinger's dark face flushed visibly. 'I write for fame,' he answered majestically, with a lordly wave of his long thin hand. 'For glory—for honour—for time—for eternity. Or, to be more precisely definite, if you prefer the phrase, for filthy lucre. In the coarse and crude phraseology of political economists, poetry takes rank nowadays, I humbly conceive, as a long investment. I'm a journalist by trade—a mere journeyman journalist; the gushing penny-a-liner of a futile and demoralised London press. But I have a soul within me above penny-a-lining: I aspire ultimately to a pound a word. I don't mean to live and die in Grub Street. My soul looks forward to immortality, and a footman in livery.'

Relf smiled dubiously, and knocked the ash off his cigar into the Japanese tray that stood by his side. 'Then you look upon poetry merely as an

ultimate means of making money?' he suggested, with a deprecatory look.

'Money! Not money only, my dear fellow, but position, reputation, recognition, honour. Does any man work for anything else? Any man, I mean, but cobblers and enthusiasts?'

'Well, I don't know. I may be an enthusiast myself,' Relf answered slowly; 'but I certainly do work at art to a great extent for art's sake, because I really love and admire and delight in it. Of course I should like to make money too, within reasonable limits—enough to keep myself and my people in a modest sort of way, without the footman or the eligible family residence. Not that I want to be successful, either: from what I've seen of successful men, I incline to believe that success as a rule has a very degenerating effect upon character. Literature, science, and art thrive best in a breezy, bracing air. I never aim at being a successful man myself; and if I go on as I'm doing now, I shall no doubt succeed in not succeeding. But apart from the money and the livelihood altogether, I love my work as an occupation. I like doing it; and I like to see myself growing stronger and freer at it every day.'

'That's all very well for you,' Massinger replied with another expansive wave of his graceful hand. 'You're doing work you care for, as I play lawn-tennis, for a personal amusement. I can sympathise with you there.—Let's quit the subject. It turns me always into a gloomy pessimist.—What are you going to do with yourself this summer?'

'Me? Oh, just the usual thing, I suppose. Going down in my tub to paint sweet mudbanks off the coast of Suffolk.'

'Suffolk to wit! I see the finger of fate in that! Why, that's just where I'm going, too. I mean to take six or eight weeks' holiday, if a poor drudge of a journalist can ever be said to indulge in holidays at all—with books for review, and proofs for correction, and editorial communications for consideration, always weighing like a ton of lead upon his unhappy breast: and I propose to bury myself alive up to the chin in some obscure, out-of-the-way Suffolk village they call Whitestrand.—Have you ever heard of it?'

'Oh, I know it well,' Relf answered with a smile of delightful reminiscence. 'It's grand for mud. I go there painting again and again. You'd call it the funniest little stranded old-world village you ever came across anywhere in England. Nothing could be uglier, quainter, or more perfectly charming. It lies at the mouth of a dear little muddy creek, with a funny old mill for pumping the water off the sunken meadows; and all around, for miles and miles, is one great flat of sedge and seapink, alive with water-birds and intersected with dikes, where the herons fish all day long, poised on one leg in the middle of the stream as still as mice, exactly as if they were sitting to Marks for their portraits.'

'Ah, delightful for a painter, I've no doubt,' Hugh Massinger replied, half yawning to himself, 'especially for a painter to whom mud and herons are bread and butter, and brackish water is Bass and Allsopp; but scarcely, you'll admit, an attractive picture to the inartistic public, among whom

I take the liberty, for this occasion only, humbly to rank myself. I go there, in fact, as a martyr to principle. I live for others. A member of my family—not to put too fine a point upon it, a lady—abides for the present moment at Whitestrang, and believes herself to be seized or possessed by prescriptive right of a lien or claim to a certain fixed aliquot portion of my time and attention. I've never admitted the claim myself (being a legally-minded soul); but just out of the natural sweetness of my disposition, I go down occasionally (without prejudice) to whatever part of England she may chance to be inhabiting, for the sake of not disappointing her foregone expectations, however ill-founded, and be the same more or less.—You observe, I speak with the charming precision of the English statute-book.'

'But how do you mean to get to Whitestrang?' Relf asked suddenly after a short pause. 'It's a difficult place to reach, you know. There's no station nearer than ten miles off, and that a country one, so that when you arrive there, you can get no conveyance to take you over.'

'So my cousin gave me to understand. She was kind enough to provide me with minute instructions for her bookless wilds. I believe I'm to hire a costermonger's cart or something of the sort to convey my portmanteau; and I'm to get across myself by the aid of the natural means of locomotion with which a generous providence or survival of the fittest has been good enough to endow me by hereditary transmission. At least, so my cousin Elsie instructs me.'

'Why not come round with me in the tub?' Relf suggested good-humouredly.

'What? your yacht? Hatherley was telling me you were the proud possessor of a ship.—Are you going round that way any time shortly?'

'Well, she's not exactly what you call a yacht,' Relf replied, with an apologetic tinge in his tone of voice. 'She's only a tub, you know, an open boat almost, with a covered well and just room for three to sleep and feed in. She's a perfect treasure to a marine painter in the mud-and-buoy business. But I won't for a moment pretend to say she's comfortable for a landsman. If you come with me, in fact, you'll have to rough it.'

'I love roughing it.—How long will it take us to cruise round to Whitestrang?'

'Oh, the voyage depends entirely upon the wind and tide. Sailing-boats take their own time. The *Mud-Turtle*—that's what I call her—doesn't hurry. She's lying now off the Pool at the Tower, taking care of herself in the absence of all her regular crew; and Potts, my mate, he's away in the north, intending to meet me next week at Lowestoft, where my mother and sister are stopping in lodgings. We can start on our cruise whenever you like—say, if you choose, to-morrow morning.'

CHAPTER II.—DOWN STREAM.

Tide served next morning at eleven; and punctual to the minute—for, besides being a poet, he prided himself on his qualities as a man of business—Hugh Massinger surrendered himself in due course by previous appointment on board the *Mud-Turtle* at the Pool by the Tower. But his

eyes were heavier and redder than they had seemed last night; and his languid manner showed at once, by a hundred little signs, that he had devoted but small time since Relf left him to what Mr Herbert Spencer periphrastically describes as 'reparative processes.'

The painter, attired for the sea like a common sailor in jersey and trousers and knitted woollen cap, rose up from the deck to greet him hospitably. His whole appearance betokened serious business. It was evident that Warren Relf did not mean to play at yachting.

'You've been making a night of it, I'm afraid, Massinger,' he said, as their eyes met. 'Bad preparation, you know, for a day down the river. We shall have a lippy sea, if this wind holds, when we pass the Nore. You ought to have gone straight to bed when you left the club with me last evening.'

'I know I ought,' the poet responded with affected cheerfulness. 'The path of duty's as plain as a pikestaff; but the things I ought to do I mostly leave undone; and the things I ought not to do, I find, on the contrary, vastly attractive. I may as well make a clean breast of it. I strolled round to Pallavicini's, after you vacated the Row last night, and found them having a turn or two at lansquenet. Now, lansquenet's an amusement I never can resist. The consequence was, in three hours I was pretty well cleaned out of ready cash, and shall have to keep my nose to the grindstone accordingly all through what ought by rights to have been my summer holiday. This conclusively shows the evils of high play, and the moral superiority of the wise man who goes home to bed and is sound asleep when the clock strikes eleven.'

Relf's face fell several tones. 'I wish, Massinger,' he said very gravely, 'you'd make up your mind never to touch those hateful cards again. You'll ruin your health, your mind, and your pocket with them. If you spent the time you spend upon play in writing some really great book now, you'd make in the end ten times as much by it.'

The poet smiled a calm smile of superior wisdom. 'Good boy!' he cried, patting Relf on the back in mock approbation of his moral advice. 'You talk for all the world like a Sunday-school prize-book. Honest industry has its due reward; while pitch-and-toss and wicked improper games land one at last in prison or the workhouse. My dear Relf, how on earth can you, who are a sensible man, believe all that antiquated nursery rubbish? As a matter of fact, is it always the good boys who pull the plums with self-appreciative smile out of the world's pudding? Far from it: quite the other way. I have seen the wicked flourishing in my time like a green bay-tree. Honest industry breaks stones on the road, while successful robbery or successful gambling rolls by at its ease, cigar in mouth, lolling on the cushions of its luxurious carriage. If you stick to honest industry all your life long, you may go on breaking stones contentedly for the whole term of your natural existence. But if you speculate boldly with your week's earnings and land a haul, you may in time set another fellow to break stones for you, and then you become at once a respectable man, a capitalist, and a baronet. All the great fortunes we see

in the world have been piled up in the last resort, if you'll only believe it, by successful gambling.'

'Every man has a right to his own opinion,' Warren Relf answered with a more serious air, as he turned aside to look after the rigging. 'I admit there's a great deal of gambling in business; but anyhow, honest industry's a simple necessary on board the *Mud-Turtle*.—Come aft, here, will you, from your topsy-turvy moral philosophy, and help me out with this sheet and the mainsail.'

Massinger turned to do as he was directed, and to inspect the temporary floating hotel in which he was to make his way contentedly down to the coast of Suffolk. The *Mud-Turtle* was indeed an odd-looking and original a little craft as her owner and skipper had proclaimed her to be. A centre-board yawl, of seventeen tons registered burden, she ranked as a yacht only by courtesy, on the general principle of what the logicians call excluded middle. If she wasn't that, why, then, pray, what in the world was she? The *Mud-Turtle* measured almost as broad across the beam as she reckoned feet in length from stem to stern; and her skipper maintained with profound pride that she couldn't capsize—even if she tried—in the worst storm that ever blew out of an English sky. She drew no more than three feet of water at a pinch; she could go anywhere that a man could wade up to his knees without fear of wetting his tucked-up breeches. This made her a capital boat for a marine artist to go about sketching in; for Relf could lay her alongside a wreck on shallow sands, or run her up a narrow creek after picturesque waterfowl, or approach the riskiest shore to the very edge of the cliffs, without any reference to the state of the tide, or the probable depth of the surrounding channel.

'If she grounds,' the artist said enthusiastically, expatiating on her merits to his new passenger, 'you see it doesn't really matter twopence; for the next high tide'll set her afloat again within six hours. She's a great opportunist: she knows well that all things come in time to him who can wait. The *Mud-Turtle* positively revels in mud; she lies flat on it as on her native heath, and stays patiently without one word of reproach for the moon's attraction to come in its round to her ultimate rescue.'

The yawl's accommodation was opportunist too: though excellent in kind, it was limited in quantity, and by no means unduly luxurious in quality. She was a working-man's yacht, and she meant business. Her deck was calculated on the most utilitarian principles—just big enough for two persons to sketch abreast; her cabin contained three wooden bunks, with their appropriate complement of rugs and blankets: and a small and primitive open stove devoted to the service of the ship's cookery, took up almost all the vacant space in the centre of the well, leaving hardly room for the self-sacrificing volunteer who undertook the functions of purveyor and bottle-washer to turn about in. But the lockers were amply stored with fresh bread, tinned meats, and other simple necessities for a week's cruise. Thus equipped and accoutred, Warren Relf was accustomed to live an outdoor life for weeks together with his one like-minded chum and companion.

As for Hugh Massinger, a confirmed landsman, the first few hours' sail down the crowded Thames appeared to him at the outset a perfect phantasmagoria of ever varying perils and assorted terrors. He composed his soul to instant death from the very beginning; not, indeed, that he minded one bit for that: the poet dearly loved danger, as he loved all other forms of sensation and excitement: they were food for the Muse; and the Muse, like Blanche Amory, is apt to exclaim, 'Il me faut des émotions!' But the manifold novel forms of enterprise as the lumbering little yawl made her way clumsily among the great East-Indiamen and big ocean-going steamers, darting boldly now athwart the very bows of a huge Monarch-liner, insinuating herself now with delicate precision between the broadsides of two heavy Rochester barges, and just escaping collision now with some laden collier from Cardiff or Newcastle, were too complicated and too overpressing at the first blush for Massinger fully to take in their meaning at a single glance. Hugh Massinger was at once amused and bewildered by the careless confidence with which his seafaring friend dashed boldly in and out among brigs and schooners, smacks and steamships, on port or starboard tack, in endless confusion, backing the little *Mud-Turtle* to hold her own in the unequal contest against the biggest and swiftest craft that sailed the river. His opinion of Relf rose rapidly many degrees in mental register as he watched him tacking and luffing and scudding and darting with cool unconcern in his toy tub among so many huge and swiftly moving monsters.

'Port your helm!' Relf cried to him hastily once, as they crossed the channel just abreast of Greenwich Hospital. 'Here's another sudden death down upon us round the Reach yonder!' And even as he spoke, a big coal-steamer, with a black diamond painted allusively on her bulky funnel, turning the low point of land that closed their view, bore hastily down upon them from the opposite direction with menacing swiftness. Massinger, doing his best to obey orders, grew bewildered after a time by the glib rapidity of his friend's commands. He was perfectly ready to act as he was bid when once he understood his instructions; but the seafaring mind seems unable to comprehend that landamen do not possess an intuitive knowledge of the strange names bestowed by technical souls upon ropes, booms, gaffs, and mizzen-masts; so that Massinger's attempts to carry out his orders in a prodigious hurry proved productive for the most part rather of blank confusion than of the effect intended by the master skipper. After passing Greenhithe, however, they began to find the channel somewhat clearer, and Relf ceased for a while to skip about the deck like the little hills of the Psalmist, while Massinger felt his life comparatively safe at times for three minutes together, without a single danger menacing him ahead in the immediate future from port or starboard, from bow or stern, from brig or steamer, from grounding or collision.

About two o'clock, after a hot run, they cast anchor awhile out of the main channel, where traders ply their flow of intercourse, and stood by to eat their lunch in peace and quietness under the lee of a projecting point near Gravesend.

'If wind and tide serve like this,' Relf observed philosophically, as he poured out a glassful of beer into a tin mug—the *Mud-Turtle's* appointments were all of the homeliest—'we ought to get down to Whitstrand before an easy breeze with two days' sail, sleeping the nights in the quiet creeks at Leigh and Orfordness.'

'That would exactly suit me,' Massinger answered, draining off the mugful at a gulp after his unustal exertion. 'I wrote a hasty line to my cousin in Suffolk this morning telling her I should probably reach Whitstrand the day after to-morrow, wind and weather permitting.—I approve of your ship, Relf, and of your tinned lobster too. It's fun coming down to the great deep in this unconventional way. The regulation yacht, with sailors and a cook and a floating drawing-room, my soul wouldn't care for. You can get drawing-rooms galore any day in Belgravia; but picnicking like this, with a spice of adventure in it, falls in precisely with my own view of the ends of existence.'

'It's a cousin you're going down to Suffolk to see, then?'

'Well, yes: a cousin—a sort of a cousin: a Gorton girl: the newest thing out in women. I call her a cousin for convenience' sake. Not too nearly related, if it comes to that; a surfeit of family's a thing to be avoided. But we're a decadent tribe, the tribe of Massinger; hardly any others of us left alive; when I put on my hat, I cover all that remains of us; and cousinhood's a capital thing in its way to keep up under certain conditions. It enables a man to pay a pretty girl a great deal of respectful attention, without necessarily binding himself down in the end to anything definite in the matrimonial direction.'

'That's rather a cruel way of regarding it, isn't it?'

'Well, my dear boy, what's a man to do in these jammed and crushed and overcrowded days of ours? Nature demands the safety-valve of a harmless flirtation. If one can't afford to marry, the natural affections *will* find an outlet, on a cousin or somebody. But it's quite impossible, as things go nowadays, for a penniless man to dream of taking to wife a penniless woman and living on the sum of their joint properties. According to Cocker, nought and nought make nothing. When a man has no patrimony, he must obviously make it up in matrimony. Only, the great point to avoid is letting the penniless girl meanwhile get too deep a hold upon your personal feelings. The wisest men—like me, for example—are downright fools when it comes to high play or the domestic instincts. Even Achilles had a vulnerable point, you know. So has every wise man. With Achilles, it was the heel; with us, it's the heart. The heart will wreck the profoundest and most deliberate philosopher living. I acknowledge it myself. I ought to wait, of course, till I catch the eminent alderman's richly endowed daughter. Instead of that, I shall doubtless fling myself away like a born fool upon the pretty cousin or some other equally unprofitable investment.'

'Well, I hope you will,' Relf answered, cutting himself a huge chunk of bread with his pocket clasp-knife. 'I'm awfully glad to hear you say so. For your own sake, I hope you'll keep your

word. I hope you won't stifle everything you've got that's best within you for the sake of money and position and success.—Have a bit of this corned beef, will you?—A woman who sells herself for money is bad enough, though it's woman's way—they've all been trained to it for generations. But a man who sells himself for money—who takes himself to market for the highest bidder—who makes capital out of his face and his manners and his conversation—is absolutely contemptible, and nothing short of it.—I could never go on knowing you, if I thought you capable of it. But I don't think you so. I'm sure you do yourself a gross injustice. You're a great deal better than you pretend yourself. If the occasion ever actually arose, you'd follow your better and not your worse nature.—I'll trouble you for the mustard.'

ASSOCIATION.

I WAS walking the other day through one of the leading thoroughfares in London, when the sun suddenly blazed forth, illuminating a gilt decoration over a shop door and rendering it for the moment conspicuous above its surroundings. The glorified object consisted of two gigantic arms, clad in voluminous sleeves, the arms terminating in hands which were clasped in a death-like grip. Above, were the words 'Association of Capital and Labour;' and the sight of the device and legend brought into my mind a meaning altogether different from that which the word Association conveys.

We have all heard of spiritual mediums, people whose souls are attuned to such fine issues that they are able to act as intermediaries between the spirit-world and those mortals who, by reason of their coarser mould, are debarred this ethereal intercourse. Few of us enjoy the somewhat doubtful advantages of this communion, but all are conscious at times of that subtle and mysterious link between the spiritual and material life, which is known as the power of association. It is exercised through the medium of the senses, of which the most fertile in influence are sound, sight, and scent; the weakest of the five in this capacity being touch and taste.

As sound is conveyed to our ears in its highest form through the divine art of music, it follows that in that form it becomes the strongest agent of association. Who cannot recall occasions in his life when some melody, once known and loved, but long forgotten, burst on his ear, carrying his soul back in a lightning flash to the past, and dissolving the palpable and sentient present into a dim unreality! At such moments, the man who has borne 'blasts of adversity and frosts of fate,' only to grow hardened in the process, becomes weak as a child in the presence of a power mightier than himself. He does well to be humble and reverent under its influence, for it may be the Eternal Spirit is speaking to him through the channel of association.

Many and varied are the emotions awakened by music, and there is not a note in the scale of feeling which does not vibrate to its touch. The

following story illustrates one phase of its power. It was told by a man full of years and honours, the revered head of a beautiful English home.

Many years before, the license of unbridled youth had banished him from his native land. Relatives and friends alike had refused further assistance, and at last the prodigal found himself at the antipodes, friendless and unknown. Lacking utterly the moral stamina necessary in such a case, he sank from bad to worse. One day, having wandered for many hours, absorbed in melancholy thought, he found himself in a scene of peculiar wildness. Giant rocks and awful chasms surrounded him, while the unbroken stillness of evening intensified the gloom of the scene. Suddenly the demon of self-slaughter entered the unhappy man; the means were ready to hand. There, at his feet, was a lake, whose dark waters would soon close the record of a wasted life. None would learn his fate, for in that remote spot human foot seldom trod—seldom, but yet sometimes, for at that moment, sweet and clear, rang out a sound which moved the exile as all the thunders of Jove could not have done. It was a traveller, singing as he went a ballad which had been a favourite with the unhappy man in his distant home. What pen could describe the emotions it aroused at such a time! 'It changed,' said the narrator of the incident, 'the very current of my being; it roused in me a passionate yearning to see my home again; and I vowed solemnly that, please God, I would yet be worthy to return to it.'

An equally forcible though by no means so pleasing an example of the power of association through music is afforded by the following anecdote. A lady was present at an entertainment given by a famous amateur club. Throughout the evening she had been remarkable, even in that brilliant assembly, for her sparkling humour and the brightness of her sallies; but no sooner had the first bars of Haydn's famous *Surprise Symphony* been played, than she was seen to change colour; a ghastly pallor overspread her face, while her eyes were distended as if in the extremity of fear. Greatly alarmed, her friends bore her from the room, and with some difficulty restored her from a prolonged fainting-fit. 'That dreadful music—that dreadful music!' were the first words she spoke; nor was it until long afterwards that the following explanation of her panic was given to an intimate friend.

Many years previous, she was sitting one day in a room with an elder sister, who was taking a music lesson. The piece under practice was the *Surprise Symphony*, and over and over again, with tedious persistence, did the exacting master make his pupil travel through the symphony, until every note of it was indelibly fixed in the mind of the listener. As the piece was in progress for about the twentieth time, a piercing shriek was heard; the door of the music-room was flung open, and a valued servant, who had been a mother to the sisters all their lives, staggered in, the blood flowing from a fearful wound in her side—staggered, and fell to the floor in a death-agony. She had been murdered by a foreign servant whom she had dismissed for theft, and the assassin had sprung on her from a dark recess in the corridor. Though the horror of that scene had necessarily somewhat faded with the lapse of time, it was revived in all its ghastliness for one

of its witnesses when she again heard the *Surprise Symphony*.

To most of us, some homely sound is fraught with power to bring back scenes of the past. I have a special fondness—which I fear is almost peculiar to myself—for the buzzing of a fly, and was delighted one early winter when a fine large pompous fellow made his home in my room, and whenever the air was warmed, would fly about with tuneful buzz. I had only to close my eyes, and, though winter and rough weather raged without, for me the sun again shone, the birds sang, myriads of insects made a concert of sweet sounds, and the indescribable essence of summer returned.

Somewhat less subtle, but still very powerful, is sight as a medium of association. It has chanced to most of us to revisit some scene after long absence, and to be so moved by familiar objects, that our added years fall from us like a weight in their presence, and for a brief span our souls regain the freshness of a time when all things, even belief, were possible. The poet says, 'Ourselves we cannot re-instate,' yet that is precisely what does happen under such an influence, and our souls are 'set to the same key of the remembered harmony.' It was some such 're-instatement' as this that made Claude Melnotte (the hero in the *Lady of Lyons*), returning home, after many changes and vicissitudes, cry with a passionate rush of memory, 'How the old time comes o'er me!'

A comical instance of the power of sight to arouse association occurs to me. I was present with some schoolfellows at a concert. The entertainment was held in a large public room, which was decorated in the oriental fashion, gilt dragons forming a conspicuous item in the *ensemble*. Now, in this same room we had previously attended a great many religious meetings, for in that fashionable seaside resort, the number and class of persons who undertake to expound the Scriptures are remarkable, even in an age of progress. No sooner had we glanced at the familiar surroundings and taken our seats, than the boy next to me fell on his knees in an attitude of devout supplication. 'Get up!' said I, scandalised; 'what on earth are you doing?' He rose, gave a bewildered look round, and exclaimed: 'Why, I thought I was at a prayer-meeting!'

Very frequent are the allusions of poets to the power of association through the medium of scent. One amorous bard relates that, having succeeded, after countless struggles, in banishing a fair but too fickle Dulcinea from his heart, his whole affection for her revived on coming near a flower she was in the habit of wearing. This was rather hard on the poet, and the best we can hope is that his woes were no stronger than the verses in which he expressed them.

That the power of association is possessed by the lower animals is beyond dispute, and has been frequently proved. A friend of mine has a parrot, a bird of unusual attainments, who is in the habit of accompanying his mistress in her summer excursions. Once, during their sojourn in a small village, the bird's cage was placed in the garden, to the unbounded delight of the villagers, who assembled in the evening and listened to his prattle. Among many rustic expressions which Polly picked up was one which

was his peculiar delight. A woman was in the habit of screaming for her child all over the place in a very shrill voice, rising in crescendo at the last syllable, and 'Han-nee, Han-nee!' rang out in the air at all hours. So exact was the bird's imitation, that the unfortunate child was for ever running to and fro, supposing herself called. A winter in town and indoor pursuits banished this cry from Polly's repertoire, and was apparently forgotten by him. However, strange to say, no sooner did he find himself the following summer once more in a village garden than he screamed out 'Han-nee!' and continued to do so at intervals during his stay. What was this, if not the revival of association through the medium of sight?

A similar instance came under my notice some time since. A friend in the country had a valuable Newfoundland dog, between whom and a neighbouring retriever there was a family feud of long standing. The Newfoundland, whom we will call 'Montague,' accompanied his mistress one day on a visit to the home of his rival, 'Capulet.' Those were the days of goloshes, now happily departed. The lady removed hers and placed them inside the door of the house, before entering the drawing-room. Up started Capulet, who had been lying in ambush, seized a golosh in his mouth, and was about to make off with it, when he was pinioned by Montague. A deadly combat ensued. At length, Montague, the victor, seizing his mistress's goloshes, ran off with them triumphantly through the village, and never stopped until he had deposited them safely inside his own door. After that day, never did he pass the gates of his enemy's domain without going in and bearing away some trophy—if only a stick or a stone—as an emblem of his mastery. Years passed by, during which Montague wandered in many lands. He was an old dog when he returned to his early home, and that of Capulet was inhabited by strangers, who knew him not; nevertheless, the first time he passed by the old scene of combat, he disappeared within the gates, and when next seen, was running up his own garden path with a huge hunting-boot between his teeth!

We all know that when the routine of our daily life has been for some time monotonous in its regularity, the slightest deviation from that order will appear to change the very essence of life, as much as if the entire *mise en scène* had been shifted. This is simply because a link in the chain of association has been broken, and it proves how marvellous is its power to weld together the spiritual and material. Doubtless, the most mysterious and subtle form taken by association is embodied in that indescribable sensation that the scene passing before our eyes is in all its minutiae but a reproduction of something which has happened to us before. That this feeling is of comparatively rare occurrence, I believe; but when it is experienced, so overpowering is it, and none the less so because evanescent, that it produces an absolute sense of awe. Whence it comes, its origin and causes, are among the many things which, though dreamt of in our philosophy, have certainly not been explained by it. Some have thought it traceable to dreams, the memory of which, though long faded, revived on a corresponding combina-

tion of circumstances in waking moments; others consider it a shadowy link to some pre-natal existence, of which 'our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.'

THE GOLDEN INCUBUS.

A NOVELETTE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER I.—SIR JOHN DRINKWATER IS ECCENTRIC.

'You're an old fool, Burdon, and it's all your fault.'

That's what Sir John said, as he shook his Malacca cane at me; and I suppose it was my fault; but then, how could I see what was going to happen?

It began in 1851. I remember it so well because that was the year of the Great Exhibition, and Sir John treated me to a visit there; and when I'd been and was serving breakfast next morning, he asked me about it, and laughed and asked me if I'd taken much notice of the goldsmiths' work. I said I had, and that it was a great mistake to clean gold plate with anything but rouge.

'Why?' he said.

Because, I told him, if any of the plate-powder happened to be left in the cracks, if it was rouge it gave a good effect; but if it was a white preparation, it looked dirty and bad.

'Then we'll have all the chests open to-morrow, James Burdon,' he said; 'and you shall give the old gold plate a good clean up with rouge, and I'll help you.'

'You, Sir John?'

He nodded. And the very next day, he sent all the other servants to the Exhibition, came down to my pantry, opened the plate-room, and put on an apron just like a servant would, and helped me to clean that gold plate. He got tired by one o'clock, and sat down upon a chair and looked at it all glistening as it was spread out on the dresser and shelves—some bright with polishing, some dull and dead and ancient-looking. Cups and bowls and salvers and round dishes covered with coats of arms; some battered and bent, and some as perfect as on the day it left the goldsmith's hands.

I'd worked hard—as hard as I could, for sneezing, for I was doing that half the time, just as if I had a bad cold. For every cup or dish was kept in a green baize bag that fitted in one of the old ironbound oak chests, and these chests were lined with green baize. And all this being exceedingly old, the moth had got in; and pounds and pounds of pepper had been scattered about the baize, to keep them away.

'I'll have a glass of wine, Burdon,' Sir John says at last; 'and we'll put it all away again. It's very beautiful. That's Cellini work—real,' he says, as he took up a great golden bowl, all hammered and punched and engraved. 'But the whole lot of it is an incubus, for I can't use it, and I don't want to make a show.'

'Take a glass yourself, my man,' he said, as I got him the sherry—a fresh bottle from the outer cellar. 'Ha! at a moderate computation, that old gold plate is worth a hundred thousand pounds; and a hundred thousand pounds at only three per cent. in the funds, Burdon, would be three thousand a year. So you see I lose that income by letting this heap of old gold plate lie locked up in those chests.—Now, what would you do with it, if it were yours?'

'Sell it, Sir John, and put it in houses,' I said sharply.

'Yes, James Burdon; and a sensible thing to do. But you are a servant, and I'm a baronet; though I don't look one, do I?' he said, holding up his red hands and laughing.

'You always look a gentleman, Sir John,' I said; 'and that's what you are.'

'Please God, I try to be,' he said sadly. 'But I don't want the money, James; and these are all old family heirlooms, that I hold in trust for my life, and have to hand over—bound in honour to do so—to my son.—Look!' he said, 'at the arms and crest of the Boileaus on every piece.'

'Boileau, Sir John?'

'Well, Drinkwater, then. We translated the name when we came over to England. There; let's put it all away. It's a regular incubus.'

So it was all packed up again in the chests; for he wouldn't let me finish cleaning it, saying it would take a week; and that it was more for the sake of seeing and going over it than anything that he had had it out. So we locked it all up again in the plate-room. And it took five waters hot as he could bear 'em to wash his hands; and even then there was some rouge left in the cracks, and in the old signet ring with the coat of arms cut in the stone—same as that on the plate.

I don't know how it was; perhaps I was out of sorts, but from that day I got thinking about gold plate and what Sir John said about its worth. I knew what 'incubus' meant, for I went up in the library and looked out the word in the big dictionary; and that plate got to be such an incubus to me that I went up to Sir John one morning and gave him warning.

'But what for?' he said. 'Wages?'

'No, Sir John. You're a good master, and her ladyship was a good mistress before she was took up to heaven.'

'Hush, man, hush!' he says sharply.

'And it'll break my heart nearly not to see young Master Barclay when he comes back from school.'

'Then why do you want to go?'

'Well, Sir John, a good home and good food and good treatment's right enough; but I don't want to be found some morning a-weltering in my gore.'

'Now, look here, James Burdon,' he says, laughing. 'I trust you with the keys of the wine-cellar, and you've been at the sherry.'

'You know better than that, Sir John. No, sir. You said that gold plate was an incubus, and such it is, for it's always a-sitting on me, so as I can't sleep o' nights. It's killing me, that's what it is. Some night I shall be murdered, and all that plate taken away. It ain't safe, and it's cruel to a man to ask him to take charge of it.'

He did not speak for a few minutes.

'What am I to do, then, Burdon?'

'Some people send their plate to the bank, Sir John.'

'Yes,' he says; 'some people do a great many things that I do not intend to do.—There; I shall not take any notice of what you said.'

'But you must, please, Sir John; I couldn't stay like this.'

'Be patient for a few days, and I'll have something done to relieve you.'

I went down-stairs very uneasy, and Sir John went out; and next day, feeling quite poorly, after waking up ten times in the night, thinking I heard people breaking in, as there'd been a deal of burglary in Bloomsbury about that time, I got up quite thankful I was still alive; and directly after breakfast, the wine-merchant's cart came from St James's Street with fifty dozen of sherry, as we really didn't want. Sir John came down and saw to the wine being put in bins; and then he had all the wine brought from the inner cellar into the outer cellar, both being next my pantry, with a door into the passage just at the foot of the kitchen stairs.

'That's a neat job, Burdon,' said Sir John, as we stood in the far cellar all among the sawdust, and the place looking dark and damp, with its roof like the vaults of a church, and stone flag floor, but with every bin empty.

'Going to lay down some more wine here, Sir John?' I said; but he didn't answer, only stood, with a candle in the arched doorway, which was like a passage six feet long, opening from one cellar into the other. Then he went up-stairs, and I locked up the cellar and put the keys in my drawer.

'He always was eccentric, before her ladyship died,' I said to myself; 'and now he's getting worse.'

I saw it again next morning, for Sir John gave orders, sudden-like, for everybody to pack off to the country-house down by Dorking; and of course everybody had to go, cook and house-keeper and all; and just as I was ready to start, I got word to stay.

Sir John went off to his club, and I stayed alone in that old house in Bloomsbury, with the great drops of perspiration dripping off me every time I heard a noise, and feeling sometimes as if I could stand it no longer; but just as it was getting dusk, he came back, and in his short abrupt way, he says: 'Now, Burdon, we'll go to work.'

I'd no idea what he meant till we went down-stairs, when he had the strong-room door opened and the cellar too; and then he made me help him carry the old plate-chests right through my pantry into the far wine-cellar, and range them one after the other along one side.

I wanted to tell him that they would not be so safe there; but I daren't speak, and it was not till what followed that I began to understand; for, as soon as we had gone through the narrow arched passage back to the outer cellar, he laughed, and he says: 'Now, we'll get rid of the incubus, Burdon. Fix your light up there, and I'll help.'

He did help; and together we got a heap of sawdust and hundreds of empty wine-bottles; and these we built up at the end of the arched

entrance between the cellars from floor to ceiling, just as if it had been a wine-bin, till the farther cellar was quite shut off with empty bottles. And then, if he didn't make me move the new sherry that had just come in and treat that the same, building up full bottles in front of the empty ones till the ceiling was reached once more, and the way in to the chests of gold plate shut up with wine-bottles two deep, one stack full, the other empty.

He saw me shake my head, as if I didn't believe in it; and he laughed again in his strange way, and said: 'Wait a bit.'

Next morning, I found he'd given orders, for the men came with a load of bricks and mortar, and they set to work and built up a wall in front of the stacked-up bottles, regularly bricking up the passage, just as if it was a bin of wine that was to be left for so many years to mature; after which the wall was whitewashed over, the men went away, and Sir John clapped me on the shoulder. 'There, Burdon!' he said; 'we've buried the incubus safely. Now you can sleep in peace.'

'Yes, Sir John.'

'I ought by rights to kill you now, and bury you in the sawdust, to make you keep the secret. But I'll let you off, for I don't think *you* will tell.'

CHAPTER II.—WHY EDWARD*GUNNING LEFT.

It's curious how things get forgotten by busy people. In a few weeks I left off thinking about the hiding-place of all that golden plate; and after a time I used to go into that first cellar for wine with my half-dozen basket in one hand, my cellar candlestick in the other, and never once think about there being a farther cellar; while, though there was the strong-room in my pantry with quite a thousand pounds-worth of silver in it—perhaps more—I never fancied anybody would come for that.

Master Barclay came, and went back to school, and Sir John grew more strange; and then an old friend of his died and left one little child, Miss Virginia, and Sir John took her and brought her to the old house in Bloomsbury, and she became—bless her sweet face—just like his own.

Then, all at once I found that ten years had slipped by, and it set me thinking about being ten years nearer the end, and that the years were rolling on, and some day another butler would sleep in my pantry, while I was sleeping—well, you know where—cold and still—and that then Sir John would be taking his last sleep too, and Master Barclay be, as it says in the Scriptures, reigning in his stead.

And then it was that all in a flash something seemed to say to me: suppose Sir John has never told his lawyers about that buried gold plate, and left no writing to show where it is. I felt quite startled, and didn't know what to think. As far as I could tell, nobody but Sir John and I knew the secret. Young Master Barclay certainly didn't, or else, when I let him carry the basket for a treat, and went into the cellar to fetch his father's port, he, being a talking, lively, thoughtless boy, would have been sure to say something. His father ought certainly to tell him

some day; but suppose the master was taken bad suddenly with apoplexy and died without being able—what then?

I didn't sleep much that night, for once more that gold plate was being an incubus, and I determined to speak to Sir John as an old family servant should, the very next day.

Next day came, and I daren't; and for days and days the incubus seemed to swell and trouble me, till I felt as if I was haunted. But I couldn't make up my mind what to do, till one night, just before going to bed, and then it came like a flash, and I laughed at myself for not thinking of it before. I didn't waste any time, but getting down my ink-bottle and pens, I took a sheet of paper, and wrote as plainly as I could about how Sir John Drinkwater and his butler James Burdon had hidden all the chests of valuable old gold cups and salvers in the inner wine-cellar, where the entrance was bricked up; and to make all sure, I put down the date as near as I could remember in 1851, and the number of the house, 19 Great Grandon Street, Bloomsbury, because, though it was not likely, Sir John might move, and if that paper was found after I was dead, people might go on a false scent, find nothing, and think I was mad.

I locked that paper up in my old desk, feeling all the while as if I ought to have had it witnessed; but people don't like to put their names to documents unless they know what they're about, and of course I couldn't tell anybody the contents of that.

I felt satisfied as a man should who feels he has done his duty; and perhaps that's what made the time glide away so fast without anything particular happening. Sir John bought the six old houses like ours opposite, and gave twice as much for them as they were worth, because some one was going to build an Institution there, which might very likely prove to be a nuisance.

I don't remember anything else in particular, only that the houses would not let well, because Sir John grew close and refused to spend money in doing them up. But there was the trouble with Edward Gunning, the footman, a clever, good-looking young fellow, who had been apprenticed to a bricklayer and contractor, but took to service instead. He did no good in that; for, in spite of all I could say, he would take more than was good for him, and then Sir John found him out.

Miss Virginia got him forgiven at least twenty times, and Mr Barclay spoke up for him too; but when it came to a smell of fire in the house, and me being woke up by Sir John and Mr Barclay at two in the morning, and we all went and found Edward dead drunk in the servants' hall, where he had been reading in bed, and the clothes all smouldering on the floor, there was a row. Sir John said he didn't mind about himself and me, for we were two old useless people, who had had our day, and smothering was an easy death, while being afterwards burnt to ashes was a good Roman kind of an end; but he wasn't going to have his son's life shortened; and he'd hang any man sooner than harm should happen to his darling, Miss Virginia.

So Edward Gunning had to go; and I breathed more freely, and felt less nervous, though I must

say I thought Sir John's remarks about me anything but kind, seeing how I had served him well, and being only seventy-one, with a good deal of work in me yet.

CHAPTER III.—MR BARCLAY THINKS FOR HIMSELF.

So another ten years had slipped away; and the house opposite, which had been empty for two years, was getting in very bad condition—I mean as to paper and paint.

'Nobody will take it as it is, Sir John,' the agent said to him in my presence.

'Then it can be left alone,' he says, very gruffly.—'Good-morning.'

'Well, Mr Burdon,' said the agent, as I gave him a glass of wine in my pantry, 'it's a good thing he's so well off; but it's poison to my mind to see houses lying empty.' Which no doubt it was, seeing he had five per cent. on the rents of all he let.

Then Mr Barclay spoke to his father, and he had to go out with a flea in his ear; and when, two days later, Miss Virginia said something about the house opposite looking so miserable, and that it was a pity there were no bills up to say it was to let, Sir John flew out at her, and that was the only time I ever heard him speak to her cross.

But he was so sorry for it, that he sent me to the bank with a cheque directly after, and I was to bring back a new fifty-pound note; and I know that was in the letter I had to give Miss Virginia, and orders to have the carriage round, so that she might go shopping.

Now, I'm afraid you'll say that Mr Barclay Drinkwater was right in calling me Polonius, and saying I was as prosy as a college don; but if I don't tell you what brought all the trouble about, how are you to understand what followed? Old men have their own ways; and though I'm not very old, I've got mine, and if I don't tell my story my way, I'm done.

Well, it wasn't a week after Mr Bodkin & Co., the agent, had that glass of wine in the pantry, that he came in all of a bustle, as he always was, just as if he must get everything done before dark, and says he has let the house, if Sir John approves.

Not so easily done as you'd think, for Sir John wasn't, he said, going to have anybody for an opposite neighbour; but the people might come and see him if they liked.

I remember it as well as if it was yesterday. Sir John was in a bad temper with a touch of gout—bin 27—25 port, being rather an acid wine, but a great favourite of his. Miss Virginia had been crying; and I had heard Mr Barclay make use of a word that ought never to have been used in that house, unless it was by Sir John, who, being master, had a right to do as he liked. The trouble had been about Mr Barclay going away. He'd finished his schooling at college, and was now twenty-seven, and a fine strong handsome fellow, as wanted to be off and see the world; but Sir John told him he couldn't spare him.

'No, Bar,' he says in my presence, for I was bathing his foot—'if you go away—I know you, you dog—you'll be falling in love with some

smooth-faced jade, and then there'll be trouble. You'll stop at home, sir, and eat and drink like a gentleman, and court Virginia like a gentleman; and when she's twenty-one, you'll marry her; and you can both take care of me till I die, and then you can do as you like.'

Then Mr Barclay, looking as much like his father as he could with his face turned red, said what he ought not to have said, and refused to marry Miss Virginia; and he flung out of the room; while Miss Virginia—bless her for an angel—must have known something of the cause of the trouble—I'm afraid, do you know, it was from me, but I forget—and she was in tears, when there was a knock and ring, and a lady's card was sent in for Sir John: 'Miss Adela Mimpriss.'

It was about the house; and I had to show her in—a little, slight, elegantly dressed lady of about three-and-twenty, with big dark eyes, and a great deal of wavy hair.

Sir John sent for Mr Barclay and Miss Virginia, to see if they approved of her; and it was settled that she and her three maiden sisters were to have the opposite house; and when the bell rang for me to show her out, Mr Barclay came and took the job out of my hands.

'I'm very glad,' I heard him say, 'and I hope we shall be the best of neighbours;' and his face was flushed, and he looked very handsome; while, when they shook hands on the door-mat, I could see the bright-eyed thing smiling in his face and looking pleased; and that shaking of the hands took a deal longer than it ought, while she gave him a look that made me think if I'd had a daughter like that, she'd have had bread-and-water for a week.

Then the door was shut, and Mr Barclay stood on the mat, smiling stupid-like, not knowing as I was noticing him; and then he turned sharply round and saw Miss Virginia on the stairs, and his face changed.

'James Burdon,' I said to myself, 'these are girls and boys no longer, but grown-up folk, and there's the beginning of trouble here.'

ODD ACTORS.

ALTHOUGH a good stage-presence, striking face, and polished manners are much to the advantage of all adopting the stage as a profession, there have been many instances in which physical defects have been turned by actors to good account. Beauty, if of the type that a poet would call spiritual, is not for the glare of the footlights. Striking features and expressive eyes are the chief recommendations, and the cunning 'make-up' can hide a multitude of imperfections. In this way, positive ugliness is no great drawback to an actor, unless his features are absolutely distorted, as in the case of the French actor, who looked so hideous, that once in a piece where some one said to him, 'You are changing your face,' a cruel wag in the pit shouted: 'Why, let him do so.'

There are only one or two cases where persons born blind have gone on the stage; but there are numerous instances of actors sticking to their work after being afflicted with blindness. In

1744 there was a remarkable performance at Drury Lane for the benefit of a blind author named Dr Clancy. The playbill intimated that 'it was' the first instance of any person labouring under so heavy a deprivation performing on the stage, and hoped that the 'novelty as well as the unhappiness of the case would engage the favour of a British audience.' The blind man played the part of the blind prophet Teresias in the play of *Edipus*, and achieved much success. In 1790 and succeeding years of the century, we read that a manager named Briscoe, although totally blind, played in the Midland towns, representing the heroes in tragedies and the lovers in comedies. The famous Mrs Dancer was so near-sighted, that once, in an impassioned scene, having unfortunately dropped a dagger, she was unable to find it. One of the attendants tried to push it towards the actress; but it was no use; and the weapon had to be picked up and handed to her in full sight of the audience, thus entirely spoiling the scene.

Numerous stage-accidents have been caused by defective vision. There was a sad scene once at the Dublin theatre, where a young actress, who had to cross a narrow plank representing a bridge, stepped off on to a piece of gauze, and was dashed down to the well of the stage and killed. The late Herr Staudigl, too, when playing Bertram in the opera of *Robert le Diable*, could not find the 'trap' by which he had to sink into the infernal regions, and always afterwards he had to be carefully led to the spot. One of the finest actors Glasgow has produced was the late J. B. Fitzroy, who struggled for years against failing eyesight, and at last was left in darkness. 'At a benefit organised for him in 1878, he played Sampson Burr in the *Porter's Knot*; and those who witnessed that memorable performance will not soon forget the emotion experienced as the blind old man tottered on to the stage, friendly hands in the 'wings' pushing on his porter's barrow. Although that was his 'last appearance,' he was induced to make some other appearances, and among other parts played one of the witches in *Macbeth*.

There have been one or two instances of insane persons playing parts, the most remarkable being that of a Mrs Verbruggen towards the close of the last century. She lost her reason owing to a disappointment in love, and had to be placed under restraint. Having escaped one afternoon from her attendants, she wandered back to the theatre, where, oddly enough, the play was *Hamlet*. As Ophelia, she had often gained much applause on these very boards. The unfortunate lady concealed herself till Ophelia's cue came, whereupon she rushed on the stage before the real Ophelia could enter. The stage-manager was filled with astonishment, a feeling which changed to wonder and awe as he contemplated the thrilling rendering of the mad scene. Poor Mrs Verbruggen was not 'playing' the part; she *was* Ophelia. It is recorded that 'Nature having made this final effort, her vital powers failed her.'

Dumb actors can of course only appear in pantomime, and that very imperfectly. There are no notable cases; but several good actors have been quite deaf. Hinton, a Birmingham actor, was so deaf that some one had always to stand

in the wings and let him know by a movement when to speak. There is the notable modern instance of the late J. B. Buckstone. How we used to look forward to the visits of the Haymarket Company—a fine combination originally, for Buckstone,

As every well-bred person should,
Kept the best company he could.

He was latterly 'as deaf as a post;' and it was only by intently watching the lips of the other actors and marking the expression of their faces, that he was able to 'pick up his cue.' The difficulty of acting under these circumstances may be imagined; but there was no real falling-off in 'Buckie's' inimitable humour. Of course, his difficulties were fewer in his own pieces; but he could not always be writing dramas, for—as he remarked once, with mingled drollery and pathos—he got to be so busy writing 'orders,' that he had no time for other literary work. Poor old Buckie! his last years were clouded by darker sorrows than deafness. They ought not to have been so, as the venerable comedian really deserved the compliment paid him in 1876 by Mr Gladstone: 'You are, like me, an old public servant.'

Many mummers have suffered from faulty limbs. The famous Foote had to get his left leg amputated, and afterwards wrote the *Lame Lover*, in which he appeared as Sir Luke Limp, and gave a comical account of his loss: 'I have neither strain, splint, spavin, nor gout; have no fear of corns or kibes, and no dread lest any fool should kick my shins or tread on my toes. A leg forsooth—a mere nothing—a very redundancy.' Unfortunately, we cannot all look on our losses in such a philosophical fashion. Charles Mathews the elder was crippled for life by an accident, and once played the part of a lame harlequin in an extravaganza specially written for him. Numerous stories of cripples are told in connection with minor theatres. We remember once seeing in a penny gaff, as the temple of cheap art is called, a young man acting who was supported by a crutch, and we were told that he was regularly in the company, and played all kinds of parts. We should like to have seen him try his hand, or rather his foot, at Romeo, especially when climbing up the balcony! Gout, that most painful and aristocratic of complaints, is no stranger to the stage. A celebrated actor used to play some of his parts seated during the entire performance with his limbs wrapped in flannel; and a well-known comedian of our own day is sometimes seen, in his funniest scenes, to writhe in agony from the same cause.

Hunchbacks have a very small choice of plays. *Richard III.* and the *Hunchback* have both been played by real hunchbacks; but, as a rule, people whose backs are 'all there' would be preferred. A little padding makes quite an effective hunch. Some years ago, a hunchback named Mr Norton went about playing parts suitable to him. He was rather a clever actor, and made a hit in the pantomime of *Humpty Dumpty*.

Drunken actors are fortunately becoming scarcer every day, although it cannot be said that the cause of temperance has as yet many adherents in 'the profession.' Volumes could be filled with the ludicrous exploits of inebriated mummers;

but perhaps it is best to forget the follies of the past.

Child actors and actresses have long been a recognised institution on the stage, but it is a pity to see them introduced unless when absolutely necessary. Of late years, we have had some remarkable instances of precocity, especially in the Children's Opera Companies, and in the recent production of the sensational piece *Human Nature*. Some of our greatest actresses have been on the stage almost from infancy; but it seems to be true that very few great actors have been on the boards as children. During a performance at Aberdeen, some years ago, we were struck with the many curious ways there are of turning an honest penny. The play was a version of the *Heart of Midlothian*, and the sensation scene was the smashing of the prison gate, after which a crowd rushed in, prominent amongst the people being Dumbiedykes with Effie's child. The management, not content with a 'dummy' baby, hired a 'sonsie' young Scotch-woman to bring her baby to the theatre every night at the hour required. We were much struck with the appearance of this youngster—a fine healthy boy of a few weeks old—sleeping peacefully in his mother's arms till the time came for his performance. There was an involuntary scream of excitement from those behind on one occasion when Dumbiedykes fell over a beam as he ran on, but luckily the baby was unharmed. It cried lustily, and of course the audience laughed—audiences always do seem to laugh at every awkward *contretemps*.

We could speak feelingly of the parts enacted by those unfortunate people whom we call 'supers,' but do not deem it necessary to add another to the many denunciations which have been hurled at their stupid heads. After all, they work pretty hard for their shilling a night, and the lot of many of them is so utterly wretched that it seems a positive cruelty to be hard on them.

There is yet another species of Odd Actors, but not belonging to the human family; we refer to the 'lower animals,' many of which have reached a high degree of perfection in their parts. Dogs have been the most successful, and have often been introduced in romantic and sensational plays. In such pieces, we have seen dogs pull ropes, ring bells, and otherwise distinguish themselves. In a recent production of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, there was a pack of real bloodhounds introduced, and their savage baying had certainly a stirring effect on the audience. In 'variety' entertainments, many animals perform tricks—even pigs have been shown to possess much intelligence by the well-known clown, Mr Walker—but we wish to talk only of the 'legitimate drama.' The horse is not often introduced on the stage, unless under very close supervision, for he is apt to take fright too easily. There have, however, been some astonishing performances in such plays as *Mazepa*; and some years ago, Mr George Rignold created a sensation in *Henry V.* by the realistic dash with which he brought up the rear in the triumphal procession, mounted on his white charger Crispin. About ten years ago, we remember seeing a sensational piece, the *Brigand's Bride*, in which a handsome gray mule plunged into a river (of

cloth), and saved his master's little girl from a canvas grave. Except for an occasional 'walk-on'—as in the case of the royal camel in the *Sultan of Mocha*—few animals, except dogs and horses, have been used in serious drama. In the magnificent production of *Round the World in Eighty Days*, at the Paris Porte St-Martin, however, the stage in one of the tropical scenes was converted into a vast cage filled with wild animals. And in pantomimes, as every schoolboy knows, all sorts and conditions of beasts and birds have contributed their share to the amusement of the British public.

MY FIRST BEAR.

DID any of my readers ever see a wild bear? Not one of the shivering, half-starved animals to be found in the country menagerie with staring coat and bleary eyes, looking anything but fierce as it crouches in its corner insensible to the 'stirring-up' of the attendant's stick, or pacing aimlessly across its cage and nibbling in the friendliest way the nuts which the fearless schoolboy tenders—but a real, roaring, unchained wild bear. The one is very different from the other. Before I knew what a wild bear really was, I had a great contempt for the tribe, and often dreamed of the slaughter I would work if I could only come across a few good specimens. I got the chance one day when I least expected it. It was in September 1885, in Manitoba, towards the close of the Riel Rebellion. I had been sent from Battleford with a detachment of mounted police to scour the country as far as Stony Lake in search of several half-breeds and Indians who were wanted for complicity in the murders of the white settlers at Frog Lake. It was on the homeward journey that I met my bear. We had left Frog Lake in the gray dawn of the morning, and had ridden steadily along all the hot day, pausing only for an hour by an alkaline marsh-pond to water the horses and eat a meal. The police were riding 'easy,' with unbuttoned jackets, and pipes in their mouths; and the prisoners, wrapped in their gaudy blankets, were huddled together in the wagons, asleep for the most part, quite indifferent to the jolting of their carriages and the blistering heat. I had ridden myself so long, that my horse 'Dragon,' a magnificent animal of seventeen hands, and a pure Broncho, showed signs of fatigue; and I had cased him for a few miles by tying him to the tail-end of a buckboard into which I jumped for a little rest. My companions were two Indian prisoners, young fellows, and both entertaining and interesting to the last degree.

Pas-qui-ac, the elder, was tall and strong, magnificently built, and accounted the best long-distance runner of his tribe. More than once he offered to run for his liberty against any horse in my little troop, an invitation which I was obliged to decline. Mass-ega-wap, the younger, was a mere lad, fine in limb and feature, and with large, melting, coal-black eyes, which would have been a fortune to any Belgravia belle. (Pas-qui-ac was tried for arson on my return to Battleford, but although acquitted by the jury, was held on another charge of horse-stealing, and sent back to Edmonton by the police. Mass-ega-wap was found guilty of manslaughter,

and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in the Wood Mountain Penitentiary at Winnipeg, from which he was subsequently discharged, on account of the general amnesty granted by Her Majesty the Queen.)

Shortly before sundown, the sharp eyes of Pas-qui-ac descried a small black object almost on the horizon line, and as we neared it, his excitement knew no bounds, for he declared it to be an antelope. Mass-ega-wap, not long behind his dusky brother in the discovery, was also certain that it was a large head of game; and it was amusing to see the frantic gesticulations and hear the guttural chatter of these native hunters as they grew more and more excited. When we came to within five hundred yards of the place where it lay, apparently asleep, I fancied I could discern an animal, but to my unpractised eyes it seemed no larger than a dog, for this extraordinary discrepancy between the real and the imagined size of objects is well known on the prairie. At anyrate, it was now certain that a wild animal of some sort was before me, and so far unheeded of my presence. To seize my Winchester and ram a few shells into my pocket took but a moment, and the next saw me out of the buckboard and into the saddle again. With the reins hanging on his neck, and guiding 'Dragoon' with my knees, I loaded as I rode, and managed to get within three hundred yards of my victim, when, to my surprise, he rose, and standing high on his hind-legs, proclaimed himself to be a bear. The sight of the galloping horse must have disconcerted him somewhat, for he dropped at once on all-fours and turned tail. It was with difficulty I gave him a snap-shot as he ran, for he was far to my right; but I could just hear his scream of defiance as 'Dragoon' threw up his heels and bolted. I had never fired a shot from his back, and had taken it for granted that he would 'stand the racket.'

After a circuitous gallop, during which I bewailed my ill-luck, and wondered if I should get within range again, I managed to pull up in the neighbourhood, indicated by two little shrubs, of where I had fired my shot. I tried in vain to track by blood or footmark the retreating quarry, for the hard sandy soil refused to give a sign, and there was nothing for it but to ride ahead and hope. I had not far to go, for, after a canter up a steepish bit of slope, not two hundred yards away, was my bear, standing on his hind-legs, roaring with fury and full of fight. Then followed a brief but ineffectual fight with my horse. Neither voice nor spur availed to force him another inch nearer the pawing adversary; and fearful of losing the game, but without a thought as to the recklessness of the proceeding, I jumped from his back, and saw him flying away while I advanced alone. It will be forgiven me, I trust, if I acknowledge that during these moments I was excited; I know it was not the correct thing to do, and most hunters are so cool and collected on paper—are they not?

I walked on quickly till I was about a hundred yards from Master Bruin, and determining to make a sure shot, I knelt and aimed at him. He did not look very big, and all my nervousness had disappeared as I pulled the trigger. For a second I was blinded by the smoke; but I heard the thud of the bullet; and before I could rise,

the bear was coming at me, stumbling along with a broken shoulder and screaming with fury. If he had looked insignificant a moment before, he seemed big enough now! How loud his scream was, how fast his gallop, how sharp and white his teeth! Retreat was impossible. I was only fifty yards from him now, and to run meant simply to be overtaken and killed; so I knelt again with a strange calmness I could not understand. I remember that I heard the twitter of a bird near by, and noticed the sky growing red with the sinking sun as I raised my rifle. How near he was! What a long aim I took, straight at his head. As I fired, he stopped an instant, turned right round, and ran away from me! I found afterwards that I had hit him right in the throat. I fancy he must have been delirious, if bears ever arrive at such a stage, and imagined, after he turned and ran, that he was still making for me. I was in no hurry to follow him at too close a distance, and I let him run until I marked him into a thicket of trees half a mile away. Then I followed slowly, tracking him easily step by step by his heavy blood-trail. As I entered the thicket, however, the trail was lost; and I peered about here and there, longing to catch another glimpse of him, when suddenly, just at my feet there rose a mighty roar, that made my heart stand still and my cheeks blanch with fear. Half hidden by the trailing vines, and not to be distinguished from the blackened stumps about me, lay the bear in his death-agony, but possessed of sufficient strength still to make an angry bound, half jump, half stumble, in my direction. Mechanically, I thrust the muzzle of my rifle at his head, fired again straight into his ear, and Bruin fell for the last time—dead! I confess that I was afraid for some minutes to make a close examination of the beast. How often I had dreamed of such a scene—how different from the dream was the reality!

A shot at the other end of the thicket made known to me that help was at hand; for the advent of 'Dragoon' riderless and covered with foam had sent a squad of men to search for me in the wilderness. The bear was dragged to the nearest buckboard, and carried there till camp was pitched for the night. He was a fair-sized beast, in fine condition, and weighed, at a rough guess, about three hundred and fifty pounds.

The delight of Pas-qui-ac and Mass-ega-wap when they saw the carcase knew no bounds. To themselves belonged the honour of the original discovery, and this fact they proclaimed on all sides again and again. And to me, the Pale-face, was not praise also due, for had I not gone forth unaided to fight the bear, and conquered him? That night, when the camp-fires were blazing and the silver stars were twinkling overhead, I was halted as I made my usual visit to the prisoners' tent, and made to listen while old Kee-way-tin sang my praises and christened me Wass-sass-ega-ya (The Red Deer's Horn), in token of my skill and prowess. Pas-qui-ac and Mass-ega-wap volunteered to skin the bear on condition that they should have the entrails for their supper (a favourite Indian dish). This was gladly promised, and the skinning was done with surprising skill and quickness. The carcase was afterwards cleaned and quartered, the sharpening of the knives and

the clank of the butcher's leg-irons making music the while. It was with fear that I sat down to the first bear-steak; but who shall tell of its goodness and worth? Was it because my own hand had slain the bear, or because I was tired and very hungry?—or was it because it was a novel dish? Who can tell? But it was more delicious than the finest Club steak I had ever tasted. I had bear's meat for three days on the homeward march, and enough left to feast the mess with for a day on my return to Battleford. The claws were mounted as watch-charms and given to wondering friends; the teeth made brooches for others; and the skin, rich, soft, and ebony black, adorns my sleigh, keeps me warm in spite of Canadian frost and snow, and sets me always thinking of the autumn evening far away when I bagged my first bear.

SLIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES.

It is stated that when Leopold von Ranke began to collect facts for his History, a singular accident occurred in his native town. A bridge gave way one morning, and some persons were swept away in the current beneath. Von Ranke, who was absent at the time, on his return inquired into the details of the catastrophe. 'I saw the bridge fall,' said one of the neighbours. 'A heavy wain had just passed over it, and weakened it. Two women were on it when it fell, and a soldier on a white horse.'—'I saw it fall,' declared another; 'but the wain had passed over it two hours previous. The foot-passengers were children; and the rider was a civilian on a black horse.'—'Now,' argued Von Ranke, 'if it is impossible to learn the truth about an accident which happened at broad noonday only twenty-four hours ago, how can I declare any fact to be certain which is shrouded in the darkness of ten centuries.' To this trivial incident—which to many persons would have borne no lesson—was due much of his caution and impartiality.

A few moments' consideration will convince any one that some of the most momentous crises in history have hinged upon very slight circumstances. A glass of wine, for instance, changed the history of France for nearly twenty years. Louis-Philippe, king of the French, had a son, the Duke of Orleans, and heir to the throne, who always drank only a certain number of glasses of wine, because even one more made him tipsy. On a memorable morning he forgot to count the number of his glasses, and took one more than usual. When entering his carriage, he stumbled, frightening the horses, and causing them to run. In attempting to leap from the carriage, his head struck the pavement, and he soon died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans rule, confiscated their property of twenty million pounds, and sent the whole family into exile.

If Mr Grenville had not carried, in 1765, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging stamp duties on the plantations of America, the Western world might still have been under British rule. In connection with this matter, there is another slight, albeit remarkable, circumstance, which may be told in Thackeray's own words. 'It was strange,' says he, 'that, in a savage forest of Pennsylvania, a young Virginian officer should fire a shot, and waken up a war

which was to last for sixty years, which was to cover his own country and pass into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to sever ours from us, and create the great Western republic; to rage over the Old World when extinguished in the New; and of all the myriads engaged in the vast contest, to leave the prize of the greatest fame with him who struck the first blow.'

If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, says Pascal, the condition of the world would have been different. His meaning is, that if Cleopatra had had a nose short to deformity, she would have failed to attract Antony, who would not have been drawn into the conduct which culminated in the loss of the battle of Actium, which loss made way for the close of the Roman Republic in the inauguration of the Roman Empire.

Dyspepsia has been the cause of many momentous crises. A leg of mutton is said to have controlled the tide of Leipsic's battle; and the consequences of the indigestion of a certain duchess are proverbial.

The great failure of the potato crop in Ireland cannot be called a slight circumstance, yet it was comparatively slight compared with the momentous changes which it brought about; for the repeal of the corn-laws was hastened by the potato famine. As Lord Beaconsfield has observed, 'This mysterious but universal sickness of a single root changed the history of the world.'

Many men have been drawn to their destiny by the most trivial occurrences. Fenimore Cooper became a novelist through his wife's challenge. One evening, while reading a novel, he threw it down, saying: 'I believe I could write a better book myself.'—'Let me see you do it,' said his wife with a smile. In a few days he had written several chapters of *Precaution*, which, when finished, he published at his own expense. The novel attracted little attention; but it gave Cooper an inkling of his capacity for story-writing, and the *Spy*, his next novel, appealed so strongly to the patriotic sympathies of his countrymen, that it became a great success. Hawthorne, too, was induced to write the *Scarlet Letter* by a remark of his wife.

If Cowley had not found the *Faery Queen* in his mother's parlour, it is just possible that he would never have been a poet. Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have remained a rude shepherd boy if a sheep drawn by him upon a stone had not attracted the notice of Cimabue. Opic might have perished in obscurity if he had not looked over the shoulder of his companion, Mark Oates, while he was drawing a butterfly. Had his friend and companion escaped the thunderstorm at Erfurt, Luther might have been a lawyer.

To exhaust the list of discoveries which have been made through slight circumstances is beyond our power. A few, however, may be noted. Porcelain was discovered by an alchemist while he was trying to find a mixture of earths that would make durable crucibles. If a watchmaker's apprentice had not held up some spectacle glasses between his thumb and finger, telescope lenses might never have been known; and if the shop of a Dublin tobacconist had not been destroyed by fire, Lundyfoot snuff would certainly not have given joy to thousands of snuff-takers. If a few drops of aquafortis had not dropped upon the

spectacles of a Nuremberg glass-cutter, etching on glass might still have remained unknown. Had not the wife of an English papermaker accidentally let a blue bag fall into a vat of pulp, blue-laid paper, the invention of which brought a fortune to the papermaker, might have still to be invented. Lithography, too, was perfected through suggestions made by accident. These few instances, which are not so well known as many others, and which are not intended to be representative, we have jotted down at random. Doubtless, many of the more important inventions due to trifling circumstances will be familiar to our readers.

A well-known Paris scientist, Dr Delaunay, has made some curious discoveries which show the connection between little and great things. To ascertain the qualities of an applicant cook, he says it is sufficient to give her a plate to clean, a sauce to make, and watch how she moves her hand in either act. If she moves it from left to right, or in the direction of the hands of a watch, you may trust her; if the other way, she is certain to be stupid and incapable. The intelligence of people may also be gauged, the Doctor further says, by asking them to make a circle on paper with a pencil, and noting in which direction the hand is moved. The good students in a mathematical class draw circles from left to right. The inferiority of the softer sex, as well as the male dunces, is shown by their drawing from right to left. Asylum patients do the same. In a word, says the Doctor, centrifugal movements are characteristic of intelligence and higher development; centripetal, are a mark of incomplete evolution. A person, as his faculties are developed, may even come to draw circles in a different way from what he did in his youth.

Sir Walter Scott, when walking along the banks of the Yarrow, saw Mungo Park throwing stones into the water and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. In reply to Scott's inquiry as to the object of his occupation, the great traveller said he was thinking how often he had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time had elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface. This was a slight circumstance, but the traveller's safety frequently depended upon it.

Now that electricity is used for so many purposes, the slight pressure of a small button frequently effects wonders. So it is, as has been well observed, with the machinery of human life—a slight circumstance may frequently produce the most momentous results.

PAPER BOTTLES.

An attempt now being made on an extended scale to introduce bottles made of paper into this country merits some passing notice. The paper-bottle industry, which has achieved considerable success in Chicago, and is gradually extending throughout the United States, has not yet obtained any development on this side of the Atlantic. Foremost amongst the advantages accruing from this new adaptation of paper is the fact that the bottles are unbreakable; whilst the cost at which they can be placed on the market is considerably lower than that of articles of the same size in glass, stoneware, or tin. A great saving in weight is moreover effected, a desideratum of no small

moment where cost of carriage of large numbers has to be taken into consideration; whilst the cost of packing is reduced to a minimum, for breakage in transit, which is a constant source of loss with glass bottles, is obviously impossible. Special machinery is employed in the manufacture of paper bottles. A long strip of paper of requisite thickness having been formed into a tube by bending around a circular 'mandrel,' is covered externally with an outer glazed sheet, bearing any printed labels to be employed; the tube is then cut into short lengths, to the ends of which are added tops, bottoms, and necks of paper—or of wood, if special strength is desired—nothing further being necessary beyond pouring in and lining the insides with a composition, which on setting will effectively resist the action of acids, spirits, inks, dyes, &c. The utilisation of paper is constantly receiving new adaptations, a bare enumeration of which would constitute a formidable list; whilst enough has been said to demonstrate that the latest development of this material in the bottle-making industry bids fair to hold a not unimportant part in the varied uses now obtained from paper.

MY SNOW IMAGE.

I.

I RAISED an image when the snow lay white—
An image fair, with eyes that sparkled bright,
And form that shone serenely through the night.

The frost was bitter, and the tempest blew
So keen, it pierced the forest through and through;
Yet still my figure stood, and stronger grew.

At last the breeze blew mild, and sunlight shone,
When lo, I looked!—my image fair was gone—
Dead ashes for its feet, its heart a stone.

O Sorrow, was thy lesson told in vain?
Methought, that if I built from care and pain
An image bright, some glory would remain.

II.

Ere long the year to riper fullness grew:
Glad swallows through the sunny copses flew,
And where the image stood, bright daisies blew.

All gone the icy stillness and the snow;
I wandered through the dewy meads, and lo!
Like thawing streams I felt my lifeblood flow.

O snowy image, did I sigh for thee?
The May-blooms hung in garlands from the tree,
And golden kingcups dappled hill and lea.

No more of ice my handiwork shall rise,
But weaved of sunny light from earth and skies,
And gleanings gathered in by grateful eyes:

No more of cold contentment or despair,
But steadfast Hope, whose breath shall be a prayer,
And Love, whose light shall show that life is fair.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

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SUNDAY AT SEA.

Ye gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,
Ah! little do ye think upon the dangers of the seas.

So runs the well-known glee; and how true it is that not only the dangers, but the entire life of those who 'occupy their business in great waters,' are utterly unknown and unimagined by the great majority of those who live at home at ease.

Take a lookout over the gleaming waters of the Channel: see that tall ship slowly moving across the horizon, silent, dignified, conscious of her strength; the white water curling brightly off her bow; her snowy canvas swelling before the breeze with tender curves and gentle alternations of light and shade. 'How beautiful!' we say. And we stand and gaze until the ever-increasing distance makes it but a pale shadow on the dim horizon line. It has excited our admiration more, perhaps, than most objects which pass beneath our gaze; for he who can look upon a gallant ship in full sail on a sunny sea without pleasure is indeed but a dull soul. But has it never struck us how utterly beyond our knowledge is the ship itself? It is a sealed book to us; we see its exterior—we cannot scan its page. It is an utterly unknown life; few can say with certainty, as men can, and do, of the habits of those with whose lives they are familiar: 'Ah! now they will be doing so-and-so;' for only those who are initiated into the mysteries of the sea can follow the sailor in his daily and nightly round.

But amidst all this blank desert of ignorance there is one green spot: in the vast empty vault of darkness which shadows the lives of our sailor-loved ones from us, there shines one peculiarly bright and lovely star—the star which draws the gaze of those on land and those at sea equally heavenward—the star of the Sabbath. For afloat, as on shore, there rise from the lips of men the same prayers for pardon, help, and peace, couched in the same simple words; the same hymns of praise, with the very tunes which in many

instances we first heard from our mothers' lips; and many a heart flies back over those thousand miles of ocean to join with other hearts, which in their turn are going forth to meet them guided by the spirit of love.

I remember well the first Sunday I spent at sea. Our hearts were still aching from the strain which had broken all the ties which bound us to home; England was hardly yet out of sight; the echo of that saddest of all words, 'Good-bye,' was still ringing in our ears, and the well-known prayers brought back vividly to our minds the surroundings inseparably connected with them in our young lives: the parish church, the familiar faces, the village where our boyhood had been spent, each humble cottage, each shady tree, each barn and hovel. But a Sunday at sea in the service of Her Majesty, though affording us this one great and precious link with our loved ones at home, cannot be said under all circumstances to continue the resemblance. There are conditions under which divine worship is conducted afloat which are utterly without parallel in the house of God ashore. The wind may roar and the squalls may burst savagely upon the high-pitched roof of the church; but the congregation is unaffected by the circumstance, save for sundry fears and anxieties as to the means of getting home dry-shod. But what if the edifice itself were to begin to roll and sway itself about in such bewildering fashion as to make the locality of each individual worshipper a matter of anxious doubt and difficulty? What if the very element on which it stood were to strive its utmost to increase the disorder?

We had two separate and distinct kinds of divine worship on board, specially adapted to the exigences of the matter. One was known among us as 'Sit-down' church; the other as 'Stand-up' church. When the wind was fair and the sea smooth, when the sky was clear and the sun bright, when the surface of the ocean was reflecting from myriads of dimpling wavelets the brilliant hue and glancing beams of the firmament above, then Sunday at sea showed no very striking contrast to the day of rest ashore.

The services of the church were prefaced by the service of the state known to us as 'divisions,' when a careful and searching inspection of ship and crew was carried on in grave and decorous silence by captain, commander, and senior lieutenant. The blue-jackets and marines, drawn up on the upper deck, stood at ease 'toeing a line' with almost mathematical accuracy, gravely bowing to each other with unmoved faces as the ship rolled slowly upon the gently heaving surface of the sea; while the officers not actually on duty grouped themselves picturesquely, but with no attempt at regularity, under or abaft the bridge, and remained silent spectators of the function, or conversed in whispers apart. The temptation to illicit skylarking was often too great for the weak minds of the midshipmen; and suppressed forms of mild practical jokes were perpetrated on any of their number whose appearance, attitude, or dress seemed to encourage such a proceeding; otherwise, the silence that prevailed was broken only by an occasional order from the officer of the watch on the bridge.

'Divisions' over, the crew would disperse for a short time while the order to 'rig church' was carried out. In a large frigate, this was always done upon the maindeck, the principal gun-carrying deck, that is, of the ship, thoroughly protected from wind and rain by the upper deck above it. Here accommodation was provided for the men, some five hundred in number, by placing capstan bars and planks across inverted 'wash-deck tubs,' affording thus a kind of rough-and-ready form on which to sit. These were placed 'athwartships,' across the breadth of the deck, while chairs were arranged farther aft for the senior and junior officers, who generally sat on opposite sides of the deck. The chaplain, who on board ship is known by a thousand more or less irreverent names—Padre, Sky-pilot, &c.—is supplied with a portable apparatus as nearly akin to the reading-desk of the shore as the wit of a ship's carpenter can devise. This is also 'rigged' in a commanding position between the officers and men.

All being reported ready to the commander, the order is given to 'toll the bell;' and forthwith the sentry begins to thump slowly and monotonously upon the ship's bell, the clapper of which is held in the hand and used as a hammer, instead of the bell itself being swung. The men are marched off to their places, the officers take their seats, the captain comes out of his cabin, the chaplain enters his desk, and the familiar and solemn words of the service fall upon the ear; accompanied in this case by the muffled groaning of the ship as she sways before the pressure of the breeze. The responses are, as a rule, not loudly or distinctly made, but merely muttered; whereas, were all that congregation of men fully imbued with the spirit of prayer, a great and emphatic stream of supplication should ascend from that compact parish

to the throne of Him who rules the raging of the sea. But when the time arrives for Praise, then, provided that the tune is well known and popular, the blue-jackets break into a burst of song, often most harmonious, always admirable from the power and richness of the volume of sound, and in which many may be noted taking, with well-trained accuracy, the tenor and even the alto parts. This is sometimes led by a small harmonium; sometimes, should the ship be large enough to possess one, by the ship's band. Then follows, as on shore, the sermon; but when at last the blessing has been given, and ere the more seriously inclined have risen from their knees, the loud imperative order comes from the lips of the commander, 'Boatswain's mate, pipe down!' the shrill trill of that petty officer's whistle is instantly raised, in obedience to the mandate, and officers and men leave the main-deck, which is speedily cleared of its Sunday paraphernalia.

This, however, was fine-weather worship, when we could all meet in prayer without hindrance. But there came Sundays when the conditions were far otherwise—when the wind was shrieking and whistling with fiendish uproar through spars and rigging; when the waves were roaring and hissing, striking with the force and thud of a steam-hammer against the bows of the labouring ship, which herself added to the din by the indescribable moans and groans and cracks by which she gave expression to her indignation at such unfair treatment. She would writhe and wallow, would plunge and roll, would tremble and stop, and then make a still more furious rush forward, until all thought of divine worship in the usual form was out of the question. These were the days of 'Stand-up' church, and now the elaborate arrangements of the fine-weather function were conspicuously absent. The main-deck ports were closed, to keep out the hissing and angry seas, and the only light came from the hatchways above, many of them closed by gratings. All stood, officers and men alike; and those who had experience of such things kept their eyes on a handy ringbolt or friendly breeching of a gun, anything, in fact, to which they might cling should the motion of the ship become too violent even for well-trained sea-legs. Then the chaplain, no longer trusting himself within the compass of his reading-desk, but clinging with all the strength of one arm to an iron stanchion supporting the deck above, lifted up his feeble voice in opposition to those of the strident elements, which seemed to unite in the effort to smother his solemn tones with their demoniac uproar, lest they should wing their way upwards and attain their goal. No sermon now, no hymns, no litany, just the simple morning prayers, and the men are dismissed to find what comfort they can on the close, musty, dark, wet decks.

But the Sundays really pregnant with disaster were those when it was impossible for the commanding officer to estimate with certainty the

superior advisability of either form of service. It would be bright and sunny, the upper deck dry and warm, the seas perhaps rather high and long, and the ship inclined to roll and wallow as she sped across them; but it was a great thing to have the men inspected on deck and to keep the maindeck ports open for ventilation and for light. 'Divisions' would certainly be upon the upper deck; but now there was a distinctly humorous element imported into the otherwise serious function. The marines from their double line no longer bowed to each other gravely and gently, but uncertainly and with exaggerated emphasis. The ship would roll heavily to starboard, and the 'Joeys' on that side of the vessel, facing 'aboard,' would assume such an acute angle with the deck as to make one think that they were rehearsing a gymnastic drill of more than usual interest; while the opposite line on the port-side were trying to touch the deck with the backs of their heads while standing at attention. But in a moment all this would be reversed; the old ship would give a staggering pitch, inclining all the line aft, and seriously compromising the steadfastness of not a few; and would then roll over to port with such unexpected suddenness that the most accomplished sea-dogs would hang fire for a moment, and the waverers fall helplessly on the deck and roll away to leeward. The efforts of the remainder, who retained their footing, to appear as if they were unaware of and did not enjoy the misfortune of their comrades, would require the pencil of a Caldecott to depict.

Even the inspecting march of the captain, commander, and attendant satellites, usually conducted with great gravity, solemnity, and sternness, had an element of uncertainty imparted to it which seriously impaired its dignity; and the 'fetching away' of one or two of the party to leeward in a direction obviously opposed to their intentions and wishes, and the sprawling lurches of others, are sure to be immensely enjoyed by the junior members of the gunroom mess. I recollect once how our commodore, a man of small stature, but unusual bulk, came up the after hatchway one stormy morning, and had hardly planted one foot upon the slippery deck, when his heel shot away from under him with the roll of the ship, and he sat down with all the weight of his sixteen stone and with terrific suddenness upon the deck, to the great detriment of his comfort and his dignity.

Divisions over, the question had to be settled, 'Stand-up' or 'Sit-down' church? 'Stand-up' was the safer, no doubt; but there were arguments in favour of 'Sit-down' as well. One such Sunday is clearly graven in my memory. We were running some ten or eleven knots almost dead before the wind, with stun'-sails set on both sides; our speed will show that the wind was strong; we were leaping from one long sea to another, and if the good old ship could do nothing else, she could roll. Her gifts in that particular were truly marvellous. She would go over with a long heavy lurch until the water was bubbling up through her lee scupper-holes; while, if you looked through a weather-port, you stared right up into the sky above; and just when everybody had made up his mind that she had reached her limit on that roll, and would go no farther, she

would hang fire for a minute, as if to consider the matter, and then, with a little kick, would go another degree farther, out of pure mischief. That last kick settled everybody. The steward would roll out of his berth, pursued by a clattering crowd of revolting plates and dishes; the cook would shoot out of the 'galley' with the boiling contents of half-a-dozen capsized mess-kettles washing over him; ship's boys and midshipmen would take frightful headers down yawning hatchways with an apparent impossibility of being ever seen again alive; the sixty-eight-pound shot would leap from their racks, and bound in wild excitement across the maindeck, carrying terror and disaster in their track; the sea-chests would start off from their apparently immovable positions on the lower deck, and indulge in a frantic bacchanalian orgie, which usually ended in one or two of them being precipitated into the hold. Nevertheless, on this particular occasion the sun was bright and the weather delicious; and in an evil moment, the order was given to 'rig church' for the more elaborate form of worship.

Our troubles commenced at once, even while the bell was a-tolling and before the service was begun. It had already been noted as an ominous circumstance that the man who were carrying the reading-desk to its proper station fell down in a heap with that structure on the top of them, and loudly broke the 'third commandment in consequence; but the order had been given, and must be obeyed. Our boys, a goodly row of stalwart lads, were drawn up aft, opposite the wardroom skylight, which was wide open for air and light; they were under the charge of a ship's corporal, and they 'toed a line' with admirable regularity and discipline under that strict 'petty-officer's eye. But even the eye of a ship's corporal is of no avail against the laws of nature. The old ship prepared for action; she gave one of her long heavy rolls—down, down, down she went; the boys were taken unawares; they started all together on a fatal slide; there was nothing to bring them up until they caught the coaming of the skylight with their toes; their pace increased, and tripping on the treacherous coaming, they went headlong down the open skylight, and fell crashing on the wardroom table below; while at the same moment, a Portuguese midshipman whom we had on board shot, head first, into the big drum, which was hanging up on the opposite side of the deck, and went rattling, booming, and banging away to leeward, with that unmanageable instrument, amidst a shout of smothered laughter from those around. Roundly did the first lieutenant rate the unfortunate corporal for not keeping the boys in order. It was nothing to him that that functionary was hanging on, nails, teeth, and eyelids, to a ringbolt, to save himself from a similar fate. He was put there to keep order, and he must do his duty, even should the skies fall. Gradually, order is restored; the boys are marched off to their places; the men take their seats on the improvised forms; the officers sit down with some misgivings on their respective chairs; and the Padre commits himself to the protection of his reading-desk with a gleam of satisfaction on his face at noticing that it was securely lashed to his friend the stanchion, and service began.

At first, all went well. The men managed to

keep pretty steady, though, if the topmost man of the row slipped, he bore down upon the next man, who leaned heavily upon the next, and so imperilled the entire row. When we stood up, too, a chair would now and again begin to slide down the incline of the deck; but it was arrested at once by the owner. We got through the Psalms and First Lesson without any serious interruption, though the tendency of some of our chairs to skate off without notice made it almost an impossibility to attend, and caused us serious anxiety, the more so as a sea had occasionally 'plopped' up through the ports and made the decks more slippery than ever. We had reached the middle of the Second Lesson, when our chief-engineer suddenly started off on his chair at the top of a terrific roll, at a hand-gallop. He was a very tall man, with unusually long legs, and his only hope of salvation would have been to rise instantly—a difficult matter, when your chair has commenced its career and the angle of the deck is increasing every moment—and, abandoning his seat, to seek security by grasping the nearest fixture. But our gallant chief lost his head. He madly tucked his long legs up on each side of his chair, and, with horror depicted on his countenance, bore straight down upon the wardroom skylight with a velocity far beyond that of a Canadian tobogganer. It seemed that nothing but a miracle could save him from the fate of the boys; but, recognising his danger, he threw himself sideways off his conveyance just as he reached the fatal coaming, and managed to cling to it with such a frenzied grasp as to arrest his own downward progress, while the chair went bounding into the wardroom, and, smashing a swinging lamp, deluged with oil the ship's log, which had been left open on the table, and utterly ruined it.

But the disaster of the chief engineer was, a second or two after, swallowed up and blotted out by the ruinous calamity which involved the whole ship's company in its malignant embrace. The roll which had well-nigh brought him to destruction was indeed terrific, and many a mess-mate had been on the verge of following him down that fatal slide; but the old ship was now on her mettle, and her counter-roll was a masterpiece. Over, over, over she went, till the terrified occupants of the remaining chairs rose hastily and clung with feverish tenacity to guns, tackles, or bolts, and so saved themselves, while their chairs went rattling down the incline without them. But the ship's company were in a far different position. Up went her port side to the very skies; down sank the starboard side till the seas bubbled and seethed through her wide open ports; then she hesitated a moment, the men hanging on to their seats like grim death, feeling well that they were on the brink of a catastrophe; and then she gave her little kick, and lay down a fathom or so farther. That settled the matter; and with one terrific rattling crash, the mass of men, blue-jackets, marines, and boys went swooping away in one indescribable and chaotic ruin, head over heels, into the lee scuppers, followed by wash-deck tubs, capstan bars, planks, round-shot, and every movable thing on board the ship; and as they lay there inextricably mixed, entangled, huddled up, piled three or four deep on top of each other, three great green seas came

roaring in through the weather-ports in tuns of water, and washed them all down just as thoroughly as if they had been overboard. After that, we piped down.

THIS MORTAL COIL.

CHAPTER III.—ARCADIA.

THE village of Whitestrand, on the Suffolk coast—an oasis in a stretch of treeless desert—was, and is, one of the remotest and most primitive spots to be found anywhere on the shores of England. The railways, running inland away to the west, have left it for ages far in the lurch; and even the two or three belated roads that converge upon it from surrounding villages lead nowhere. It is, so to speak, an absolute terminus. The World's End is the whimsical title of the last house at Whitestrand. The little river Char that debouches into the sea just below the church, with its scattered group of thatched cottages, cuts off the hamlet effectually with its broad estuary from the low stretch of reclaimed and sluice-drained pasture-land of wiry grass that rolls away to southward. The very name Whitestrand, as old as the days of the Danish invasion of the East Anglian plain, at once describes the one striking and noteworthy feature of the entire district. It has absolutely no salient point of its own of any sort, except the hard and firm floor of pure white sand that extends for miles and miles on either side of the village.

All Whitestrand—what there was left of it—belonged to Mr Wyville Meysey. His family had bought the manor and estate a hundred years before, when the banking firm of Meysey's in the Strand was in the first heyday of its financial glory. Unhappily for him, his particular ancestor, a collateral member of the great house, had preferred the respectable position of a country gentleman to an active share in the big concern in London. From that day forth, the sea had been steadily eating away the Meysey estate, till very little was left of it now but salt marsh and sandhills and swampy pasture-lands.

It was Tuesday when Hugh Massinger and Warren Relf set sail from the Tower on their voyage in the *Mud-Turtle* down the crowded tidal Thames; on Thursday morning, two pretty girls sat together on the roots of an old gnarled poplar that overhung the exact point where the Char empties itself into the German Ocean. The Whitestrand poplar, indeed, had formed for three centuries a famous landmark to seafaring men who coast round the inlets of the Eastern Counties.

The elder of the two girls who sat together picturesquely on this natural rustic seat was dark and handsome, and so like Hugh Massinger himself in face and feature, that no one would have had much difficulty in recognising her for the second cousin of whom he had spoken, Elsie

Challoner. Her expression was more earnest and serious, to be sure, than the London poet's; her type of beauty was more tender and true; but she had the same large melting pathetic eyes, the same melancholy and chiselled mouth, the same long black wiry hair, and the same innate grace of bearing and manner in every movement as her distinguished relative. The younger girl, her pupil, was fairer and shorter, a pretty and delicate blonde of eighteen, with clear blue eyes and wistful mouth, and a slender but dainty girlish figure. They sat hand in hand on the roots of the tree, half overarched by its hollow funnel, looking out together over the low flat sea, whose fresh breeze blew hard in their faces, with the delicious bracing coolness and airiness peculiar to the shore of the German Ocean. There is no other air in all England to equal that strong air of Suffolk; it seems to blow right through and through one, and to brush away the dust and smoke of town from all one's pores with a single whiff of its clear bright purity.

'How do you think your cousin'll come, Elsie?' the younger girl asked, twisting her big straw hat by its strings carelessly in her hands. 'I expect he'll drive over in a carriage from Daw's from the Alnundham Station.'

'I'm sure I don't know, dear,' the elder and darker answered with a smile.—'But how awfully interested you seem to be, Winifred, in this celebrated cousin of mine! What a thing it is for a man to be a poet! You've talked of nothing else the whole morning.'

Winifred laughed. 'Cousins are so very rare in this part of the country, you see,' she said apologetically. 'We don't get sight of a cousin, you know—or, for the matter of that, of any other male human being, erect upon two legs, and with a beard on his face—twice in a twelve-month. A live young man in a tourist suit is quite a rarity, I declare, nowadays.—And then a poet too! I never in my life set eyes yet upon a genuine all-wool unadulterated poet.—And you say he's handsome, extremely handsome!'

'Winifred! Winifred! you naughty bad girl!' Elsie laughed out, half in jest and half in earnest, 'moderate your transports. You've got no sense of propriety in you, I do believe—and no respect for your instructress's dignity either. I oughtn't to let you talk on like that.—But as it's only Hugh, after all, I suppose it really doesn't matter. I look upon Hugh, Winnie, like my own brother.'

'What a jolly name—Hugh!' Winifred cried, enthusiastically. 'It goes so awfully well together, too, Hugh Massinger. There's a great deal in names going well together. I wouldn't marry a man called Adair, now, Elsie, or O'Dowd, either, not if you were to pay me for it (though why you should pay me, I'm sure I don't know), for Winifred Adair doesn't sound a bit nice; and yet Elsie Adair goes just beautifully.—Winifred Challoner—that's not bad, either. Three syllables, with the accent on the first. Winifred Massinger—that sounds very well too; best of all, perhaps. I shouldn't mind marrying a man named Massinger.'

'Other things equal,' Elsie put in laughing.

'Oh, of course he must have a moustache,' Winifred went on in quite a serious voice.

'Even if a man was a poet, and was called Massinger, and had lovely eyes, and could sing like a nightingale, but hadn't a moustache—a beautiful, long, wiry, black moustache, like the curate's at Snade—I wouldn't for the world so much as look at him. No close-shaven young man need apply. I insist upon a moustache as absolutely indispensable. Not red: red is quite inadmissible. If ever I marry—and I suppose I shall have to, some day, to please papa—I shall lay it down as a fixed point in the settlements, or whatever you call them, that my husband must have a black moustache, and must bind himself down by contract beforehand as long as I live never to shave it.'

Elsie shaded her eyes with her hand and looked out seaward. 'I shan't let you talk so any more, Winnie,' she said, with a vigorous effort to be sternly authoritative. 'It isn't right; and you know it isn't. The instructress of youth must exert her authority. We ought to be as grave as a couple of church owls.—What a funny small sailing-boat that is on the sea out yonder! A regular little tub! So flat and broad! She's the roundest boat I ever saw in my life. How she dances about like a walnut-shell on the top of the water!'

'Oh, that's the *Mud-Turtle*!' Winifred cried eagerly, anxious to display her nautical knowledge to the full extent before Elsie, the town-bred governess. 'She's a painter's yawl, you know. I've seen her often. She belongs to an artist, a marine artist, who comes this way every summer to sketch and paint mud-banks.'

'She's coming in here now, I think,' Elsie murmured, half aloud.—'O no; she's not; she's gone beyond it, towards the point at Walberswick.'

'That's only to tack,' Winifred answered with conscious pride in her superior knowledge. 'She's got to tack because of the wind, you know. She'll come up the creek as soon as she catches the breeze. She'll luff soon.—Look there, now; they're luffing her. Then in a minute they'll put her about a bit, and tack again for the creek's mouth.—There you are, you see: she's tacking, as I told you.—That's the artist, the shorter man in the sailor's jersey. He looks like a common A.B. when he's got up so in his seafaring clothes; but when you hear him speak, you can tell at once by his voice he's really a gentleman. I don't know who the second man is, though, the tall man in the tweed suit—he's not the one that generally comes—that's Mr Potts. But, oh, isn't he handsome! I wonder if they're going to sail close alongside. I do hope they are. The water's awfully deep right in by the poplar here. If they turn up the creek, they'll run under the roots just below us.—They seem to be making signs to us now.—Why, Elsie, the man in the tweed suit's waving his hand to you!'

Elsie's face was crimson to look upon. As the instructress of youth, she felt herself distinctly discomposed. 'It's my cousin,' she cried, jumping up in a tremor of excitement and waving back to him eagerly with her tiny handkerchief. 'It's Hugh Massinger! How very delightful! He must have come down by sea with the painter.'

'They're going to run in just close by the tree,' Winifred exclaimed, quite excited also at the sudden apparition of the real live poet. 'O Elsie,

doesn't he just look poetical! A man with a face and eyes like that couldn't help writing poetry, even if he didn't want to. He must be a friend of Mr Relf's, I suppose. What a lovely, romantic, poetical way to come down from London—tossing about at sea in a glorious breeze on a wee bit of a tub like that funny little *Mud-Turtle*!

By this time, the yawl, with the breeze in her sails, had run rapidly before the wind for the mouth of the river, and was close upon them by the roots of the poplar. As it neared the tree, Hugh stood up on the deck, bronzed and ruddy with his three days' yachting, and called out cheerily in a loud voice: 'Hillo, Elsie, this is something like a welcome! We arrive at the port, after a stormy passage on the high seas, and are met at its mouth by a deputation of the leading inhabitants. Shall we take you on board with your friend at once, and carry you up the rest of the way to Whitestrand?'

Elsie's heart came up into her mouth. She would have given the world to be able to cry out cordially: 'O Hugh, that'd be just lovely;' but propriety and a sense of the duties of her position compelled her instead to answer in a set voice: 'Well, thank you; it's ever so kind of you, Hugh; but we're here in our own grounds, you know, already.—This is Miss Meysey, Winifred Meysey: Winnie, this is my cousin Hugh, dear. Now you know one another.—Hugh, I'm so awfully glad to see you!'

Warren Relf turned the bow toward the tree, and ran the yawl close alongside till her tiny taffrail almost touched the roots of the big poplar. 'That's better,' he said.—'Now, Massinger, introduce us. You do it like a Lord Chamberlain, I know.'

'You won't coze up with us, then, Miss Chaloner?' asked Hugh.

Elsie bent her head. 'We mustn't,' she said candidly, 'though I own I should like it. It's so very long since I've seen you, Hugh. Where are you going to stop at in the village? You must come up this very afternoon to see me.'

Hugh bowed a bow of profound acquiescence. 'If you say so,' he answered with less languor than his wont, 'your will is law. We shall certainly come up.—I suppose I may bring my friend Relf with me—the owner and skipper of this magnificent and luxurious vessel!—We've had the most delightful passage down, Elsie. I never in my life felt anything like it. The blood of the old Sea-kings comes up in my veins, and I've been rhyming "viking" and "liking," and "striking" and "diking," ever since we got well clear of London Bridge, till this present moment.—I shall write a volume of Sonnets of the Sea, and dedicate them duly to you—and Miss Meysey.'

As for Winifred, with a red rose spreading over all her face, she said nothing; but twirling her hat still in her hand, she gazed and gazed open-eyed, and almost open-mouthed—except that an open mouth is so very unbecoming—upon the wonderful stranger with the big dark eyes, who had thus dropped down from the clouds upon the manor of Whitestrand.

'I'll put her in nearer,' Warren Relf said quietly, after a few minutes, glancing with mute admiration at Elsie's beautiful face and slim figure.—'We'll lie by here for half an hour,

Hugh, and if you prefer it, I'll put you ashore, and you can walk up through the grounds of the Hall, while I navigate the ship to the *Fisherman's Rest*, 'up yonder at Whitestrand.'

As he spoke, he put over the boom for a moment, to lay her in nearer to the roots of the tree. It was an unlucky movement. Winifred was sitting close to the water's edge, with her hat in her hand, dangling over the side. The boom, flapping suddenly in the wind with an unexpected twirl, struck her wrist a smart blow, and made her drop the hat with a cry of pain into the current of the river. Tide was on the ebb; and almost before they had time to see what had happened, the hat had floated on the swift stream far out of reach, and was careering hastily in circling eddies on its way seaward.

Hugh Massinger was too good an actor, and too good a swimmer into the bargain, to let slip such a splendid opportunity for a bit of cheap and effective theatrical display. The eyes of Europe and of Elsie were upon him—not to mention the unknown young lady, who, for aught he knew to the contrary, might perhaps turn out to be a veritable heiress to the manor of Whitestrand. In a second, he had pulled off his coat and boots—sprung lightly to the further deck of the *Mud-Turtle*, and taken a header in his knickerbockers and stockings and flannel shirt into the muddy water. In nothing does a handsome man look handsomer than in knickerbockers and flannels. The tide was setting strong in a fierce stream round the corner of the tree, and a few stout strokes, made all the stouter by the consciousness of an admiring trio of spectators, brought the eager swimmer fairly abreast of the truant hat in mid-current. He grasped it hastily in his outstretched hand, waved it with a flourish high above his head, and gave it a twist or two of playful triumph, all wet and dripping, in his graceful fingers, before he turned. An act of daring is nothing if not gracefully or masterfully performed. And then he wheeled round to swim back to the yawl again.

In that, however, he had reckoned clearly without his host. The water proved in fact a most inhospitable entertainer. Hand over hand, he battled hard against the rapid current, tying the recovered hat loosely around his neck by its ribbon strings, and striking out vigorously with his cramped and trammelled legs in the vain effort to stem and breast the rushing water. After thirty or forty strokes, he looked in front of him casually, and saw, to his surprise, not to say discomfort, that he was farther away from the yawl than ever. This was distressing—this was even ignominious; to any other man than Hugh Massinger, it would indeed have been actually alarming. He only thought to himself how ridiculous and futile he must needs look to that pair of womankind in having attempted with so light a heart a feat that was utterly beyond his utmost powers.

Vanity is a mighty ruler of men. If Hugh Massinger had stopped there till he died, he would never have called aloud for help. Better peace with honour, on the damp bed of a muddy stream, than the shame and sin of confessing one's self openly beaten in fair fight by a mere insignificant tidal river. It was Elsie who first recognised the straits he was in—for though love is blind, yet love is

sharp-eyed—and cried out to Warren Relf in an agony of fear: 'He can't get back! The stream's too much for him!—Quick, quick! You've not a moment to lose! Put about the boat at once and save him!'

With a hasty glance, Relf saw she was right, and that Hugh was unable to battle successfully with the rapid current. He turned the yawl's head with all speed outward, and took a quick tack to get behind the baffled swimmer and intercept him, if possible, on his way toward the sea, whither he was now so quickly and helplessly drifting.

CHAPTER IV.—BURIDAN'S ASS.

For a minute the two girls stood in breathless suspense: then Warren Relf, cutting in behind with the yawl, flung out a coil of rope in a ring towards Hugh with true seafaring dexterity, so that it struck the water straight in front of his face flat like a quoit, enabling him to grasp it and haul himself in without the slightest difficulty. The help came in the nick of time, yet most inopportunist. Hugh would have given worlds just then to be able to disregard his proffered aid, and to swim ashore by the tree in lordly independence without extraneous assistance. It is grotesque to throw yourself wildly in, like a hero or a Leander, and then have to be tamely pulled out again by another fellow. But he recognised the fact that the struggle was all in vain, and that the interests of English literature and of a well-known insurance office in which he held a small life policy, imperatively demanded acquiescence on his part in the friendly rescue. He grasped the rope with a very bad grace indeed, and permitted Relf to haul him in, hand over hand, to the side of the *Mud-Turtle*.

Yet, as soon as he stood once more on the yawl's deck, dripping and unpicturesque in his clinging clothes, but with honour safe, and the lost hat now clasped tight in his triumphant right hand, it began to occur to him that, after all, the little adventure had turned out in its way quite as romantic, not to say effective, as could have been reasonably expected. He forgave himself his wet and unbecoming attire, as he handed the hat, with as graceful a bow as circumstances permitted, from the yawl's side to Winifred Meysey, who stretched out her hands, all blushes and thanks and apologetic regrets, from the roots of the poplar by the edge, to receive it.

'And now, Elsie,' Hugh cried, with such virile cheerfulness as a man can assume who stands shivering in wet clothes before a keen east wind, 'perhaps we'd better make our way at once up to Whitestrand without further delay to change our garments.—Miss Meysey, I'm afraid your hat's spoiled.—Put her about now, Relf. Let's run up quick. I don't mind how soon I get to Whitestrand.'

Warren Relf headed the yawl round with the wind, and they ran merrily before the stiff breeze up stream towards the village.

'O Elsie,' cried Winifred, 'it was so grand! Wasn't it just magnificent of him to jump in like that after my poor old straw? I never saw anything so lovely in my life. Exactly like the sort of things one reads about in novels!'

Elsie smiled a more sober smile of maturer appreciation. 'Hugh's always so,' she answered,

with proprietary pride in her manly and handsome and chivalrous cousin.

The men made their way up stream to Whitestrand, and landed at last, with an easy run, beside the little hithe. At the village inn—the *Fisherman's Rest*, by W. Stannaway—Hugh Massinger, in spite of his disreputable dampness, soon obtained comfortable board and lodging, on Warren Relf's recommendation. Relf was in the habit of coming to Whitestrand frequently, and was 'well-known,' as the landlord remarked, to the entire village, children included, so that any of his friends was immediately welcome at the quaint old public-house by the water's edge.

'I'll change my clothes in a jiffy,' the poet cried to his friend as he leapt ashore, 'and be back with you at once, a new creature.'

In ten minutes he emerged again, as he had predicted, in the front room, another man—an avatar of glory—resplendent in a light-brown velvet coat and Rembrandt cap, that served still more obviously than ever to emphasise the full nature and extent of his poetical pretensions. It was a coat that a laureate might have envied and dreamt about. The man who could carry such a coat as that could surely have written the whole of the *Divina Commedia* before breakfast, and tossed off a book or two of *Paradise Lost* in a brief interval of morning leisure.

'Awfully pretty girl that,' he said as he entered, and drummed on the table with impatient forefinger for the expected steak: 'the little one, I mean, of course—not my cousin. Fair, too. In some ways I prefer them fair. Though dark girls have more go in them, after all, I fancy; for dark and true and tender is the North, according to Tennyson. But fair or dark, North or South, like Horniman's teas, they're "all good alike," if you take them as assorted. And she's charmingly fresh and youthful and naive.'

'She's pretty, certainly,' Warren Relf replied with a certain amount of unusual stiffness apparent in his manner; 'but not anything like so pretty, to my mind, or so graceful either, as your cousin, Miss Challoner.'

'Oh, Elsie's well enough in her own way, no doubt,' Hugh went on with a smile of expansive admiration. 'I like them all in their own way. I'm nothing, indeed, if not catholic and eclectic. On the whole, one girl's much the same as another, if only she gives you the true poetic thrill. But the other—Miss Meysey, now—who's she, I wonder?—Good name, Meysey. It sounds like money, and it suggests daisy. There was a Meysey a banker in the Strand, you know—not very daisy-like, that, is it?—and another who did something big in the legal way—a judge, I fancy. He doubtless sat on the royal bench of British Themis with immense applause (which was instantly suppressed), and left his family a pot of money. Meysey—lazy—crazy—hazy. None of them'll do, you see, for a sonnet but daisy.—How many more Miss Meyseys are there, if any? I wonder. And if not, has she got a brother? So pretty a girl deserves to have tin. If I were a childless, rich old man, I think I'd incontinently establish and endow her, just to improve the beauty and the future of the race, on the strictest evolutionary and Darwinian principles.'

'Her father's the Squire here,' Warren Relf replied, with a somewhat uneasy glance at Hugh, shot sideways. 'He lords the manor and a great part of the parish. Wyville Meysey's his full name. He's rich, they say, tolerably rich still; though a big slice of the estate south of the river has been swallowed up by the sea, or buried in the sand, or otherwise disposed of. But north of the river, they say he's all right. That's his place, the house in the fields, just up beyond the poplar. I daresay you didn't notice it as we passed, for it's built low—Elizabethan, half-hidden in the trees. All the big houses along the East Coast are always planned rather squat and flat, to escape the wind, which runs riot here in the winter. The old gentleman's connected with the bankers in the Strand—some sort of a cousin or other, more or less distantly removed, I fancy.'

'And the sons?' Hugh asked, with evident interest, tracking the subject to its solid kernel.

'The sons? There are none. They had one once, I believe—a dragoon or hussar—but he was shot, out soldiering in Zululand or somewhere; and this daughter's now the sole living representative of the entire family.'

'So she's an heiress?' Hugh inquired, getting warmer at last, as children say at Hide-and-seek.

'Ye-es. In her way—no doubt, an heiress.—Not a very big one, I suppose, but still what one might fairly call an heiress. She'll have whatever's left to inherit.—You seem very anxious to know all about her.'

'Oh, one naturally likes to know where one stands—before committing one's self to anything foolish,' Hugh murmured placidly. 'And in this wicked world of ours, where heiresses are scarce—and actions for breach of promise painfully common—one never knows beforehand where a single false step may happen to land one. I've made mistakes before now in my life; I don't mean to make another one through insufficient knowledge, if I can help it.'

He took up a pen that lay before him upon the table of the little sitting-room, and began drawing idly with it some curious characters on the back of an envelope he pulled from his pocket. Relf sat and watched him in silence.

Presently, Massinger began again. 'You're very much shocked at my sentiments, I can see,' he said quietly, as he glanced with approval at his careless hieroglyphics.

Relf drew his hand over his beard twice. 'Not so much shocked as grieved, I think,' he replied after a moment's pause.

'Why grieved?'

'Well, because, Massinger, it was impossible for any one who saw her this morning to doubt that Miss Challoner is really in love with you.'

Hugh went on fiddling with the pen and ink and the envelope nervously. 'You think so?' he asked, with some eagerness in his voice, after another short pause. 'You think she really likes me?'

'I don't merely think so,' Relf answered with confidence; 'I'm absolutely certain of it—as sure as I ever was of anything. Remember, I'm a painter, and I have a quick eye. She was deeply moved when she saw you come.

It meant a great deal to her.—I should be sorry to think you would play fast and loose with any girl's affections.'

'It's not the girl's affections I play fast and loose with,' Massinger retorted lazily. 'I deeply regret to say it's very much more my own I trifle with. I'm not a fool; but my one weak point is a too susceptible disposition. I can't help falling in love—really in love—not merely flirting—with any nice girl I happen to be thrown in with. I write her a great many pretty verses; I send her a great many charming notes; I say a great many foolish things to her; and at the time I really mean them all. My heart is just at that precise moment the theatre of a most agreeable and unaffected flutter. I think to myself, "This time, it's serious." I look at the moon, and feel sentimental. I apostrophise the fountains, meadows, valleys, hills, and groves to forebode not any severing of our loves. And then I go away and reflect calmly, in the solitude of my own chamber, what a precious fool I've been—for, of course, the girl's always a penniless one—I've never had the luck or the art yet to captivate an heiress; and when it comes to breaking it all off, I assure you it costs me a severe wrench, a wrench that I wish I was sensible enough to foresee or adequately to guard against, on the prevention-better-than-cure principle.'

'And the girl?' Relf asked, with a growing sense of profound discomfort, for Elsie's face and manner had instantly touched him.

'The girl,' Massinger replied, putting a finishing stroke or two to the queer formless sketch he had scrawled upon the envelope, and fixing it up in the frame of a cheap lithograph that hung from a nail upon the wall opposite: 'well, the girl probably regrets it also, though not, I sincerely trust, so profoundly as I do. In this case, however, it's a comfort to think Elsie's only a cousin. Between cousins there can be no harm, you will readily admit, in a little innocent flirtation.'

'It's more than a flirtation to her, I'm sure,' Relf answered, with a dubious shake of his head. 'She takes it all *au grand sérieux*.—I hope you don't mean to give her one of these horrid wrenches you talk so lightly about?—Why, Massinger, what on earth is this? I—I didn't know you could do this sort of thing!'

He had walked across carelessly, as he paced the room, to the lithograph in whose frame the poet had slipped the back of his envelope, and he was regarding the little addition now with eyes of profound astonishment and wonder. The picture was a coarsely executed portrait of a distinguished statesman, reduced to his shirt-sleeves, and caught in the very act of felling a tree; and on the scrap of envelope, in exact imitation of the right honourable gentleman's own familiar signature, Hugh had written in bold free letters the striking inscription, 'W. E. Gladstone.'

The poet laughed. 'Yes, it's not so bad,' he said, regarding it from one side with parental fondness. 'I can imitate anybody's hand at sight.—Look here, for example; here's your own.' And taking another scrap of paper from a bundle in his pocket, he wrote, with rapid and practised mastery, 'Warren H. Relf' on a corner of the sheet in the precise likeness of the painter's own large and flowing handwriting.

Relf gazed over his shoulder in some surprise,

not wholly unmingled with a faint touch of alarm. 'I'm an artist, Massinger,' he said slowly, as he scanned it close; 'but I couldn't do that, no, not if you were to pay me for it. I could paint anything you chose to set me, in heaven above, or earth beneath, or the waters that are under the earth; but I couldn't make a decent fac-simile of another man's autograph.—And, do you know, on the whole I'm awfully glad that I could never possibly learn to do it.'

Massinger smiled a languid smile. 'In the hands of the foolish,' he said, addressing his soul to the beefsteak which had at last arrived, 'no doubt such abilities are liable to serious abuse.'

RAILWAY-TRAIN TELEGRAPHY.

TELEGRAPHING to and from trains in motion is a method of communication possessing so many evident advantages, that the efforts of men eminent in this branch of science have during recent years been perseveringly directed against the very great difficulties which up to the present time have defied all attempts to solve in a practical manner this most important application of the art of telegraphy. Such efforts richly deserve the success with which they have been rewarded; and the month of October 1887, in which the experimental trials gave such satisfactory results, will mark an epoch in the history of the progress of this wonderful science.

Like a great many others connected with the successful diversion of the electric current during recent years into channels which supply the wants and wishes of man, this problem has been worked out by American scientists, whose labours in this particular field produce a richer harvest than elsewhere. We first of all hear of a patent being issued to Mr Wiley Smith by the United States in 1881; then of the practical experiments on the New York, Newhaven, and Hartford Railroad, carried on with remarkable success by Mr Phelps in 1885; and now, in 1887, we hear of the improved Phelps's system working most satisfactorily over the Lehigh Valley Railroad in the presence of two hundred and thirty witnesses. In this system Mr Phelps is assisted by the devices of such eminent electricians as Edison, Gilliland, and Smith; and so perfect is it, that a train running at the rate of sixty miles an hour can send or receive messages without difficulty. To convey a message along a wire is no longer a surprise to ordinary minds in civilised countries; but to convey a message where, as in the case of a moving train, there can be no stationary wire, must seem little less than miraculous to minds ignorant of the power of inductive influence possessed by the electric current. This inductive power is so great, however, that, under the skilful management of the inventors whose names are given above, the message jumps, as it were, from the telegraph wires to the train, or *vice versa*, over a distance of more than twenty feet. To give a general idea of the manner in which the transmission is accomplished, we purpose to describe in simple language the method first tried by Phelps in 1885, which in principle does not differ from that now adopted.

He laid a well-insulated wire between the rails for the purpose of conveying messages to and from the train. This wire was connected by ordi-

nary telegraph wires with the instruments in the stations. In order to establish communication between these instruments and the ones in the train, it was of course necessary that a special telegraph car should be constructed. Below this car, and at a height of only seven inches above the wire between the rails, was suspended a two-inch iron pipe, containing a continuous coil or circuit of insulated copper wire about a mile and a half long. One end of this wire was carried to the roof of the car, and thence to the instruments inside. Now, suppose a message is being transmitted along the wire between the rails, the electric current flowing along this wire acts inductively on the mile-and-a-half coil attached to the telegraph car. The message is conveyed from this coil to the car in the ordinary way; but as the induced current set up in this coil is a very feeble one, it requires to be strengthened before it can be turned to any practical use.—The current in this coil as truly represents that in the wire between the rails as a reflection in the water represents an object in the atmosphere above; and as the reflection is dimmer than the object, so also, in this case, is the induced or secondary current feebler than the primary.—This strengthening process is accomplished by means of what electricians call a 'relay,' which is simply an instrument ingeniously designed for the purpose of admitting the influx of a current of electricity from a battery at the receiving station. The first current is but a tiny rivulet, the tributary current is a mighty river; but the characteristics of the former, instead of being lost in the volume of the latter, are accentuated and magnified, and so the message becomes audible. To understand more clearly the action of the relay, the reader may be reminded that messages are conveyed by means of frequent interruptions of the electric current as it passes along the wire; the relay at every interruption of the first current cuts off the current from the local battery, but admits it during the intervals between the interruptions, and thus the message is strengthened without being otherwise altered.

There are other instruments and arrangements besides those already mentioned, but we cannot describe them here. One, however, must not be omitted. It is called a 'buzzer,' from the resemblance of the sound it produces to the buzzing of a bee. It is a rapid current-breaker at regular intervals, and was specially designed for this purpose by Mr Phelps. Current-breakers are common enough in electric apparatus of various kinds. The ordinary electric bell is worked by a current-breaker; the electric machines so common in the streets possess current-breakers; the induction coil of Ruhmcorff also possesses a current-breaker. Phelps's 'buzzer' is similar in principle. The sound of the buzzer, although, strictly speaking, the very reverse of continuous, appears to be unbroken. When messages are transmitted, the sound is broken by means of the Morse key into the usual signals for letters; and the sensibly and irregularly interrupted sounds now find their way to a telephone, which, for the sake of convenience, is strapped to the head of the official who interprets the words which reach his ear under the (to him) familiar guise of the Morse alphabet.

Such, then, is the outline of the Phelps's system

of 1885. Time has effected many improvements on it, a few of which we will mention. In the first place, the wire laid between the rails is dispensed with, an ordinary telegraph line fixed on poles about sixteen feet high and eight feet from the rails having been found to answer every purpose. The latter is of course much cheaper, and is less likely from its position to suffer damage. In the second place, the mile-and-a-half of wire coiled in the two-inch pipe beneath the telegraph car is rejected, as a natural consequence of the preceding. Instead of it, the roof-sheathing of the car, which is usually of metal, is made to do duty; and when the metallic sheathing is absent, a tube or rod half an inch in diameter carried along the eaves the entire length of the train, is equally serviceable. On the whole, the improvements tend towards economy and convenience, but do not at all interfere with the principle of the Phelps's system.

Already messages are being sent by this means, the charges being only ten cents in addition to Western Union rates. Not more than fifty-five miles of the Lehigh Valley Railroad are yet fitted with the necessary appliances; but the system is being extended to the entire line as rapidly as possible; and other railway Companies are making arrangements for adopting it.

The advantages of such a system cannot be over-estimated. Not only can business men send telegrams while travelling, but the guard of the train and the traffic superintendent can be in constant communication with each other, and the guard of one train can signal to the guard of another. If only the number of serious railway accidents—which are becoming more and more disastrous as speed is increased and implicit trust reposed in instantaneous brakes—is diminished, the advent of this new invention should be welcomed; but whatever may be its future, we must agree with Colonel Gourand, who, at the dinner held subsequent to the recent trial, declared that, accustomed as he was to electrical surprises, that day's performances had been to him a 'revelation.'

THE GOLDEN INCUBUS.

CHAPTER IV.—A LITTLE SKIRMISH.

I DIDN'T believe in the people opposite, in spite of their references being said to be good. You may say that's because of what followed; but it isn't, for I didn't like the looks of the stiff elderly Miss Mimpriss; and I didn't like the two forward servants, though they seemed to keep themselves to themselves wonderfully, and no man ever allowed in the house. Worst of all, I didn't like that handsome young Miss Adela, sitting at work over coloured worsted at the dining-room or drawing-room window, for young Mr Barclay was always looking across at her; and though he grew red-faced, my poor Miss Virginia grew every day more pale.

They seemed very strange people over the way, and it was only sometimes on a Sunday that any one at our place caught a glimpse of them, and then one perhaps would come to a window for a few minutes and sit and talk to Miss Adela—one of the elder sisters, I mean; and when I caught sight of them, I used to think

that it was no wonder they had taken to dressing so primly and so plain, for they must have given up all hope of getting husbands long before.

Mr Barclay suggested to Sir John twice in my hearing that he should invite his new tenants over to dinner; and once, in a hesitating way, hinted something about Miss Virginia calling. But Sir John only grunted; while I saw my dear young lady dart such an indignant look at Mr Barclay as made him silent for the rest of the evening, and seem ashamed of what he had said.

I talked about it a good deal to Tom as I sat before my pantry fire of an evening; and he used to leap up in my lap and sit and look up at me with his big eyes, which were as full of knowingness at those times as they were stupid and slit-like at others. He was a great favourite of mine was Tom, and had been ever since I found him, a half-starved kitten in the area, and took him in and fed him till he grew up the fine cat he was.

'There's going to be trouble come of it, Tom,' I used to say; and to my mind, the best thing that could have happened for us would have been for over-the-way to have stopped empty; for, instead of things going on smoothly and pleasantly, they got worse every day. Sir John said very little, but he was a man who noticed a great deal. Mr Barclay grew restless and strange, but he never said a word now about going away. While, as for Miss Virginia, she seemed to me to be growing older and more serious in a wonderful way; but when she was spoken to, she had always a pleasant smile and a bright look, though it faded away again directly, just as the sunshine does when there are clouds. She used to pass the greater part of her time reading to Sir John, and she kept his accounts for him and wrote his letters; and one morning as I was clearing away the breakfast things, Mr Barclay being there, reading the paper, Sir John says sharply: 'Those people opposite haven't paid their first quarter's rent.'

No one spoke for a moment or two, and then in a fidgety sharp way, Mr Barclay says: 'Why,' it was only due yesterday, father.'

'Thank you, sir,' says Sir John, in a curiously polite way; 'I know that; but it was due yesterday, and it ought to have been paid.—Ginny, write a note to the Misses Mimpriss with my compliments, and say I shall be obliged by their sending the rent.'

Miss Virginia got up and walked across to the writing-table; and I went on very slowly clearing the cloth, for Sir John always treated me as if I was a piece of furniture; but I felt uncomfortable, for it seemed to me that there was going to be a quarrel.

I was right; for as Miss Virginia began to write, Mr Barclay crushed the newspaper up in his hands and said hotly: 'Surely, father, you are not going to insult those ladies by asking them for the money, the moment it is due.'

'Yes, I am, sir,' says the old gentleman sharply; 'and you mind your own business. When I'm dead, you can collect your rents as you like; while I live I shall do the same.'

Miss Virginia got up quickly and went and laid her hand upon Sir John's breast, without

saying a word; but her pretty appealing act meant a deal, and the old man took the little white hand in his and kissed it tenderly. 'You go and do as I bid you, my pet,' he said; 'and you, Burdon, wait for the note, take it over, and bring an answer.'

'Yes, Sir John,' I said quietly; and I heard Miss Virginia give a little sob as she went and sat down and began writing. Then I saw that the trouble was coming, and that there was to be a big quarrel between father and son.

'Look here, father,' says Mr Barclay, getting up and walking about the room, 'I never interfere with your affairs'—

'I should think not, sir,' says the old man, very sarcastic-like.

'But I cannot sit here patiently and see you behave in so rude a way to those four ladies who honour you by being your tenants.'

'Say I feel greatly surprised that the rent was not sent over yesterday, my dear,' says Sir John, without taking any notice of his son.

'Yes, uncle,' says Miss Virginia. She always called him 'uncle,' though he wasn't any relation.

'It's shame! all!' cried Mr Barclay. 'The result will be that they will give you notice and go.'

'Good job too,' said Sir John. 'I don't like them, and I wish they had not come.'

'How can you be so unreasonable, father?' cried the young man hotly.

'Look here, Bar,' says Sir John ('Fold that letter and seal it with my seal, 'Ginny')—'look here, Bar.'

I glanced at the young man, and saw him pass his hand across his forehead so roughly that the big signet ring he wore—the old-fashioned one Sir John gave him many years before, and which fitted so tightly now that it wouldn't come over the joint—made quite a red mark on his brow.

'I don't know what you are going to say, father,' cried Mr Barclay quickly; 'but, for heaven's sake, don't treat me as a boy any longer, and I implore you not to send that letter.'

There was a minute's silence, during which I could hear Mr Barclay breathing hard. Then Sir John began again. 'Look here, sir,' he said. 'Over and over again, you've wanted to go away and travel, and I've said I didn't want you to go. During the past three months you've altered your mind.'

'Altered my mind, sir?' says the young man sharply.

'Yes, sir; and I've altered mine. That's fair. Now, you don't want to go, and I want you to.'

'Uncle!'

'Have you done that letter, my pet?—Yes? That's well. Now, you stand there and take care of me, for fear Mr Barclay should fly in a passion.'

'Sir, I asked you not to treat me like a boy,' says Mr Barclay bitterly.

'I'm not going to,' says Sir John, as he sat playing with Miss Virginia's hand, while I could see that the poor darling's face was convulsed, and she was trying to hide the tears which streamed down. 'I'm going to treat you as a man. You can have what money you want. Be off for a

year's travel. Hunt, shoot, go round the world, what you like; but don't come back here for a twelvemonth.—Burdon, take that letter over to the Misses Mimpriss, and wait for an answer.'

I took the note across, wondering what would be said while I was gone, and knowing why Sir John wanted his son to go as well as he did, and Miss Virginia too, poor thing.

The knocker seemed to make the house opposite echo very strangely, as I thumped; but when the door was opened in a few minutes, everything in the hall seemed very proper and prim, while the maid who came looked as stiff and disagreeable as could be.

'For Miss Mimpriss, from Sir John Drinkwater,' I said; 'and I'll wait for an answer.'

'Very well,' says the woman shortly.

'I'll wait for an answer,' I said, for she was shutting the door.

'Yes; I heard,' she says, and the door was shut in my face.

'Hang all old maids!' I said. 'They needn't be afraid of me;' and there I waited till I heard steps again and the door was opened; and the ill-looking woman says in a snappish tone: 'Miss Adela Mimpriss's compliments, and she'll come across directly.'

'Any one would think I was a wild beast,' I said to myself, as I went back and gave my message, finding all three in the room just as I had left them when I went away.

CHAPTER V.—JAMES BURDON SMELLS FIRE.

Mr Barclay followed me out, and as soon as we were in the hall, 'Burdon,' he says, 'you have a bunch of small keys, haven't you?'

'Yes, Master Barclay, down in my pantry.'

'Lend them to me: I want to try if one of them will fit a lock of mine.'

He followed me down; and I was just handing them to him, when there was a double knock and a ring, and I saw him turn as red as a boy of sixteen found out at some trick.

I hurried up to open the door, leaving him there, and found that it was Miss Adela Mimpriss.

'Will you show me in to Sir John?' she says, smiling; and I did so, leaving them together; and going down-stairs, to see Mr Barclay standing before the fire and looking very strange and stern. He did not say anything, but walked up-stairs again; and I could hear him pacing up and down the hall for quite a quarter of an hour before the bell rang; and then I got up-stairs to find him talking very earnestly to Miss Adela Mimpriss, and she all the time shaking her head and trying to pull away her hand.

I pretended not to see, and went into the dining-room slowly, to find Miss Virginia down on her knees before Sir John, and him with his two hands lying upon her bent head, while she seemed to be sobbing.

'I did not ring, Burdon,' he said huskily.

'Beg pardon, Sir John; the bell rang.'

'Ah, yes. I forgot—only to show that lady out.'

I left the room; and as I did so, I found the front door open, and Mr Barclay on the step, looking across at Miss Adela Mimpriss, who was just tripping up the steps of the house opposite;

and I saw her use a latchkey, open the door, and look round as she was going in, to give Mr Barclay a laughing look; and then the door was closed, and my young master shut ours.

That day and the next passed quietly enough; but I could see very plainly that there was something wrong, for there was a cold way of speaking among our people in the dining-room, the dinner going off terribly quiet, and Sir John afterwards not seeming to enjoy his wine; while Miss Virginia sat alone in the drawing-room over her tea; and Mr Barclay, after giving me back my keys, went up-stairs, and I know he was looking out, for Miss Adela Mimpriss was sitting at the window opposite, and I saw her peep up twice.

This troubled me a deal, for, after all those years, I never felt like a servant, but as if I was one of them; and it made me so upset, that, as I lay in my bed in the pantry that night wondering whether Mr Barclay would go away and forget all about the young lady opposite, and come back in a year and be forgiven, and marry Miss Virginia, I suddenly thought of my keys.

'That's it,' I said. 'It was to try the lock of his portmanteau. He means to go, and it will be all right, after all.'

But somehow, I couldn't sleep, but lay there pondering, till at last I began to sniff, and then started up in bed, thinking of Edward Gunning.

'There's something wrong somewhere,' I said to myself, for quite plainly I could smell burning—the oily smell as of a lamp, a thing I knew well enough, having trimmed hundreds.

At first, I thought I must be mistaken; but no—there it was, strong; and jumping out of bed, I got a light; and to show that I was not wrong, there was my cat Tom looking excited and strange, and trotting about the pantry in a way not usual unless he had heard a rat.

I dressed as quickly as I could, and went out into the passage. All dark and silent, and the smell very faint. I went up-stairs and looked all about; but everything was as I left it; and at last I went down again to the pantry, thinking and wondering, with Tom at my heels, to find that the smell had passed away. So I sat and thought for a bit, and then went to bed again; but I didn't sleep a wink, and somehow all this seemed to me to be very strange.

CHAPTER VI.—A SUDDEN CHANGE. . *

If any one says I played spy, I am ready to speak up pretty strongly in my self-defence, for my aim always was to do my duty by Sir John my master; but I could not help seeing two or three things during the next fortnight, and they all had to do with a kind of telegraphing going on from our house to the one over the way, where Miss Adela generally appeared to be on the watch; and her looks always seemed to me to say: 'No; you mustn't think of such a thing,' and to be inviting him all the time. Then, all at once I thought I was wrong, for I went up as usual at half-past seven to take Mr Barclay's boots and his clothes which had been brought down the night before, after he had dressed for dinner. I tapped and went in, just as I'd always done ever since he was a boy, and went across to the window and drew the curtains. 'Nice morning, Master Barclay,' I

said. 'Half-past'— There I stopped, and stared at the bed, which all lay smooth and neat, as the housemaid had turned it down, for no one had slept in it that night. I was struck all of a heap, and didn't know what to think. To me it was just like a silver spoon or fork being missing, and setting one's head to work to think whether it was anywhere about the house.

He hadn't stopped to take his wine with Sir John after dinner; but that was nothing fresh, for they'd been very cool lately. Then I hadn't seen him in the drawing-room; but that was nothing fresh neither, for he had avoided Miss Virginia for some little time.

'It is very strange,' I thought, for I had not seen him go out; and then, all at once I gave quite a start, for I felt that he must have done what Sir John had told him to do—gone.

'That won't do,' I said directly after. 'He wouldn't have gone like that;' and I went straight to Sir John's room and told him, as in duty bound, what I had found out, for Mr Barclay was not the young man to be fast and stop out of nights and want the servants to screen him. There was something wrong, I felt sure, and so I said.

'No,' said the old gentleman, as he sat up in bed, and then began to dress; 'he wouldn't go at my wish; but that jade over the way is playing with him, and he is too proud to stand it any longer, besides being mortified at making such an ass of himself. There's nothing wrong, Burdon. He has gone, and a good job too.'

Of course, I couldn't contradict my master; but I went up and examined Mr Barclay's room, to find nothing missing, not so much as a shirt or a pair of socks, only his crush-hat, and the light overcoat from the brass peg in the front hall; and I shook my head.

Miss Virginia looked paler than ever at breakfast; but nothing more was said up-stairs. Of course, the servants gossiped; and as it was settled that Mr Barclay had done what his father had told him, a week passed away, and matters settled down with Miss Adela Mimpriss sitting at the window just as usual, doing worsted-work, and the old house looking as grim as ever, and as if a bit of paint and a man to clean the windows would have been a blessing to us all.

Every time the postman knocked, Miss Virginia would start; and her eyes used to look so wild and large, that when I'd been to the little box and found nothing from Mr Barclay, I used to give quite a gulp; and many's the time I've stood back in the dining-room and shook my fist at Miss Adela sitting so smooth and handsome at the opposite house, and wished she'd been at the world's end before she came there.

CHAPTER VII.—A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

Mr Barclay had been gone three weeks, and no news from him; and I was beginning to think that he had gone off in a huff all at once, though I often wondered how he would manage for want of money, when one night, as I sat nursing Tom, I thought I'd look through my desk, that I hadn't opened for three or four years, and have a look at a few old things I'd got there—a watch Sir John gave me, but which I never wore; six spade-ace guineas; and an old gold pin, beside a few odds

and ends that I'd had for a many years; and some cash. Tom didn't seem to like it, and he stared hard at the desk as I took it on my knees, opened it, lifted one of the flaps, and put my hand upon the old paper which contained the statement about the old gold-plate. No; I did not. I put my hand on the place where it ought to have been; but it wasn't there.

'I must have put it in the other side,' I said to myself; and I opened the other lid.

Then I turned cold, and ran my hand here and there, wild-like, to stop at last with my mouth open, staring. The paper was gone! So was the money, and every article of value that I had hoarded up.

For a few minutes I was too much stunned even to think; and when at last I could get my brain to work, I sat there, feeling a poor, broken, weak old man, and I covered my face with my hands and cried like a child.

'To think of it!' I groaned at length—'him so handsome and so young—him whom I'd always felt so proud of—proud as if he'd been my own son. Why, it would break his father's heart if he knew. It's that cursed woman's doing,' I cried savagely. 'She turned his head, or he'd never have done such a cruel, base, bad act as to rob a poor old man like me.' For I'd recollected lending Mr Barclay my keys, and I felt that sooner than ask his father for money, he had taken what he could find, and gone. 'Let him!' I said savagely at last. 'But he needn't have stolen them. I'd have given him everything I'd got. I'd have sold out the hundred pounds I've got in the bank and lent him that. But he didn't know what he was doing, poor boy. That cursed woman has turned his brain.'

'Ah, well!' I said at last bitterly, 'it's my secret. Sir John shall never know. He trusted me with one, and now his son'—I stopped short there, for I recollected the paper, and fell all of a tremble, thinking of that gold plate, and that some one else knew of its hiding-place now; and I asked myself what I ought to do. For a long time I struggled; but at last I felt that, much as I wanted to hide Mr Barclay's cruelly mean act, I must not keep this thing a secret. 'It's my duty to tell my master,' I said at last, 'and I must.' So I went up to where Sir John was sitting alone, pretending to enjoy his wine, but looking very yellow and old and sunken of face. 'He's fretting about Master Barclay,' I said to myself, and I felt that I could not tell him that the lad had taken my little treasures, but that he must know about the paper, so I up and told him only this at once; and that's why he said I was an old fool, and that it was all my fault.

'Good heavens! you old fool!' he cried excitedly, 'what made you write such a paper? It was like telling all the world.'

'I thought it would be so shocking, Sir John, if we were both to die and the things were forgotten.'

'Shocking? Be a good job,' he cried. 'A man who has a lot of gold in his care is always miserable.—Taken out of your desk, you say. When?'

'Ah, that I can't tell, Sir John. It might have been done years ago, for aught I know.'

'And the old gold plate all stolen and melted down, and spent. Good heavens! Burdon; and

here have I been thinking you a trustworthy man. There; we must see to it at once.—I shan't rest till I know it is safe.'

It seemed to me then that he snatched at the chance of finding something to do to take his attention off his trouble, for when I asked him if I should get a bricklayer to come in, he turned upon me like a lion. 'Burdon,' he said, 'we'll get this job done, and then I shall have to make arrangements for you to go into an imbecile ward.'

'Very good, Sir John,' I said patiently.

'Very good!' he cried, laughing now. 'There; be off, and get together what tools you have, and as soon as the servants have gone to bed, we'll go and open the old cellar ourselves.'

FEMALE GOVERNMENT CLERKS IN AMERICA.

EVERY country has a certain favoured few whose only employer is 'Government,' the Ministry or Administration which for the time holds dominant power; but none can count so many women among these few as the United States. In the Treasury and Interior Departments, in Washington, are many hundreds of women performing the same clerical duties as their brethren do—copying or inditing letters, examining or adjusting claims, scrutinising and correcting returns of gaugers and tobacco inspectors, and keeping sets of books—whose salaries range from twelve to twenty-three pounds per month, some even receiving twenty-seven pounds.

When women were first appointed to these positions, during the closing years of the late civil war, it was looked upon as a temporary and rather rash experiment; they then did 'mechanical work, such as assorting and packaging the newly issued bonds; counting, recounting, and packaging the 'fractional currency,' as the paper money was called which was issued in lieu of silver to represent fractional parts of a dollar. Later, when this perishable circulating medium began to return to the Treasury—in a sadly mutilated condition—to women's nimble fingers was delegated the task of assorting and counting this mass of ragged, dirty, odoriferous 'money'—pieces of paper about one inch by two, with some of yet smaller dimensions.

Having once got a foothold in government work, woman little by little pushed herself farther and farther in, until now there are few, if any, branches of service where she is not represented. From all parts of the United States they have come, and all ranks of life are represented, so, of course, there are some odd specimens among them. In the earlier days, all these appointments were by political favour; consequently, some quite unlearned people crept in. One or two, to my knowledge, took writing lessons after they were in office, and for many weeks they used to come and ask me to 'back' their letters for them, their chirography and spelling being so very defective that they did not dare to entrust them to the post-office clerks.

Most of these women have some dependents—their fatherless children, their aged parents, or their younger brothers and sisters—who rely on them for support; very few are free to use all their money for themselves. But where they can

do so, they usually invest a little every year in real estate, bonds, or stocks, or in perfecting themselves in some attainment, music, art, language, or even medicine. One lady recently took her degree as M.D. after a long course of evening study; meantime, she faithfully attended to the duties pertaining to a very important desk. Some graduate to the stage, the concert-room, or lecture platform, and not a few of them are connected with the press. Sometimes—alas, there are so many spinsters in the United States—one marries and leaves the office; and when, by-and-by, she comes to see her former co-labourers and show them her baby, that young person excites almost a proprietary interest in the breast of every woman there; for clerks cannot be together in the same office for seven hours per diem, three hundred days in the year, without becoming quite intimate and strongly interested in the good or ill fortune of one another. Each is interested in the last letter which the others have had from 'home'; for Washington is really home to comparatively few of those who earn their bread there; tenure of office is so uncertain, that each one feels that at any hour he or she may be obliged to return to the northern, southern, or western town whence he or she came.

Office hours are the same in all branches of government service—from nine A.M. to four P.M., with an intermission of half an hour at noon for luncheon. This repeat most of the clerks carry from home, as thirty minutes is scarcely long enough for one to go to a café. The vacations allowed are thirty days per annum—with pay—and the legal holidays—Christmas, New-Year's Day, Washington's birthday (February 22), and the 4th of July, when the national independence is celebrated over the land with much ringing of bells, firing of cannon, braying of brass bands, and burning of gunpowder in every form known to juvenile hearts; also May 30th, or Decoration Day, which is the day observed in memory of those who fell during the last war, when thousands of graves are strewn with flowers, and various services, more or less devotional in character, are conducted in the national cemeteries, those large enclosures where long rows of dead soldiers lie side by side, each with a simple headstone, telling who lies there; or, as is so often the case, bearing the pathetic inscription, 'Unknown.' The President also sets apart one day—usually the last Thursday in November—as a day of general thanksgiving for the peace and prosperity of the past twelvemonth.

All clerks are politicians. Politics is a component part of life in Washington; it is in the very air one breathes. Until a few years ago, all appointments were by political favour. If you had a near kinsman high up in official favour, you were pretty sure to get or retain your office, no matter what you might do, short of actual crime, and nothing was so much dreaded as a decided change in the administration. Now, all appointments are, by law, made under competitive examination, and favour is *supposed* to have nothing to do with it.

It often takes our naturalised citizens some time to become accustomed to having women set so nearly upon the same plane with the lords of creation; and I remember one young Irishman, a graduate of a Dublin college, and a surveyor by

profession, who, when appointed to a position in the Treasury department, was set to do certain mathematical work upon which were also employed two other men—a German and a Scotchman—and a lady. The computations were, owing to the nature of the work, to be done with great rapidity; but to insure perfect accuracy, each clerk's papers were re-computed by all the other three; and it chanced that the few errors the Irishman made were detected by the feminine computer, and this so hurt his pride, that he became really angry. 'Never mind,' said he excitedly one day; 'I'll find some mistakes in your papers, Miss—just see if I don't!'

Before she could reply, the Scotchman cried: 'Well, why don't you? That's what you're hired for. We find errors in her papers; why don't you?'

However, he soon became accustomed to the matter, and very soon ceased to care whether it were Mr or Miss who corrected his papers.

There are many clerks who know something, by experience, about other countries than the one in which they were born. Some of them have travelled before adversities have reduced them to working for their bread and butter; and others carefully economise for three or four years, in order that they may be able to afford a visit to England and the continent. Sometimes a windfall in the shape of a small legacy is utilised in the same way. One lady whom I knew received about six hundred pounds as her share of certain moneys which the government owed her grandfather for services during the Mexican war; and as soon as she got it, she went to one of her companions and said that she had determined to use this money by taking a trip abroad; adding: 'You know that I would be as helpless as a child in travelling alone, so I want you to go with me. I will put the money in your hands right off; and you can use it as if half of it was your very own, if you'll only go with me and take care of me. You are conversant with three languages, and I have but a little familiarity with French. You are accustomed to travelling alone, too; and I would feel as secure with you as I ever did with my husband.' And so on. But her friend, thinking it only a whim, begged her to give up the scheme and save the dollars for future use—for the day when she might lose her present position, or when illness might overtake her or her little daughter; and absolutely refused to aid her in squandering this small fortune.

But Mrs — was determined, and at last secured another lady to spend half her money for her. Weeks passed; and about four months after the two ladies had sailed, we were astonished to see Mrs — appear in the office alone. In spite of our surprised inquiries, we could for some time learn nothing as to the cause of this abrupt return; but by-and-by the other one came home and told her side of the story. She said that she had in her pocket all their letters of credit, their tickets, and all the loose coin they possessed; and that one morning, when they were in Venice, she had started out to go to early mass at a church some distance from their hotel; and that the gondolier had robbed her of everything she had; and then, giving her a little money, had rowed her to the railway station, and buying her a ticket for some point at a distance—if my

memory serves me right, it was Genoa—had put her aboard the train: that she was so frightened, that she did not know what to do; but when she reached her journey's end, had gone to some one in the place—either the consul or a clergyman, I forget which—and obtaining enough of a loan to take her to London, had proceeded directly thither, where she had acquaintances, and then, for the first time, bethought her to telegraph to her friend in Venice!

Of course, no one believed this romantic tale; but the truth was never known to a certainty; only, as the lawful owner of the funds had never had any settlement with her companion from the day they left New York, it was supposed that somehow the money had slipped through the other lady's fingers, and then, alarmed, she had run away, and concocted this pretty little romance about a timid maiden—with gray hair—and a wicked gondolier. It was better than any novel to the many who knew both the ladies, and it made quite an excitement in the usually humdrum life of government clerks.

There is a vast amount of *esprit de corps* among these fellow-workers. If one has a bit of good luck, it is told all over the office, as a matter of general rejoicing. If affliction comes, hearts and purses are quickly opened, even by those who may not be personally acquainted with the one in trouble. It is not often, however, that people show their appreciation of sympathy as did one Mrs B—. The day after her mother's funeral, she brought to her office-friends some small bouquets made up of the flowers which had lain upon the coffin. But, as it is the custom in some parts of the United States to remove the silver coffin plates just before interment, one need not be surprised at seeing the flowers passed around as a keepsake. In at least one house I know, the several coffin plates are neatly arranged on the parlour wall, as a *bric-à-brac* fancier hangs up cracked china.

PICTURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

THERE is, and there always must be, a great difference between 'that which is' and 'that which seems'—between the real and the ideal; and if this fact were more generally borne in mind, much disappointment would be prevented. In youth, pictures of the imagination are, as a rule, very vivid and glowing, and the anguish on discovering that 'things are not what they seem' is correspondingly great. Pecksniff confessed that in the days of childhood he thought 'pickled onions grew on trees, and that every elephant was born with an impregnable castle on his back.' Is it unreasonable to say that many of the ideas of youth are not less absurd? Take, for example, the average youth's imaginary picture of the 'splendid' life of a sailor. Nowadays, as we all know, comparatively few lads run away to sea—they prefer, even at a very early age, to dabble in literature and to speculate on the brilliant future of the 'literary calling;' but at one time—owing principally to the great popularity of Marryat's novels—this was quite common, and lads very soon discovered that the life of a sailor is

by no means so full of romance as their fancy painted.

Although everybody has had experiences of this sort, yet we continue to build those castles, and to paint those vivid mental pictures, for the simple reason that it is perfectly natural to do so. In like manner, everybody is addicted to drawing imaginary portraits—of picturing how such and such a man must look, in spite of an experience which tells us that those portraits will in all probability be totally unlike the original. It ought to be known by this time that the character or the personal appearance of an author cannot be judged from his writings, any more than the subject of those writings affords any clue to the circumstances under which they were written. Hogarth's poet indited an ode to riches while his wife was being dunned for the milk-score; and it is tolerably well known that Moore wrote *Lalla Rookh* in a cottage blocked up with snow, with an English winter howling around. After this, it is not surprising to learn that Tennyson has written to an admirer of his well-known poem, commencing, 'Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O Sea,' saying that it was composed, not by the seashore, but 'made in a Lincolnshire lane at five o'clock in the morning.' Therefore, the old piece of advice, 'Never read the life of your literary hero,' is as full of significance now as ever it was; and it is because this injunction has been disregarded, that so many pictures of the imagination in connection with literary men have been destroyed. An author may indeed say of his 'literary executor'—as some one said of Lord Campbell—that he adds a new terror to death.

An American author, when a youth, was inexpressibly grieved to hear that the poet of whom he was then fond kept his hair very short, and wore the best fitting coat in New York. Popular imagination is apt to associate genius with an abundance of flowing locks and uncomfortable-looking cloaks; and it is doubtless owing to this reason that portraits of Tennyson never fail to give satisfaction. But, as a rule, photographs of eminent men are very disappointing—why, it would sometimes be difficult to say. Can it be, as some one has suggested, that all the bright, clever, handsome, and 'promising young men' never come to anything? Ladies are especially fond of drawing imaginary portraits of authors, actors, well-known divines, and professional beauties; and when they first see a photograph of any well-known personage, it is usually favoured with some honest though not flattering criticism. In the case of most other photographs, there is a surprising similarity of result, especially in the case of those of humorous writers and artists. It is naturally expected that there will be an air of jollity about such men; but most of them look as if they did not enjoy life, and even in the flesh many of them looked miserable.

Leech, according to an author who knew him, 'disappointed expectation in the way of comedy. He was very silent, and his air was generally one of settled gloom.' Artemus Ward always seemed unhappy; and Josh Billings, in the characteristic words of an American reporter, had the air of a man who had just seated himself on a tack. The living American humorists are equally disappointing. Mark Twain has been described as 'wearing

the injured look of a bad boy who has been pulled out of bed to see uncongenial company.' If the personal appearance of such men as these fails to realise expectation, it is no wonder that their photographs are disappointing.

Of late years, the practice of giving 'portraits' of eminent men in newspapers has enormously increased, until one can hardly pick up a copy of any provincial journal without seeing one or two specimens of this kind of illustration. Unfortunately, however, the problem of reproducing photographs to work on certain kinds of fast printing-machines has not yet been satisfactorily solved; and consequently, many well-known men have been anything but flattered by some of these crude attempts at illustration. Not long ago, a popular dramatist humorously threatened to bring an action for libel against a newspaper which had printed what he called a 'beastly caricature' of himself. Mr John Augustus O'Shea, too, once remarked of a certain newspaper 'portrait' of himself, that the 'likeness in a fog' might save him from arrest if 'wanted,' but there was a risk of his American agent billing him as a 'coloured gemman!' And now, an American authoress has implored all her acquaintances who value their reputation to refuse to lend a photograph for the purpose of newspaper illustration. After making due allowance for exaggeration, there can be no doubt that many newspaper portraits are decidedly bad, and that they do much to destroy imaginary portraits and to create false impressions.

Places, like men, are frequently very different from the imaginary pictures formed of them. Oscar Wilde confessed that he was 'disappointed in the Atlantic.' It was, he said, not nearly so grand as he had expected. If we are not mistaken, a popular journalist once expressed his indignation at the amount of 'gush' that had been written about the grandeur of Niagara. Almost every traveller, indeed, records that he was disappointed in the appearance of certain of the well-known places in the world, because they were so different from what he had expected. Who has not experienced this feeling with regard to the sights in our own land? It is a singular fact, too, that the scenes of our youth, when visited after an absence of ten or twenty years, are generally disappointing, and invariably very different from the mental pictures we retain of them, even if no alterations have been made. Streets seem shorter, fields smaller, walls turn out to be much lower than we had supposed, and, in short, everything we see strikes us as being on a more insignificant scale now than when we were young. This can be easily accounted for, owing to the fact that the mental pictures formed in our childhood—when a five-foot wall, say, would appear rather high—have not become larger as we grow older. At thirty, a five-foot wall, as a rule, appears comparatively low; hence the disparity between the mental pictures and the evidence of our senses.

Charles James Yellowplush, in describing his adventures in 'foring parts,' said he never saw a single Frenchman swallow a frog, which he had been 'led to beleave was their reglar though beastly custom.' Many ideas such as this are nothing more than popular pictures of the imagination, just as it has long since been discovered that the 'picturesque' red-man of Fenimore Cooper was a purely fictitious personage. Dick

Deadeye qualified Longfellow's well-known assertion by saying that 'things are *seldom* what they seem;' but taking all things into consideration, it may be doubted whether the qualification is necessary.

A HANDY SCRAP-BOOK.

A correspondent of an educational newspaper believes he has found a good thing in the way of a serviceable scrap-book. Instead of leaves on which to paste the scraps, it has pockets or envelopes, into which he drops his cuttings from newspapers or magazines. By this simple method he is saved the time and trouble of pasting. These cuttings are classified according to subjects; all the scraps on a given subject, or class of subjects, are put into the same envelope. The title of the subject is written on the envelope containing it, and the name is also entered in the index in front of the book. When information is wanted upon any subject, all the scraps will be found in one place, and can be easily removed, consulted, and replaced at pleasure. Besides printed scraps, notes, one's own thoughts reduced to writing, lectures, or addresses, can thus be filed, and a record of the time and place of delivery written on the outside of the envelope. Busy, practical men, literary men, teachers, or clergymen can in this way keep their scraps of information in readiness for future consultation. An ingenious student of natural history has perhaps an improvement upon this method. Instead of a scrap-book with pockets or envelopes, he utilises a row of pasteboard boxes made to resemble books, upon the backs of which the contents, 'Biography,' 'Natural History,' &c., are inscribed. Both of the foregoing methods of scrap-keeping have been tested and found practically useful, and by either of them an article, when useless or finally disposed of, can be withdrawn and destroyed.

J E T S A M.

The warm wave feels cool evening's breath;
White foam-flakes with its blue commingle;
Soul-saddened in the hush of death,
The tide lays gently on the shingle
A burden which it cherisheth.

The living locks of brown sea-drift
With the dead locks of gold are weaving;
The clinging garments fall and lift
Responsive to the billows' heaving;
Low at my feet they stretch their gift.

O first-born love with death for bride!
O starless night with far to-morrow!
O wailings of a funeral tide
Filled with the endless Ocean's sorrow,
And by its beauty sanctified!

Dear nameless daughter of the deep,
Then seen, then loved, us nought shall sever!
Outwatch with me this life of sleep
Till death's morn join our souls for ever,
And I my plighted troth will keep.

ERIMUS.

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HUMOURS OF A GOVERNMENT OFFICE.

THE annoyances so often complained of by those whose evil genius has driven them into dealings with government departments; the formalities, the endless delays, the crooked ways which prevail in the temples dedicated to the worship of Red-tape, are commonly supposed to be part of a cunningly devised system invented by over-paid and overbearing officials, whose one object is to embarrass, humiliate, and embitter the lives of such of Her Majesty's lieges as are not fortunate enough to belong to their own haughty and exclusive caste. If this be so, it may be some consolation to the said lieges to learn that the authors of the system are also its victims—that the wielders of the red-tape scourge do not spare their own backs. Let us examine a few of the stripes it inflicts.

A clerk wants a hat-peg fixed up in his room. He puts forward a requisition, which, after being initialed by a number of officials—initialing is the one great feature in the work of a government department—finally reaches the individual who directs the workmen. After a decent interval, the executive arrive, generally in the plural number, and proceed to survey the room in which operations are to be undertaken, and to fix on a site for the hat-peg. It might be thought that the clerk who set the ball a-rolling would be a fairly good judge on this last point; but it would be very irregular to consult him. The executive, having 'earned a night's repose,' depart; and soon after—perhaps in less than a week even—another workman appears on the scene with a selection of hammers, screws, nails, planes, and—if he happens to remember them—hat-pegs. Having fixed on a site of his own—different from that chosen by his predecessors, and of course different from that desired by the clerk—he proceeds to fix up the peg, and sometimes completes the work in a day.

The position of the peg, though eminently artistic, is inconvenient; in fact, it prevents the closing of the room-door. He does not deny this

when it is pointed out to him; he merely remarks that he cannot exceed his instructions, which were to put up a hat-peg, and that to take one down requires a fresh set of instructions. In a few weeks, after the inevitable requisition, these are given; more workmen arrive, the offending peg is removed, and the door is closed once again. If the second requisition is cunningly worded, the second set of instructions may include the fixing up of the peg in a more convenient position; but to negotiate this successfully requires great tact and experience.

Does a clerk want a handle taken from an ordinary door and fixed on a baize-covered door? After the usual formalities, the horny-handed son of toil puts in an appearance, unscrews the handle, throws it in a corner of the room, and prepares to go. On being remonstrated with for leaving undone half of what is required, the nature of which is explained to him, he states that he has carried out his instructions, and expresses a mild surprise that he, a specialist in ordinary doors, should be expected to do work which appertains to the 'green-baize-door department man.'

Government servants, however, are capable of great despatch when put on their mettle. This was illustrated some years ago, when a dynamite explosion broke the glass in the windows of a public office and several neighbouring houses. The men sent to repair the damage in the government building, feeling that something more than ordinary was expected of them, displayed the most feverish activity, took out sashes, marked them with cabalistic figures, put them back, took measurements—apparently for new carpets—sawed up blocks of wood, and generally manifested their appreciation of the fact that it was an occasion on which England expected every man to do his duty. The result was that in a week all the windows were completely boarded up preparatory to being glazed. It is true that on the evening of the day following the explosion, a large private institution next door, which had been equally damaged, had regained the *status quo* as regards

its windows; but this result had probably been achieved in a most irregular and unofficial manner, very revolting to the instincts of the order-loving civil servant.

Order, which is heaven's first law, is also the first law in a government office. Nothing is ever rushed through. If a clerk thinks his rank entitles him to better candles than those served out to him—candles, the quality of which depends on the rank of the user, are much affected in the civil service, probably because they are worse and dearer than gas or oil—he gets his principal to ask the office-keeper to request the Under-secretary of State to pray the Under-secretary of the Board of Works to move the Board to grant the Secretary of State permission to authorise the Under-secretary to direct the office-keeper to issue the superior kind of candles. By the time the office-keeper gets the directions, the dark evenings are perhaps past; next winter probably another maker's candles are used, and as he adopts a different classification of his goods, all the correspondence and requisitions have not much practical result, except to make a precedent.

Precedent governs everything, especially correspondence. The addressing and wording of letters are subjects of deep interest, and are the causes of many scorchings of heart. If a Secretary of State is a civilian, is the writer directed by Secretary Mr Jones or by Mr Secretary Jones? If a military man, is he General Secretary Robinson or Secretary General Robinson? Is a Board to be requested to do a thing, or only moved to consider whether it should give directions to have it done? Happy and respected is the man to whom such questions present no difficulties.

Daring spirits, scorning precedent, sometimes strike out new and highly original lines. An officer in the army having preferred a request on some subject, the official who brought it to the notice of the Commander-in-chief asked if it might be granted, and was told 'certainly not.' It is said the official drafted the following letter, which certainly had the merit of brevity: 'In reply to your letter dated —, I am directed by the Commander-in-chief to inform you that certainly not.' Such men, however, are very exceptional, and their originality is not encouraged.

Most Crown servants are great sticklers for form, though whether, in adhering strictly to system, they do not occasionally try to poke a little fun at it, is a doubtful question. This culpable tendency may perhaps be detected in the following case. When a certain tax is paid one year and not the next, the clerk who keeps the record must enter opposite the name of the taxed one the reason for the discontinuance. One of Her Majesty's subjects having one year paid his taxes and shortly afterwards the debt of nature, naturally failed to pay the former the succeeding year. The cause—'Dead'—was entered in the proper column; but as the formality of crossing through his name was overlooked, a reason had to be given for non-payment on the third year, and the clerk gave a very cogent one—'Still dead.'

The issue of pay to civil servants has exercised the ingenuity of generations of officials. All conceivable systems have been tried, except issuing one-twelfth of the annual salary at the end of each month. In one of the largest departments, a very

humorous system is in force. Suppose a clerk has a salary of two hundred and sixty pounds a year—one month he gets twenty pounds, next month the same, and the third month twenty-five pounds. This makes a quarter of two hundred and sixty pounds, and completes a quarter's pay. He begins the next quarter with twenty pounds, and goes on as before. This stoppage from his pay during two months, to be added to the third month's allowance, may be supposed to spring from a paternal solicitude for his welfare, as it gives him a larger amount when it is wanted to meet the landlord's and other claims on quarter-day; but as a large majority in the office in question are bachelors who live in lodgings, and for whom quarter-day has therefore no terrors, the wisdom of the arrangement is not very patent.

The statement that the clerk gets twenty-five pounds the third month requires modification. He would get it if, like others, he was trusted to pay his income-tax at the end of the official year; but the authorities prefer to put him out of temptation's way, and so deduct a quarter of his income-tax from each third month's pay. And, as a wholesome moral discipline, they calculate the tax on the whole of his income; but, at the end of the year, they return, if he claims it, the tax on the one hundred and twenty pounds which is exempt in the case of salaries under four hundred pounds a year. An artistic finish is given to the joke by making him give a receipt for his pay several days before he gets it.

The sharp practice displayed in the collection of this tax is sometimes returned in kind. A clerk who had exhausted his ordinary leave, took 'French' leave for a day, for which delinquency, notwithstanding his protests, he was docked of a day's pay. At the end of the year he claimed the return of the income tax, not on that amount which was exempt, but on the whole of his salary, on the ground that the stoppage of a day's pay had brought his income below the minimum chargeable with the tax. His claim was at first refused; but he appealed to the Income Duty Commissioners, by whom it was allowed. As the tax at that time was very high, he gained much more than he had lost by the docking of his pay, and his day's leave besides. The triumph over constituted authority must also have counted for something, for a civil servant, too, is human.

A colleague who stayed away without leave was less fortunate. On being called upon for an explanation, he could think of no better excuse than that he had gone to see some friends, and had forgotten that he was in business. As this forgetfulness of a not unimportant fact in his life had held away over him for about a week, it was considered as well to make the fact correspond with the long-standing illusion, and when, as usually happens in such cases, he suddenly discovered in himself a strong desire to cast off official fetters, he was graciously permitted to do so. As the records show, he 'retired voluntarily.'

Leave beyond the ordinary term does not, however, as a rule entail these dire consequences. It is nearly always granted, within certain limits, in cases of sickness or of domestic bereavement

or other misfortune. What constitutes domestic misfortune is, however, a difficult question. A man who had just lost his mother, applied for special leave to enable him to attend her funeral and make some arrangements as to the future of his young and orphaned brothers and sisters. This was refused, and he was obliged to take leave without pay. Next year, having exhausted his ordinary leave, he applied for leave without pay, as he was about to get married and experienced a not unnatural desire for a short honeymoon. Much to his surprise, he was granted leave *with pay*. As the same Board had dealt with both cases, it seems that to the official mind the death of a mother is a less grievous domestic calamity than the taking unto one's self a wife.

Not so, however, the death of a father. A certain knight of the quill once upon a time asked for a week's leave that he might go to bury his father. This was readily granted; and so much sympathy was expressed by his chief, that he thought it a good opportunity to borrow some filthy lucre from his sympathiser. A gallant admiral who had to be consulted as to the leave was also sympathetic, and he too bled to the tune of some 'paltry pounds.' The orphan then took his departure. A day or two afterwards, there arrived a visitor, who wished to see Mr X the orphan. Mr X's chief explained that he wasn't to be seen—in fact he had gone away to bury his father. 'But,' said the stranger, 'I am his father!'—'Well,' replied the official—a man of few words—'I don't know anything about Mr X's private affairs; I only know he is gone to bury you.'

At the end of the week of mourning, Mr X returned, looking very disconsolate. When asked by his chief how he fared, he pulled a very long face, and said that he had had 'the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the last rites properly and decently performed,' and so on, adding, that of course he felt very deeply on the subject, but that no doubt time would lighten the load of his affliction. 'Ah!' replied the other, 'I can sympathise with you. I lost my father when I was a young man. When you lose your father, you lose your best friend. I hadn't the pleasure of your poor father's acquaintance during his lifetime; but he called here a few days after his death, and I had a short conversation with him. Now, this was most irregular; and my object in sending for you was this—when next the poor old gentleman dies, do, if you possibly can, arrange to have him buried and to be back here to meet him in case he calls again. That's all.—Good-morning.'

Exit Mr X, not perhaps an outwardly sadder, but certainly a much wiser man.

In some departments, sick-leave counts in diminution of ordinary leave; and it is observed that in these departments the employees are much healthier than in those where it does not so count. This rule has another curious effect: it tends to make the end of the year—when the ordinary leave has been taken, and is therefore safe from deductions—much more unhealthy than the beginning.

That 'want of pence which vexes public men' appears to be chronic with a large number of servants of the Crown, and sometimes places them in awkward and ludicrous situations. A gentle-

man who did not affect the 'ready-cash' principle in his monetary transactions, having caught sight of a creditor making for his room, and finding it inconvenient to grant him an interview, gave a few hurried directions to his colleague as to how to receive the unwelcome visitor, and then took up a strategic position under his own desk. On the arrival of the enemy, the said colleague, being either a conscientious man or an unready man or perhaps wishing to have a little joke at his friend's expense, failed to carry out his instructions, and merely remarking that his friend was 'somewhere about,' and would no doubt be back presently, requested the newcomer to take a seat. He took one—that just vacated by the absconding debtor, at the very desk under which he was hiding.

Now, the unfortunate fugitive was a man of a corpulent habit, and very dignified withal; the day was very hot, the floor was very dusty, and his prison was a very tight fit. The slightest movement would betray him. His position was neither dignified nor comfortable; and he could only console himself with the reflection that time was on his side. The tradesman, he reflected, must go at last; and if he could only hold out till then, all would yet be well. But the cup of his misfortunes was not yet quite full. When he heard his faithless friend rise from his place and leave the room, leaving the enemy free to wander at will about the place inspecting the furniture and otherwise gratifying his curiosity, he gave himself up for lost. The enemy, however, did not avail himself of his opportunity. But if his bump of curiosity was imperfectly developed, he had a wonderful organ of patience. He waited nearly an hour—more nearly a fortnight, it seemed to his victim—until this quality was exhausted, and at last he left. The released prisoner, with cramp in his limbs and rage in his heart, covered with dust and humiliation, rushed through another door to find and visit with condign punishment the miserable wretch who had betrayed him. But his desire for vengeance was his undoing. Turning a corner, he ran into the arms—of his creditor! He had suffered in vain.

THIS MORTAL COIL.

CHAPTER V.—ELECTIVE AFFINITIES.

THE Girton governess of these latter days stands on a very different footing indeed in the family from the forty-pound-a-year-and-all-found young person who instructed youth as a final bid for life in the last generation. She ranks, in fact, in the unwritten table of precedence with the tutor who has been a university man; and, as the outward and visible sign of her superior position, she dines with the rest of the household at seven-thirty, instead of taking an early dinner in the school-room with her junior pupils off hashed mutton and rice-pudding at half-past one. Elsie Chalonier had been a Girton girl. She was an orphan, left with little in the world but her brains and her good looks to found her fortune upon; and she had wisely invested her whole small capital in getting herself an education which would enable

her to earn herself in after-life a moderate livelihood. In the family at Whitestrang, where she had lately come, she lived far more like a friend than a governess: the difference in years between herself and Winifred was not extreme; and the two girls, taking a fancy to one another from the very first, became companions at once, so intimate together that Elsie could hardly with an effort now and again bring herself to exert a little brief authority over the minor details of Winifred's conduct. And, indeed, the modern governess, though still debarred the possession of a heart, is now no longer exactly expected to prove herself in everything a moral dragon: she is permitted to recognise the existence of human instincts in the world we inhabit, and not even forbidden to concede at times the abstract possibility that either she or her pupils might conceivably get married to an eligible person, should the eligible person at the right moment chance to present himself, with the customary credentials as to position and prospects.

'I wonder, Elsie,' Winifred said after lunch, 'whether your cousin will really come up this afternoon? Perhaps he won't now, after that dreadful wetting. I daresay, as he only came down in the yawl, he hasn't got another suit of clothes with him. I shouldn't be surprised if he had to go to bed at the inn, as Mr Relf does, while they dry his things for him by the kitchen fire! Mr Relf never brings more, they say, than his one blue jersey.'

'That's not like Hugh,' Elsie answered confidently. 'Hugh wouldn't go anywhere, by sea or land, without proper clothes for every possible civilised contingency. He's not a fop, you know—he's a man all over—but he dresses nicely and appropriately always. You should just see him in evening clothes; he's simply beautiful then. They suit him splendidly.'

'So I should think, dear,' Winifred answered with warmth. 'I wonder, Elsie, whether papa and mamma will like your cousin?'

'It's awfully good of you, darling, to think so much of what sort of reception my cousin gets,' Elsie replied with a kiss, in perfect innocence. (Winifred blushed faintly.) 'But, of course, your papa and mamma are sure to like him. Everybody always does like Hugh. There's something winning about him that insures success. He's a universal favourite, wherever he goes. He's so clever and so nice, and so kind and so sympathetic. I never met anybody else so sympathetic as Hugh. He knows exactly beforehand how one feels about everything, and makes allowances so cordially for all one's little private sentiments. I suppose that's the poetic temperament in him. Poetry must mean at bottom, I should think, keen insight into the emotions of others.'

'But not always power of responding sympathetically to those emotions.—Look, for example, at such a case as Goethe's,' a clear voice said from the other side of the hedge. They were walking along, as they often walked, with arms clasped round one another's waists, just inside the grounds, close to the footpath that led across the fields; and only a high fence of privet and dog-rose, separated their confidences from the ear of the fortuitous public on the adjoining footpath.

So Hugh had come up, unawares from behind, and overheard their confidential chit-chat! How far back had he overheard? Elsie wondered to herself. If he had caught it all, she would be so ashamed of herself!

'Hugh!' she cried, running on to the little wicket gate to meet him. 'I'm so glad you've come. It's delightful to see you.—But oh, you must have thought us two dreadful little sillies.—How much of our conversation did you catch, I wonder?'

'Only the last sentence,' Hugh answered lightly, taking both her hands in his and kissing her a quiet cousinly kiss on her smooth broad forehead. 'Just that about poetry meaning keen insight into the emotions of others; so, if you were saying any ill about me, my child, or bearing false witness against your neighbour, you may rest assured at anyrate that I didn't hear it.—Good-morning, Miss Meysey. I'm recovered, you see: dried and clothed and in my right mind—at least, I hope so. I trust the hat is the same also?'

Winifred held out a timid small hand. 'It's all right, thank you,' she said, with a sudden flush; 'but I shall never, never wear it again, for all that. I couldn't bear to. I don't think you ought to have risked your life for so very little.'

'A life's nothing where a lady's concerned,' Hugh answered airily with a mock bow. 'But indeed you give me credit for too much gallantry. My life was not in question at all; I only risked a delightful bath, which was somewhat impeded by an unnecessarily heavy and awkward bathing-dress.—What a sweet place this is, Elsie; so flowery and bowery, when you get inside it. The little lane with the roses overhead seems created after designs by Birket Foster. From outside, I confess, to a casual observer the first glimpse of East Anglian scenery is by no means reassuring.'

They strolled up slowly together to the Hall door, where the senior branches were seated on the lawn, under the shade of the one big spreading lime-tree, enjoying the delicious coolness of the breeze as it blew in fresh from the open ocean. Elsie wondered how Hugh and the Squire would get on together; but her wonder indeed was little needed; for Hugh, as she had said, always got on admirably with everybody everywhere. He had a way of attacking people instinctively on their strong point; and in ten minutes, he and the Squire were fast friends, united by firm ties of common loves and common animosities. They were both Oxford men—at whatever yawning interval of time, that friendly link forms always a solid bond of union between youth and age; and both had been at the same college, Oriel. 'I daresay you know my old rooms,' the Squire observed with a meditative sigh. 'They looked out over Fellows' Quad, and had a rhyming Latin hexameter on a pane of stained glass in one of the bay windows.'

'I know them well,' Hugh answered, with a rising smile of genuine pleasure—for he loved Oxford with a love passing the love of her ordinary children. 'A friend of mine had them in my time. And I remember the line: "*Oxoniam quare venisti præmeditari.*" An excellent leonine, as leonines go, though limp in its quantity.—Do

you know, I fell in love with that pane so greatly, that I had a wire framework made to put over it, for fear some fellows should smash it some night, flinging about oranges at a noisy wine-party."

From Oxford, they soon got off upon Suffolk, and the encroachment of the sea, and the blown sands; and then the Squire insisted upon taking Hugh for a *tour du propriétaire* round the whole estate, with running comments upon the wasting of the foreshore and the abominable remissness of the Board of Admiralty in not erecting proper groynes to protect the interests of coast-wise proprietors. Hugh listened to it all with his grave face of profound sympathy and lively interest, putting in from time to time an acquiescent remark confirmatory of the wickedness of government officials in general, and of the delinquent Board of Admiralty in particular.

"Æolian sands!" he said once, with a lingering cadence, rolling the words on his tongue, as the Squire paused by the big poplar of that morning's adventure to point him out the blown dunes on the opposite shore—"Æolian sands! Is that what they call them? How very poetical! What a lovely word to put in a triolet! Æolian—just the very thing of all others to go on all-fours with an adjective like Tmolian!—So it swallowed up forty acres of prime salt-marsh pasture—did it, really? That must have been a very serious loss indeed. Forty acres of prime salt-marsh! I suppose it was the sort of land covered with tall rank reedy grasses, where you feed those magnificent rough-coated, long-horned, Highland-looking cattle we saw this morning? Splendid beasts: most picturesque and regal. "Bulls that walk the pastures in kingly-flashing coats," George Meredith would call them. We passed a lot of them as we cruised up stream to-day to Whitestrand.—And the sand has absolutely overwhelmed and wasted it all? Dear me! dear me! What a terrible calamity! It was the Admiralty's fault! Might make a capital article out of that to bully the government in the *Morning Telegraph*."

"If you did, my dear sir," the Squire said warmly with an appreciative nod, "you'd earn the deepest gratitude of every owner of property in the county of Suffolk, and indeed along the whole neglected East Coast.—The way we've been treated and abused, I assure you, has been just scandalous—simply scandalous. Governments, buff or blue, have all alike behaved to us with incredible levity. When the present disgraceful administration, for example, came into power"—

Hugh never heard the remainder of that impassioned harangue, long since delivered with profound gusto on a dozen distinct election platforms. He was dimly aware of the Squire's voice, pouring forth denunciation of the powers that be in strident tones and measured sentences; but he didn't listen; his soul was occupied in two other far more congenial pursuits: one of them, watching Elsie and Winifred with Mrs. Meysey; the other, trying to find a practicable use for Æolian sands in connection with his latest projected heroic poem on the Burial of Alaric. Æolian; dashes: Tmolian; abashes: not a bad substratum, that, he flattered himself, for the thunderous lilt of his opening stanza.

It was not till the close of the afternoon, however, that he could snatch a few seconds alone with Elsie. They wandered off by themselves then, near the water's edge, among the thick shrubbery; and Hugh, sitting down in a retired spot under the lee of a sheltering group of guelder-roses, took his pretty cousin's hands for a moment in his own, and looking down into her great dark eyes with a fond look, cried laughingly: "O Elsie, Elsie, this is just what I've been longing for all day long. I thought I should never manage to get away from that amiable old bore, with his encroachments and his mandamuses, and his groynes and his interlocutors. As far as I could understand him, he wants to get the Board of Admiralty, or the Court of Chancery, or somebody else high up in station, to issue instructions to the east wind not to blow Æolian sands in future over his sacred property. It's too grotesque: quite, quite too laughable. He's trying to bring an action for trespass against the German Ocean."

Will ye bridle the deep sea with reins? will ye chasten the high sea with rods?
Will ye take her to chain her with chains who is older than all ye gods?

Or will you get an injunction against her in due form on stamped paper from the Lord Chief-justice of England? Canute tried it on, and found it a failure. And all the time, while the good old soul was moaning and droning about his drowned land, there was I, just sighing and groaning to get away to a convenient corner with a pretty little cousin of mine with whom I had urgent private affairs of my own to settle.—My dear Elsie, Suffolk agrees with you. You're looking this moment simply charming."

"It's your own fault, Hugh," Elsie answered with a blush, never heeding overtly his last strictly personal observation. "You shouldn't make yourself so universally delightful. I'm sure I thought, by the way you talked with him, you were absolutely absorbed in the wasting of the cliff, and personally affronted by the aggressive east wind. I was just beginning to get quite jealous of the encroachments.—For you know, Hugh, it's such a real pleasure to me always to see you."

She spoke tenderly, with the innocent openness of old acquaintance; and Hugh, still holding her hand in his own, leaned forward with admiration in his sad dark eyes, and put out his face close to hers, as he had always done since they were children together. "One kiss, Elsie," he said persuasively.—"Quick, my child; we may have no other chance. Those dreadful old bores will stick to us like leeches. "Gather ye roses while you may: Old Time is still a-flying."

Elsie drew back her face half in alarm. "No, no, Hugh," she cried, struggling with him for a second. "We're both growing too old for such nonsense now. Remember, we've ceased long ago to be children."

"But as a cousin, Elsie," Hugh said with a wistful look that belied his words.

Elsie preferred in her own heart to be kissed by Hugh on different grounds; but she did not say so. She held up her face, however, with a rather bad grace, and Hugh pressed it to his own tenderly. "That's paradise, my dear," he

murmured low, looking deep into her beautiful liquid eyes.

'O son of my uncle, that was paradise indeed; but that was not like a cousin,' she answered with a faint attempt to echo his playfulness, as she withdrew, blushing.

Hugh laughed, and glanced idly round him with a merry look at the dancing water. 'You may call it what you like,' he whispered with a deep gaze into her big dark pupils. 'I don't care in what capacity on earth you consider yourself kissed, so long as you still permit me to kiss you.'

For ten minutes they sat there talking—saying those thousand-and-one sweet empty things that young people say to one another under such circumstances—have not we all been young, and do not we all well know them?—and then Elsie rose with a sigh of regret. 'I think,' she said, 'we mustn't stop here alone any longer; perhaps Mrs Meysey wouldn't like it.'

'Oh, bother Mrs Meysey!' Hugh cried, with an angry sideward toss of his head. 'These old people are a terrible nuisance in the world. I wish we could get a law passed by a triumphant majority that at forty everybody was to be promptly throttled, or at least transported. There'd be some hope of a little peace and enjoyment in the world then.'

'Oh, but, Hugh, Mrs Meysey's just kindness itself, and I know she'll let you come and see me ever so often. She said at lunch I might go out on the water or anywhere I liked, whenever I chose, any time with my cousin.'

'A very sensible, reasonable, intelligent old lady,' Hugh answered approvingly, with a mollified nod. 'I wish they were all as wise in their generation. The profession of chaperon, like most others, has been overdone, and would be all the better now for a short turn of judicious thinning.—But Elsie, you've told them I was a cousin, I see. That's quite right. Have you explained to them in detail the precise remoteness of our actual relationship?'

Elsie's lip quivered visibly. 'No, Hugh,' she answered. 'But why? Does it matter?'

'Not at all—not at all. Very much the contrary. I'm glad you didn't. It's better so. If I were you, my child, I think, do you know, I'd allow them to believe, in a quiet sort of way—unless, of course, they ask you point-blank, that you and I are first-cousins. It facilitates social intercourse considerably. Cousinhood's such a jolly indefinite thing, one may as well enjoy as long as possible the full benefit of its charming vagueness.'

'But Hugh, is it right? Do you think I ought to?—I mean, oughtn't I to let them know at once, just for that very reason, how slight the relationship really is between us?'

'The relationship is *not* slight,' Hugh answered with warmth, darting an eloquent glance deep down into her eyes. 'The relationship's a great deal closer, indeed, than if it were a much nearer one.—That may be paradox, but it's none the less true, for all that.—Still, it's no use arguing a point of casuistry with a real live Girton girl. You know as much about ethics as I do, and a great deal more into the bargain. Only, a cousin's a cousin anyhow; and I for my part wouldn't go out of my way to descend gratui-

tously into minute genealogical particulars of once, twice, thrice, or ten times removed, out of pure puritanism. These questions of pedigree are always tedious. What subsists all through is the individual fact that I'm Hugh, and you're Elsie, and that I love you dearly—of course with a purely cousinly degree of devotion.'

'Hugh, you needn't always flourish that limitation in my face, like a broomstick.'

'Caution, my dear child—mere ingrained caution—the solitary resource of poverty and wisdom. What's the good of loving you dearly on any other grounds, I should like to know, as long as poetry, divine poetry, remains a perfect drug in the publishing market? A man and a girl can't live on bread and cheese and the domestic affections, can they, Elsie? Very well, then, for the present we are both free. If ever circumstances should turn out differently'—The remainder of that sentence assumed a form inexpressible by the resources of printer's ink, even with the aid of a phonetic spelling.

When they turned aside from the guelder-roses at last with crimson faces, they strolled side by side up to the house once more, talking about the weather or some equally commonplace and uninteresting subject, and joined the Meyseys under the big tree. The Squire had disappeared, and Winifred came out to meet them on the path. 'Mamma says, Mr Massinger,' she began timidly, 'we're going a little picnic all by ourselves on the river to-morrow—up among the sandhills papa was showing you. They're a delicious place to picnic in, the sandhills; and mamma thinks perhaps you wouldn't mind coming to join us, and bringing your friend the artist with you. But I daresay you won't care to come: there'll be only ourselves—just a family party.'

'My tastes are catholic,' Hugh answered jauntily. 'I love all innocent amusements—and most wicked ones. There's nothing on earth I should enjoy as much as a picnic in the sandhills.—You'll be coming too, of course, won't you, Elsie?—Very well, then. I'll bring Relf, and the *Mud-Turtle* to boot. I know he wants to go mud-painting himself. He may as well take us all up in a body.'

'We shall do nothing, you know,' Winifred cried apologetically. 'We shall only just sit on the sandhills and talk, or pick yellow horned-poppies, and throw stones into the sea, and behave ourselves generally like a pack of idlers.'

'That'll exactly suit me,' Hugh replied with a smile. 'My most marked characteristics are indolence and the practice of the Christian virtues. I hate the idea that when people invite their friends to a feast they're bound to do something or other definite to amuse them. It's an insult to one's intelligence; it's degrading one to the level of innocent childhood, which has to be kept engaged with Blindman's Buff and an unlimited supply of Everton toffee, for fear it should bore itself with its own inanity. On that ground, I consider music and games at suburban parties the resource of incompetence. Sensible people find enough to amuse them in one another's society, without playing dumb crambo or asking riddles. Relf and I will find more than enough, I'm sure, to-morrow in yours and Elsie's.'

He shook hands with them all round and raised his hat in farewell with that inimitable grace which was Hugh Massinger's peculiar property. When he left the Hall that afternoon, he left four separate conquests behind him. The Squire thought this London newspaper fellow was a most sensible, right-minded, intelligent young man, with a head on his shoulders, and a complete comprehension of the rights and wrongs of the intricate riparian proprietors' question. Mrs Meysey thought Elsie's cousin was most polite and attentive, as well as an extremely high-principled and excellent person. (Ladies of a certain age are always strong on the matter of principles, which they discuss as though they were a definitely measurable quantity, like money or weight or degrees Fahrenheit.) Winifred thought Mr Massinger was a born poet, and oh, so nice and kind and appreciative. Elsie thought dear darling Hugh was just the same good, sweet, sympathetic old friend and ally and comforter as ever. And they all four united in thinking he was very handsome, very clever, very brilliant, and very delightful.

As for Hugh, he thought to himself, as he sauntered back by the rose-bordered lane to the village inn, that the Squire was a most portentous and heavy old nuisance; that Mrs Wyville Meysey was a comic old creature; that Elsie was really a most charming girl; and that Winifred, in spite of her bread-and-butter blushes, wasn't half bad, after all—for an heiress.

The heiress is apt to be plain and forbidding. She is not fair to outward view, as many maidens be. Her beauty has solid, not to say strictly metallic qualities, and resides principally in a safe at her banker's. To have tracked down an heiress who was also pretty was indeed, Hugh felt, a valuable discovery.

When he reached the inn, he found Warren Relf just returned from a sketching expedition up the tidal flats. 'Well, Relf,' he cried, 'you see me triumphant. I've been reconnoitring Miss Meysey's outposts, with an ultimate view to possible siege operations. To judge by the first results of my reconnaissance, she seems a very decent sort of little girl in her own way. If sonnets will carry her by storm, I don't mind discharging a few cartloads of them from a hundred-ton-gun point-blank at her outworks. Most of them can be used again, of course, in case of need, in another campaign, if occasion offers.'

'And Miss Challoner?' Relf suggested, with some reproof in his tone. 'Was she there too? Have you seen her also?'

'Yes, Elsie was there,' the poet answered languidly, as he rang the bell for a glass of soda-water. 'Elsie was there, looking as charming and as piquante and as pretty as ever; and, by Jove! she's the cleverest and brightest and most amusing girl I ever met anywhere up and down in England. Though she's my own cousin, and it's me that says it, as oughtn't to say it, she's a credit to the family. I like Elsie. At times, I've almost half a mind, upon my soul, to fling prudence to the winds, and ask her to come and accept a share of my poor crust in my humble garret.—But it won't do, you know—it won't do. *Sine Cerere et Baccho, friget Venus.* Either I must make a fortune at a stroke, or

I must marry a girl with a fortune ready made to my hand already. Love in a cottage is all very well in its way, no doubt, with roses and eglantine—whatever eglantine may be—climbing round the windows; but love in a hovel—which is the plain prose of it in these hard times—can't be considered either pretty or poetical. Unless some Columbus of a critic, cruising through reams of minor verse, discovers my priceless worth some day, and divulges me to the world, there's no chance of my ever being able to afford anything so good and sweet as Elsie.—But the other one's a nice small girl of her sort too. I think for my part I shall alter and amend those quaint little verses of Blackie's a bit—make 'em run:

I can like a hundred women;
I can love a score;
Only with a heart's devotion
Worship three or four.'

Relf laughed merrily in spite of himself.

Massinger went on musing in an undertone: 'Not that I like the first and third lines as they stand, at all: a careful versifier would have insisted upon rhyming them. I should have made "devotion" chime in with "ocean" or "lotion," or "Goshen," or "emotion," or something of that sort, to polish it up a bit. There's very good business to be got out of "emotion," if you work it properly; but "ocean" comes in handy, too, down here at Whitestrاند. I'll dress it up into a bit of verse this evening, I think, for Elsie or the other girl.—Winifred's her Christian name. Hard case, Winifred. "Been afraid" is only worthy of Browning, who'd perpetrate anything in the way of a rhyme to save himself trouble. Has a false Ingoldsby gallop of verse about it that I don't quite like. Winnie's comparatively easy, of course: you've got "skinny" and "finny," and "Minnie" and "spinney." But Winifred's a very hard case indeed. "Winnie" and "guinea" are good enough rhymes; but not quite new: they've been virtually done before by Rossetti, you know. But I doubt if I could ever consent to make love to a girl whose name's so utterly and atrociously unmanageable as plain Winifred.—Now, Mary—there's a name for you, if you like: with "fairy" and "airy," and "chary" and "vagary," and all sorts of other jolly old-world rhymes to go with it. Or if you want to be rural, you can bring in "dairy"—do the pretty-milkmaid business to perfection. But "Winifred"—"bin afraid"—the thing's impossible. It compels you to murder the English language. I wouldn't demean myself—or I think it ought to be by rights demean myself—by writing verses to her with such a name as that.—I shall send them to Elsie, who, after all, deserves them more, and will be flattered with the attention into the bargain.'

At ten o'clock, he came out once more from his own room to the little parlour, where Warren Relf was seated 'cooking' a sky in one of his hasty seaside sketches. He had an envelope in his hand, and a hat on his head. 'Where are you off?' Relf asked carelessly.

'Oh, just to the post,' Hugh Massinger answered with a gay nod. 'I've finished my new batch of verses on the ocean—emotion—potion—devotion

theme, and I'm sending them off, all hot from the oven, to my cousin Elsie.—They're not bad in their way. I like them myself. I shall print them, I think, in next week's *Athenæum*.'

WALLOON TRADITIONS.

IN these days of enlightenment, when people are loth to believe anything that they cannot see with their own eyes or explain by their own reasoning, it seems almost incredible that there should be a race of Europeans living so close to us as do the Walloons on the confines of Belgium and France, whose peasants believe that good and evil spirits actually exist in their midst, and that success or failure is entirely due to the agency of mountain spirits, dwarfs, and domestic goblins.

Some of the most popular of the Walloon superstitions relate to dwarfs. These are called *Halver-mannekens* (half-men) and *Kabouter-mannekens* (little fellows) by the Flemish, and are said to live in caves and subterranean places. Many tales are told of their skill and intelligence. The villagers of Hasselt, in Limburg, asserted that whenever war raged in the neighbourhood, numbers of dwarfs would appear; that they lived in a large cave in the woods, only coming into the village to obtain what they needed, and leaving it as soon as they were satisfied, without harming anything. When the dwarf-wives became old, they allowed their husbands to shut them up underground, after providing them with a loaf of bread; and the most diligent search by the keenest eyes could not discover where the earth had been disturbed.

In another village is a hill called *Kabouterberg*, in which there are many caverns; these are supposed to be the dwelling-places of some dwarfs who were in the service of a local miller. Whenever his grindstone needed whetting, he had only to put overnight a slice of bread-and-butter and a glass of beer upon it, and in the morning his stone was ready for use. The same reward was sufficient to procure the washing of the family's clothes.

In a neighbouring district, another miller, being unable to finish his task of sifting flour, left its completion till the next day, and on going away, accidentally dropped a piece of bread-and-butter. When he returned the next morning, he was amazed to find his work had been finished during the night, and the food had disappeared. Determined to prove that his sight and memory had not deceived him, he repeated the experiment, with a similar result. Being anxious to know who worked so well for such small pay, he hid, on the third night, behind some sacks, and about midnight saw a naked dwarf appear, who, after eating the food placed ready for him, set to work diligently. The miller pitied the industrious little fellow, who laboured away without any clothes to protect him from the cold; and on the following night, placed a warm suit of garments with the bread, butter, and beer; after which, the manikin never appeared without his clothes.

In the Pays Liégeois, legends relate that the household duties are performed by larger spirits, who answer to the German Kobold, the Scotch Brownie, and Milton's 'Lubber Fiend.' These are called *Sotays*, and are said to be more active,

industrious, and disinterested than any of the goblin race. The *Sotay* mows the hay; reaps, thrashes, and winnows the corn; cleans the stables and cowhouses; grooms the horses—for which he has an especial liking—and at daybreak everything is finished without any one knowing by whom or how it has been accomplished. The only recompense claimed is a bowl of milk—the 'cream-bowl duly set.'

Tradition relates that the *Sotays* are adepts in the art of metallurgy; and the peasants of Dinant—the place so famed in bygone days for the manufacture of pots and kettles—constantly tested the practical knowledge of these amateur tinkers. When a pot or saucepan was cracked or broken, if it was placed on the doorstep and the door quickly closed, it would be found mended in two minutes.

To each of the countless ruins in the provinces of Namur and Liège, popular credulity assigns a class of evil spirits, called by the Walloons *gittes d'or* (golden goats), from the Walloon *gitt*, a goat. These gnomes are said to guard a treasure hidden far down in a precipice underneath the ruins; and the belief is, that, should any one be rash enough to try and unearth this treasure, the *gittes d'or* use a charm which allures the searcher towards them; and they then lead him on and on, till he loses himself in the bowels of the earth, when they disappear, and leave him to perish. The peasants point out the crevices in the rock under the ruins as being the passages through which the gnomes pass to and from their dwelling-places.

The superstitions held by the Walloons are shared by all the Belgian peasantry, in common with other nations who claim a northern origin. They believe in all kinds of omens, of which the following are the most universal. To meet a priest when about to undertake anything unusual, is considered a certain sign of failure, and the performer will invariably turn back, convinced that the day is lost. The hooting of owls, the howling of dogs, the crossing of forks, the spilling of salt, thirteen at table, are here, as elsewhere, taken for evil omens. Few will throw reeds in the fire, because they are of service to oxen; and an ox being present at our Saviour's birth, it ought, therefore, to be held as sacred. The bed of a dying person must be placed in such a position that the rafters cannot run in a contrary direction to it; for, unless they are parallel, the agonies of death would inevitably be protracted. When linen is washed, the water is never said 'to boil,' but 'to play;' otherwise, the clothes would be destroyed. To catch a wren is to bring sorrow or death into the family of its captor. Precious stones are supposed to possess virtues more valuable than their intrinsic worth. The turquoise guards its wearer from falls and accidents. Diamonds, emeralds, and pearls were formerly used to detect infidelity. An aerolite is said to be unsurpassed as a means for discovering a thief. The metal must be ground to powder, then mixed with flour and made into bread, of which no genuine thief can swallow the smallest portion. On Easter Sunday it was the custom to breakfast off two eggs that had been laid on Good-Friday, in order to render the eater proof against fever. To abstain from meat after Lent was a cure for the toothache.

On Christmas Eve a piece of the burnt Yule-log is preserved, and put under the bed, to serve as a protection against lightning; and a willow branch that has been blest on Palm Sunday is kept in a sacred corner. Peasants mark their walls with a cross, as a preventive against fire. During the annual fair at Fosse, in Namur, the women come from all parts carrying osier wands, with which they touch the image of St Bridget, and then stroke their cattle with the same wands, either to cure their ailments or to protect them from disease.

Notwithstanding that the mountainous districts are in all countries the strongholds of superstition, the lowlands here are full of the same beliefs. A curious custom was observed at Willebroeck, Vive-St-Bavon, and other villages near Courtrai. When any one dies, the clergy of the parish meet to conduct the body to the churchyard; and if on their way they chance to come to four cross-roads, the bearers put down the coffin, and all kneel to repeat a short prayer. The idea is, that those who have left the world are sure to return to it; that, as there are four ways, the traveller might wander aimlessly about, not knowing in which direction his home lay; therefore, his friends pray for him at one of the roads, so that he may choose the right path and not be misled by evil spirits. But at Oostmalle, a still more extraordinary observance prevails: the wife accompanies the dead body of her husband to the grave, sitting upon his coffin. There seems to be no satisfactory reason for this custom.

One of the most singular customs was that called the Court du Concou, which occurred annually at Polleur. This ancient village lies at the bottom of the valley between Verviers and Spa, near the famous castle of Franchimont. On the first Sunday after the 15th of August, the fête was celebrated amid an immense gathering of people. A mock-court of justice was formed with a president, and all assembled at the inn nearest to the bridge which joined the village of Polleur to that of Sart. From the inn, the court adjourned to the bridge itself; and before its tribunal were summoned all the hen-pecked husbands and those who were possessed of any peculiarity. The proceedings began with the most ridiculous pleadings, and any stranger who happened to be present was constantly appealed to, and asked the most nonsensical questions. The accused, who were always found guilty, were condemned to pay a fine, which must be spent at the inn; and to give variety to the proceedings, the culprit was compelled to get into a cart, which was backed from the bridge till it reached a heap of mud or something similar, when it was tilted up, and the unhappy one was shot out. The trials by court concluded in the arraignment of the last married man in the village; and the fact being proved against him, he was at once thrown over the bridge into the river, which insured a good ducking. The rest of the day was spent at the inn.

Another feature of these ceremonies was the display of a banner on which was painted a nondescript monster called 'La Bête de Staneux.' It represented a kind of centaur, half-horse half-woman, with a lion's tail. Long hair floated down its back, and it held a bow in the left hand, and an arrow in the right. This picture

was exhibited at the different inns till 1789, when the fête was suppressed. From time immemorial, the banner had been carefully preserved within the walls of the parish church; and it was only after the year 1786 that the priests allowed it to be seen beyond them. During the same time, a figure rudely carved in wood, which usually stood in the church porch, was also exhibited, and burnt when the fête was abolished.

According to the best authorities, this Bête de Staneux was said to be a representation of the ancient goddess of the Ardennes, where Diana was worshipped under different names. The people of Polleur had a tradition that the picture was displayed in order to commemorate a victory gained over a monster who infested the neighbouring forest of Staneux.

The custom of celebrating the opening of the month of May was held everywhere in the vicinity of the Meuse; and some fifty years ago Maypoles were placed before roadside chapels, and images of the Virgin and other saints, and in front of the curé's houses. At Aerschot and many other places in the Campine, a Maypole was set up before the doors of unmarried women. The young and pretty had one decked with buds and flowers, while the older women had nothing but a stick covered with withered leaves.

The last observance worthy of notice is one that was retained in the church of Nivelles, where there was a crypt. Between the wall and a pillar close by was a hole, through which, the people believed, no one in a state of mortal sin could pass.

The well-known story of the 'white lady' belongs to these parts, and her traditions are preserved by the families of Angewieiller, Croy, Bassompierre, and Salm, all of whom it severally affects. This fairy gave as a love-token, to one of the Counts of Angewieiller, a goblet, a ring, and a spoon, which were to be kept as heirlooms, and given to his three daughters on their marriage days, to insure them happiness and prosperity. The goblet passed into the possession of the house of Croy; and one day, as a Marquise, who was a descendant of this family, was showing it to some of her friends, it slipped from her hands, and was broken into hundreds of pieces. Picking up every bit, she locked them carefully away in a cabinet, saying: 'If I cannot have it whole again, I will at least preserve every fragment.' The next day, when she went to the cabinet to look at the pieces, she found the goblet as perfect as it had been before the accident. So goes the story.

THE GOLDEN INCUBUS.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE SIGNET RING.

It was exactly twelve o'clock by the chiming timepiece in the hall. Just the hour for such a task, I felt with a sort of shiver, as Sir John came down to the pantry, where I had candles ready, and a small crowbar used for opening packing-cases, and a screw-driver.

'Everybody seems quiet up-stairs, Burdon,' says Sir John, 'so let's get to work at once.—But, hillo! just put out a lamp?'

'No, Sir John,' I said. 'I often smell that

now; but I've never been able to make out what it is.'

'Humph! Strange,' he says; and then we went straight to the cellar, the great baize door at the top of the kitchen steps being shut; and directly after we were standing on the damp sawdust with the bins of wine all round.

'It hasn't been touched, apparently, and there seems to be no need; but I should like to see if it is all right. But we shall never get through there, Burdon,' he says, looking at the bricked-up wall, across the way to the inner cellar.

'I don't know,' I said, taking off my coat and rolling up my sleeves, to find that though the highest price had been paid for that bricklaying, the cheat of a fellow who had the job had used hardly a bit of sand and bad lime, so that, after I had loosened one brick and levered it out, all the others came away one at a time quite clear of the mortar.

'Never mind,' says Sir John. 'Out of evil comes good.—I'll try that sherry too, Burdon, and we'll put some fresh in its place. But if that's left twenty years, we shall never live to taste it, eh?'

I shook my head sadly as I worked away in that arch, easily reaching the top bricks, which were only six feet from the sawdust; and, as is often the case, what had seemed a terrible job proved to be so easy, that, two hours afterwards, when Sir John had made me open a bottle of the bricked-up sherry, and fill two of the cellar glasses for us to have a drop apiece, there were all the bricks in a rough pile on one side, and the sherry was in a bin, and the empty bottles stacked in a corner.

'Maybe a little foul air in the place,' says Sir John; 'and we'll give it a bit of time to get out.—That's a very fine glass of sherry, my man,' he says, taking a good long sip, 'well matured. Ha! It's like the old cups and salvers turned into liquid gold.'

'My service and respects to my dear old master!' I said, as I stood before him where he sat on the pile of bricks, looking all covered with mortar and sawdust on his black dress clothes, and me ten times worse, and one hand bleeding as I took a taste of the finest sherry I ever drank in my life, which is saying a deal, for Sir John would have good wine.

'Thank you, Burdon,' he says in rather a husky way. 'Master and man all these years; but it's getting near the end now, when all men will be the same.—I beg your pardon, Burdon—my good old fellow—I called you a fool. Shake hands.'

'As you have called me many a time, my dear old master,' I said, as we stood there joined in a strong grip. 'But I know you, sir,' I said, smiling with the tears standing thick in my eyes—'yes, I know you, sir, and I don't mind.'

We neither of us spoke, for it seemed as if we both felt afraid lest the other should see how weak he was. But at last he says: 'Fill up the glasses again, Burdon. Working as we have been, a good glass of wine will not hurt either you or me.'

I did as he said. We drank the delicious fine old stuff slowly and solemnly; and then, after I'd put the bottle and glasses aside, I snuffed the candles.

'There,' he says; 'the place will be sweeter

now. We'll just have a glance at the old chests, and then we must build up the empty bottles again. To-morrow, I'll order in some more wine—for my son.'

He said that last so solemnly that I looked up at him as he stood there with the light shining in his eyes.

'As'll come back some day, sorry for the past, Sir John,' I said, 'and ready to do what you wish.'

'Please God, Burdon!' he says, bowing his head for a bit. Then he looked up quite sharply, and took a candle, and I the other. 'Come along,' he says in his old quiet, stern way; and I was half afraid I had offended him, as he stepped in at the opening and stood at the mouth of the inner cellar. Then I heard him give a sharp sniff, and I smelt it too—that same odour of burnt oil. We neither of us spoke as we walked over the damp black sawdust, both thinking of the likelihood of foul air being in the place; but we found we could breathe all right; and as we held up the candles, the light shone on the black-looking old chests, every one with its padlocks and seals all right, just as we had left them all those years before.

I looked up at Sir John, and he gave me a satisfied nod as he tried one of the seals, and then we both stood as if turned to stone, for from just at my feet there came a dull knocking sound, and as I looked down, I could see the black sawdust shake.

What I wanted to do was to run, for I felt that the place was haunted; but I couldn't move, and when I looked at Sir John, he was holding up his right hand, as if to order me to be silent. Then he held his candle down, for there was another sound, but this time more of a grinding cracking in a dull sort of way, just as if some one was forcing an iron chisel in between the joints of the stones. Then there was a long pause, and I half thought it had been fancy; but soon after, as I stood there hardly able to breathe, the sawdust just in one place was heaved up about an inch.

I was terribly alarmed, not knowing what to think; but Sir John was brave as brave, and he signed to me not to speak, and stood watching till there was a dull cracking sound, the sawdust was heaved up again, and all at once I seemed to get a hot puff of that burnt oily smell right in my nose. Then I began to understand, and felt afraid in a different fashion, as I knew that we had only got there just in time.

The next minute Sir John made a movement toward me, took my candle and turned it upside down, so that it went out, and then pointed back toward the outer cellar, as he put his lips to my ear:

'Iron bar!'

I stepped back softly, and got the iron bar from where it lay on the edge of a bin, and I was about to pick up the screw-driver, when I remembered where the wooden mallet lay, and I picked up that before stepping softly back to where Sir John was watching the floor; and now I could see that the sawdust was higher in one place, as if a flagstone had been heaved up a little at one end.

There was no doubt about it, for, as I handed the crowbar, the end of the stone was wrenched up a little higher and then stuck; for it was

tightly held by those on either side; but it was up far enough to let a thin ray of dull light come up through the floor and shine on the side of one of the old chests.

It was a curious scene there, in that gloomy cellar: Sir John standing on one side, candle in his left, the iron bar in his right hand, and me on the other bending down ready with the mallet to hit over the head the first that should come up through the floor. For, though horribly alarmed, I could understand now what it all meant—an attempt to steal the gold in the chests, though how those who were working below had managed to get there was more than I could have said.

As we watched, the smell of the burnt oil came through, and I knew that it must have been going on for a long time.

All at once we could hear a low whispering, and then there was a grinding noise of iron against stone; the flag gritted and gave a little, but it held fast all along; and I could understand that the man who was trying to wrench it up had no room to work, and therefore no power to wrench up the stone. Then came the faint whispering again, and it seemed to sound hollow. Then another grinding noise, and the end of the flag was moved a trifle higher, so that the line of light on the old chest looked two or three inches broad.

I stepped softly to Sir John and put my lips to his ear as the whispering could be heard again, and I said softly: 'Shall I fetch the police?'

Sir John for answer set his candle down upon the top of one of the chests and put it out with the bar as he whispered to me in turn: 'Wait a few moments.' And then—'Look!' He pointed with the iron bar; and as I stared hard at the faint light shining up from below the edge of the stone, I could see just the tips of some one's fingers come through and sweep the sawdust away to right and left. Then they came through a little more, and were drawn back, while directly after came the low whispering again, and the hand now was thrust right through as far as the wrist.

'Yes,' said Sir John then, as he grasped my arm—the police.' Just then he uttered a gasp, and I turned to look at him; but we were in the dark, and I could not see his face, but he gripped my arm more tightly, and I looked once more toward the broad ray, to see the hand resting now full in the light, and I turned cold with horror, for there was something shining quite brightly, and I could see that it was a signet ring, and what was more, the old ring Mr Barclay used to wear—the one he had worn since he was quite a stripling, and beyond which the joint had grown so big that he could never get the jewel off.

I should have bent down there, staring at that ring for long enough, fascinated, as you may say, only all at once I felt my arm dragged, and I was pushed softly into the outer cellar, and from there into the passage beyond, Sir John closing and locking the door softly, before tottering into the pantry and sinking into a chair, uttering a low moan.

'Oh, don't take on, sir,' I whispered; but he turned upon me roughly.

'Silence, man!' he panted, 'and give me time to think;' and then I heard him breathe softly, in a voice so full of agony that it was terrible to hear: 'Oh, my son!—my son!'

'No, no, sir,' I said—for I couldn't bear it. 'He wouldn't; there's some mistake.'

'Mistake? Then you saw it too, Burdon? No; there is no mistake.'

I couldn't speak, for I remembered about the keys, and something seemed to come up in my throat and choke me, for it seemed so terrible for my young master to have done this thing.

'What are you going to do, sir?' I said at last, and it was me now who gripped his arm.

'Do?' he said bitterly. 'All that is a heritage: mine to hold in trust for my son—his after my death to hold in trust for the generations to come. Burdon, it is an incubus—a curse; but I have my duty to do: that old gold shall not be wasted on a wanton'—

'What!' I panted. 'You think that too?'

'Yes,' he cried fiercely. 'It is that wretched Jezebel who has turned my poor boy's brain!'

CHAPTER IX.—MR BARCLAY GOES TOO FAR.

When young Mr Barclay—

Stop! How do I know all this?

Why, it was burned into my memory, and I heard every word from him.

When young Mr Barclay left the dining-room on the night he disappeared, he went up to his own room, miserable at his position with his father, and taking to himself the blame for the unhappiness that he had brought upon the girl who loved him with all her sweet true heart. 'But it's fate—it's fate,' he said, as he went up to his room; and then, unable to settle himself there, he lit a cigar, came down, and went out just as he was dressed in his evening clothes, only that he had put on a light overcoat, and began to walk up and down in front of our house and watch the windows opposite, to try and catch a glimpse of Miss Adela.

Ten o'clock, eleven, struck, but she did not show herself at the window; and feeling quite sick at heart, he was thinking of going in again, when he suddenly heard a faint cough, about twenty yards away; and turning sharply, he saw the lady he was looking for crossing the road, having evidently just come back from some visit.

'Adela—at last,' he whispered as he caught her hand.

'Mr Drinkwater!' she cried in a startled way. 'How you frightened me.'

'Frightened?' he said reproachfully. 'Is that all you have to say to one who has patiently watched for weeks, trying in vain to get a few words with you!'

'How absurd!' she said, as he held her hand and detained her. 'What can you want?'

'You!' he said excitedly.—'Don't struggle to get away. Listen to me!'

'No, no, no!' she cried in a half-frightened way. 'Let me go. My sisters are waiting.'

'Let you go? How can you be so cruel to me? Adela, dearest, you know I love you.'

'What madness—what nonsense!—Mr Drinkwater, loose my hand!'

'Never! till you give me some hope.—Adela, your looks have told me so a hundred times—have led me on to speak so plainly—you do love me—you will be my wife?'

'Impossible!' she panted as she tried to get away. 'You cannot marry me.'

'I can—I will!' he cried passionately. 'I have given her up for your sake. I will not be driven into a marriage that would end in misery. Adela, dearest, listen to me.'

'Mr Drinkwater!'

'I can bear this no longer. You are trifling with me.'

'No, no; I am perfectly serious. You must never think of me again. My sisters would'—

'Would listen to me. I'm sure they would.'

'Now, Mr Drinkwater, pray be sensible. This is absurd, out in the open street.'

'There is no one to hear us, and you refuse to grant me an interview.'

'Of course,' she cried. 'I have told you again and again that it is impossible, and that I cannot listen to you.'

'Yes,' he said; 'but with your beautiful mocking eyes laughing the while and bidding me come on.'

'It is not true,' she said, laughing.—'Mr Drinkwater, will you let me pass?'

'I will, and walk with you.'

'If you please, no.'

'Indeed, but I will,' he cried; and he kept by her till she reached the steps. 'It is not proper for a beautiful young girl to be out at eleven o'clock alone.'

'Well, there: now I am at our door, so good-night, Mr Ungallant,' she said mockingly.

'No, not yet.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean that I've begged for an interview until I can beg no more, and now I am going to enforce it.'

'Are you mad?'

'Very nearly,' he said; and as she hurriedly thrust in the latchkey, he held her other hand.

'Now, will you loose my hand?' she panted excitedly. 'My sisters'—

'I'm coming in to see them in a straightforward English manner,' he said, for he was as obstinate now to persist as she evidently was to shake him off.

'Indeed, you are not,' she cried, slipping from him and through the door; but before she could close it, he had thrust it back and stood beside her in the passage, which was feebly lit by a half-turned-down oil lamp.

'Oh, this is madness. How can you be such a fool!'

'Love makes men fools,' he retorted, closing the door.—'Now take me up and introduce me to your sisters.'

'What—what shall I do?' she muttered. 'Pray, pray, go!'

'No; I have stormed the castle now,' he cried, laughingly, though he half wondered at her calling him a fool, 'and mean to stay till the lovely little garrison yields at discretion.'

'No, no; for your life, you must go,' she cried, trying to push him toward the door. 'Pray, pray, go!'

'Never! You have driven me to this by your mocking looks, so now give way and don't let's trifle any more.'

She backed from him, trembling now, till she reached the dining-room, into which she darted and tried to shut the door; but he was too quick, and followed her in, when she ran from him to

sink sobbing into an easy-chair, and in an instant he was on his knees before her.

'Adela, dearest Adela,' he whispered tenderly; 'forgive me all this, but'—

'Adela, is that you?—Here, for goodness' sake. —Why don't you answer?'

'Is she there?'

The first was a rough man's voice, the next that of a woman, and as they were heard in the passage, another voice cried hoarsely: 'It's of no use: the game's up.'

'Hist! Hide! Behind that curtain! Anywhere!' panted Adela, starting up in alarm. —'Too late!'

Barclay had sprung to his feet, and stood staring in amazement, and perfectly heedless of the girl's appeal to him to hide, as two rough bricklayer-like men came in, followed by a woman.

'It's caved in, and Ned is hurt,' cried the first man; and then: 'Who's this?'

'What?—No, no, no!' cried Adela wildly. 'Don't, don't say he's hurt.'

'Here, who's this?' said the first man again. 'Oh, it's you, is it?'

'Trapped!' muttered Barclay Drinkwater, as, without fully understanding his position, he realised the fact that there was something peculiarly wrong in the place into which he had forced himself; and his first act now was to make for the door; but it was blocked by the two men, while the oldish woman who had entered with them gazed at him viciously.

'Stand where you are!' said the first of the men.—'How comes he here, Adela?'

'I couldn't help it, Tom. He forced his way in. It's all a mistake. It's Mr'—

'Oh, I know who it is well enough,' said the man savagely. 'Forced his way in? Very well. He wouldn't come here unless he wanted to stop, and stop he shall.'

'Let me pass,' said Mr Barclay sternly.

'Not me,' said the man, with an ominous look.

'Yes, yes; let him go,' cried the girl. 'I'll explain all to Ned. And you all stand there, and don't come to his help.'

'Ten minutes more or less won't hurt, my girl,' cried the man.

'Will you let me pass?' cried Mr Barclay.—'Miss Mimpriss, I beg your pardon for this intrusion. Forgive me, and good-night.'

One man gave the other a quick look, and as Mr Barclay tried to pass, they closed with him, and, in spite of his struggles, bore him back from the door. The next moment, though, he recovered his lost ground, and would have shaken himself free, but the sour-looking woman who had entered with the two men watched her opportunity, got behind, flung her arms about the young man's neck, and he was dragged heavily to the floor, where, as he lay half stunned, he saw Adela gazing at him with her brows knit; and then, without a word of protest, she hurried from the room.

Mr Barclay heaved himself up, and tried to rise; but one of his adversaries sat upon his chest while the other bound him hand and foot, an attempt at shouting for help being met by a pocket-handkerchief thrust into his mouth.

A minute later, as Mr Barclay lay staring wildly, the rough woman, whom he recalled now as one of the servants, and who had hurried from

the room, returned, helping Adela to support a pallid-looking man, whose hands, face, and rough working clothes were daubed with clayey soil.

'Confound you! why didn't you bring down the brandy?' he said harshly.—'Gently, girls, gently. That's better. I'm half crushed.—Who's that?'

'Visitor,' said one of Mr Barclay's captors sourly. 'What's to be done?'

Mr Barclay looked wildly from one to the other, asking himself whether all this was some dream. Who were these men? Where the elderly Misses Mimpriss? And what was the meaning of Adela Mimpriss being on such terms with the injured man, who looked as if he had been working in some mine?

Their eyes met once, but she turned hers away directly, and held a glass of brandy to the injured man's lips.

'That's better,' he said. 'I can talk now. I thought I was going to be smothered once.—Well, lads, the game's up.'

'Why?' said one of the others sharply.

'Because it is. You won't catch me there again if I know it; and here's private inquiry at work from over the way.'

'Hold your tongue!' said the first man of the party. 'There; he can't help himself now. You watch him, Bell; and if he moves, give warning.'

The rough woman seated herself beside Mr Barclay and watched him fiercely. The two men crossed over to their companion; while Adela, still looking cold and angry, with brow wrinkled up, drew back to stand against the table and listen.

The men spoke in a low tone; but Mr Barclay caught a word now and then, from which he gathered that, while the man who had in some way been hurt was for giving up, the other two angrily declared that a short time would finish it now, and that they would go on with it at all hazards.

'And what will you do with him?' said the injured man grimly.

Mr Barclay could not help looking sharply at Adela, who just then met his eye, but it was with a look more of curiosity than anything else; and as she realised that he was gazing at her reproachfully, she turned away and watched the three men.

'Very well,' said the one who was hurt, 'I wash my hands of what may follow.'

'All right.'

Mr Barclay turned cold as he wondered what was to happen next. He saw plainly enough now that the house had been let to a gang of men engaged upon some nefarious practice, but what it was he could not guess. Coming seemed to be the most likely thing; but from what he had heard and read, these men did not look like coiners.

Then a curious feeling of rage filled him, and the blood rushed to his brain as he lay reproaching himself for his folly. He had been attracted by this woman, who was evidently thoroughly in league with the man who spoke to her in a way which sent a jealous shudder through him, while the sisters of whom he had once or twice caught a glimpse, seemed to be absent, unless—The thought which occurred to him seemed to be so wild that he drove it away, and lay waiting for what was to come next.

'Be off, girls!' said the first man suddenly; and without a word, the two women present left the room, Adela not so much as casting a glance in the direction of the prisoner.

The three men whispered together for a few moments, and then Mr Barclay made an effort to get up, but it was useless, for the first two seized him between them, all bound as he was, and dragged him out of the room, along the passage, and down the stone steps to the basement, where they thrust him into the wine-cellar, and half dragged him across there into the inner cellar, the houses on that side being exactly the same in construction as ours.

'Fetch a light,' said one of them; and this was done, when the speaker bent down and dragged the handkerchief from the prisoner's mouth.

'You scoundrel!' cried Mr Barclay.

'Keep a civil tongue in your head, my fine fellow,' he said.

'You shall suffer for this,' retorted Mr Barclay.

'P'raps so. But now, listen. If you like to shout, you can do so, only I tell you the truth: no one can hear you when you're shut in here; and if you do keep on making a noise, one of us may be tempted to come and silence you.'

'What do you want?—Money?'

'You to hold your tongue and be quiet. You behave yourself, and no harm shall come to you; but I warn you that if you attempt any games, look out, for you've desperate men to deal with. Now, then, will you take it coolly?'

'Tell me first what this means,' said Mr Barclay.

'I shall tell you nothing. I only say this—will you take it coolly, and do what we want?'

'I can't help myself,' says Mr Barclay.

'That's spoken like a sensible lad,' says the second man.—'Now, look here: you've got to stop for some days, perhaps, and you shall have enough to eat, and blankets to keep you warm.'

'But, stop here—in this empty cellar?'

'That's it, till we let you go. If you behave yourself, you shan't be hurt. If you don't behave yourself, you may get an ugly crack on the head to silence you. Now, then; will you be quiet?'

'I tell you again, that I cannot help myself.'

'Shall I undo his hands?' said one to the other.

'Yes; you can loosen them.'

This was done, and directly after Mr Barclay sat thinking in the darkness, alone with as unpleasant thoughts as a man could have for company.

A NEW THEORY REGARDING THE UNIVERSE.

It is a wonderful thought to consider, that although we human creatures can by no possible means convey ourselves outside the confines of the globe upon which our lives are passed, we have been able to learn so much about those other globes and appearances which are popularly spoken of as 'the heavenly bodies.' The knowledge has, it is true, been slowly acquired. A theory has been enunciated to last for a time, perhaps for centuries, when it is pushed out of

place by some other theory, which perhaps in its turn may soon have to give place to a newer one. How natural was it for the ancient observers to suppose that the various orbs which appear to execute so stately a march across the sky, together with those seemingly much larger bodies the sun and moon, were travelling round the earth as a centre. This, the Ptolemaic theory was so plausible, and one so evidently in accordance with common-sense, that it held its ground for eighteen centuries. Thales, Pythagoras, and others had previously taught a different lesson, and one more in accordance with modern ideas. But their followers were few, and their teachings were discredited because they seemed to be contrary to the ideas gleaned from popular observation. Seeing was believing then, as it is now; and when the stars were seen to move across the heavens, and the sun and moon to rise and set, it was only natural to assume that their movements were real, and that the earth was as still and immovable as it appeared to be. Then came Copernicus, who retaught the forgotten doctrine of the earth's movement on its own axis, and its annual journey round the sun as the centre of our system. Galileo corroborated this hypothesis by his telescopic observations; and Newton crowned all by his grand conception of gravitation. In this way, the now universally accepted theory of the solar system was founded.

But the solar system, vast though it be—its most remote member, Neptune, is 2,745,998,000 miles from the sun—really constitutes but a very small part of the great scheme of the universe. The nearest of the so-called fixed stars is so distant from us that we have no means of measuring that distance, and when astronomers endeavour to give to others some idea of their remoteness, they tell us that light—which travels at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second—would occupy so many centuries in bridging the gulf which separates us from those remote bodies. We see, therefore, that any difficulty which we may have in learning about the constitution of the planets which form members of our own system, is immensely increased when we come to ask for information concerning the far more distant stars. In the one case we are dealing with things which are, so to speak, within reach of our hands; and in the other case, with objects which are upon another continent.

The only messengers which reach this earth from space are the so-called shooting-stars, or meteorites. These are assumed to be dark bodies, which, travelling through space, become attracted by this earth, and are quickly drawn towards it by the irresistible power of gravitation. Upon entering our atmosphere—which, it will be remembered, extends about two hundred miles above the surface of the earth—the course of these meteorites is checked by the resistance which the air offers to their progress—a frictional resistance, which is accompanied by the evolution of light and fervent heat. As a result, these swiftly moving bodies are vaporised; but the vapour formed quickly condenses into solid particles—meteoric dust, which is deposited, slowly but surely,

upon the earth. Such dust has been found on the pure snow of the Arctic regions, where dust of the ordinary kind is impossible. It has also been collected on the tops of elevated buildings, and has been dredged up from the depths of the Atlantic.

Besides this celestial dust, which is slowly adding to the bulk of the earth, there are many authentic records of the fall of meteoric stones of large size, many of which have been preserved as curiosities in our public museums. These shooting-stars are familiar enough to us; perhaps some will say that they are too common to be regarded as phenomenal. But few persons are aware how plentiful these beautiful objects really are. We are indebted to Professor Newton of America for some statistics with regard to them. He made a series of careful calculations, with a view to discover as nearly as possible how many meteorites enter the atmosphere of this earth in a given time, and so become visible. As a result, he has found that the annual number is about 146,000,000,000. That is to say, in every twenty-four hours, no fewer than four hundred million meteorites are propelled towards and received by the earth. And this number, be it noted, does not include that vast number of shooting-stars which are called telescopic, for the reason that they are too small or too distant to be detected by the unaided eye. It is therefore easy to see that the earth in travelling along her orbit passes through showers of these meteoric stones, and that it is only by the protecting influence of our atmosphere that these stones do not represent deadly missiles to its inhabitants. Travelling at the enormous velocity of thirty miles a second, they would, were it not for that protection, be far more effective projectiles than the swiftest of cannon-balls.

Upon a close investigation of the nature and composition of these meteoric stones, Mr Norman Lockyer has founded a new theory with regard to the constitution of the heavenly bodies. Like all theories, it will have to bear the test of time, either to be preserved, or to be discarded for something better. Still, until that something better makes its appearance, we must admit, upon considering this new hypothesis, that it contains nothing but what seems to be consistent with truth. Let us endeavour to explain in a very brief manner the salient points of this new doctrine.

We know that meteors have a tendency to collect in swarms, and that these form closed rings, which travel in elliptical orbits round the sun. On two nights in the year—one in August, and one in November—the earth's orbit intersects these meteor-paths, and on those nights shooting-stars are plentiful. In 1866, Schiaparelli showed that one of these swarms of meteors had an orbit which was identical with the path of a certain comet, an observation which led to the inference that a comet consists of a mass of meteors rendered luminous or incandescent by frequent and innumerable collisions among themselves. This theory of the genesis of a comet is now widely accepted among astronomers. Mr Lockyer not only accepts this view, but he holds that all the heavenly bodies owe their origin to meteorites. He tells us that all self-luminous bodies in the heavens are composed of meteorites, or

masses of 'vapour produced by heat brought about by condensation of meteor-swarms due to gravity,' and that 'the existing distinction between stars, comets, and nebulae rests upon no physical basis.' But how, it will be asked, does Mr Lockyer seek to prove the truth of this new hypothesis? The answer to this reasonable inquiry is, that he depends upon the evidence of the spectroscope.

Let us, for the benefit of those who have not had an opportunity of following up the more recently trodden paths of scientific research, give a few words to this marvellous instrument. The spectroscope is the outcome of the labours of many minds. Two hundred years ago, the great Newton made the first contribution towards it by admitting a beam of sunlight through a round hole in the shutter of a darkened room and causing that beam to pierce a prism of glass. The prism split up the white light into its constituent coloured rays. Many years afterwards, Professor Wollaston substituted a slit for the round hole in the shutter, and found that this alteration led to a strange result. The coloured ribbon of light was no longer continuous, as with Newton, but was cut across by many dark lines. Fraunhofer, a German optician, mapped these lines to the number of several hundred, and they have since been called by his name. No one knew what they meant until the year 1835, when Bunsen and Kirchhoff discovered the secret. These two investigators were examining the light given by different metals when volatilised in the intense heat of the electric arc. They made this examination by means of the spectroscope, an instrument consisting of a prism placed in a tube, with an adjustable slit at one end, and a magnifying-glass at the other end. (This instrument, it will be seen, is simply a convenient modification of the darkened room with a slit in its shutter.) They noticed that each metal gave certain distinctive bright lines, and that these bright lines were identical in position with certain dark lines on the solar spectrum. They next found that the dark lines were due to the vapours of the burning metals, and that the corresponding bright lines were only seen when the glowing metals themselves were examined.

Such is, briefly, the history of the spectroscope, an instrument which has added enormously to our knowledge during the past forty years. The dark lines in the solar spectrum tell us that a large number of the metals known to us on this earth are in a state of active combustion in the sun. We are also able, with the spectroscope, to examine the light given by stars, comets, and nebulae, and to gain by the nature of their spectra some idea as to their composition. The spectroscope, in short, offers us a means of analysing the light given by a body so remote from us that that light takes centuries of time before it can reach this earth. And it should be noted that by this wonderful method of spectrum analysis we cannot only identify the nature of the glowing matter in these far-off regions of space, but we can also get an approximate idea of the temperature at which it glows. Some of these distant bodies—nebulae, for instance—represent a heat which can be compared with that of the familiar Bunsen burner; other bodies are associated with the heat given by the oxyhydrogen flame; others, again, with the far higher temperature of the

electric arc; while the brightest stars of heaven—Sirius, for example—glow with a heat unattainable by any means at the disposal of man.

We have already pointed out that the only substance which reaches this earth from outside space is the meteorite. It is something ponderable, which cannot only be handled, but can be subjected to chemical analysis, and to the still more searching eye of the spectroscope. Mr Lockyer founds his new theory upon the constitution of the meteoric stone. Volatilising these meteorites at various temperatures, and examining their spectra, he finds that there is a wonderful agreement in character between the spectra so obtained and the spectra of the various classes of heavenly bodies just mentioned. We will quote his own words with reference to the application of this method to solar observation. He says: 'The solar spectrum can be very fairly reproduced—in some parts of the spectrum, almost line for line—by taking a composite photograph of the arc spectrum of several stony meteorites, chosen at random, between iron meteoric poles.' It is impossible to describe fully in a popular manner the innumerable and patient experiments, extending over a period of fourteen years, which have guided Mr Lockyer to the conclusions at which he has arrived. To understand the force of his arguments, one must have something more than a casual knowledge of the wonderful instrument which has assisted him in his labours. To summarise the matter: He seeks to prove that the whole of the heavenly bodies are due to the ubiquitous meteorite—sparsely clustered—their luminosity being due to glowing gases let loose by their collisions among themselves—and we have the nebulae. Drawn within the attractive influence of the sun, such clusters become comets. A further development is seen in a certain class of stars, where gravity has caused a nearer approach of the constituent meteorites. And at length we reach the highest stage of all, where the meteorites are volatilised, and the star is a mass of incandescent vapour at a temperature beyond our ken. The spectroscope therefore teaches us of what stuff the stars are made, and the physical reason for the fact that 'one star differeth from another in glory.'

THE LONDON POLICE.

THE London police force, like all the institutions of that vast metropolis, is arranged upon a gigantic plan. The superintendents, inspectors, sergeants, and constables make up an army thirteen thousand eight hundred strong—a truly formidable force, but none too large, when it is considered that the Metropolitan Police District extends over a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, exclusive of the City of London and its liberties, and embraces an area of six hundred and eighty-eight square miles, of a rateable value of thirty-three million eight hundred thousand pounds per year. Over such an area as this, including as it does a population of some five million three hundred and sixty thousand persons, there is of course a vast amount of work to be done; and it must be borne in mind that the duties of the London police are not

limited to the taking into custody of criminals and disorderly persons, and the watching of property, but include such duties as the carrying out of the Smoke Abatement Acts, the inspection of common lodging-houses, regulation of street traffic, and at certain times the onerous duty of taking up stray dogs—all of which duties are anything but light in a town like London; nor are they likely to become less arduous, seeing that during the year 1886 twelve thousand two hundred and fifty-two new houses were built within the police district, making twenty-nine miles of new streets.

The number of persons apprehended by the police during the year 1886 was seventy-two thousand one hundred and thirty. The value of property stolen during the same period was one hundred and eighteen thousand three hundred and forty pounds, of which eighteen thousand one hundred and twenty-nine pounds was recovered, leaving a net loss of one hundred thousand two hundred and eleven pounds; but the latter sum, it is to be presumed, would be set down by certain parties as a net gain. Notwithstanding the vast size of London, it is somewhat astonishing to notice that no fewer than seventeen thousand eight hundred and two persons were reported to the police as missing, and eight thousand nine hundred and forty-three were found and restored to their friends. During the twelve months, there occurred one thousand and fifty fires, fifty-eight of which were extinguished by the police. The truth of the saying, that it is safer to travel by railway than to walk the streets of London, would seem to be quite verified by the fact that the number of persons known by the police to have been run over and killed in the streets was one hundred and fourteen, the number maimed or injured from the same cause being three thousand nine hundred and forty-nine.

During the year, licenses were issued to hackney drivers, stage-drivers, and conductors to the number of twenty-six thousand three hundred and twenty; and it is very interesting to observe that amongst these men there are nine hundred and eighty-seven over sixty and under seventy years of age; one hundred and thirty over seventy and under eighty; and four over eighty years old. Occasionally, a London driver may have the chance of a windfall in the shape of property left in his conveyance, for it seems that last year the number of articles left in public carriages, &c., and deposited in the hands of the police, was twenty-two thousand three hundred and sixty-one, out of which twelve thousand one hundred and eleven were restored to the owners, who paid as rewards to the finders sums amounting to one thousand nine hundred and ninety-three pounds, representing a value of between fifteen and sixteen thousand pounds. Among the 'finds' the following are some of the most remarkable: Bag with two hundred and sixteen pounds in notes and gold; another bag containing one hundred pounds in notes; a third bag with bonds to the amount of three hundred pounds; and several lots of cash varying from ten to fifty pounds. After the articles have been deposited for three months, they are, in the absence of being claimed by the owners, returned to the parties depositing them.

THE SLEEPERS.

A CONTRAST.

BEHOLD them slumbering side by side,
Fair smiling youth and hoary age :
One dreams of worldly pomp and pride,
Where men a godless warfare wage ;
The other dreams of summer bowers,
Bright sunshine, warbling birds, and flowers.

One brow is marked with lines of care,
Which shows the world-worn spirit grieves ;
The other gleams 'neath clustering hair,
Like a fair star through quivering leaves.
One heart is grasping, proud, and cold ;
The other, generous, warm, and bold.

One breathes a long, a weary sigh,
And dreams of earthly gain or loss,
As with a keen, suspicious eye,
He counts once more his glittering dross
The other bounds with joyous tread
O'er fields of clover white and red.

A groan escapes the old man's lips,
A groan of mingled rage and pain,
For, lo ! his schemes, like phantom ships,
Have vanished 'neath the treacherous main.
He stretches forth one wrinkle'd hand,
To find his treasured hoard but sand.

From parted lips of tender bloom
A trill of merry laughter steals,
Whose fairy music fills the room—
The happy boy in dreamland kneels
Above a little crystal stream,
Where rushes wave and pebbles gleam ;

And he beholds with sparkling eyes
His ship—a water-lily—glide
Beneath the rosy-tinted skies,
Right bravely down the dimpling tide.
His bark no sordid hopes doth bear,
But dances on, he cares not where.

Hark ! now the dreaming worldling speaks :
'The path to wealth, how drear, how long !'
'Ah !' cries the boy, with glowing cheeks,
'How lovely is the skylark's song,
High soaring 'mid the blue above,
For ever singing, God is love !'

And when the morning sun shall rise
To charm away the mists of night,
The boy will greet with gladdened eyes
A world of beauty bathed in light,
For a fond mother's morning kiss
Will ope its golden gates of bliss.

But the poor worldling, what of him ?
Will he not seek the busy mart,
Like some gaunt spectre, stern and grim,
No joy within his withered heart ?
For life is empty, vain, and cold
To him who only seeketh gold !

FANNY FORRESTER.

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DARWIN.

It is always interesting to have from men of real eminence some record of their own lives, of the thoughts and feelings which animated them in certain critical periods of their career, and of the steps which led them to the execution of the work that made for them a name. In the autobiographical chapter prefixed to this life of Darwin,* we feel sure that a great many readers will be deeply interested, even should a limited knowledge of the scientific questions with which his name is associated lead them to regard the rest of the volumes with more or less of indifference. In the record which Darwin left for his family of the events of his own life, he writes with a simplicity and candour altogether removed from affectation on the one hand or ostentation on the other; revealing to us a man who was always more astonished at his success than conscious of the splendid abilities which rendered that success possible. It is not necessary to enter into the scientific considerations upon which his fame rests: that may be regarded as established whether we agree with his opinions or not; but it never can be a matter of indifference to any one to know the circumstances by which he was led, step by step, in the direction of the theories which go by his name, and to hear from his own lips the story of his achievements. 'A German editor,' he says, 'having written to me for an account of the development of my mind and character, with some sketch of my autobiography, I have thought that the attempt would amuse me, and might possibly interest my children or their children. I know that it would have interested me greatly to have read even so short and dull a sketch of the mind of my grandfather [Erasmus Darwin] written by himself, and what he thought and did, and how he worked. I have attempted to write the following account of

myself, as if I were a dead man in another world looking back at my own life. Nor have I found this difficult, for life is nearly over with me.' This was written in August 1876, when he was in his sixty-eighth year.

Charles Darwin was born at Shrewsbury, on the 12th of February 1809. His father, who practised in that town as a physician, was a man noted for his good sense, his sterling qualities of mind and character, and the remarkable power of sympathy by which he won the confidence of his patients. But he does not appear to have laid any claim to special scientific knowledge or abilities. If there was any play of heredity in the peculiar development of Charles Darwin's scientific powers, that must be traced back, not to his father, but to his grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, who wrote a semi-scientific book in verse on *The Loves of the Plants*, as well as other works in prose, and who really did anticipate, in a way that could not be understood by his contemporaries, some of the conclusions which his gifted grandson was afterwards to make the common property of the scientific world. But if Darwin's father was not the immediate transmitter of the scientific genius, he did for his son what was of an importance not to be overlooked in its bearing on his son's career: he left him a handsome fortune, which enabled the investigator into the Origin of Species to carry on his lifelong researches undisturbed by the distractions of narrowed circumstances or the pressure of family wants. It is true that we know of many who have done great things in spite of their poverty; but who can tell how many other great things the presence of this poverty has effectually crushed?

Charles Darwin was sent to school in his eighth year. 'I must,' he says, 'have been a very simple little fellow when I first went to school. A boy of the name of Garnett took me into a cake-shop one day and bought some cakes, for which he did not pay, as the shopman trusted him. When he came out, I asked him why he did not pay for them, and he instantly answered: "Why, do you not know that my uncle left a great sum of money

* *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, including an Autobiographical Chapter.* Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. 3 vols. London: Murray. 1887.

to the town on condition that every tradesman should give whatever was wanted without payment to any one who wore his old hat and moved it in a particular manner?" And he then showed me how it was moved. He then went into another shop where he was trusted, and asked for some small article, moving his hat in the proper manner, and of course obtained it without payment. When he came out, he said: "Now, if you like to go by yourself into that cake-shop (how well I remember its exact position), I will lend you my hat, and you can get whatever you like if you move the hat on your head properly." I gladly accepted the generous offer, and went in and asked for some cakes, moved the old hat, and was walking out of the shop, when the shopman made a rush at me; so I dropped the cakes and ran for dear life, and was astonished by being greeted with shouts of laughter by my false friend Garnett. But Darwin was not without some spice of trickery himself. He mentions one incident by which his conscience was afterwards 'sorely troubled,' and which, he adds, was 'curious, as showing that apparently I was interested at this early age in the variability of plants. I told another little boy that I could produce variously coloured polyantheses and primroses by watering them with certain coloured fluids; which was of course a monstrous fable, and had never been tried by me. I may here also confess that as a little boy I was much given to inventing deliberate falsehoods, and this was always done for the sake of causing excitement. For instance, I once gathered much valuable fruit from my father's trees and hid it in the shrubbery, and then ran in breathless haste to spread the news that I had discovered a hoard of stolen fruit.' It is clear that Darwin can never be included among the remarkable specimens of immaculate boyhood 'who never told a lie.'

As a pupil he was considered dull, and he admits himself that he was slow in learning. But, on the other hand, the system of education under which he was trained was, as it should seem, singularly unfitted to develop his peculiar mental faculties, it being strictly classical. Nothing else indeed was taught in the school which he attended except a little ancient geography and history. 'I was considered,' he says, 'by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification, my father once said to me: "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family." But my father, who was the kindest man I ever knew, and whose memory I revere with all my heart, must have been angry and somewhat unjust when he used such words.' But while he did not benefit by the classical training to which he was subjected, the boy learned Euclid—taught him by a private tutor—with avidity, and he afterwards distinctly remembered 'the intense satisfaction which the clear geometrical proofs' afforded him.

During the latter part of his school career, he became passionately fond of shooting, and to this is perhaps to be attributed his first experience of the sights and sounds of Nature—the first drawing-out of those remarkable powers of close and accurate observation as applied to animal and

vegetable life which afterwards so distinguished him. In addition to Euclid, also, he had been studying a little chemistry in a private way; but this becoming noised abroad in the school, and being an unprecedented fact there, it procured him the nickname of 'Gas.' For 'thus wasting his time on such useless subjects,' he was publicly rebuked by the head-master, the good man no doubt thinking that for every one alike the ability to produce an accurate Latin hexameter was the best possible equipment for the battle of life. As the boy was doing no good at school, his father took him away, and sent him, in 1825, to Edinburgh University, where his elder brother was completing his medical studies. Here Darwin stayed for two years or sessions, but made little progress, as he could not stand seeing operations performed in those old ante-chloroform days, and was obliged to rush out of the operating-room. The account he has left of the lectures in the Edinburgh University of that period is not flattering. He had one pleasant reminiscence, however, of his residence in the northern capital. He was once taken to a meeting of the Royal Society, where, he says, 'I saw Sir Walter Scott in the chair as President, and he apologised to the meeting as not feeling fitted for such a position. I looked at him and at the whole scene with some awe and reverence; and I think it was owing to this visit during my youth, and to my having attended the Royal Medical Society, that I felt the honour of being elected, a few years ago, an honorary member of both these Societies, more than any other similar honour.'

Darwin's father perceiving, or hearing from the boy's sisters, that he did not like the thought of being a physician, proposed that he should prepare to enter the Church. 'Considering how fiercely I have been attacked by the orthodox,' he himself remarks, 'it seems ludicrous that I once intended to be a clergyman. Nor was this intention and my father's wish ever formally given up, but died a natural death when, on leaving Cambridge, I joined the *Beagle* as naturalist.' But it was at Cambridge that his scientific instincts entered upon their development. As far as the academical studies were concerned, his time, he tells us, was as completely wasted during the three years he spent there, as it had been at Edinburgh and at school. But he took to field-science. He had been 'so sickened' by the kind of geological lectures he had heard at Edinburgh, that he did not attend the geological lectures at Cambridge; he, however, attended Professor Henslow's lectures on botany, and liked them much for their extreme clearness and the admirable illustrations. But that Professor's field-excursions were what interested our young naturalist most; and no pursuit at Cambridge was followed by him with so much eagerness, or gave him so much pleasure, as collecting beetles. 'It was,' he says, 'the mere passion for collecting, for I did not dissect them, and rarely compared their external characters with published descriptions, but got them named anyhow. I will give a proof of my zeal. One day, on tearing off some old bark, I saw two rare beetles, and seized one in each hand; then I saw a third and new kind, which I could not bear to lose, so that I popped the one which I had in my right hand into my mouth. Alas! it ejected some intensely acrid fluid, which burned my tongue, so

that I was forced to spit the beetle out, which was lost, as was the third one.'

It is here, at Cambridge, that we first find a distinct indication of the existence in Darwin of that special genius for which he was afterwards noted. Other naturalists have been as diligent as he, and as patient in observation and analysis; but what specially distinguished Darwin as an observer was the singularly original methods and experiments which he devised for obtaining fresh specimens or bringing out some new phenomenon of animal or vegetable life. All readers of his books must have been struck by this. Well, at Cambridge he 'invented two new methods.' 'I employed,' he says, 'a labourer to scrape, during the winter, moss off old trees, and place it in a large bag, and likewise to collect the rubbish at the bottom of the barges in which reeds are brought from the fens, and thus I got some very rare species. No poet ever felt more delighted at seeing his first poem published than I did at seeing, in Stephens' *Illustrations of British Insects*, the magic words, "captured by C. Darwin, Esq."'

The circumstance which at this time influenced his career more than any other was the friendship which now sprang up between him and Professor Henslow. During the last year and a half of his stay at Cambridge, he constantly accompanied the Professor on his walks, and in this way gained a great amount of scientific knowledge. Afterwards, at the solicitation of Professor Henslow, he was allowed to accompany Sedgwick, the geological Professor, in a private excursion to North Wales; and it was on his return home from this expedition that he found a letter awaiting him from Professor Henslow offering him the post of naturalist on board the *Beagle*, then about to start, under Captain Fitz-Roy, on a voyage for the survey of South America, and thence round the world. His father consented that he should go, and so the project of becoming a clergyman was finally broken off. 'I had been rather extravagant,' he tells us, 'at Cambridge, and to console my father, said "that I should be deuced clever to spend more than my allowance whilst on board the *Beagle*;" but he answered with a smile, "But they tell me you are very clever." The old physician's view of his son's future was evidently improving since the time when he prophesied he should only be a good-for-nothing.

A little anecdote of this appointment cannot be omitted. 'Next day,' says Darwin, 'I started for Cambridge to see Henslow, and thence to London to see Fitz-Roy, and all was soon arranged. Afterwards, on becoming very intimate with Fitz-Roy, I heard that I had run a very narrow risk of being rejected on account of the shape of my nose. He was an ardent disciple of Lavater, and was convinced that he could judge of a man's character by the outline of his features; and he doubted whether any one with my nose could possess sufficient energy and determination for the voyage. But I think he was afterwards well satisfied that my nose had spoken falsely.'

The voyage with the *Beagle* extended from December 1831 to October 1836. The account which Darwin published of it after his return is too well known to require any characterisation

here. No one who has read this charming book will readily forget the happy mingling of observation and reflection which has rendered it so long one of the author's most popular books. Darwin himself says: 'The success of this my first literary child always tickles my vanity more than that of any of my other books. Even to this day it sells steadily in England and the United States, and has been translated for the second time into German, and into French and other languages. Ten thousand copies have been sold in England of the second edition.'

We cannot notice in detail the various scientific papers, as well as longer treatises, which appeared subsequently from the same pen, but must hasten on to the publication of his great work, *The Origin of Species*, which was issued in November 1859. Those of our readers who are old enough to recollect the public events of 1860, will remember the extraordinary excitement which prevailed in intellectual circles over the views put forward in that work. The book was assailed by men of science, and by men who knew nothing of science; it was the object of angry denunciation from a hundred platforms and in the pages of a hundred reviews; and its theories were alternately made matter of laughter and of scorn. Scarcely a voice was raised in its defence; and if raised, could not be heard amid the wild clamour of contending assailants. The state of feeling then exhibited resembled that which had been witnessed twenty-five years before, when first *The Vestiges of Creation* was published. Both books had a certain relation to the same subject. *The Vestiges*—published anonymously, but since acknowledged to be the work of the late Dr Robert Chambers—was in some respects the forerunner of the *Origin*. It is, we daresay, frequently supposed that the question of Evolution began with the publication of Darwin's book in 1859; but this was not so. Lamarck, in the beginning of the century, had thrown doubts upon the immutability of species; but his book excited little notice. In the *Vestiges*, however, a stronger note was struck in the doctrine of Progressive Development therein advocated, and enforced with many facts and much close reasoning. Darwin, referring to this book in his introduction to the *Origin*, spoke of its 'brilliant and powerful style,' and expressed his belief that, in its later editions, it 'did excellent service in this country in calling attention to the subject, in removing prejudice, and in thus preparing the ground for the reception of analogous views.' Darwin differed from his predecessors in that he put forward a hypothetical reason for the transmutation of species, namely, his doctrine of Natural Selection, or, as Mr Herbert Spencer prefers to call it, the 'survival of the fittest.' It is around this—Darwin's great theory—that the battle of the species has since 1859 been fought.*

Darwin says of his book, *The Origin of Species*: 'It is no doubt the chief work of my life. It

* It would be out of place to enlarge here on the particular points regarding which Darwin and his predecessors agreed and disagreed; but readers who wish to understand the subject will find it clearly set forth in Professor Nicholson's *Natural History: Its Rise and Progress in Britain, as developed in the Life and Labours of Leading Naturalists*. (W. & E. Chambers, 1886.)

was from the first highly successful. The first small edition of twelve hundred and fifty copies was sold on the day of publication, and a second edition of three thousand copies soon afterwards. Sixteen thousand copies have now (1876) been sold in England; and considering how stiff a book it is, this is a large sale. It has been translated into every European tongue, even into such languages as Spanish, Bohemian, Polish, and Russian. Up to the time of his death, which took place in April 1882, Darwin's name was kept continually before the scientific world, not only by discussions regarding his central theory, but by his further published works on the Descent of Man, on Insectivorous Plants, on Earthworms, and other subjects, all of which were treated with his accustomed fullness of observation and sagacity of deduction. All this work, it must not be forgotten, was accomplished by a man who was almost constantly in a state of health little removed from that of an invalid.

We could have wished, had space permitted, to give some description of certain other aspects of Darwin's life—his extreme difficulty in composition; his deficient linguistic faculty; his disregard of literature and of books, as such; his extraordinary self-absorption in his work; his great respect for the opinion of the scientific few, and his indifference to that of the unlearned many; as well as the more pleasant subject of his character and habits in private life. But space forbids. We can only refer our readers for themselves to the three delightful volumes in which Mr Francis Darwin has allowed his father mainly to tell his own life by means of his autobiography and his letters.

THIS MORTAL COIL.

CHAPTER VI.—WHICH LADY?

HUGH found the day among the sandhills simply delightful. He had said with truth he loved all innocent pleasures, for his was one of those sunny, many-sided, æsthetic natures, in spite of its underlying tinge of pessimism and sadness, that throw themselves with ardour into every simple country delight, and find deep enjoyment in trees and flowers and waves and scenery, in the scent of new-mown hay and the song of birds, and in social intercourse with beautiful women. Warren Relf had readily enough fallen in with Hugh's plan for their day's outing; for Warren Relf in his turn was human too, and at a first glance he had been greatly taken with Hugh's pretty cousin, the dark-eyed Girton girl. His possession of the *Mud-Turtle* gave him for the moment a title to respect, for a yacht's a yacht, however tiny. So he took them all up together in the yawl to the foot of the sandhills; and while Mrs Meysey and the girls were unpacking the hampers and getting lunch ready on the white slopes of the drifted dunes, he sat down by the shore and sketched a little bit of the river foreground that exactly suited his own peculiar style—an islet of mud, rising low from the bed of the sluggish stream, crowned with purple sea-aster and white-flowered scurvy-grass, and backed by a slimy bed of tidal ooze, that shone with glancing rays of gold and crimson in the broad flood of the reflected sunlight.

Elsie was very happy, too, in her way; for had she not Hugh all the time by her side, and was she not wearing the ardent verses she had received from him by post that very morning, inside her dress, pressed close against her heart, and rising and falling with every pulse and flutter of her bosom? To him, the handicraftsman, they were a mere matter of ocean and potion, and lotion and devotion, strung together on a slender thread of pretty conceit; but to her, in the innocent ecstasy of a first great love, they meant more than words could possibly utter.

She could not thank him for them; her pride and delight went too deep for that; and even were it otherwise, she had no opportunity. But once, while they stood together by the sounding sea, with Winifred by their side, looking critically at the picture Warren Relf had sketched in hasty outline, and begun to colour, she found an occasion to let the poet know, by a graceful allusion, she had received his little tribute of verse in safety. As the painter with a few dainty strokes filled in the floating iridescent tints upon the sunlit ooze, she murmured aloud, as if quoting from some well-known poem:

Red strands that faintly flock and spot
The tawny flood thy banks unfold;
A web of Tyrian purple, shot
Through cloth of gold.

Hugh looked up at her appreciatively with a smile of recognition. They were his own verses, out of the Ballade of the Char he had written and posted to her the night before. 'Mere faint Swinburnian echoes, nothing worth,' he murmured low in a deprecating aside; but he was none the less flattered at the delicate attention, for all that. 'And how clever of her, too,' he thought to himself with a faint thrill, 'to have pieced them in so deftly with the subject of the picture! After all, she's a very intelligent girl, Elsie! A man might go farther and fare worse—if it were not for that negative quantity in doits and stivers.'

Warren Relf looked up also with a quick glance at the dark-eyed girl. 'You're right, Miss Challoner,' he said, stealing a lover's side-look at the iridescent peacock hues upon the gleaming mud. 'It shines like opal. No precious stone on earth could be lovelier than that. Few people have the eye to see beauty in a flat of tidal mud like the one I'm painting; but cloth of gold and Tyrian purple are the only words one could possibly find to express in fit language the glow and glory of its exquisite colouring. If only I could put it on canvas now, as you've put it in words, even the Hanging Committee of the Academy, I believe—hard-hearted monsters—would scarcely be stony enough to dream of rejecting it.'

Elsie smiled. How every man reads things his own way, by the light of his own personal interests! Hugh had seen she was trying to thank him unobtrusively for his copy of verses; Warren Relf had only found in her apt quotation a passing criticism on his own little water-colour.

After lunch, the two seniors, the Squire and Mrs Meysey, manifested the distinct desire of middle age for a quiet digestion in the shade of the sandhills; and the four younger folks, nothing

loth to be free, wandered off in pairs at their own sweet will along the bank of the river. Hugh took Elsie for his companion at first, while Warren Relf had to put himself off for the time being with the blue-eyed Winifred. Now, Relf hated blue eyes. 'But we must arrange it like a set of Lancers,' Hugh cried with a languid wave of his graceful hand; 'at the end of the figure, set to corners and change partners.' Elsie might have felt half jealous for a moment at this equitable suggestion, if Hugh hadn't added to her in a lower tone and with his sweetest smile: 'I mustn't monopolise you all the afternoon, you know, Elsie; Relf must have his innings too; I can see by his face he's just dying to talk to you.'

'I'd rather, a great deal, talk with you, Hugh,' Elsie murmured gently, looking down at the sands with an apparently sudden geological interest in their minute composition.

'I'm proud to hear it; so would I,' Hugh answered gallantly. 'But we mustn't be selfish. I hate selfishness. I'll sacrifice myself by-and-by on the altar of fraternity to give Relf a turn in due season. Meanwhile, Elsie, let's be happy together while we can. Moments like these don't come to one often in the course of a lifetime. They're as rare as rubies and as all good things. When they do come, I prize them far too much to think of wasting them in petty altercation.'

They strolled about among the undulating dunes for an hour or more, talking in that vague emotional way that young men and maidens naturally fall into when they walk together by the shore of the great deep, and each very much pleased with the other's society, as usually happens under similar circumstances. The dunes were indeed a lovely place for flirting in, as if made for the purpose—high billowy hillocks of blown sand, all white and firm, and rolling like chalk downs, but matted together under foot with a tussocky network of spurge and campions and soldanella convolvulus. In the tiny combs, and valleys in between, where tall reed-like grasses made a sort of petty imitation jungle, you could sit down unobserved under the lee of some mimic range of mountains, and take your case in an enchanted garden, like sultans and sultanas of the *Arabian Nights*, without risk of intrusion. The sea tumbled in gently on one side upon the long white beach; the river ran on the other just within the belt of blown sandhills; and wedged between the two, in a long line, the barrier ridge of miniature wolds stretched away for miles and miles in long perspective towards the southern horizon. It was a lotus-eating place to lie and dream and make love in for ever. As Hugh sat there idly with Elsie by his side under the lee of the dunes, he wondered the Squire could ever have had the bad taste to object to the generous east wind which had overwhelmed his miserable utilitarian salt-marsh pastures with this quaint little fairyland of tiny knolls and Lilliputian valleys. For his own part, Hugh was duly grateful to that unconscious atmospheric landscape gardener for his admirable additions to the flat Suffolk scenery; he wanted nothing better or sweeter in life than to lie here for ever stretched at his ease in the sun, and talk of poetry and love with Elsie.

At the end of an hour, however, he roused himself sturdily. Life, says the philosopher, is not all beer and skittles; nor is it all poetry and dalliance either. 'Stern duty sways our lives against our will,' say the *Echoes from Callimachus*. It's all very well, at odd moments, to sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Neera's hair—for a reasonable period. But if Amaryllis has no money of her own, or if Neera is a penniless governess in a country-house, the wise man must sacrifice sentiment at last to solid advantages; he must quit Amaryllis in search of Phyllis, or reject Neera in favour of Vera, that opulent virgin, who has lands and houses, messuages and tenements, stocks and shares, and is a ward in Chancery. Face to face with such a sad necessity, Hugh now found himself. He was really grieved that the circumstances of the case compelled him to tear himself unwillingly away from Elsie, he was so thoroughly enjoying himself in his own pet way; but duty, duty—duty before everything! The slave of duty jumped up with a start.

'My dear child,' he exclaimed, glancing hastily at his watch, 'Relf will really never forgive me. I'm sure it's time for us to set to corners and change partners. Not, of course, that I want to do it myself. For two people who are *not* engaged, I think we've had a very snug little time of it here together, Elsie. But a bargain's a bargain, and Relf must be inwardly grinding his teeth at me.—Let's go and meet them.'

Elsie rose more slowly and wistfully. 'I'm never so happy anywhere, Hugh,' she said with a lingering cadence, 'as when you're with me.'

'And yet we are *not* engaged,' Hugh went on in a meditative murmur—'we're *not* engaged. We're only cousins! For mere cousins, our cousinly solicitude for one another's welfare is truly touching. If all families were only as united as ours, now! interpreters of prophecy would not have far to seek for the date of the millennium. Well, well, instructress of youth, we must look out for these other young people; and if I were you, experience would suggest to me the desirability of not coming upon them from behind too unexpectedly or abruptly. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. Relf is young, and the pretty pupil is by no means unattractive.'

'I'd trust Winifred as implicitly'—Elsie began, and broke off suddenly.

'As you'd trust yourself,' Hugh put in, with a little quiet irony, completing her sentence. 'No doubt, no doubt; I can readily believe it. But even you and I—who are staid and older, and merely cousins—wouldn't have cared to be disturbed too abruptly just now, you know, when we were pulling soldanellas to pieces in concert in the hollow down yonder. I shall climb to the top of the big sandhill there, and from that specular mount—as Satan remarks in *Paradise Regained*—I shall spy from afar where Relf has wandered off to with the immaculate Winifred.—Ah, there they are, over yonder by the beach, looking for pebbles or something—I suppose amber. Let's go over to them, Elsie, and change partners. Common politeness compels one, of course, to pay some attention to one's host's daughter.'

As they strolled away again, with a change of partners, back towards the spot where Mrs Meysey was somewhat anxiously awaiting them, Hugh

and Winifred turned their talk casually on Elsie's manifold charms and excellences. 'She's a sweet, isn't she?' Winifred cried to her new acquaintance in enthusiastic appreciation. 'Did you ever in your life meet anybody like her?'

'No, never,' Hugh answered with candid praise. Candour was always Hugh's special cue. 'She's a dear, good girl, and I like her immensely. I'm proud of her too. The only inheritance I ever received from my family is my cousinship to Elsie; and I duly prize it as my sole heirloom from fifty generations of penniless Massingers.'

'Then you're very fond of her, Mr Massinger?'

'Yes, very fond of her. When a man's only got one relative in the world, he naturally values that unique possession far more than those who have a couple of dozen or so of all sexes and ages, assorted. Some people suffer from too much family; my misfortune is that, being a naturally affectionate man, I suffer from too little. It's the old case of the one ewe lamb; Elsie is to me my brothers and my sisters, and my cousins and my aunts, all rolled into one, like the supers at the theatre.'

'And are you and she?'—Winifred began timidly. All girls are naturally inquisitive on that important question.

Hugh broke her off with a quick little laugh. 'Oh, dear no, nothing of the sort,' he answered hastily, in his jaunty way. 'We're not engaged, if that's what you mean, Miss Meysey; nor at all likely to be. Our affection, though profound, is of the brotherly and sisterly order only. It's much nicer so, of course. When people are engaged, they're always looking forward with yearning and longing and other unpleasant internal feelings, much enlarged upon in Miss Virginia Gabriel's songs, to a delusive future. When they're simply friends, or brothers and sisters, they can enjoy their friendship or their fraternity in the present tense, without for ever gazing ahead with wistful eyes towards a distant and ever receding horizon.'

'But why need it recede?' Winifred asked innocently.

'Why need it recede? Ah, there you pose me. Well, it needn't, of course, among the rich and the mighty. If people are swells, and amply provided for by their godfathers and godmothers at their baptism, or otherwise, they can marry at once; but the poor and the struggling—that's Elsie and me, you know, Miss Meysey—the poor and the struggling get engaged foolishly, and hope and hope for a humble cottage—the poetical cottage, all draped with roses and wild honeysuckle, and the well-attired woodbine—and toil and moil and labour exceedingly, and find the cottage receding, receding, receding still, away off in the distance, while they plough their way through the hopeless years, just as the horizon recedes for ever before you when you steer straight out for it in a boat at sea. The moral is—poor folk should not indulge in the luxury of hearts, and should wrap themselves up severely in their own interests, till they're wholly and utterly and irretrievably selfish.'

'And are you selfish, I wonder, Mr Massinger?'

'I try to be, of course, from a sense of duty; though I'm afraid I make a very poor hand at it.

I was born with a heart, and do what I will, I can't quite stifle that irrepressible natural organ.—But I take it all out, I believe, in the end, in writing verses.'

'You sent Elsie some verses this morning,' Winifred broke out in an artless way, as if she were merely stating a common fact of every-day experience.

Hugh had some difficulty in suppressing a start, and in recovering his composure so as to answer unconcernedly: 'Oh, she showed them to you, then, did she?' (How thoughtless of him to have posted those poor rhymes to Elsie, when he might have known beforehand she would confide them at once to Miss Meysey's sympathetic ear!)

'No, she didn't show them to me,' Winifred replied, in the same careless, easy way as before. 'I saw them drop out of the envelope, that's all; and Elsie put them away as soon as she saw they were verses; but I was sure they were yours, because I know your handwriting—Elsie's shown me bits of your letters sometimes.'

'I often send copies of my little pieces to Elsie before I print them,' Hugh went on casually, in his most candid manner. 'It may be vain of me, but I like her to see them. She's a capital critic, Elsie; women often are: she sometimes suggests to me most valuable alterations and modifications in some of my verses.'

'Tell me these ones,' Winifred asked abruptly, with a little blush.

It was a trying moment. What was Hugh to do? The verses he had actually sent to Elsie were all emotion and devotion, and hearts and darts, and fairest and thou wearest, and charms and arms; amorous and clamorous chimed together like old friends in one stanza, and sorrow dispelled itself to-morrow with its usual cheerful punctuality in the next. To recite them to Winifred as they stood would be to retire at once from his half-projected siege of the pretty little heiress's heart and hand. For that decisive step Hugh was not at present entirely prepared. He mustn't allow himself to be beaten by such a scholar's mate as this. He cleared his throat, and began boldly on another piece, ringing out his lines with a sonorous lilt—a set of silly, garrulous, childish verses he had written long since, but never published, about some merry sea-elves in an enchanted submarine fairy country:

A tiny fay
At the bottom lay
Of a purple bay
Unruffled,
On whose crystal floor
The distant roar
From the surf-bound shore
Was muffled.

With his fairy wife
He passed his life
Undimmed by strife
Or quarrel;
And the livelong day
They would merrily play
Through a labyrinth gay
With coral.

They loved to dwell
In a pearly shell,
And to deck their cell
With amber;

Or amid the caves
That the ripple laves
And the beryl paves
To clamber.

He went on so, with his jiggling versicles, line after line, as they walked along the firm white sand together, through several foolish sing-song stanzas; till at last, when he was more than half way through the meaningless little piece, a sudden thought pulled him up abruptly. He had chosen, as he thought, the most innocent and non-committing bit of utter trash in all his private poetical repertory; but now, as he repeated it over to Winifred with easy intonation, swinging his stick to keep time as he went, he recollected all at once that the last rhymes flew off at a tangent to a very personal conclusion—and what was worse, were addressed, too, not to Elsie, but very obviously to another lady! The end was somewhat after this wise:

On a darting shrimp,
Our quaint little iimp
With bridle of gimp
Would gambol;
Or across the back
Of a sea-horse black,
As a gentleman's hack
He'd amble.

Of emerald green
And sapphire's sheen
He made his queen
A tiar;
And the merry two
Their whole life through
Were as happy as you
And I are.

And then came the seriously compromising bit:

But if you say
You think this lay
Of the tiny fay
Too silly,
Let it have the praise
My eye betrays
To your own sweet gaze,
My Lily.

For a man he tries,
And he toils and sighs
To be very wise
And witty;
But a dear little dame
Has enough of fame
If she wins the name
Of pretty.

Lily! Lily! Oh, that discomposing, unfortunate, compromising Lily! He had met her down in Warwickshire two seasons since, at a country-house where they were both staying, and had fallen over head and ears in love with her—then. Now, he only wished with all his heart and soul she and her fays were at the bottom of the sea in a body together. For of course she was penniless. If not, by this time she would no doubt have been Mrs Massinger.

Hugh Massinger was a capital actor; but even he could hardly have ventured to pretend, with a grave face, that those Lily verses had ever been addressed to Elsie Challoner. Everything depended upon his presence of mind and a bold resolve. He hesitated for a moment at the 'emerald green and sapphire's sheen,' and seemed as though he couldn't recall the next line. After

a minute or two's pretended searching he recovered it feebly, and then he stumbled again over the end of the stanza.

'It's no use,' he cried at last, as if angry with himself. 'I should only murder them if I were to go on now. I've forgotten the rest. The words escape me. And they're really not worth your seriously listening to.'

'I like them,' Winifred said in her simple way. 'They're so easy to understand: so melodious and meaningless. I love verse that you don't have to puzzle over. I can't bear Browning for that—he's so impossible to make anything sensible out of. But I adore silly little things like these, that go in at one ear and out of the other, and really sound as if they meant something.—I shall ask Elsie to tell me the end of them.'

Here was indeed a dilemma! Suppose she did, and suppose Elsie showed her the real verses! At all hazards, he must extricate himself somehow from this impossible situation.

'I wish you wouldn't,' he said gently, in his softest and most persuasive voice. 'Elsie mightn't like you to know I sent her my verses—though there's nothing in it—girls are so sensitive sometimes about these matters.—But I'll tell you what I'll do, if you'll kindly allow me: I'll write you out the end of them when I get home to the inn, and bring them written out in full, a nice clear copy, the next time I have the pleasure of seeing you.' ('I can alter the end somehow,' he thought to himself with a sudden inspiration, 'and dress them up innocently one way or another with fresh rhymes, so as to have no special applicability of any sort to anybody or anything anywhere in particular.')

'Thank you,' Winifred replied, with evident pleasure. 'I should like that ever so much better. It'll be so nice to have a poet's verses written out for one's self in his own handwriting.'

'You do me too much honour,' Hugh answered with his mock little bow. 'I don't pretend to be a poet at all; I'm only a versifier.'

They joined the old folks in time by the yawl. The Squire was getting anxious to go back to his garden now—he foresaw rain in the sky to westward.

Hugh glanced hastily at his watch with a sigh. 'I must be going back too,' he cried. 'It's nearly five now; we can't be up at the village till six. Post goes out at nine, they say, and I have a book to review before post-time. It must positively reach town not later than to-morrow morning. And what's worse, I haven't yet so much as begun to dip into it.'

'But you can never read it and review it too in three hours!' Winifred exclaimed, aghast.

'Precisely so,' Hugh answered, in his jaunty way, with a stifled yawn; 'and therefore I propose to omit the reading as a very unnecessary and wasteful preliminary. It often prejudices one against a book to know what's in it. You approach a work you haven't read with a mind unbiassed by preconceived impressions. Besides, this is only a three-volume novel: they're all alike; it doesn't matter. You can say the plot is crude and ill-constructed, the dialogue feeble, the descriptions vile, the situations borrowed, and the characters all mere conventional puppets. The same review will do equally well for the whole stupid lot of them. I usually follow

Sydney Smith's method in that matter: I cut a few pages at random, here and there, and then smell the paper-knife.

'But is that just?' Elsie asked quietly, a slight shade coming over her earnest face.

'My dear Miss Challoner,' Warren Relf put in hastily, 'have you known Massinger so many years without finding out that he's always a great deal better than he himself pretends to be? I know him well enough to feel quite confident he'll read every word of that novel through to-night, if he sits up till four o'clock in the morning to do it; and he'll let the London people have their review in time, if he telegraphs up every blessed word of it by special wire to-morrow morning. His wickedness is always only his brag; his goodness he hides carefully under his own extremely capacious bushel.'

Hugh laughed. 'As you know me so much better than I know myself, my dear boy,' he replied easily, 'there's nothing more to be said about it. I'm glad to receive so good a character from a connoisseur in human nature. I really never knew before what an amiable and estimable member of society hid himself under my rugged and unprepossessing exterior.' And as he said it, he drew himself up, and darting a laugh from the corner of those sad black eyes, looked at the moment the handsomest and most utterly killing man in the county of Suffolk.

When Elsie and Winifred went up to their own rooms that evening, the younger girl slipping into Elsie's bedroom for a moment, took her friend's hands tenderly in her own, and looking long and eagerly into the other's eyes, said at last in a quick tone of unexpected discovery: 'Elsie, he's awfully nice-looking and awfully clever, this Oxford cousin of yours. I like him immensely.'

Elsie brought back her eyes from infinity with a sudden start. 'I'm glad you do, dear,' she said, looking down at her kindly. 'I wanted you to like him. I should be dreadfully disappointed, in fact, if you didn't. I'm exceedingly fond of Hugh, Winnie.'

Winifred paused for a second significantly; then she asked point-blank: 'Elsie, are you engaged to him?'

'Engaged to him! My darling, what ever made you dream of such a thing?—Engaged to Hugh!—engaged to Hugh Massinger!—Why, Winnie, you know he's my own cousin.'

'But you don't answer my question plainly,' Winifred persisted with girlish determination. 'Are you engaged to him or are you not?'

Elsie, mindful of Hugh's frequent declarations, answered boldly (and not quite untruthfully): 'No, I'm not, Winifred.'

The heiress of Whitestrand stroked her friend's hair with a sigh of relief. That sigh was blind. Girl though she was, she might clearly have seen with a woman's instinct that Elsie's flushed cheek and downcast eyes belied to the utmost her spoken word. But she did not see it. All preoccupied as she was with her own thoughts and her own wishes, she never observed at all those mute witnesses to Elsie's love for her handsome cousin. She was satisfied in her heart with Hugh's and Elsie's double verbal denial. She said to herself with a thrill in her own soul, as a girl will do

in the first full flush of her earliest passion: 'Then I may love him if I like! I may make him love me! It won't be wrong to Elsie for me to love him!'

(To be continued.)

IS DEATH FROM INTENSE COLD PAINLESS?

WHAT strange vicissitudes are represented in the history of some men's lives! Who would have thought, after such an unusually active and public life as that of the late Rev. A. H. Mac-konochie, that his last hours would be spent in a lonely Scotch glen, with no human eye to watch him—only guarded by the faithful dogs that stood by him to the last, and until long after he, overcome by fatigue and cold, had calmly yielded his much-tried soul into the hands of the Father of spirits? A thrill of pity passed through many a heart as the eye read the first meagre account of the placid face, the shoeless foot, and the pure-white covering of snow. Did the weary one suffer much or any pain during the last few hours of his life? Did he endure the same agony which Thomson created for his victim in the justly celebrated storm-scene in *Winter*? Or did the calm face reflect a deeper quiet of soul, a fore-taste of bliss? Is it possible to set at rest any disturbing doubts on the question? The present writer, having had a providential escape from death amidst Alpine snows, can give an answer which will probably allay any fears on the point.

Like other hard-working people, I enjoy a holiday; but a real holiday to me must have two excellent qualities: one, a total absence of responsibility; the other, it must be amongst mountains; and whether these be Scotch mountains, the Alps, the Pyrenees, or any others, I do not mind very much, so that I can get up somewhere as far as possible out of that world of encumbrances which pertain to a literary man's life—to wit, pens, papers, ink, pamphlets, books of all kinds, letters, and worse than all, these obtrusive barbarously brown telegram envelopes and all their contents. But these form what I may call still-life. There is something worse, if the oppressive cares which are in reality the graver part of life, must be handed over to a deputy who has possessed himself of your probable route. To be in a perpetual state of uncertainty as to what a day may bring forth, when you really want nothing, is only a mild alternative to doing the thing one's self. But if you want to gain tone and elasticity of body, of mind, and of feelings too, and really enjoy perfect freedom, get away out of the ruts of life, as far as you can from all beaten tracks, and as high up as you can, and every day will make a difference.

Again, tastes vary considerably in another direction. The last travelling companion I had was on the continent nearly twenty years ago. He thought, after some weeks of travel, that mountains were made for mountain maniacs, and that he had had his fill. Moreover, he could not walk more than a score of miles per day; nor did he care much about the ten thousand beauties of nature which enchant a lover of botany,

geology, entomology, and the like. Ever since then, I have gone alone; besides, there are times when even the most desirable companion is a little too much; I mean, during those supreme moments of life such as are so wondrously expressed in many of Wordsworth's poems.

I was enjoying something of such a holiday in the Pennine Alps, a few years ago. Of course, I was alone. If any contrast were needed, there was one offered in the abominations of the Rhone Valley, where any one with a sensitive epidermis understood very soon the qualities of the gnats, mosquitoes, and the rest of the flying plagues. After this, to go to a quiet place outside Chamouni for a week or two, avoiding the noisy hotels, and enjoy the charms of the Monarch of the Alps and his environs, is a different matter altogether.

On the particular occasion referred to, I started from Martigny at six A.M., and intended to traverse the thirty miles to the Hospice of the Great St Bernard before night. As I was following one of my holiday-pursuits of butterfly-catching, it need hardly be said that, as those 'winged flying flowers' had a considerable choice of route, my journey was correspondingly lengthened. Frequently, some beauty tempted me to run a few hundred yards exactly in the wrong direction, then dodging over some inaccessible spot, was lost to me. The day was a scorching one; even the rocks reflected the intense heat, and combining with the white dust of the roads, made the first twenty miles unpleasant travelling. Time being of consequence, I thought it prudent, so as to get to the summit of the pass before dark, not to stop for a meal to be cooked at Orsières or Liddes, but pressed forward to the last place before the snow-tramp commenced, the *Cantine de Proz*. There I met with a young nobleman and his guide. After an interchange of inquiries, and an offer on my part of some chocolate and biscuits to the other travellers, as the *Cantine* was hard up that day in eatables, we set out together, and had crossed the Plan de Marengo without any presentiment of what was going to happen. The first indication of something wrong was the peculiar appearance which my surroundings seemed to assume. Everything looked hazy to my vision—even the snow and the rocks lying about looked as if enveloped in a fog, although the afternoon was beautifully clear. Then I felt that I must sit down and enjoy it; but the guide's flask of *Kirschwasser* set me going again. Very soon, however, the former feeling returned; but the same treatment temporarily recovered me. At last I took to stumbling along, fell down several times, and at length could not help myself. My companions urged me in vain to arouse to one more effort; but it was useless.

The guide's experience was now of the utmost service. Divining the exact state of the case, and what might happen, he took a very sensible course. Leaving the marquis to see to me, he hurried forward to meet the two monks who always came down from the Hospice at a particular hour each day, so as to obtain their efficient help. On their arrival, the marquis either went on, on his own account, or was requested to go forward with the news. Anyhow, I was informed the next day that his report was, that 'Monsieur le — had perished in the snows.' In the meantime the two monks and guide took me in

hand, and shaking me up, made my hands clasp a belt round the guide's waist, and each of the monks took an arm. The former acted as a substitute for horse-power, and the two latter as wheels. As for myself, I was fast becoming a dead-weight. Between the *Cantine* and the Hospice there is a space of seven and a half miles of very rough walking, uphill of course, and with a depth of several feet of snow where the *cantonniers* had not cleared a path. I suspect that my deliverers had a very difficult task, over at least five miles, to keep me from getting into that sleep from which there is no waking. The sensations of that journey during occasional gleams of consciousness will never be erased from my mind. Is there such an essence of ecstatic delight as *elixir mortis*? If there is, it must have been something like it, or the very thing itself, which I enjoyed that day. No words can possibly express the surpassing desire which I felt to sit down and enjoy my felicity—and sleep. But my inexorable friends knew that sleep meant death; and though my repeated appeals of '*Doucement, doucement*' were plaintive enough, they were met by redoubled efforts to force me onwards, even when my own legs would not move any longer. The collapse was complete. After the long hot day, the additional distances which the butterflies had added to the thirty miles, and the abstention from a good meal since five A.M., it can readily be understood how the intense cold, which immediately follows after the sun is lost to view on the other side of the giant mountains, seized hold of every vital, muscle, and nerve, and very nearly claimed the victim beyond recall. I may add that, though the month was July, the frost at night was so great as to send the thermometer down nearly to zero.

During the sustained efforts of the three men, I had but momentary glimpses of consciousness. I remember seeing two somethings, black, one on each side, but very indistinct. These of course were the friendly monks. The one overwhelming idea that filled my mind then was how to get to that sleep, that blissful euthanasia which poets have sung about, but which my companions were doing their best to rob me of, just when I had got it within my grasp.

Another lucid interval occurred just as we approached the door of the Hospice, for I saw two or three of the dogs; and then I was lost again, till I found myself in the large room, surrounded by several of the canons. One administered some Extract of Orange Flowers, and that was followed by some warm broth. Then another tugged off my boots, socks, &c.; and between them, somehow or other, they got me into bed. (This particular room would not have been mine, if I had gone as an ordinary traveller usually does. I am under the impression that it was looked upon as the best bedroom, being the one used by Napoleon Bonaparte when he stopped at the Hospice *en route* to the Italian campaign.) In the night, I woke, breathing very quickly and very hard. The room itself had the appearance of being one mass of cotton-wool. Congestion of the lungs had got hold of me now, and I felt very ill indeed. But, however, the next morning I did what the monks had ineffectually tried to impress upon

me the night before, and I made an effort. My first duty to others was to see the excellent guide and make him a due acknowledgment; and as the noble and heroic monks, who live only for others, would not hear of anything but thanks, I had recourse to the *trone* of the church. To the three men, I am, humanly speaking, indebted for my life. A grateful heart never need be ashamed of its precious burden.

Then, curiosity drew my steps outside the Hospice to visit the Morgue. I expect that very few have had such weighty cause for looking at that very strange building with such peculiar feelings as I did on that occasion; for there, in all probability, I should have been consigned to keep company with the many other members of that unburied guild of death. It is not essential for me to describe what has been so frequently written about; everybody knows about the weird sights of that remarkable habitation of the dead. But when I saw it, those standing figures, men stricken with death as if in the act of listening to a possible sound of voices, or straining to get another glint of an approaching light, had only been put there a few months before—they, and the sight of others huddled up with their heads on their knees, and any quantity of remains, bones, and clothes, are engraved on my mind most vividly. It is all realistic enough to the very last degree. At all times, the touch of a hand that is still in death is like nothing else; and though I have seen other Morgues and other awful sights, the one on the Great St Bernard Pass has fitted itself to my memory as distinctly as scenes only of yesterday. Even the trivial incidents are here at hand again—Turco with a bone; what bone? and Pluton growling at him; the pretty little Soldanella trying to push its little lavender-coloured parachute through the snow, to keep company with the cushioned Gentian and the graceful Arabis. And can I forget the old *cantonnier*, who, when strength had returned to my limbs, and I had wielded his pick and shovel removing snow, thankfully received my coin as I paid for my invasion of his duty, on purpose to teach him some other and higher truth? Or that half-witted kincherd who had not a shred of intelligence about him till I gave him a few *centesimi*, and for the same purpose? But chiefly, yes, above all, the transcendent kindness of the *clavandier* of the monastery deserves record? His personal attention was unremitting—in fact, it was from him that I learnt more than I knew before what an unusual case mine had been, and that recovery had but seldom rewarded their efforts under similar circumstances. Hence the day in my holiday notes is rightly headed, ‘an eventful day.’

When I commenced this paper, my idea was to compare that intense longing for sleep with another incident of a far more appalling nature, when, with intense vividness of sight, I was hurling down the snow-slopes of a mountain near Monte Rosa right into the jaws of death. But I must hark back to the title—‘Is death from intense cold painless?’ I have stated the circumstances which led up as causes to my discomfiture—what my delighted feelings were—how I longed to be let alone, so as to enjoy that delicious euthanasia. And I have told my story

in order to help others to hope that, in the case of Mr Mackonochie and of many a one besides who may have perished like him, death from intense cold may be at all events *painless*.

THE GOLDEN INCUBUS.

CHAPTER X.—A PECULIAR POSITION.

THE prisoner had been sitting upon the sawdust about an hour, when the door opened again, and the two men entered, one bearing a bundle of blankets and a couple of pillows, the other a tray with a large cup of hot coffee and a plate of bread and butter.

‘There, you see we shan’t starve you,’ said the first man; ‘and you can make yourself a bed with these when you’ve done.’

‘Will you leave me a light?’

‘No,’ says the man with a laugh. ‘Wild sort of lads like you are not fit to trust with lights. Good-night.’

The door of the inner cellar was closed and bolted, for it was not like ours, a simple arch; and then the outer cellar door was shut as well; and Mr Barclay sat for hours reproaching himself for his infatuation, before, wearied out, he lay down and fell asleep. How the time had gone, he could not tell, but he woke up suddenly, to find that there was a light in the cellar, and the two men were looking down at him.

‘That’s right—wake up,’ says the principal speaker, ‘and put on those.’

‘But,’—began Mr Barclay, as the man pointed to some rough clothes.

‘Put on those togs, confound you!’ cried the fellow fiercely, ‘or’—

He tapped the butt of a pistol; and there was that in the man’s manner which showed that he was ready to use it.

There was nothing for it but to obey; and in a few minutes the prisoner stood up unbound and in regular workman’s dress.

‘That’s right,’ said his jailer. ‘Now, come along; and I warn you once for all, that if you break faith and attempt to call out, you die, as sure as your name’s Barclay Drinkwater!’

Mr Barclay felt as if he was stunned; and, half led, half pushed, he was taken into what had once been the pantry, but was now a curious-looking place, with a bricked round well in the middle, while on one side was fixed a large pair of blacksmith’s forge bellows, connected with a zinc pipe which went right down into the well.

‘What does all this mean?’ he said. ‘What are you going to do?’

‘Wait, and you’ll see,’ was all the reply he could get; and he stared round in amazement at the heaps of new clay that had been dug out, the piles of old bricks which had evidently been obtained by pulling down partition walls somewhere in the house, the lower part of which seemed, as it were, being transformed by workmen. Lastly, there were oil-lamps and a pile of cement, the material for which was obtained from a barrel marked ‘Flour.’

The man called Ned was better, and joined them there, the three being evidently prepared for work, in which Mr Barclay soon found that he was to participate, and at this point he made a stand.

'Look here,' he said; 'I demand an explanation. What does all this mean?'

'Are you ready for work?' cried the leader of the little gang, seizing him by the collar menacingly.

'You people have obtained possession of this house under false pretences, and you have made the place an utter wreck. I insist on knowing what it means.'

'You do—do you?' said the man, thrusting him back, and holding him with his shoulders against a pile of bricks. 'Then, once for all, I tell you this: you've got to work here along with us in silence, and hard too, or else be shut up in that cellar in darkness, and half-starved till we set you free.'

'The police shall'—

'O yes—all right. Tell the police. How are you going to do it?'

'Easily enough. I'll call for help, and'—

'Do,' said the man, taking a small revolver from his breast. 'Now, look here, Mr Drinkwater; men like us don't enter upon such an enterprise as this without being prepared for consequences. They would be very serious for us if they were found out. Nobody saw you come in where you were not asked, and when you came to insult my friend's wife.'

'Wife?' exclaimed Mr Barclay, for the word almost took his breath away.

'Yes, sir, wife; and it might happen that the gallant husband had an accident with you. We can dig holes, you see. Perhaps we might put somebody in one and cover him up.—Now, you understand. Behave yourself, and you shall come to no harm; but play any tricks, and— Look here, my lads; show our new labourer what you have in your pockets.'

'Not now, they said, tapping their breasts. 'He's going to work.'

Mr Barclay, as he used to say afterwards, felt as if he was in a dream, and without another word went down the ladder into the well, which was about ten feet deep, and found himself facing the opening of a regular egg-shaped drain, carefully bricked round, and seemingly securely though roughly made.

'Way to Tom Tiddler's ground,' said the man who had followed him.—'Now, then, take that light and this spade. I'll follow with a basket; and you've got to clear out the bricks and earth that broke loose yesterday.'

Mr Barclay looked in at the drain-like passage, which was just high enough for a man to crawl along easily, and saw that at one side a zinc pipe was carried, being evidently formed in lengths of about four feet, joined one to the other, but for what purpose, in his confused state, he could not make out.

What followed seemed like a part of a dream, in which, after crawling a long way, at first downwards, and then, with the passage sloping upwards, he found his farther progress stopped by a quantity of loose stones and crumbled down earth, upon which, by the direction of the man who followed close behind, he set down a strong-smelling oil lamp, filled the basket pushed to him, and realised for the first time in his life what must be the life of a miner toiling in the bowels of the earth.

At first it was intensely hot, and the lamp

burned dimly; but soon after he could hear a low hissing noise, and a pleasant cool stream of air began to fill the place; the heat grew less, the light burned more brightly, and he understood what was the meaning of the bellows and the long zinc tube.

For a full hour he laboured on, wondering at times, but for the most part, feeling completely stunned by the novelty of his position. He filled baskets with the clay and bricks, and by degrees cleared away the heap before him, after which he had to give place to the man who had been injured, but who now crept by both the occupants of the passage, a feat only to be accomplished after they had both lain down upon their faces.

Then the prisoner's task was changed to that of passing bricks and pails of cement, sometimes being forced to hold the light while the man deftly fitted in bricks, and made up what had been a fall, and beyond which the passage seemed to continue ten or a dozen feet.

At intervals the gang broke off work to crawl backwards out of the passage to partake of meals which were spread for them in the library. These meals were good, and washed down with plenty of spirits and water, the two servant-like women and the so-called Adela waiting on the party, everything being a matter of wonder to the prisoner, who stared wildly at the well-dressed, lady-like, girlish creature who busied herself in supplying the wants of the gang of four brick-layer-like men.

At the first meal, Mr Barclay refused food. He said that he could not eat; but he drank heartily from the glass placed at his side—water which seemed to him to be flavoured with peculiar coarse brandy. But he was troubled with a devouring thirst, consequent upon his exertions, and that of which he had partaken seemed to increase the peculiar dreamy nature of the scene. Whether it was laudanum or some other drug, we could none of us ever say for certain; but Mr Barclay was convinced that, nearly all the time, he was kept under the influence of some narcotic, and that, in a confused dreamy way, he toiled on in that narrow culvert.

He could keep no account of time, for he never once saw the light of day, and though there were intervals for food and rest, they seemed to be at various times; and from the rarity with which he heard the faint rattle of some passing vehicle, he often thought that the greater part of the work must be done by night.

At first he felt a keen sense of trouble connected with what he looked upon as his disgrace and the way he had lowered himself; but at last he worked on like some machine, obedient as a slave, but hour by hour growing more stupefied, even to the extent of stopping short at times and kneeling before his half-filled basket motionless, till a rude thrust or a blow from a brickbat pitched at him roused him to continue his task.

The drug worked well for his taskmasters, and the making of the mine progressed rapidly, for every one connected therewith seemed in a state of feverish anxiety now to get it done.

And so day succeeded day, and night gave place to night. The two servant-like women went busily on with their work, and fetched provisions for the household consumption, no tradespeople

save milkman and baker being allowed to call, and they remarked that they never once found the area gate unlocked. And while these two women, prim and self-contained, went on with the cooking and housework and kept the doorstep clean, the so-called Miss Adela Mimpriss went on with the woolwork flowers at the dining-room window, where she could get most light, and the world outside had no suspicion of anything being wrong in the staid, old-fashioned house opposite Sir John Drinkwater's. Even the neighbours on either side heard no sound.

'What does it all mean?' Mr Barclay used to ask himself, and at other times, 'When shall I wake?' for he often persuaded himself that this was the troubled dream of a bad attack of fever, from which he would awaken some day quite in his right mind. Meanwhile, growing every hour more machine-like, he worked on and on always as if in a dream.

CHAPTER XL—CONCLUSION.

I stood watching Sir John, who seemed nearly mad with grief and rage, and a dozen times over my lips opened to speak, but without a sound being heard. At last he looked up at me and saw what I wanted to do; but which respect kept back.

'Well,' he said, 'what do you propose doing?'

I remained silent for a moment, and then, feeling that even if he was offended, I was doing right, I said to him what was in my heart.

'Sir John, I never married, and I never had a son. It's all a mystery to me.'

'Man, you are saved from a curse!' he cried fiercely.

'No, dear master, no,' I said, as I laid my hand upon his arm. 'You don't believe that. I only wanted to say that if I had had a boy—a fine, handsome, brave lad like Mr Barclay'—

'Fine!—brave!' he says contemptuously.

'Who had never done a thing wrong, or been disobedient in any way till he fell into temptation that was too strong for him'—

'Bah! I could have forgiven that. But for him to have turned thief!'

I was silent, for his words seemed to take away my breath.

'Man, man!' he cried, 'how could you be such an idiot as to write that document and leave it where it could be found?'

'I did it for the best, sir,' I said humbly.

'Best? The worst,' he cried. 'No, no; I cannot forgive. Disgrace or no disgrace, I must have in the police.'

'No, no, no!' I cried piteously. 'He is your own son, Sir John, your own son; and it is that wretched woman who has driven him mad.'

'Mad? Burdon, mad? No; it is something worse.'

'But it is not too late,' I said humbly.

'Yes, too late—too late. I disown him. He is no longer son of mine.'

'And you sit there in that dining-room every night, Sir John,' I said, 'with all us servants gathered round, and read that half a chapter and then say, "As we forgive them that trespass against us." Sir John—master—he is your own son, and I love him as if he was my own.'

There wasn't a sound in that place for a minute,

and then he drew his breath in a catching way that startled me, for it was as if he was going to have a fit. But his face was very calm and stern now, as he says to me gently: 'You are right, old friend'—and my heart gave quite a bound—'old friend.'

'Let's go to him and save him, master, from his sin.'

'Two weak old men, Burdon, and him strong, desperate, and taken by surprise. My good fellow, what would follow then?'

'I don't know, Sir John. I can only see one thing, and that is, that we should have done our duty by the lad. Let's leave the rest to Him.'

He drew a long deep breath.

'Yes,' he says. 'Come along.'

We went back in the darkness to the cellar door and listened; but all seemed very still, and I turned the key in the patent Bramah lock without a sound. We went in, and stood there on the sawdust, with that hot smell of burnt oil seeming to get stronger, and there was a faint light in the inner cellar now, and a curious rustling panting sound. We crept forward, one on each side of the opening; and as we looked in, my hand went down on one of the sherry bottles in the bin by my arm, and it made a faint click, which sounded quite loud.

I forgot all about Sir John; I didn't even know that he was there, as I stared in from the darkness at the scene before me. They—I say they, for the whispering had taught me that there was more than one—had got the stone up while we had been away. It had been pushed aside on to the sawdust, and a soft yellow light shone up now out of the hole, showing me my young master, looking so strange and staring-eyed and ghastly, that I could hardly believe it was he. But it was, sure enough, though dressed in rough workman's clothes, and stained and daubed with clay.

It wasn't that, though, which took my attention, but his face; and as I looked, I thought of what had been said a little while ago in my place, and I felt it was true, and that he was mad. He had just crept up out of the hole, when he uttered a low groan and sank down on his knees, and then fell sidewise across the hole in the floor. He was not there many moments before there was a low angry whispering; he seemed to be heaved up, and a big workman-looking fellow came struggling up till he sat on the sawdust with his legs in the hole, and spoke down to some one.

'It's all right,' he said. 'The chests are here; but the fool has fainted away. Quick! the lamp, and then the tools.'

He bent down and took a smoky oil lamp that was handed to him, and I drew a deep breath, for the sound of his voice had seemed familiar; but the light which shone on his face made me sure in spite of his rough clothes and the beard he had grown. It was Edward Gunning, our old servant, who was discharged for being too fond of drink, turned bricklayer once again.

As he took the lamp, he got up, held it above his head, looked round, and then, with a grin of satisfaction at the sight of the chests, stepped softly toward the opening into the outer cellar, where Sir John and I were watching.

It didn't take many moments, and I hardly

know now how it happened, but I just saw young Mr Barclay lying helpless on the sawdust, another head appearing at the hole, and then, with the light full upon it, Edward Gunning's face being thrust out of the opening into the cellar where we were, and his eyes gleaming curiously before they seemed to shut with a snap. For, all at once—perhaps it was me being a butler and so used to wine—my hand closed upon the neck of one of those bottles, which rose up sudden-like above my head, and came down with a crash upon that of this wretched man.

There was a crash; the splash of wine; the splintering of glass; the smell of sherry—fine old sherry, yellow seal—and I stood for a moment with the bottle neck and some sawdust in my hand, startled by the yell the man gave, by the heavy fall, and the sudden darkness which had come upon us.

Then—I suppose it was all like a flash—I had rushed to the inner cellar and was dragging the slab over the hole, listening the while to a hollow rustling noise which ended as I got the slab across and sat on it to keep it down.

'Where are you, Burdon?' says Sir John.

'Here, sir!—Quick! A light.'

I heard him hurry off; and it seemed an hour before he came back, while I sat listening to a terrible moaning, and smelling the spilt sherry and the oily knocked-out lamp. Then Sir John came in, quite pale, but looking full of fight, and the first thing he did was to stoop down over Edward Gunning and take a pistol from his breast. 'You take that, Burdon,' he said, 'and use it if we are attacked.'

'Which we sha'n't be, Sir John, if you help me to get this stone back in its place.'

He set the lamp on one of the chests and lent a hand, when the stone dropped tightly into its place; and we dragged a couple of chests across, side by side, before turning to young Mr Barclay, who lay there on his side as if asleep.

'Now,' says Sir John, as he laid his hand upon the young man's collar and dragged him over on to his back, 'I think we had better hand this fellow over to the police.'

'The doctor, you mean, sir. Look at him.'

I needn't have bade him look, for Sir John was already doing that.

It was a doctor that I fetched and not the police, for Mr Barclay lay there quite insensible, and smelling as if he had taken to eating opium, while Ned Gunning had so awful a cut across his temple that he would soon have bled to death.

The doctor came and dressed the rascal's wounds as he was laid in my pantry; but he shook his head over Mr Barclay, and with reason; for two months had passed away before we got him down to Dorking, and saw his pale face beginning to get something like what it was, with Miss Virginia, forgiving and gentle, always by his side.

But I'm taking a very big jump, and saying nothing about our going across to the house opposite as soon as it was daylight, to find the door open and no one there; while the state of that basement and what we saw there, and the artfulness of the people, and the labour they had given in driving that passage right under the road as true as a die, filled me with horror, and cost Sir John five hundred pounds.

Why, their measurements and calculations were

as true as true; and if it hadn't been for me missing that paper—which, of course, it was Edward Gunning who stole it—those scoundrels would have carried off that golden incubus as sure as we were alive. But they didn't get it; and they had gone off scot-free, all but our late footman, who had concussion of the brain in the hospital where he was took, Sir John saying that he would let the poor wretch get well before he handed him over to the police.

But, bless you, he never meant to. He was too pleased to get Mr Barclay back, and to find that he hadn't the least idea about the golden incubus being in the cellar; while as to the poor lad's sorrow about his madness and that wretched woman, who was Ned Gunning's wife, it was pitiful to see.

The other scoundrels had got away; and all at once we found that Gunning had discharged himself from the hospital; and by that time the house over the way was put straight, the builder telling me in confidence that he thought Sir John must have been mad to attempt to make such a passage as that to connect his property without consulting a regular business man. That was the morning when he got his cheque for the repairs, and the passage—which he called 'Drinkwater's Folly'—had disappeared.

Time went on, and the golden incubus went on too—that is, to a big bank in the Strand, for we were at Dorking now, where those young people spent a deal of time in the open air; and Mr Barclay used to say he could never forgive himself; but his father did, and so did some one else.

Who did?

Why, you don't want telling that. Heaven bless her sweet face! And bless him, too, for a fine young fellow! as strong—ay, and as weak, too, of course—as any man.

Dear, dear, dear! I'm pretty handy to eighty now, and Sir John just one year ahead; and I often say to myself, as I think of what men will do for the sake of a pretty face—likewise for the sake of gold: 'This is a very curious world.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS

THE Bureau of Statistics in Berlin has recently issued some curious information with regard to the number of steam-engines in use in the chief countries of the world, and the amount of motive-force which they represent. The United States stand first with a total horse-power of seven and a half millions; next comes Britain with half a million less; Germany has four and a half millions; France, three millions; and Austria, a million and a half. In these figures, the motive-power of the locomotives, which number one hundred and five thousand throughout the world, is not included. They represent collectively a total of three million horse-power. Summarising these figures, and remembering that a steam horse-power is equal to the power of three actual horses, and that the strength of a living horse is equal to that of seven men, we arrive at the following result: the steam-engines of the world do the work of double its working population.

A large number of ornithologists assembled the

other day in a London saleroom to bid for the possession of an egg of the great auk; and it was finally knocked down for the sum of one hundred and sixty guineas. The reason why this sea-bird's egg commanded such a high price is found in the circumstance that there are only sixty-six eggs known to exist, and the certainty that no more will be produced. For the great auk, plentiful enough in past times, has, through its own helplessness and the greed of man, become extinct. It was, unfortunately, without the power of flight, and this not because of any structural peculiarity of its wings, but simply on account of the diminutive size of those wings relatively to the bulk and weight of the body. With a total length of about three feet, this curious biped had wings which measured but six inches in extent. The usual means of escape from its enemies were denied it, and it has ceased to exist. The last specimen of this bird seen alive was taken in the sea off St Kilda in 1821.

Like many other industries, the work of bottle-making has of late years suffered so much from foreign competition that it has almost been driven from this country, Germany and Belgium being the largest producers. It is hoped, however, that the lost industry may be again revived here, these hopes being founded upon a lately invented machine, which will turn out bottles far more expeditiously than they can be made by hand, and at a tithe of the cost. This machine is the invention of Mr Howard M. Ashley, and is being worked at the glass manufactory of Messrs Sykes, Macvay, & Co. of Castleford. In this machine the molten glass is poured into a mould, and the application of air under pressure distends the glass and causes it to fill the interior of that mould. It is believed that when this machine is complete with six or eight moulds, it will be possible by it to make twenty-four bottles per minute.

Rear-admiral Colomb, writing to the *Times* in allusion to a recent disastrous collision in the Channel, calls attention to the present very defective methods of signalling at sea, and points out how impossible it often is for one ship to ascertain the intentions of another. He mentions one thing which is not generally known—namely, that the Board of Trade forbid the mercantile marine to use that system of speech by signal which has been for a long time common to every navy in the world. He also pleads for some signal which will not only attract attention to 'distress,' but will also indicate to some extent the nature of that distress.

The North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers some time back appointed a Committee to inquire into the suspected connection between earth-tremors and the issue of gas in mines. This Committee have recently given in their Report upon the subject. Earthquake disturbances in distant parts of the world were found to correspond in date with irregular and perturbant movements at Marsden, where the observations were made. The seismograph used in the experiments was of a somewhat imperfect kind, and it is to be replaced by a better one which has been devised by Professor Ewing of the University College, Dundee. In continuing the experiments, the return-air from the mines will be examined, with a view to note the percentage of gas which it

contains at different times. It has already been noted that on the occasion of certain earth-disturbances at the beginning of December last, there was a marked increase in the issue of gas at many collieries.

In February last, it was reported that Dr Klein had established the fact that milch cows suffered sometimes from an eruptive complaint identical with scarlet fever, and that milk from such cows would prove a source of infection for that disease. The Agricultural Department, recognising the serious import of this alleged discovery, and its probable injury to dairy-farming, instructed Professor Crookshank, of the Bacteriological Laboratory at King's College, to make an independent inquiry into the matter. This gentleman now reports that there is no connection whatever between the disease of the cow and scarlet fever. But he has made the curious discovery, that the eruptive disease of the udder of the animal which was thus suspected is in reality true cowpox, an ailment common enough in this country in the time of Jenner, but which has since entirely disappeared. The recurrence of this disease is not only interesting, but important, as furnishing once more a source of true vaccine lymph.

The old plan of using an endless railway to embrace the wheels of vehicles which have to traverse soft soil or swampy situations, has lately been revived by Mr William Fender of Buenos Ayres. The method, as before tried, did not prove satisfactory; but Mr Fender has made several improvements in the system, by which difficulties have been made to disappear. The railway consists of a chain of flat slabs of hardwood, which are riveted between thin steel plates, and are linked together. The chain embraces the wheels, so that, as they turn, the blocks form themselves into a railway in front of them. The system has been used with great success in carting beetroot over swampy grounds in the neighbourhood of Berlin; and it is thought that it may be profitably employed in ordinary ploughing operations with a single engine, superseding the double system which is now common in this country.

The recent discovery of gold in North Wales has excited a great deal of attention. It seems that Mr Morgan, who owns land in the Mawddach Valley, Dolgelly, was long ago impressed with the opinion that gold existed at this spot in large quantities; but he was determined that he would publish no report of the circumstance until he could actually produce ingots of the precious metal. But rumours of the works which he caused to be carried out quickly got abroad, and as contradictory statements were promulgated, he has taken the wise course of publishing the real facts. We now learn that Mr Morgan has had about one hundred men at work for several months, and that by their aid many thousands of tons of stone richly laden with gold are ready for treatment. A great part of this earth is estimated to yield six ounces of gold to the ton, and it is believed that the mine now in operation is one of the richest in the world. Mr Morgan believes that there are fifty other sites in Wales alone where gold will be found in paying quantities. It is worth while to remember that gold has been found in former times in Wales, in England, and in Scotland; but the works

have been abandoned because the metal could not be recovered in paying quantities. But now that improved methods of amalgamation have been discovered, it may be worth the while of speculators to reopen some of these abandoned works.

A curious method of preventing railway collisions has been invented by an Austrian engineer. The apparatus consists of a pilot-vehicle worked by electricity, and running at some distance in front of the train, its movements being under the control of the engine-driver. The advanced lorry is fitted with glass vessels containing mercury contacts, so that if these should be broken by collision with anything on the line, the interruption of the current thus caused is made to act on the vacuum brake, and so bring the train behind to a standstill. The plan seems to be an ingenious one, but rather too complicated for adoption on our busy lines of railway.

M. Pasteur has made a curious suggestion with regard to eradicating the rabbit plague in Australia, a suggestion which has been prompted by the offer of a handsome reward by the government to the discoverer of some means of stamping out the pest. His remedy seems on the face of it to be rather a cruel one, but perhaps not more cruel really than many other methods which have been suggested. He believes that an attempt should be made to introduce a disease among rabbits, which would, he thinks, quickly exterminate them. There is a malady known as hen-cholera, and poultry-yards have sometimes been devastated by an epidemic of this kind. He believes that the same fate would befall the rabbits if the disease could be carried into their burrows. He suggests that a movable fence should be placed round a certain space frequented by the animals, and food tainted with germs of hen-cholera should be put within the enclosure. By this means the poor rabbits would catch the disease and infect all their neighbours. The disease in question is innocuous to domestic quadrupeds, and we suppose the fowls must take their chance.

Mr C. F. Henwood recently read an interesting paper at the Royal United Service Institution on the Fouling of Ships. As a method of prevention of this fouling, which, as we all know, causes so much loss of speed and expense in dry docking for removal of deposits, he advocates the use of a zinc sheathing for steel and iron ships. The combined metals, by setting up a galvanic action, would prevent the barnacles and other marine creatures attaching themselves to the submerged part of the ship, for the zinc would be constantly dissolving away in the form of oxide, leaving a fresh and clean surface.

A large building of novel construction has recently been erected in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It has a frontage of forty feet, and consists of eight floors, an unusual height for a London building, which at once attracts attention. But its novel feature is in its general construction. Its foundation consists of a solid block of concrete three feet in thickness, which may be supposed to shut out all dangers from imperfect drainage, and upon this solid foundation the building has been reared in moulded concrete. The walls of the floors are of the same construction, being tied together by iron bars embedded in the material, so that they represent no source of danger in case of fire. But in reality the building is fireproof, and it is

intended that no insurance shall be effected on it, as being quite unnecessary. The only woodwork used in the building is for the doors, window-frames, the lift, and the handrail of the staircase. The building is faced with Doulton stone, and it has a number of strong-rooms fitted with iron doors. The cost of this method of construction is said to be not much in excess of that ordinarily employed.

So many reputed methods of curing consumption have at different times been published, raising false hopes in the minds of the victims of that distressing malady, that we feel some hesitation in giving publication to another. But, according to an American scientific paper, the method of M. Garcin has been proved to be of real benefit to sufferers. Observations had previously been made at certain glassworks that the use of hydrofluoric acid—which we may remind our readers is used for etching glass—had a very favourable effect upon those workmen who were suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis. From this circumstance M. Garcin was induced to try the experiment of submitting his patients to an atmosphere containing this acid. His method is to enclose the sufferers for an hour every day in a small chamber charged with air mixed with the vapour from the acid, the strength of the charge being regulated according to whether they are but slightly attacked, or whether they are seriously affected with the disease. The effect of this treatment is said to be most satisfactory, the attacks of coughing diminishing in frequency, the appetite improving, and the terrible night-sweats disappearing altogether. It is to be hoped that further experiments will demonstrate the value of this new remedy.

Great interest has been aroused lately by the report that a periodic star called the 'Star of Bethlehem' has been visible in the heavens; and the star is said to have a period of three hundred and fifteen years. This report rests upon the most shadowy foundation. It is true that some three hundred years back such a star was asserted to have appeared in Cassiopeia with the period named, but the observation has not been endorsed by any modern astronomer. But at this time the name 'Star of Bethlehem' has been curiously assigned to Venus, which planet, during the past December, has been placed so favourably for observation, that in the early morning sky it has formed a very beautiful object. The mistake has been widespread, and it is impossible to trace its origin.

We have often in these columns advocated the use of oil at sea as a means of calming the waves; and of late years, as our readers know, a great many experiments on different parts of our coasts have proved the value of the method. We are interested to see that a patent wave-subduer has been constructed and placed upon the market, by which the process of administering oil to the water is greatly simplified. Larsen's Wave-Subduer consists of a very strong canvas bag of conical form, furnished at the top with a cover of galvanised iron, and provided with a brass cap through which the oil can be introduced. At its lower end is a special form of valve, which allows the oil to trickle through gradually, its slow exit being further provided for by partly filling

the canvas bag with oakum. The apparatus is strongly made, and is very cheap; and from letters which we have seen testifying as to the benefits which accrue from its use, it is evident that it is a piece of apparatus which every ship should carry. Further particulars can be obtained from Mr Gerson Trier, 35 Eastcheap, London, E.C.

We may also mention that the Board of Trade have recently issued a circular memorandum on the use of oil at sea for modifying the effect of breaking waves. This circular mentions the various successful experiments which have been made, and gives detailed directions as to the best method of applying the oil under varied circumstances. The heaviest and thickest oils are recommended as being the most effectual; but their action is much retarded in cold weather, when of course they congeal to some extent. Refined kerosene is all but useless for the purpose; crude petroleum should only be used when nothing else is available; 'but all animal and vegetable oils, such as waste oil from the engines, have great effect.'

An interesting calculation has been lately made by Professor Rogers of Washington. He tells us that the dynamic power of a single pound of good steam-coal is equivalent to the work of a man for one day; three tons of the same coal will represent a man's labour for twenty years; and one square mile of a seam of coal having a depth of four feet only will represent as much work as a million men can perform in twenty years. Such calculations as these may serve to remind us how very wasteful our methods of burning fuel must be, in spite of all that has been done by engineers in the way of economy.

KITCHEN BOILERS AND FROST.

THE return of winter and its attendant discomforts forms an apology for dwelling briefly on that source of anxiety in many households when frost sets in—the water-supply, and the possible risk of accident from derangement of the domestic hot-water system. The careful housekeeper, though cheered by the advent of seasonable weather, with clean roads and clear, crisp atmosphere, yet regards the kitchen boiler with anxiety, and not without reason, for, as a writer on this subject has pointed out, in ten days of a recent January, 'no fewer than forty explosions of household boilers were recorded in the public papers, killing twelve persons, and seriously injuring more than a score of others.' In some instances, explosion is so dreaded, that, we believe, the kitchen fire is put out until the frost is over, an inconvenience and discomfort needing no comment. When, however, we consider the disastrous effects of explosion on the one hand, and the exceedingly simple means by which safety can be insured, it seems marvellous that persons should run, year by year, the risks they do, when, at trifling cost, immunity from danger can be secured.

There is no mystery about these boiler explosions; they simply occur from over-pressure of steam, arising from the outlets becoming choked and the steam having no escape. Cases do occur of such stoppages arising from rust and the 'furring' of the pipes; but most frequently from the pipes becoming frozen.

The immediate cause of disaster is that, during the night, the pipes leading into the boiler become frozen; and on the fire being relighted in the morning, steam is generated, which, being unable to escape, increases in pressure until explosion results. It cannot be too emphatically pointed out, or too repeatedly insisted on, that the remedy for all such disaster is to provide every boiler with a reliable safety-valve, which shall relieve the pressure of steam before the ultimate strength of the boiler is approached. No locomotive, marine, or other class of engineering boiler is constructed without one, if not two thoroughly efficient safety-valves. It is difficult to understand why a similar custom should not hold in the manufacture of household boilers.

Into the question of the particular make of safety-valve most suitable for the purpose now under discussion, we do not propose to enter; many excellent patterns now hold the market, leaving nothing to be desired both as regards efficiency and cost, the outlay for which, including fixing, &c., is about one pound—a small sum compared with the discomfort, to say nothing of possible injury to life, limb, and property, arising from explosion.

The main points in a safety-valve are, that it should be simple in construction, with as few wasting parts as possible; should not easily get out of order; should act readily at all times; and should be so placed that it can be inspected without difficulty from time to time.

'MY HOUSE IS LEFT UNTO ME DESOLATE.'

A LITTLE while, you tell me, but a little while,
And I shall be where my beloved are;
And with your eyes all large with faith, you say,
'Thy dear ones have not journeyed very far.'

'Not very far.' I say it o'er and o'er,
Till on mine ear mine own voice strangely falls,
Like some mechanic utterance that repeats
A meaningless refrain to empty walls.

'Not very far;' but measured by my grief,
A distance measureless as my despair,
When, from the dreams that give them back to me,
I wake to find that they have journeyed there!

'Not very far.' Ah me! the spirit has
Had its conjectures since the first man slept;
But, O the heart, it knoweth its own loss,
And death is death, as 'twas when Rachel wept!

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BIRREL'S DIARY.

OF Robert Birrel, a burgess of Edinburgh in the time of Shakspeare, we should probably never have heard anything, had it not been for the famous *Diary* which he left behind him. Sir Walter Scott refers to him as 'this good old citizen of Edinburgh,' and occasionally quotes from his really 'valuable pages; but Scott apparently knew nothing about him beyond what may be learned from the journal itself. It is likely that he was not remarkable in any other way, and that, in keeping this record of the events of his day, he was doing the best he could for posterity. Although written in order that it might be read—as may be seen from an appeal made in one place to the 'gentill reader'—the *Diary* slumbered in manuscript until about the close of last century, when an energetic young antiquary (afterwards Sir John Graham Dalryell of Binns, but then a newly fledged advocate of the Scottish Bar) searching for literary treasure in the recesses of the Advocates' Library, brought it to light, and published it along with other 'Fragments of Scottish History.' What gives it a genuine historical value is that it is not in any sense of a private nature, but deals with public events, whether local or national, 'containing Divers Passages of Staite, and uthers Memorable Accidents.' Though purporting to run 'from the 1532 zeir of our Redemptioun till ye beginning of the zeir 1605,' it really begins with the coronation of Robert II. in 1371; and this entry is followed by some others which also ante-date the earliest recollections of Birrel himself. But the great bulk of the *Diary* records circumstances which must have occurred during the lifetime of the diarist, and which for the most part seem to have been registered by him at the time of their occurrence. Many of these circumstances relate to the most prominent personages in the history of Scotland during Birrel's time; others, again, are of a more trivial description; but, as illustrating the life and manners of a bygone

age, they are none the less interesting to modern readers.

What is properly regarded as the beginning of Birrel's own observations is about the year 1567, when the entries begin to grow in number. Many of these treat of matters so well known to history that it is unnecessary to make more than a passing allusion to them here. The murders of Rizzio and Darnley (the latter of whom is spoken of as 'the King,' 'King Henry,' and 'Henry Stewart'), and many other leading events of that period, are duly chronicled in Birrel's pages. It is noteworthy, however, that there is no mention made of Queen Mary after her arrival at Carlisle, following the defeat at Langside; no word, even, of her tragic death at Fotheringay. One explanation of this may be found in the hypothesis that Mary's fate was too supremely sad for any written notice. On the other hand, it may be that Birrel was not much affected by the event. One can see from his *Diary* that he was a Presbyterian, and not a 'papist,' although the passages which reveal this are admirably free from sectarian intolerance. As such, then, he could scarcely have felt inclined to quarrel with the course of events which ultimately brought the unfortunate Mary to the block. And it is quite evident that he cherished no feeling of animosity towards Queen Elizabeth for her share in the tragedy, as the following entry witnesses: 'The 24th of March 1603, Queen Eliz[abeth] departed this life, at the pleasure of Almighty God. . . . She did reign in her time in peace and in great love with her commons of England—a godly, wise, and loving princess to her subjects, as ever lived in England.' Clearly, the writer of these lines did not regard the English queen as in any degree guilty of judicial murder; moreover, the lines pleasantly testify to an agreeable feeling of friendliness between some sections of the Scotch and of the English prior to the Union, which feeling may also be observed in the pages of earlier writers, English and Scotch, long before the period referred to.

Perhaps the chief charm of the journal is what Scott styles Birrel's 'gossiping way,' for, apart from his many historical statements, he very frequently notes down little incidents that may have been important enough to the Edinburgh citizens of that day, but that were quite beneath the notice of the historian proper; and yet it is just such artless touches as these that help us to form some notion of the manners of sixteenth-century Edinburgh. For example, we learn that on the 10th of July 1598, a certain acrobat 'playit sic sowple tricks upone ane tow [rope], fastened between St Giles's steeple and a stair beneath the Cross, of which 'the lyk was nevyr sene in yis countrie, as he raid [rode] doune the tow and playit sa many paves on it.' Again, we read of various accidents, murders, and suicides: of two women poisoned from eating hemlock root; of a prisoner trying to escape down the cliffs of the Castle rock, but breaking his neck in the attempt; and of deaths by drowning—suicidal or otherwise—in the Nor Loch, which once covered the site of the modern Princes Street Gardens. At that period, the corpses of suicides were treated with the greatest indignity, and we read of one man whose drowned body was 'harled through the town backward, and thereafter hanged on the gallows.' The unlucky prisoner just spoken of received a more prolonged ill-treatment, although his was not a case of suicide. Not only did the poor man break his neck in his endeavour to escape, but 'thereafter he was trailed to the gallows and hanged, and thereafter was quartered, and his head and four quarters put on the four ports' (gates) of the city.

Forgery, whether of coins or of documents, also met with the most severe punishment in sixteenth-century Scotland; and many are the notices of death by hanging, strangling, burning, and drowning for the commission of this sort of crime. One remarkable feature of this offence was that the offenders were very frequently men of respectable position. Thus we see that, in 1564, two lairds—Forbes of Monymusk, and his brother, John Forbes of Pitsligo—were accused of coining false 'balbeis' or 'bawbees,' and that two other lairds stood surety for them. Again, an Edinburgh goldsmith, son of a burghess, was convicted of forging and uttering 'diverse false testons, half-testons, non-sunts, and lions called hardheads'—otherwise *hardits* or *hardies*, stated by Pitcairn to have been a copper coin of the value of three-halfpence—for which he was sentenced to be hanged and quartered, and his head and quarters to be put up on the chief gates of Edinburgh. Various burghesses of Aberdeen and Dundee also appear about the same period as guilty of the same offence; and in 1601, Birrel notes that 'Mr Alexander Drummaquham, George Douglas of Bangor,' and two others, were 'burnt for false coin.' Among those who 'suffered' for forging documents we have a Captain Baillie, who, on the 4th of December 1594, was 'hanged for counterfeiting the Great Seal against the merchants'; also in 1595, 'Cumming the Monk' was 'hanged for making of false writs'; and a Captain James Lowrie and others were 'all hanged at the Cross for counterfeiting false writs' in the year 1598; while, in 1599, 'James Corbet, writer,'

was 'hanged in like manner.' (Some of these citations will be found in Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, if not in Birrel's *Diary*.)

Executions for witchcraft were of course equally common at this time. Thus, Birrel notes that in 1591 Euphane McKalzen was burnt for this offence; as also, in 1603, a certain James Reid, accused of 'consulting and using with Sathan and witches, and who was notably known to be a counsellor with witches,' and in 1605, Henry Lowrie was 'burnt on the Castle Hill for witchcraft done and committed by him in Kyle.'

Many also are the notices of punishment dealt out to thieves. The designation 'thief,' however, must often be interpreted 'mosstrooper' or 'Borderer,' as in the following instance: 'The 10th of October [1567], there was a proclamation to meet the Regent [Murray] in Peebles, upon the 8th of November next, for the repressing of the thieves in Annandale and Eskdale; but my Lord Regent, thinking they would get advertisement, he prevented [anticipated] the day, and came over the water secretly and lodged in Dalkeith; this upon the 19th day; and upon the morrow he departed towards Hawick, where he came both secretly and suddenly, and there took thirty-four thieves, whom he partly caused hang and partly drown—live he let free upon caution [bail]; and upon the 2d day of November he brought other ten of them with him to Edinburgh and there put them in irons.' In this further instance, it is also evident the same caste is referred to: 'The 13th day of September [1568], the Lord Regent rode to the fair to Jedburgh to apprehend the thieves; but they being advertised of his coming, came not to the fair; so he was frustrated of his intention, excepting three thieves which he took, and caused hang within the town there.'

That such 'thieves' were really the peculiar class also known as 'Borderers' may again be seen from the threat made by King James, during his quarrel with the Edinburgh citizens in 1596, that he would bring in 'Will Kinmond the common thief and as many Southland men as should spoil the town of Edinburgh.' This Will Kinmond was a noted Borderer, and was under the protection of the Laird of Buccleuch, who on one occasion rescued him from Carlisle jail by force of arms. Of the same description were those thieves of Liddesdale against whom James V. had marched in 1528, and whose 'king' he had hanged in front of his own tower. Indeed, one phase of what was called 'theft' in sixteenth-century Scotland had been regarded as the privilege of a ruling caste only a century earlier, at which time this species of 'theft' was called 'sorning.' To *sorn* was 'to exact free quarters against the will of the landlord,' and it was not until 1445 that this was declared by statute as 'equivalent to theft.' Scott states (*The Monastery*, Note D) that 'the great chieftains oppressed the monasteries very much by exactions of this nature. The community of Aberbrothwick complained of an Earl of Angus, I think, who was in the regular habit of visiting them once a year with a train of a thousand horse and abiding till the whole winter-provisions of the convent were exhausted.' Thus, a *sorning* lord of one year became in the next

a 'thief' in the eyes of the law. Of course this change of name did not at once put a stop to the practice; and even so late as the eighteenth century, we find men of good birth and education still living this sort of 'sornor' existence, though by so doing they were liable to the severest punishments.

As if to show how little the nature of boys has altered during the last three centuries, Birrel describes a celebrated 'barring-out' which took place in the grammar-school of Edinburgh in the year 1595. Because they had been refused a certain annual privilege, 'a number of scholars, being gentlemen's bairns, made a mutiny, and came in the night and took the school, and provided themselves with meat, drink, and hags-buts, pistolet, and sword: they reinforced the doors of the said school, so that they refused to let in their master nor no other man without they were granted their privilege, conform to their wonted use.' Whereupon the magistrates commanded a certain ill-starred Bailie Macmoran to force an entrance, which, with the assistance of other officials, he attempted to do. But, disregarding the threat of one of the boys that he would shoot him if he persisted, the unlucky bailie received the contents of 'ane pistolet' in his head, 'so that he died.' At this, the townsfolk rose up against the scholars and conveyed them to the Tolbooth prison; 'but the hail bairns were letten free, without hurt done to them for the same, within ane short time thereafter.'

Many other records of local events find a place in the pages of this entertaining journal. Of private duels and street-frays, such as those referred to by Scott in *The Abbot*, there is frequent mention. The ravages of the pestilence or 'pest,' which in one year (1585) carried off more than fourteen hundred of the citizens, are also more than once spoken of. Nor does the diarist omit to record incidents of a meteorological nature; thus, we learn how 'the street' of Edinburgh was deluged by 'ane suddaine shower of rain and haile' in the spring of 1593; and how there came 'ane horrible tempest of snaw' in March 1595; and how a total eclipse of the sun took place in the forenoon of the 17th of February 1598—one effect of which was that 'merchants and others that were ignorant steikit [bolted] their booth doors and ran to the kirk to pray, as if it had been the last day.'

Side by side with such little items are the descriptions given of various historical events: royal marriages, births, and christenings; state banquets and ceremonies; the reception given to ambassadors and princes from England and the continental countries; and such important passages in European history as the despatch of the Spanish Armada and the massacre of St Bartholomew. It is interesting, among other things, to notice the chain of events which ultimately placed the Stewarts on the British throne; or, rather, to observe the development, in Birrel's time, of the policy inaugurated in an earlier day. There is the abdication of Queen Mary, and the coronation of her infant son. Later on, in 1589, comes the young king's marriage with Anne of Denmark. The birth of their eldest son, Henry, is of course duly recorded, as also his baptism, which was performed with high

ceremony in the Chapel-royal of Stirling Castle. But this Prince of Scotland, though he lived to become Prince of Wales, was prevented by his early death from inheriting the honours to which his father succeeded. It was not until six years after Prince Henry's birth that the heir to the British throne was born, at which time our worthy burgess made this entry in his *Diary*: 'The 20th day of November [1600], the Queen's M[ajesty] delivered of a child at the pleasure of Almighty God; at which time the cannons shot for joy.' The baptism took place on the 23d of December, when the infant prince was 'namit Charles'; and again the happy cannons 'shot for joy.' Little, then, did the good citizens know what was in store for their baby prince; or how the life, ushered in with such joyous acclamations, was to end in the gloomy tragedy at Whitehall.

About three years after the birth of Charles, Birrel chronicles the last illness, and then the death of the Queen of England; after which come entries such as this: 'The same 21th of March 1603, after Her M[ajesty] departing, the King of Scotland was proclaimed at London, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland.' Then follow statements relating to this most interesting time, when 'the nobility [of Scotland], at least the most part of them, came, accompanied with seven noblemen of England, to the Cross of Edinburgh,' where the new kingship was proclaimed. Thereafter come notices of the king's southward journey, and, not long after, of the departure for London of the Queen and Princes. And on the 19th of November 1604, the diarist records: 'A proclamation, that these countries shall be no more called Scotland and England, but Great Britain'—with which entry we may take leave of Robert Birrel and his *Diary*.

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHATAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—BESSIE.

'WHAT—what has brought you here?' asked Mr Gabriel in a trembling voice. He had a walking-stick, and he held it horizontally with both hands, one at the ferrule, the other at the handle, and thrust it before him, as making a barrier between himself and the woman.

'Not myself—my wants and my wrongs,' she answered sternly. 'For myself I ask nothing but to be left to myself; I have no wants. My wrongs are buried in my heart, known to none but you; no—not even to my son—to your son. He has never learnt who was his father. I should cover my face with shame, were it known.'

'Then, what—what do you want, Bessie?'

'I say, I want nothing for myself. I have come here not for myself. God forbid! I would not receive anything of you for myself. No—if I were drowning as my father drowned, and as my poor son has drowned, and you held out a hand, I would clench my fist and smite it away, and sink, rather than owe my life to you.'

'Then—what is it?' asked Mr Gotham, with his knees quaking under him. 'You agitate me.'

'No wonder that I agitate you. The wonder to me is that the agitation has not become a Saint Vitus's dance that never leaves you. God forgive me! I loved you once. I could tear my flesh off my hand with my teeth now—after these many years—at the thought that it ever held yours. I loved you!' She reared her proud form; in spite of age, it was full of nobility and reminiscence of grace and beauty. 'I loved you!' She looked at him with scorn. 'I ask myself, whenever I see you pass along the road, what could I find in you to love?'

'I was rich,' said Gotham; and as he spoke, he raised his stick level with his face, as if to ward off the blow that he deserved for the sneer.

'You coward!' cried Bessie. 'How dare you hint at that! As if I cared for anything but you. And you I cared for only because I was your help and support, your nurse almost; I cared for you because you were laughed at, cold-shouldered, delicate, helpless, and clung to me as this babe now clings to my bosom.'

'It is of no use, Bessie,' said Gabriel, with quivering voice—'it is of no use raking up old graves—that is what Mr Cornelis has just said.'

'It is of use,' answered the woman, 'when the bones do not lie in holy ground. The ghost will walk and flap its winding-sheet and scream in the black, still night, and you must see it and hear it. I—I have not spoken out my heart all these weary years. I have seen you, and you have seen me, but we have not spoken. I, sitting on the hard bench in the aisle, have looked to the squire's pew in the chancel, and watched you there during service. Once, when my seat was taken, I came over and occupied a bench outside your pew, and leaned back with my ear to the board, and heard your shaky pipe whine: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us." Did you feel the pew shake, that Sunday morning, Gabriel? I was not crying; I trembled with rage, and the pew trembled with me. Then you stood up and looked over; and when you saw me there outside, sitting and lying back with my eyes raised, you thought you saw a ghost, and sank again to your knees. For all these many years we have been no nearer each other than on that occasion; and then we neither spoke, but our eyes met, and I saw that baseness was in them still.'

'Why do you talk like this, Bessie? It can do no good. You are so fierce, you frighten me. My nerves are unstrung and sensitive.'

'Unstrung and sensitive!' scoffed the woman, her noble face gathering grandeur and beauty in her passion. 'I will tell you why I talk. Because, for six-and-thirty years I have nursed my wrongs in my heart, which has boiled and boiled, but never been poured out. To whom could I pour it out? Who was to hear the story of my wrong? Was it one to shout to the parish? To publish in the papers?'

'For pity's sake, Bessie, consider me: do not speak so loud; neither of us wishes that story to be known.'

'Ah! on whom fell the shame? On me, who was innocent of all wrong, save of having loved a wretch without manliness. I could have the pity of the place if I told my tale; but what care I for pity? I let them think me a lost woman, because I did not care to have it thought I had trusted you—you.'

'Well, Bessie, the marriage was not legal. The court annulled it.'

'With your consent. Could you not have made it right, had you chosen? Have made me an honest woman, and your son legitimate? No; you were mean enough to cast me over because you could not trouble yourself to fight through life in poverty. What if you had been disinherited? You need not have worked for a living; I would have worked for both. You might have sat at home with your hands in your pockets, and rocked the cradle with your foot; but you would not have had your luxuries then, and therefore I was thrust aside.'

'You cannot say, Bessie, that my father and uncle did not make you an offer that was reasonable. They promised you a yearly allowance.'

'I spurned it; I refused it. I would have nothing of theirs, nothing of yours any more. If I knew what drops in my son's veins were drawn from you, I would wring them forth. If I thought in his heart were any seeds of your baseness, I would dig them out with my nails.'

'Even now, after these many years, I will help you, if you will allow me to do it.'

'I do not want your help—not for myself. I would not take anything of you for myself. I have gone on all these years alone, and now I do not need you. I worked and sustained myself and my son till he was old enough to work and sustain me. Then he married.'

'If, Bessie, he had only looked higher. If you had allowed me to assist—under the rose, without letting people know the circumstances; if he could have been put into some more respectable situation, say a clerkship—why, in time'—

'If, if, if—and in time!' repeated the woman wrathfully. 'Why should he be other than my father, who was a plain man of the people? If my father had been a gentleman, perhaps he also would not have been straight and true and thorough to his wife and his child, his duties and his God. No; I would not have Richard a gentleman; he might have learned falseness and been cruel to me, as you were cruel. I have kept him in my station. He is a poor, rough, plain man, with simple thoughts and simple faith, a simple life, and simple knowledge of right and wrong. I would not have him thrown into that tangle which you call social life, where every duty is blunted with an *if*, and every act is a patchwork of compromises.'

She paused to take breath, and then Gabriel Gotham made a movement to shuffle off.

'Stay!' she ordered. 'You are sneaking away from my reproaches; but I say to you with loud voice now only what your conscience says to you nightly in whispers. You can do nothing for me now. You could do nothing for me after that one great act of treachery. Then,

then only did I measure to the bottom of your baseness. If you had come to me later and said you would remarry me, I would have refused you, because I knew you, and I could never have trusted you more.'

'What do you mean by bullying me so!' whined the miserable man. 'You have no consideration for my nerves. You do not know, or if you know, you do not think, what a martyr I am to them; and you tear at my nerves as if you were ripping a harp to pieces. You used to be more kind and pitiful.'

'If you had kept me by your side,' said the woman with a touch of softness, as the appeal of weakness always did melt her, 'I do not think that you would have done amiss for your own self, Gabriel.' She looked at him steadily, and the glare went out of her eyes. 'A poor, pitiful, broken creature you are, who has slipped into bad ways, because he has none that love him by his side to check and rally him. You are killing yourself, not by inches, but by feet, with opium, Gabriel, as all Hanford knows.'

'I take my drops because I suffer such pain.'

She disregarded his explanation. 'A lonely, unhappy man, suspicious of all about you; preyed upon by the designing; clinging to those that are unscrupulous, who flatter you because they seek your money. You have no one near you to bar the way you are stumbling down; no one to give you a hand to help you up; no one to cheer your spirits when evil fancies and buried transgressions start up to frighten you.—I say, Gabriel, that had you acted as a man and a Christian, you would not be the God-forsaken wretch you now are. You would have a faithful woman at your side to stay you; and a gallant son, on whom you could look with pride and love; and seven little angels to intercede with heaven for you.—Look at these!'—she turned her head to the children who were hanging to her skirts—'see here!' She threw back the shawl and exposed the sleeping babe she carried. She gazed down with a softened face on the slumbering infant. 'A dry stick,' she said, raising her head, and recovering some of her sternness; 'that is what you are; and in my house is Aaron's rod that buddeth, and putteth forth blossoms, and beareth almonds. You, the wrong-doer, are indeed the wretched one. I, the wronged, am blessed, as a bedewed field.' Then, all at once, her tears burst forth. 'No!' she said; 'my Aaron's rod is cut asunder, and all the little blossoms will wither. I am like the prophet who took to him two rods, and he called the one Beauty, and the other Bands; and first was Beauty broken, and then the strong rod also.—Do you see these three children? There are four more, and all are orphans. They have lost their mother eleven months ago, and now their father is taken from them. My Richard is drowned, as was his grandfather; and these little ones have none to look to but me. I am getting on in years.' She recovered her composure with an effort; what she had to say concerned the children and their welfare, and she would not allow her own emotion to interfere with her purpose for their advantage. 'I am getting on in years. You, Gabriel, are younger than me; but I am still the strong one. For a while I may be able to earn enough to support the seven;

but one is a babe, and I cannot leave it and take work. They do not bear your name, yet they have your blood in them. For myself, I ask nothing; I would take nothing; but I ask you not to forget these orphans, your own grandchildren.'

'I—I will do something,' faltered Gotham. He had lowered his stick when Bessie's rough tone passed away, and now he leaned one hand on it and shook his head, and shuffled his feet on the gravel. 'But, Bessie, I must do it slyly. I mustn't let it be supposed that any obligation attaches to me. I particularly do not wish to have that unfortunate affair brought up now. I—I dislike to have my private matters talked about. I am sensitive, and the least trouble affects my nerves.'

'I am not going to speak; rely on me,' said Bessie gravely. 'Let all the past be dead, buried the wrong and the sin. Forgiveness is a hard plant to grow; it does not strike root freely. I cannot say that it grows lustily in my bosom. There is certain soil in which it will not thrive, nurse it how you may.—But as for these children, I can do much for them. For their sakes I have come here to-day, for their sakes I plead. I would not die and leave them destitute in the world, beautiful little maids—seven of them, fatherless, motherless, friendless. For their sakes I will strike my plant! Forgiveness once more, and pray that it may flourish.'

'I will consult with Mr Cornellis; I will take his opinion how best to manage it; I will do something.'

'Consult with no one but your own conscience, and on your knees with your Maker,' said Bessie Cable.

'I cannot—I cannot act without advice.'

'It has always been so,' said she, half impatiently, half sadly. 'You never were able in the old days to do anything by yourself. Then you came to me. Now you go elsewhere.'

'I assure you that I will do something. Mr Cornellis knows all about the matter.'

Just then, Mr Gotham felt something touch his hand. Little Susie, attracted by his ring, had deserted the skirts of her grandmother, and, unnoticed, had stolen over to Mr Gotham, and as his hand hung limply down, she took his finger in her small hands and began to pull at the ring.

'What—what is it?' he asked with a start. Then he looked down and saw the fair head, the sweet face, with blue eyes and delicate complexion. A lovely little child, with a truly angel face. Gabriel studied it, nervously twitching his head from side to side, and asked: 'What is your name, my dear?'

'Susie.'

'Do you want my ring? You shall have it; and keep it as a proof that—that— Bessie, I will do what is right by the little ones. It is a pretty child, and might—might do me credit. I think I trace a likeness to myself, when about the same age; she has my hair and my eyes and complexion.'

The little girl still held his finger, and twisted the golden hoop. The touch of the tiny fingers was one so strange to Gabriel, the beauty of the child was so attractive, and its confidence so engaging, that the feeble man was moved.

'I would like to kiss you, child—Susie,' he said, 'but I am afraid of stooping. I might fall; it would bring on neuralgic pains.—Would you mind, Bessie, holding her up, that I might kiss her?'

The woman hesitated. She had the baby in her arms. She could not do as required unless she disposed of it. She stooped, laid the shawl on the gravel at Mr Gotham's feet, then placed the sleeping infant gently upon it. She put her hands to Susie and raised the child, whilst the other little girl, Lettice, stood by, still holding her grandmother's skirt; but she now extended the other hand and grasped Gotham's cane low down, about two feet from the ferrule. Thus, unconsciously, the child Lettice linked these two together; and at the same moment he pressed his lips to the cheek of Susie.

Susie turned her face sharply away—the smell of opium oppressed her. 'I want the ring,' she said.

Then, an explosion, followed by a clatter of bells in the church tower hard at hand, and a cheer. 'What is the matter?' asked Gotham with a start.

The explosion was caused, as he guessed, by the discharge of a small cannon on the shore, fired on grand occasions.

The side-gate opened, and Mr Cornellis came in, walking quickly. He drew back when he saw the group. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'attacked by a swarm of mosquitoes, Gabriel? Drawing your blood, eh?—Mrs Cable, you had better run home. Your son has returned; and the lads are giving him an ovation.'

'I want my ring,' said little Susie.

'Another time,' answered Gabriel nervously. 'I—I—had better not. It would lead to inquiries; it might rouse suspicion; and my nerves must not be shaken. I cannot bear it. I will send you some sweeties; but I cannot part with my ring.'

BEGGING AS A FINE ART.

CARLISLE, it was formerly said, if well begged, was worth ten shillings a day. Now, when so much is said to awaken sympathy for the destitute, it is necessary to warn the compassionate against unintelligent giving. There is too little charity in the world, for any one to say a word to lessen it; but it is all the more important that it be wisely bestowed. It is very unwisely bestowed when given to the professional beggar, and drawn from you by a tissue of lies, as is almost certain to be the case when it is given without thorough investigation. It will not do merely to cross-question the beggar; he is quite prepared for that, and the result is sure to be a conviction that the case is both genuine and urgent. Inquiries must be made where he lives, and amongst those to whom his antecedents are known. Without this, you are duped, and the money that would have been a boon to deserving sufferers, is worse than thrown away. I will record in part the experience by which I have learned this, in the hope that it may have a similar effect on others.

I have been the minister of a church in the north of London for many years; and having come from a quiet country parish, knew little of the tricks of the begging trade. I had been here only a few months when a woman called on me in a state of great destitution, having walked from Chelsea without breakfast, and with only a little bread the day before. She coolly told me she had lived in my district four years ago, and sat under my ministry and enjoyed it greatly. I had only said I did not know her, when she interrupted me, assuring me I was mistaken: I had often been in her house, seeing her poor dear mother when she was dying, &c. I was in no danger of giving her anything; she made no pretension other than that of relying on her own assurance to overreach me.

A little more skill was displayed by a man who called—by design, doubtless—when I was out, and was seen by my wife. He had been dreadfully bitten in the leg by a ferocious dog, was to get into a hospital next day, but had not a copper for food or bed for the night. While he spoke, by a convenient arrangement of his trouser-leg the awful wound was disclosed to view. Ladies are all nervous nowadays, and one can easily imagine how effectual such a trick as this must be. The first coin that can be got hold of is thrust into his hand, and, with a sigh of relief, the possible victim of hydrophobia is hustled out at the door. I heard of him several days after, still telling the same tale, but not just ready to go into the hospital.

But the art in many cases reaches a far higher mark than this. The plot is so constructed by the adept as to prove inquiry to be quite unnecessary, and difficult or impossible. One Sunday evening in August 1879, when service was over, I found a young man of about seventeen years, surrounded by several members of the congregation, waiting to see me. He had arrived just as I entered the pulpit, and requested the officer to hand up to me a note asking me to intimate, that if a Mrs Macfarlane from Newcastle was in the church, a friend wished particularly to see her at the end of the service. The officer declined to give me this note, but asked the lad to wait and see me. He was of medium stature, sharp and intelligent features, and, in speaking, used some Scotch words and pronunciations, but with an English tone. He was in a sad fix: had come from Edinburgh, where he was employed in a large printing establishment, to see an aunt in Newcastle; found she had come to London, leaving no address, but telling one of her neighbours that she would attend my church. He had spent all he had with him on his railway fare, having no doubt that he would easily find her, and here he stood penniless, four hundred miles from home. Great was the sympathy of the friends whom I found standing around him. One Scotch gentleman was ready to give him as much as would take him back

to Edinburgh; and a poor widow offered him bed and board till next day.

I took him home to supper, and subjected him to a severe examination, having some knowledge of the Modern Athens. I found that he knew all about it, could name a number of its leading men, and especially of its ministers. He spoke of having been connected with the Carrubber's Close Mission, and deported himself in every respect as such a person should. His speech, however, was the one difficulty I could not get over; it was like the attempt of a Cockney to speak Scotch, and would doubtless succeed with a listener who had not lived in Scotland. He said he had money in the savings-bank; that the good woman with whom he lodged would be ready to answer for his honesty; and he would send whatever was advanced to him as soon as he got home.

On Monday, having slept at the house of the widow, he came to breakfast with me, spoke of religious matters fluently at table, and continued in all things to meet the demands of the most suspicious. I got his landlady's address, told him to go down to the docks and see if he could get a passage cheaply in the Carron Company's steamer, and return in the afternoon. He agreed to do so, and was thankful for the suggestion, as his trip had already cost more than he intended to spend or could well afford. I telegraphed to the address he had given me, but got no reply; and he never returned. I found he had gone round to the poor widow and borrowed a small sum from her as he passed.

Six months afterwards I saw a letter in a newspaper warning ministers against the arts of this same youth, and narrating this same tale. He was looking for his fugitive aunt in the churches of the midland counties, and probably is still continuing the profitable pursuit. The poor widow kept her faith in him till this letter appeared; indeed, so effectively had he played his part, that even then she seemed more inclined to believe in him than in the writer of that communication.

One June morning about eleven o'clock I was told there was a gentleman in the drawing-room to see me. I found there a man of about forty years, rather under the average height, of fresh complexion, with red whiskers, neatly trimmed, and respectably dressed. He introduced himself in the most polite manner; was very sorry to trouble me; had walked up from Stepney, about five miles; had left his poor wife there ill in bed, and without a crust of bread for breakfast. Their privations were all the harder to bear from their former affluence. He had lived on his own little estate in the country in perfect comfort, till he became security for a friend, who proved a defaulter, and he lost his all. He came to London to find a situation, bringing his wife with him. He could not, as he had hoped, get into a counting-house, having no experience of business, and was at last glad to take a place in Clapton as a gardener. He had been accustomed to work a little in his own garden, but the continuous labour soon broke him down. He had just recovered from an illness in which they had parted with everything that could be pawned; and, having often been comforted by my preaching when he was in Clapton, he thought of me very strangely that morning, in fact could not

get the thought of me out of his mind, and determined to call upon me and submit his case to me for advice. He had been on the way from half-past seven till eleven, being weak and lame, and was now in dreadful anxiety about his poor starving wife. He showed me his last pawn-ticket: 'One pair boots, six shillings.'

I asked about their friends. He had been ashamed to let them know of their destitute condition; but at last, driven by starvation, he had written his wife's mother; and here he took out a packet of letters and selected from it one which seemed the most recent. The envelope bore the postmarks all correctly enough, and the contents fully corroborated his story. It was the reply of his mother-in-law, written to her daughter, his poor wife. Father was away arranging for a farm for dear George, who was preparing to get married; there was no money in the house till he returned, which would be in two days; then a few pounds would be sent to bring them home, and there they would remain till some suitable situation could be got, &c. Now, if he could in any way borrow a few shillings for two or three days, all would be well, and he would never forget the kindness; indeed, he would bring his wife up herself, to thank me, when the money came. That letter with all the post-stamps on it, together with the man's appearance and manner and tears, satisfied me. I gave him a few shillings, and have never seen him since. Six weeks afterwards, I read a letter in a daily paper, dated Rochester, describing this same gentleman, and giving the same story as the means by which he was going about there, imposing upon the kind-hearted to whom he could get access. He is probably still performing his little comedy, and carrying off in triumph the donations of sympathising listeners.

I determined thereafter never to give until I had made inquiry; but one fellow proved too clever for me even then. He came one night about half-past eight—a big, broad-shouldered, round-headed, pugilistic-looking man, whose whole appearance testified against him. He had just come from the prison at Gosport, where he had served two years as a deserter. When taken, he had been for some months living in my district, and working at his old trade as a bricklayer. The chaplain had shown him the folly of his wicked life, and advised him, as he had expressed his determination to turn over a new leaf, to seek help from the nearest minister. He had slept in a shed last night, but had that day got promise of a job to begin to-morrow morning at half-past six. But every bricklayer must have a trowel, line, &c.; and he had no tools, nor money to get them. If I would lend him as much, he would be at my house on Saturday at half-past two, as soon as he got his pay, and return it, and hoped to attend my church and go on in the right way as long as he lived. He showed me the D branded upon his side; he offered to leave his coat, worth three times the money, and took it off as he said it. I replied that it was quite unnecessary; I had a friend a builder who in the circumstances would lend him the tools.

But ah, that would not do, as no one must know his story; men would not work with him if they did. He had confided in me as a minister. I knew how any one who had been in prison

found it almost impossible to get anything to do. This offer had been made to him, and seemed to open the way to a new life, if only he could get the loan of four shillings or so, till Saturday; and if not, then God help him! he did not know what was to become of him; but he did trust me that I would keep his secret. Again he offered me his coat, which was a good one, so I asked where the articles could be got. He said, 'In Holloway Road;' now it was past nine o'clock. I said I would go with him and see what could be done; and away we went at full speed. He entered a small marine store, and came out immediately with a sad face—they had none. He thanked me for my kindness; said I had acted like a gentleman and a Christian, and I could do no more. I asked where was the nearest place at which he thought they could be got. He said they were sure to be found down near the *Angel*. I said I would trust him, gave him four shillings; and with a gush of gratitude, he thanked me and said I would see him on Saturday at half-past two sharp. When half across the street, he turned back and said he had had nothing to eat that day—could I let him have a copper to get a bit of bread! I gave him twopence.

He never appeared on Saturday; but a friend to whom I mentioned the circumstance, when in Croydon about three months afterwards, saw a letter in a local paper—which he sent me—describing this rascal, and stating that he had called on several persons in that neighbourhood and succeeded in getting money from each of them by the same ingenious story.

There came another 'artist' only recently, the bearer of the last message from his dear sister, sent ~~me~~ ^{her} deathbed, to thank me for services I had never rendered. But he persisted that I had visited her often, when she lived in my district, and was long laid down with severe illness. She died in the country, and wished him to call and thank me. She had a strong wish to be buried beside her dear mother in Abney Park. He could not afford the expense. But her heart was so set on this, that he promised to do so. She also requested him to mention this to me and some other kind friends; and had great comfort in her dying hour from the belief that we would contribute towards this last fond wish. This man minutely described all the details of the last days of his sister—her many pious speeches, and especially her frequent references to things she had heard in my sermons. He accompanied the narrative with appropriate action, every attitude evidently carefully studied and rehearsed many times. I hear he is still carrying about these grateful messages, and gathering contributions to defray the expense of his lamented sister's funeral; and from the artistic skill with which he performs the part, I should suppose that he makes as much in two or three days each week as keeps him in food and drink—and he consumes mainly the latter—all the rest of the time.

The result of my experience leads me to say to every one: Make it a rule never to give on the spot or instant to any applicant not known to you; ask the address, and get inquiries made; and be sure that you know what you are doing before you give. Seek out the deserving poor;

they, as a rule, do not come to ask alms; yet you may find *them*, and your gifts will do both you and the recipients good—you, as much as them.

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—THE VICAR OF BUSHFORD.

ONE morning, in the early part of August 1856, I, Henry Devon, a young briefless barrister, was seated in my chambers in the Temple, partaking of breakfast, and thinking how I should spend the long vacation, then just commencing. A week or two must be passed, as a matter of course, with my mother at her little cottage in Buckinghamshire, and a similar time with my uncle and cousins at Bushford Vicarage; but I should still have about two months at my disposal, and how to dispose of myself for that time was the problem which now puzzled me. To remain in London for more than a week was not to be thought of. To start on a pedestrian excursion was equally out of the question; for I disliked walking alone, and I could think of no congenial companion, with the exception of my cousin, Ernest Carlton; and he, I knew, could not leave London, as he was studying hard for the medical profession, and hoped shortly to pass his examination. Personally, I should have liked to extend the length of my visit to Bushford, and I felt sure that my little cousin Amy would not object to my society; but my dear old uncle the vicar, pleased as he always was to see me at the vicarage, objected strongly to my wasting too much of my time, as he expressed it, in 'spooning;' and 'spooning' was almost the only occupation that I should have indulged in there.

I had just pushed my plate on one side, and was finishing my last cup of coffee without having come to any decision, when I heard a hurried rush of footsteps on the stairs, and then came a thundering knock at my door. The instant I opened it, Bob Coveney, an old college friend, rushed in, and shaking my hand warmly, exclaimed: 'Harry, old boy, pack up your traps at once and come off with me. The governor is going to take advantage of the peace for a cruise in the *Baltic*, and you and I are to go with him. The *Mermaid*, you know, is no racing yacht, but a thorough seagoing craft. We shall have a glorious time of it.—Now, no refusal, old boy; you must come.'

'I shall be only too pleased to come, Bob,' I replied; 'but'—

'Now, none of your "buts,"' he burst in.

'Yet this "but" is absolutely indispensable,' I said. 'I must run down and say good-bye to my mother, and also to my uncle Nicholas.'

'And your cousin Amy, eh?' said Bob.—'Now, you needn't blush. I only wish I had such a dear little cousin to give a farewell kiss to.—'

Well, now, look here! I'll give you two days: you can start at once for Buckinghamshire, pass to-night there, back to town to-morrow morning, and take Bushford on your way to join us.'

'But shall I not be delaying Sir Robert?'

'Not a bit of it: he has to get the stores on board, and won't be ready to sail before then. So, that's settled.—Good-bye for the present, old boy, for I'm off at once;' and he rushed out of the room in as great a state of excitement as he had entered it.

Nothing could have been more opportune than Bob's invitation. I was an enthusiastic lover of the sea, and an excellent sailor. Sir Robert Coveney had been an officer in the navy; but having lost a leg at the battle of Navarino, had been compelled to retire from the service. He was sixty years of age, and a fine specimen of an old British seaman. My partiality for blue water made me a great favourite with him, so that there was no doubt as to the correctness of Bob's assertion that we should have a glorious time of it.

My preparations were soon made; and having half an hour to spare, I gave Ernest a hasty call at the hospital on my way to the station. Ernest and I had been great friends and companions from our early boyhood; but though we had both resided in London for some time past, I had seen but little of him of late. He seemed to me now somewhat ill and worn; but he made no complaint, and there was all the old heartiness in his reception of me; so I attributed his looks to hard work at his studies, and therefore said nothing to him on the subject. We parted with a grasp of the hand and a cheery 'Good-bye, old fellow;' and I was soon in the train on my way to Buckinghamshire, little thinking under what circumstances I should next meet him.

My mother had been a widow for some ten years past. My father, dying comparatively young, had left her but a modest competency; and it had taxed her means to the utmost—even with some little help from my uncle—to provide for my education. She lived in the little cottage which she now occupied, for the sake of economy; and I longed for the day when I should be able to place her in a better dwelling, and repay her for all her love and all her sacrifices for me.

I need scarcely say with what affection I was welcomed. Her disappointment at the shortness of my visit was tempered by the thought of the pleasures to which I was going, and by my promise to make a longer stay on my return.

The next morning I returned to London, and merely calling at my chambers for my sea-traps, crossed the Thames, and proceeded on my way to the vicarage, at the small town of Bushford, situated south of the Thames, about half-way between London and the coast. The railway station at that time was nearly a mile from the town, through which you had to pass in order to reach the vicarage.

My uncle, the Rev. Nicholas Blaine, though

in his sixty-fourth year, was almost as hale and active as in his youth. He had spent his younger days well and wisely, and in his later years reaped the benefit of having done so. Six years previous to the date of my story there were no marks of age about him; but about that time his wife, whom he devotedly loved, died; and thereafter his dark-brown hair turned to a silvery white. This and a slight deepening of the lines of his face, with perhaps a somewhat quieter—I can scarcely call it sadder—look in his bright grey eye, were all the outward signs that indicated the deep grief within. Immediately after the funeral he resumed his usual habits and duties, and in course of time began to regain some of his old cheerfulness. When he had occasion to speak of her who was gone, it was not as of one lost, but as of one parted from him for only a brief space of time, and whom he should soon join, to be parted from no more. He was a truly Christian man as ever lived, but his was not the religion of gloom and sorrow. While unsparing in his condemnation of sin, he was ever ready to pardon the repentant sinner. Many and many a time have I heard him sternly rebuking the loafing vagabond at the alehouse door, and a few minutes afterwards seen him, with his coat off, in the cricket-field among the boys—a boy himself.

Uncle Nicholas was a childless man, and that was why, perhaps, he loved to gather round him his sisters' children. His youngest sister, the mother of Ernest and Amy, died in giving the latter birth; and her husband, a few years afterwards, followed her to the grave. Then Uncle Nicholas took the orphans under his roof, and was as a parent to them both. Another sister married a gentleman whose avocations compelled him to reside abroad. For many years they lived in Italy, and there a daughter was born. When she was sixteen years old, her parents had to remove to India for a few years; and not wishing to take their child with them, Laura Cleveland was placed under the care of the vicar, and shared his affection equally with her cousin, Amy. I, too, his eldest sister's son, was an inmate of his house during my early years, for he undertook the education of Ernest and myself until we were old enough for college. He had engaged a governess for Amy; and Laura, when she arrived, was also placed under her care. But the girls' education had been completed several years before the date of the incidents I am about to relate, and the governess no longer dwelt at the vicarage.

On leaving college, I repaired to London to study for the bar; and Ernest—two years my junior—shortly followed me to do the like for the medical profession.

No two girls could be more unlike than my cousins. Laura was dark and tall, with a Grecian face, and a figure which, though somewhat slender, would have served as a model for a sculptor. Amy was fair, slightly below the middle height, and stoutly built. Her features, though regular, were far from classical; indeed, when seen in repose, they might have been called plain; but, to my mind—perhaps I am not altogether impartial—she was a perfect pattern of an honest, healthy, English girl. In disposition, too, they were equally dissimilar: Laura,

calm, quiet, rarely allowing her face to betray her thoughts; Amy, quick, impulsive, and every emotion of her heart visible in the play of her mobile features and the glance of her eyes.

In one thing did they resemble one another—in their great love for their uncle, though each showed it in her own peculiar way; Laura, in her constant attention to his every want; Amy, in the caresses that she lavished upon him. Not that Amy was neglectful of him; for if he expressed a wish, no one more eager than she to gratify it at the expense of any trouble to herself; but Laura seemed to anticipate his wishes.

Ernest's disposition much resembled his sister's. His temper easily ruffled, he was prone to sudden bursts of anger, when he would say and do things that the next minute he repented of, and was quick to make atonement for.

In their younger days, they would both frequently render themselves liable to reprimand from the vicar; but almost at the first word of reproof, Amy would throw herself into his arms, begging to be forgiven; while Ernest would frankly confess his fault and promise never to repeat it. As these promises were seldom broken, actual punishment was rarely inflicted; but punishment once threatened, that punishment was sure to fall, for my uncle never broke his word.

As for myself: I was of an even, easy-going temper; and Ernest and I were always the best of friends both as boys and men. I had never made any positive declaration of love to Amy; but we knew that we loved one another with a love that had imperceptibly grown from our childhood. This love was no secret from any one; we could not have kept it secret if we had tried, and we did not try. My uncle evidently approved of it; and I looked upon it as a settled thing that, so soon as my circumstances warranted me in marrying, Amy would become my wife.

When Laura came amongst us, I saw that her beauty made a deep impression on Ernest; and it was not long before she had gained complete possession of his heart. Whether or not she returned his love, it was impossible to say, though she evidently had some partiality for his society. With Ernest's impulsive nature, it was not likely that he would remain for any great length of time in suspense; so, when she had been with us a little more than a year, he declared his passion, and was made happy in the knowledge that it was returned. No engagement, however, was permitted by Uncle Nicholas until Laura's parents had been communicated with; but their consent arriving in the course of time, the marriage was looked upon as certain to take place when Ernest had established himself in his profession.

Leaving my luggage at the station, I walked to the vicarage. My two cousins were in the garden, talking to Luke, the old gardener, and did not perceive me till I arrived at the gate. Each received me in her own characteristic way; Amy, exclaiming, 'Oh, here's Harry!' ran to meet me, and gave me a loving embrace; while Laura, following more sedately, presented her cheek for my cousinly kiss. Luke welcomed me with a grin of welcome all over his honest old

face; and my uncle soon appeared at the door and received me with all his usual cordiality.

After luncheon, my uncle having some duties to attend to, I went for a ramble in the garden and adjacent fields with the girls, Laura occasionally discreetly lingering behind. Amy was inclined to pout a little when I first mentioned my intended cruise in the *Mermaid*, but the clouds soon left her face, and not all my uncle's jokes about the beautiful wife that I might perhaps bring with me from the shores of the Baltic, could call them back again. It was a happy day we all spent; if we mortals were permitted to look into the future, I wonder how many such happy days we should pass!

When the girls had left the dinner-table, and Uncle Nicholas and I were alone together, his manner suddenly became serious, and he abruptly asked: 'Did I understand you to say, Harry, that you saw Ernest just before you left London?'

'I called on him at the hospital, yesterday morning, uncle.'

'And was he well?'

'He made no complaint of being otherwise,' I answered.

'But his looks,' Uncle Nicholas continued—'did you observe whether he appeared to be in his usual health?'

'I certainly noticed that he was somewhat pale, and'—

'Ah! I feared so,' he ejaculated with a sigh.

'He has no doubt applied himself too closely to his studies,' I said.

'You wrote to Amy, I think, about a week ago, that you have seen but little of him of late. Is this so?'

'Previous to yesterday, I had only seen him once, and that only for a few minutes, for more than a month. We have both been studying hard, you know.'

After a short pause, my uncle said: 'Harry, my dear boy, I am sure that I can trust you to tell me the truth; I need scarcely say that it is for Ernest's good I am asking it.'

'My dear uncle, what do you mean?' I exclaimed in wonder.

'Do you know anything, or have you heard anything, of his habits and amusements?'

'Until lately,' I answered, 'we frequently passed an evening together, either at my chambers or his lodgings, usually alone; though, sometimes, one or two of his fellow-students or of my acquaintances would join us. Occasionally we have visited the theatres, and supped together afterwards. When we could spare a day or an afternoon, and the weather suited, a long walk or a row on the river. That is all, I think.'

'I greatly fear that these innocent amusements have been thrown aside for others, Harry, which, if he be not checked in time, must ultimately lead him to his ruin. I have heard tales of drinking, gambling, and of other things besides. It has cut me to the heart; for I love him and you, Harry, as I should have loved my own sons, if heaven had blessed me with them.' He covered his face with his hand, and I saw a tear trickle from between his fingers.

I was myself much moved at witnessing his grief, and it was some minutes before I could trust myself to speak. When I could, I said:

'I cannot believe this of Ernest, uncle. He may have been led into some youthful follies by wild companions; but for any serious vices— No! slanderous tongues must have been at work.'

'I sincerely trust that it is so, but I have little hope. My information came from people whom I believe I can trust. Anyhow, the matter must be investigated at once.'

'Shall I return to London, uncle?'

'No, my dear boy; you are but little older than he; and if it be as I fear, your influence would have little weight. I will go myself.'

'Let me accompany you,' I urged. 'I can easily write to Coveney, telling him that I am unable to join him.'

'No, no; you must not be deprived of your holiday. I will go alone; and God grant that I may be in time to save him! If not, he must think no more of Laura, for she shall not be sacrificed to a libertine and a sot.'

'Ernest cannot be that, my dear uncle, believe me.'

'Well, well, we shall see.—And now, no more on the subject. Let us join the girls; and not a word to them, on any account.'

He resumed his usual cheerful manner; and the evening passed as many such a happy evening had passed before, but such as we were destined never to pass again together.

In the morning, I bade good-bye to the girls at the garden-gate; but Uncle Nicholas walked with me to the station. Not another word was, however, spoken respecting Ernest, except that I asked my uncle to write and tell me the result of his journey to London, promising to send him an address where a letter would reach me, when I arrived at Sir Robert Coveney's.

When we parted, and he said, 'God bless you, my dear boy!' I thought that I could see a tear glitter in his eye, and that he held my hand in a more than usually lingering grasp. Was it that he was thinking of Ernest? or was it that he had a presentiment that he should never grasp my hand again on earth?

SOME ODD ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE following curious advertisement appeared in the *Edinburgh Courant* of October 28, 1758: 'We, Robert McNair and Jean Holmes, having taken into consideration the way and manner our daughter Jean acted in her marriage, that she took none of our advice, nor advised us before she married, for which reason we discharged her from our family for more than twelve months; and being afraid that some or other of our family may also presume to marry without duly advising us thereof; we, taking the affair into serious consideration, hereby discharge all and every one of our children from offering to marry without our special advice and consent first had and obtained; and if any of our children should propose or presume to offer marriage to any without as aforesaid our advice and consent, they in that case shall be banished from our family twelve months; and if they go so far as to marry without our advice and consent, in that case they are to be banished from our family seven years. But whoever advises us of their intention to marry, and obtains our consent, shall not only

remain children of the family, but also shall have due proportion of our goods, gear, and estate as we shall think convenient and as the bargain requires. And further, if any one of our children shall marry clandestinely, they by so doing shall lose all claim or title to our effects, goods, gear, or estates; and we intimate this to all concerned, that none may pretend ignorance.'

A young gentleman 'offers his service' to the ladies in an advertisement which appeared in the *Daily Advertiser* (1758): 'Ladies! A young gentleman aged twenty-five, easy in fortune, happy in temper, of tolerable parts, not superficially polite, but genteel address, some knowledge of the world, and little acquainted with the "Fair," presumes to offer his service to one not exceeding ten years older than himself, of good-nature and affable disposition, absolutely mistress of at least one thousand pounds. Will find the utmost sincerity from one who would make it the ultimate end of his ambition to render the matrimonial state truly happy. Any lady who has spirit enough to break through the idle customs of the age and not give trouble out of mere curiosity, inclined to answer this, may leave a line for X. O. at *Gregg's Coffee-house*, in York Street, Covent Garden, shall receive immediate answer, and be waited upon in person at any time and place she shall appoint. The most inviolable secrecy and honour will be punctually observed.'

The following flattering description of himself is given, by a gentleman of 'sweet disposition,' to a lady in the *Public Advertiser* of April 17, 1759: 'Whereas I had long despaired of meeting with a temptation to enter into the holy state of matrimony, till, taking up the paper of Friday last, I read the agreeable advertisement of a lady, whose sentiments jump so entirely with mine, I am convinced we are cut out for each other, and therefore take this method of describing myself. I am a gentleman of an unexceptionable good family; losses and crosses have reduced my fortune to my wardrobe, a diamond ring, a gold watch, and an amber-headed cane; but as you have generously said, you don't even wish a fortune, I imagine this will be no hindrance. My person is far from disagreeable, my skin smooth and shining, my forehead high and polished, my eyes sharp though small, my nose long and aquiline, my mouth wide, and what teeth I have perfectly sound. All this, with the addition of a good heart and sweet disposition, and not one unruly particle, compose the man who will be willing upon the slightest intimation to pay his devoirs to the lady. If she will direct her letter for S. W., to be left at *St James' Coffee-house*, the gentleman will wait on her wherever she pleases to appoint him.'

The following advertisement is taken from the *Daily Advertiser* (1758): 'A Single Gentleman, in a very good way of business, and who can make two hundred per cent. advantage out of it, and who is free from debts, about twenty-six years of age, and is what the flatterer calls genteel, and rather handsome, of a cheerful disposition, and of very affable temper, not at all given to drinking, gaming, or any other vice that a Lady can take umbrage at; one that would

rather get a fortune than spend one, has been in most parts of England, and is very well acquainted with London, and no stranger to the "Fair Sex," but entirely so to any one he would prefer for a wife. As he has not been so happy as to meet with a Lady that suits his disposition as yet; of a cheerful disposition and free from the modern vices; one that is of the Church of England, and has no objection to going there on the Sabbath, and to take some care for a future happiness, one that would think herself rather happier in her husband's company than at public places; one that would more consult the interest of her than the glass, in the morning; to be neat in person and apparel. As to the Lady's person, it will be more agreeable to have with it what the world calls *agreeable* than beauty, with any fortune not less than five hundred pounds at her own disposal, except she has good interest, then less will be agreeable. Any Lady this may suit will be waited on by directing a line to G. C. at *Peel's Coffee-house*, in Fleet Street.—Inviolable secrecy may be depended upon, as the gentleman does not choose a seven years' siege.

'Miss Fisher' inserts the following paragraph in the *Public Advertiser* of March 30, 1759: 'To err is a blemish entailed upon mortality, and indiscretions seldom or never escape from censure, the more heavy as the character is more remarkable; and doubled, nay trebled by the world if the progress of that character is marked by success; then malice shoots against it all her stings, the snakes of envy are let loose; to the humane and generous heart then must the injured appeal, and certain relief will be found in impartial honour. Miss Fisher is forced to sue to that jurisdiction to protect her from the baseness of little scribblers and scurvy malevolence; she has been abused in public papers, exposed in print-shops, and to wind up the whole, some wretches, mean, ignorant, and venal, would impose upon the public by daring to pretend to publish her Memoirs. She hopes to prevent the success of their endeavours by thus publicly declaring that nothing of that sort has the slightest foundation in truth.

C. FISHER.'

A maiden lady, who wishes to enter 'into the honourable state of matrimony,' inserts the following in the *Daily Advertiser* of April 13, 1759: 'A middle-aged Maiden Lady, with an independent fortune, has been determined by the cruel treatment of those who from their connections ought to have been her friends, to think of entering into the honourable state of matrimony. She is indifferent as to fortune, so she meets with a gentleman of good morals and family; indeed, she would rather wish to marry a person without any fortune, that the gentleman may have the higher obligations to her, and of consequence treat her with that tenderness and regard reasonably to be expected from persons under such circumstances. Her reason for taking this method is, that it has been industriously given out by people interested (in order, she supposes, to prevent proposals), that she had determined never to marry. Letters with proposal will be received at the bar of the *Smyrna Coffee-house*, directed for Z. Z. A description of the gentleman's person, age, and profession is requested to be inserted, and how to direct if

the proposals are approved of. The lady's conduct will bear the strictest scrutiny. No letters received unless post paid, to prevent impertinence.'

WAFTED UPON THE WIND.

A STRANGE CLUE.

OSWALD declares that I saved him. I write the story of the most momentous episode in his life and mine, in order that this generous delusion may once for all be corrected, and that others at least—for he is obstinate—may understand how slender and fortuitous was my share in that singular deliverance. It seems to me that my narrative will gain in clearness and in coherence, if I begin with the day on which I first made Oswald Wardour's acquaintance.

I had arrived at Charing Cross alone and unattended, except by my maid. The friends with whom I had wintered in Rome had paused at Folkestone, to recover from the effects of a somewhat rough Channel passage; while I had decided to keep to the letter the promise made in my last homeward despatch from Paris. I was suffering in no degree from *mal de mer*, though the immunity is small credit to an admiral's daughter, and I longed to be at rest once more in the quiet haven of the sombre house in Lincoln Square. It was my expectation that upon the arrival platform I should find in waiting either my uncle or Mr Hollinsworth, his chief clerk. But I was subjected to disappointment. I scanned the many different groups of bystanders in vain, and was just confiding to a porter information on the topic of luggage, when a young man, whom I had observed inspecting the compartments nearer to the engine, advanced and lifted his hat. 'Miss Craig, I believe?' he said.

I was taken aback, for the speaker was a stranger to me, and I marvelled not only what his business might be, but how he had obtained the secret of my identity. He was tall and well built, with fair curly hair, and gray-blue eyes as frank and genial in their expression as the summer sunshine. I am afraid I was frigid and haughty in my affirmative, which in turn was an interrogation.

'I have come,' he said, 'in response to the wish of Mr Geoffrey Craig. Our principal has an engagement in Lombard Street at this hour which he is reluctantly compelled to fulfil; and Mr Hollinsworth is unfortunately invalided. You will permit me to see to your luggage, Miss Craig?'

He was one of my uncle's staff, then—a newcomer. 'Thank you so much; I shall be extremely obliged,' I answered.

My uncle's carriage was in readiness—upon that point at least I need have entertained no doubts. When seated within it, I soon learned from my companion that his name was Oswald Wardour. He was deferential, but it was the deference of one bred to habits of courtesy. There was neither presumption nor servility in his manner. He was self-possessed and unassuming. Simply a clerk! It was hard to believe it. In my not very extended travels, I had met many a wealthy and titled individual who, to all outward seeming, was less deserving of the title gentleman.

Even in the first hour of reunion with my dear uncle and guardian, I somehow found opportunity to turn the conversation in the direction of his messenger. He rallied me with the slightly elephantine mirth which I knew to be a sign of his content at my reappearance. 'You are as much a daughter of Eve as when you teased your father to let you see the clockwork that moved the ship's compass! Ha, ha! It was a favourite joke with Ferdinand, poor fellow'—the laugh changed into a sigh.—'And Wardour has bewildered your girlish wits, has he? Well, what the surface shows is neither more nor less than the fact. He looks a gentleman, and he talks like one; and he *is* one. His family is a branch of the Leicestershire Wardours. They have been rich in their day; but a lawsuit has come on the heels of other disasters, and left Oswald—their last representative—with but a barren patrimony—barren in the literal sense of the word, for it mainly consists of a few hundred acres of miserable, half-reclaimed land somewhere in the north.'

I still wondered why it was that the young man had not preferred an opening in some profession, to the drudgery and humble status of a desk in a ship-broker's office, and I made some careless remark of the kind.

A momentary shade of disapproval rested upon my uncle's countenance. By implication, though quite inadvertently, I had reflected upon his own choice of a career. 'Let me tell you that, in my opinion, Wardour has acted wisely,' he said. 'Mercantile pursuits are as deserving of honour and respect as any others, and they more frequently lead to competence. Wardour has gone the right way to work in his effort to conquer fortune by the exchange of law for trade.'

Here was a supplemental disclosure. The young man's ambition had at one time soared to what in my heart of hearts I fear I still regarded as a higher level. With an apology, perhaps a little wanting in candour, on my part the talk turned into another channel.

This, as I have hinted, was the commencement of the reproduction of a story old yet ever new. What woman can commit to cold, callous paper the record of her wooing, or even breathe the cherished secret into the ears of her bosom friend? I at least should find the task impossible. It is enough to state briefly that during the lengthening days of that blissful spring, Oswald and I met often, at first casually, and then of design; that feelings of mutual interest deepened into regard; and before either of us knew, it had undergone yet another and more momentous evolution, and had become—love. The awakening was brought about by circumstances which threatened to quench in miserable gloom the struggling flame.

It is necessary to explain something of the architecture and interior arrangements of the quaint, old-fashioned building. There is a tradition that our house, at the south corner of Lincoln Square, was once the home of one of Elizabeth's most famous courtiers. It is one of the few in the City still possessing a garden—a green gem in the grim, unsightly setting of encircling bricks and mortar. The counting-house and business premises occupied an entire and commodious suite of rooms at the west corner of the edifice.

They were carefully divided and made distinct from the still larger section of Raleigh House, which for forty years had been my uncle's bachelor residence.

There was a room built out from the main portion of the eastern pile, and connected by a covered passage with the conservatory, which was devoted to my own use. In it I set up my easel and gave free rein to the enthusiasm for art which my stay in Rome had quickened; and it was the custom for Mr Hollinsworth and Oswald Wardour to leave the counting-house from the rear—they were invariably last—and sending in their keys by the trusted butler, a man who had been in my uncle's employ for a quarter of a century, to pass under the windows of my studio to the gate at the end of the broad path. I trust that this will make plain the happening of that which next I have to relate.

It was excessively close for the last week of May—there was surely thunder in the air. I was tired of painting, and I had retreated from the slowly slanting blaze of sunlight which had crept half-way up my easel, to a shady corner behind the screen that masked the entrance to the conservatory. The steps I knew so well soon sounded on the asphalted path without. The window was open, and I heard voices in earnest debate. Oswald had looked furtively in, and fancied the room was vacant, while I smiled in my roguish mischief at his error—a smile that quickly faded.

'Yes, it is a round two hundred that I need, and that, by hook or by crook, I must have. Can you accommodate me at a pinch, Hollinsworth?' Oswald said.

They had halted; and in my own despite I was forced to play the eavesdropper, to hear, with tingling cheeks, my own name brought into the discussion.

'Possibly I can. But you must answer a question before I give you a definite decision,' said the senior clerk in smooth tones, that somehow made me shiver. 'Do I argue correctly from observation in believing that you are aiming at high game, Wardour—that you propose to win the hand of Miss Bertha Craig?'

Plainly, Oswald hesitated. My poor foolish heart seemed to cease its beating, awaiting the reply. At last it came, in an outburst of tempestuous passion. The incoherent syllables revealed the speaker's agitation: 'You have—divined—very strangely—I regret it—my secret. I love Bertha. You are the first to hear the confession.' He little guessed that he had two listeners. 'It will go no further, I am convinced, from your lips, Hollinsworth.—What bearing has this on my request?'

The other gave a dry cough. 'The fact constitutes a sort of security, don't you see?' he said.

They had resumed their progress towards the gate. I was alone with my new-found joy. My heart went out yearningly in a full and free response. Oswald should ask but to have.

Yet even at this stage there were storm-clouds on the horizon. My uncle, who for so many years had stood to me in the place of both my dead parents—and a mother could scarcely have been more tender, a father more patient and forbearing—would very probably object, and consider himself victimised by those he had

befriended. I was but a child in his eyes still, though my twentieth birthday had passed; and I had a conviction that he had formed quite a different plan for my future. Again, there could be no very cheerful meaning to Oswald Wardour's urgent need of so considerable a sum as two hundred pounds.

My forebodings with respect to my uncle's opposition speedily were justified by the event. He drew me very quietly one morning into the big, desolate chamber which was called the library and so rarely used. 'I have heard a whisper, Bertha, which I hope has no foundation in fact,' he said. 'I will keep my own counsel as to its precise terms. I have two things to say. Your cousin, Roger Hilton, is coming to England in the autumn from his firm's branch at Hong-kong. He will be made a partner at Christmas. I want you to be friends.' He emphasised the word. 'The other matter concerns Wardour. I would like to help him up the ladder; but you must not tempt him to presume. You and he had better be practically strangers to one another. If there is any danger of mistake, I will at once fill Wardour's place with a substitute; there are plenty to be had.'

It was in every sense plain speaking. Twice I had attempted—in vain—to interrupt; and when my uncle had finished, he waved me sternly into silence. 'Not now; some other time, Bertha,' he said, and was gone.

Perhaps it was well that my indignant self-defence and championship of Oswald was ruthlessly suppressed. I am of an impulsive temperament, as doubtless has already been disclosed, and might have pitifully blundered. But my brain was in a whirl, and I was imbittered against Mr. Hollinsworth, who, beyond reasonable question, had made traitorous use of the admission wrung from his too confiding colleague.

This disagreeable episode was but the early muttering of the coming tempest. Two days later, the storm broke in its fury. My uncle had been robbed. A forgery had come to light, and every atom of evidence combined to fix the guilt of the nefarious deed upon Oswald Wardour.

'The chain of proof is complete and irrefragable, Bertha. I earnestly wish I could escape the conclusion to which it points,' said my uncle, sitting in his smoking-chair and watching with a curious, troubled pity my pale and pleading countenance.

'You will forgive me that I have still faith in Mr Wardour's integrity,' I said. Very strange and far off my words sounded in my own ears.

'Certainly. I wish I could share it. I knew Wardour's mother once; she was a noble woman, and pure as the driven snow. It was for her sake I listened to the young fellow's application. And the blow will kill her.'

Had I been less absorbed by the one aim which was now before me, I should have detected in this outburst the echoes—yet reverberating down the years—of an old romance. The interpretation was to come later.

'Then at least you will refrain from pressing the prosecution?' I said, plucking up hope. Alas! for a girl's ignorance!

'It is the bank, not I, on whose initiative Wardour will be committed,' my uncle answered; 'and once the charge has come under their cog-

nisation, there is no option but to proceed. At the trial, the incriminating circumstances—black as they appear, I am constrained to admit, even to me—may be explained, and Wardour may be acquitted; but until then'—

I heard no more. They told me afterwards that I had swooned.

There were two dreadful appearances in a police court, of which, like an epicure in anguish, I studied all the details in the daily journals. I was not forbidden, for I think my uncle fancied that so only could my mind be effectually freed from the delusion of Oswald Wardour's innocence.

The case was indeed dark against the prisoner, and there were moments when confidence reeled, and I feared that I might have to drink my cup of bitterness to the dregs, and with my own reasoning faculties acquiesce in a verdict of condemnation. But the memory of many and many a quiet chat in which Oswald's high aspirations and upright character had stood revealed, came back like a procession of mournful ghosts and reproached me with my doubts.

Gathered into narrow space, the testimony on which the charge was based was as follows: Oswald Wardour had admitted to Mr Hollinsworth the pressing want of precisely the sum obtained as the fruit of the unscrupulous deceit. He had tried to borrow the amount, and ultimately failed.

To the truth of the greater part of this sworn evidence of the senior clerk, I, too, could have witnessed, had the prosecution had any inkling of the circumstance; luckily, they were in darkness.

The cheque that bore the forged signature was one that had been drawn 'to bearer,' for Mr Craig's approval and completion, on the previous evening; and as, contrary to expectation, my uncle had not reappeared in the counting-house after noon, had been left in a private letter rack until the morning. But on the morrow, it had mysteriously vanished—until a confidential warning sent to the bank had revealed that it had already been negotiated by Oswald Wardour. The fraud was at once detected.

The prisoner's defence was declared by the newspapers to be 'daring,' which was their euphemism for improbable and unsatisfactory. Without equivocation, Oswald acknowledged that he had asked Mr Hollinsworth for a loan of two hundred pounds for three months. He further affirmed that his senior had alternated between willingness and unwillingness to grant his petition for monetary aid. But what was his meditated use for the money, he refused to say; and the silence was interpreted against him. Finally—on the very night in question—he had casually met Hollinsworth, and had been recommended to a friend who would supply the required sum on the following morning at a coffee-room in Cannon Street. Suspecting no evil, he went to Torleni's Restaurant, and met there a middle-aged man, with massive features, raven-black hair, and a hawk-like nose—such was Oswald's description, and it fixed itself in my memory—who said that he was the junior partner in Wiltonwort & Co., a new firm recently founded in the same line as the great house of 'G. Craig.' He knew and respected Mr Hollinsworth, and on his introduction would oblige Oswald. It

was a surprise—said the accused—to find that the draft thus offered bore Mr Craig's name; but a plausible account of a business transaction was carelessly given, and Oswald did not dream of treachery. Even when the unsigned cheque was missed, a vague sense of uneasiness was all that troubled him, until his feet were actually caught in the net.

This tale pointed to a conspiracy, of which no fragment of corroboration was forthcoming. Mr Hollinsworth denied every word of it that inculpated himself, and was believed—except by one weak girl. I had never liked this man, although at one time or another and in divers ways I had seen much of him, and had been impressed by his great mercantile knowledge and his impassible demeanour. Still, my uncle had always implicitly trusted him.

The case against Oswald as it stood, awaiting the last word of so-called justice, was currently held to be tested and determined by a single question: Where was the shadowy individual who played so conspicuous a part in the prisoner's narrative? Wiltonwort & Co. knew nothing of him. Let the accused produce him, or put the police upon his track.

My uncle was very kind to me in those days. He could not help seeing that I was suffering, and the cause was not far to seek. But he refrained alike from harassing inquiries and from expostulation. He probably reproached himself for ever bringing into juxtaposition the inflammable material of two young hearts. My knowledge of what was in Oswald's heart was surreptitious; he had never told me that he loved me or had asked me to be his wife.

'London is not suiting you in these close days, Bertha,' said my uncle gravely, one evening, in the interval that was to precede Oswald's trial at—name of horror and doom!—the Old Bailey. 'Suppose you run down to the Edgerleys' place in Warwickshire for a week or two: they'll be delighted to make you welcome.'

These were the friends of my Italian pilgrimage, and I was sure that the suggestion was not broached at haphazard. There had doubtless been a correspondence.

I hesitated. Then—'Well, if you wish it, I think I will go, uncle,' I said.

My preparations for the journey were not elaborate. Mrs Brett, the housekeeper at Lincoln Square, was a person of forethought and resource, and a few hours sufficed to have my travelling boxes inspected and packed; and my uncle saw me into a reserved first-class carriage at Euston.

The train by which I travelled was an express, but not one of the imperial kind that carry Her Majesty's northward and westward bound mails. It stopped at all the chief junctions from Willesden to its goal. It was immediately after passing one of these stages that a seemingly trivial circumstance occurred, upon which, with a mental vision less quickened by suffering, I should perhaps have bestowed no particular attention. Certain fragments of torn paper fluttered in the breeze past my open window, and one of them—somewhat larger than its companions—became fixed between the mahogany slide and the blind-cord. It quivered there like an ensnared live thing. Suddenly I started, and a queer thought dominated my brain.

The clear, fine caligraphy was wondrously like the writing of my uncle's chief clerk. I examined the scrap narrowly, and my suspicion was confirmed. The very paper had the water-line of that used in my uncle's office, and was of similar texture. I read:

... dour will be con ...
... at No. 8 Tower Street ...
... letters will be sure to ...

A whisper—which was the product, doubtless, of my heated imagination, but which sounded as the voice of one even then languishing in prison—filled in the missing syllables in the first line, and I repeated mechanically: 'Wardour will be convicted.'—'He shall not!' I cried aloud.

Who had destroyed and scattered upon the winds this letter? Could it be the trickster of Torleni's Restaurant?

The inspiration was justified by what my eyes beheld at the very next station. To scrutinise those who alighted from the forward half of the train was now my absorbing occupation, and I was quickly repaid. At Densford, my glance was riveted, as if by magnetism, upon a man who answered almost exactly to the word-picture given from Oswald's lips in the columns of *The Daily Sun*. There were the ponderous features, the coal-black hair and scanty beard, the nose of distinctly Israelitish cast.

I drew down my veil, and, oblivious of my luggage and its fate, of everything save the imperative necessity of tracking the apparently unperturbed stranger, left my compartment also. It was neither a long nor a difficult pursuit, or I might have betrayed my purpose. My quarry entered a third-rate inn at the bottom of the station hill; and as he was accented, and by a porter with a bag, who left the latter behind as he reappeared from the side-door of the bar, I had good grounds for my hope that a stay was intended. I sought out the Densford post-office, and despatched a telegram to my uncle.

I felt I had stumbled upon the trail of the real criminal in that dreadful business of the forgery; or rather I should say criminals, for, as the sequel showed, the guilt was about equally divided.

In the afternoon, my uncle arrived, listened with amazement to my startling story, and adopted bold measures. On the strength of his cogent representations, a magisterial warrant was granted; and armed with this, the Densford inspector of police arrested the man called Edgar Hollinsworth.

Discomfited and demoralised by the swift suddenness of the blow, the victim threw himself on the clemency of the magistrate, in other words made full confession. It was a disclosure full of pain for the upright merchant whose trust had been abused.

Again I will try to condense an intricate narrative. James Hollinsworth, my uncle's senior clerk and cashier, had allowed to grow up in his heart a jealous hatred of Oswald Wardour. He feared that in due time Oswald might step above him into the partnership at which for so many years he—Hollinsworth—had aimed. Hollinsworth had a scapegrace brother called Edgar, long accounted dead, who had reappeared in one of those evil junctures which are the touchstones of men's characters. He had visited my

uncle's clerk in the office at an hour when Oswald was away at the docks, and had tried to levy blackmail. Then came the temptation, to which his elder and hitherto outwardly virtuous brother had succumbed. Could not Oswald Wardour's need of two hundred pounds be made the basis of a plot to ruin him? James Hollinsworth told his ally what was required, and purchased at a heavy price his assistance. How the scheme worked has already been made plain.

It was a singular coincidence, and one which did not redound to the man's credit, that under pressure of these revelations, a waiter at Torleni's Restaurant had his memory quickened, and was prepared to testify to the occurrence within his master's precincts of the interview between Edgar Hollinsworth and Oswald Wardour, as related in Oswald's earliest statement. My uncle always believes that this waiter had been bribed to silence.

It proved impossible to hush up the affair, and a sentence of penal servitude was passed upon both the brothers.

'And you saved me, Miss Craig,' Oswald said, when, for a few precious minutes on the morrow of his release, we were alone. 'But for you, I might be in yonder cell yet;' and he shuddered. 'Miss Craig—Bertha—is my guess a right one—that you care—that at least you can care—for me, a little, when I tell you that my heart, my life, are yours?'

Oswald will have it that I was too excited to know exactly in what terms he did reveal the secret which was no secret; but I stand to what I have written. At least I am correct in reporting my answer: 'I can care—everything,' I murmured.

A few months after the one remaining mystery was solved, coal had been discovered on Oswald's 'barren acres' in the north. It was for purposes of experiments in which he was sworn to secrecy, that he had required the loan of the two hundred pounds. But even without the prospect of this wealth, my uncle would now have withdrawn his opposition to Oswald as my suitor. 'Your love, child, has been tried in adversity; may it be the stronger and more lasting,' he said.

We are grateful and content.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS—MYCENÆ SWORD-BLADES.

A CURIOUS 'find' has recently taken place at Athens, and that is the discovery of a 'staircase.' Twenty-two steps have been uncovered within the walls of the celebrated fortress, and it is supposed that the continuation of this staircase was cut down to the rock itself of the citadel. It was thought that these steps were those by which the enemy ascended during the Persian siege; but, on further examination, they are found to be of a later date. With the exception of a few decorative lions' heads and such-like, no sculptures or inscriptions were found on or round the stairs.

Whilst on the subject of Athenian antiquities, we may refer to the famous Mycenæ sword-blades, now preserved in the Museum at Athens. These have recently been admirably reproduced in two

beautiful chromo-lithographs. Fac-similes of these blades were taken in 1884 by M. Blanquette in water-colour, and the paintings passed into the possession of M. Albert Dumont, by whom they were presented to the Academy of Inscriptions, Paris, and ultimately placed before the public. They have also been produced in black and white both in Greece and Germany; but without the colouring, they lose effect. These swords formed part of the contents of the Mycenæ tombs, and are said, on high-class authority, to date about the twelfth century before Christ, at which time Phœnicia belonged to Egypt. The fashion of the sword-blades would therefore be rather of Egypt than of Assyria, although they may be supposed to have been executed for some Prince of Mycenæ by a Phœnician artist. They are amongst the oldest and most perfect specimens of sword-making in Europe, and possess an untold interest and value.

A MODERN 'SECRET CHAMBER.'

It is not perhaps generally known that the celebrated architect, Sir John Soane, who left his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and all the treasures and curiosities which it contains, to the nation, to be inspected by the public on certain days free of all charge, left also a veritable 'secret chamber,' or rather closet, which was not to be opened until a certain number of years had elapsed after his death (January 20, 1837). It was, however, opened on the 6th of December 1837, by the executrix, in the presence of three trustees, in accordance with the opinion of Dr Lushington, to ascertain whether there was money or valuables requiring the payment of further probate duty. Nothing but papers were found, and these were returned without examination. This closet was again opened in November last, in the presence of eight of the trustees, the curator, and the solicitor. It was found to contain a nest of sixteen drawers, to the outside of which was affixed a memorandum referring to the first opening in 1837. The drawers contained merely papers, which are to be the subject of careful examination, although they do not appear to possess any public interest, as they are supposed to relate to various buildings with which Sir John was professionally connected, and to a well-known family dispute of many long years ago.

SLEEP—A SONNET.

WE sleep and dream. Who has not seen and met
His heart's desire in that charmed palace—Sleep,
And hugged the happiness he could not keep,
Or kissed an ideal he could never set
In place of waking facts? Thus, from the fret
And toil of life, we enter, wandering deep
Through the long corridors, where dreams, that steep
Our souls with gladness, wile us to forget
That they are dreams. Here in the sleeping-place
We come into the presence, face to face,
Of longings realised; here stretch our hands
To touch some well-remembered form of yore,
And speak the words we should have spoke before
Our friends passed from us into distant lands.

ROSE HOWARD.

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WHY ARE WE COQUETTES?

We hear sometimes, only sometimes—for this age, fortunately perhaps, prides itself on its utilitarianism, its realism, and contempt of sentiment—of some man, whose faith in woman, in human nature almost, has suffered shipwreck, because some girl has won his love, toyed with it, and cast it from her. Such a victim is, not unnaturally, an object of wonder to his fellow-men. Some of them, it may be, condole with him, giving him that word-sympathy which is often so much more powerful to wound than to heal; but for the most part his practical and hard-headed friends congratulate him on his escape from the unstable maiden, remarking, with complacent and all-unconscious insolence, that there are as good fish in the sea as ever yet were taken out of it. It is cold comfort. Or still more probably, they, being self-centred and self-absorbed, are quite unaware that the heart of their once jovial comrade is bruised and broken. It is well they should be ignorant of that which could but kindle their lofty scorn. What, say they, have men and women to do with hearts? There is money to be made; there is a name to be perpetuated; fame and honour, or it may be a seat in parliament. In a world which is made up of stern realities, there is no room for idle sentiment. But there is room for sound and reasonable domestic happiness. A marriage founded on mutual respect, with a little dash of preference, is all-sufficient. Such marriages in the long-run turn out best. So say the hard-headed.

Look at him, your wealthy friend! See how happy he is, and how comfortably himself and wife have shaken down together. And yet people did say when he went courting that he loved her fair inheritance better than the dark-eyed heiress. Perhaps he did love her the better for it. What of that? She wanted his ancient name; he stood in need of a start in life. They both got the thing they wanted, and the bargain being struck, they were content to make the utmost of it. And it turned out well, as if, managed with common-

sense and common skill, such bargains are bound to do. They have grown almost fond of each other; and their neighbours, who married for love pure and simple, and have found out their mistake, look at them with envy, and uphold them as a model of conjugal happiness.

As for romance! Well, in these days it is an exploded fallacy, or at most abandoned to schoolgirls of the more foolish order, and housemaids with propensities for flashy and meretricious literature. Don Quixote would have in these days a worse time than ever of it!

And to escape such well-meant but futile coarseness, the wronged lover sinks back upon himself, and consumes in silent misery his lacerated heart. He is silent, for of what avail are words to him? He is a man, and could hope nothing from a breach of promise case. He will not have his friends insult him with their stupid sympathy, nor his foes and rivals exult over him; so he keeps silence, and because he says nothing, covering his skeleton bravely over with rose-petals, he believes his secret to be safely buried. He is wrong there; his whole life is bearing witness to his inward sorrow. For men's lives are not ineloquent, and his shallow cynicism and sceptical mistrust are only too unerring indicators of the inner wound.

It is a woman who has done this—the woman in whom he trusted! And though after a time he gets over it, he is never the same man; and he never trusts a second time as he trusted *then*. He has been hardened and soured by it; and in the years to come, his wife, who knows nothing of this little love affair and its cruel sequel, thinks him unfeeling because he checks so sternly the first love-symptoms in her darling boy. The dear boy has got it into his foolish head that he must marry that pretty, penniless, little governess or be 'wretched for life;' and she, who is his mother, and has had whole volumes of a like experience on her own part, of course sympathises, though she does think 'he might have looked a little higher;' but his father—their own

courtship ran so smoothly—knows nothing of such things; and the father smiles grimly and keeps silence, but—he has not forgotten.

There have been such cases, soul-tragedies which no man knoweth, and other tragedies less reticently guarded, and of a more disastrous result. But it is not men who suffer oftenest or most cruelly. It is women, with their finely strung organisation, their emotional nature, their excitable temperament, who endure most. Not the women who proclaim their wrongs before a world which gains a laugh from their love-letters and love-follies; but those who have been wooed by the soft flattery of word and glance to a depth of love of which the fickle wooer never dreamed. For is it not strange that a man incapable of love should be able so ardently to inspire it? But is it strange that the girl, with her outraged feelings and sense of inner degradation, the degradation of having loved so slight a thing, should seek some solace from a counter-vengeance, compelling all to suffer for the crime of one? For, woman-like, by his standard she measures all. He has been faithless to her; and if he, her heart's idol, could show himself so base, what must not the rest be? He has done this thing; and yet, false as he has proved, he is surely nobler than they are!

A thousand times his dark eyes have said: 'I love you!' A thousand times his lingering hand-clasp has been all-eloquent, and his musical voice has been more musical when he turned to her. A thousand times he has seemed about to say in spoken words what she knows already, yet he has not said it. But though he leaves her with the words unspoken, she has faith in him, and wholly trusts him, until her belief is rudely shaken by the cruel news of the brilliant marriage in prospect for him. Then her cheek pales, and she weeps secretly. Tennis has no longer a charm for her, and her friends remark on her altered looks, until the friend, of them all the most trusted, lets out some inkling of the bitter truth, and they whisper together how the poor girl had cared for him! How foolish of her! What reason had he given her to care so much? How wrong—how unmaidenly! What was he to her, that she should care for him? What was he? Alas, nothing! And, stung to some show of spirit, she nerves herself to a feint of mirthfulness, and laughs more loudly if less merrily than in the old days, and smiles coyly, and is false and friendly and capricious and enchanting all in one, eager after power, and unscrupulous in her use of it, from frozen misery rather than wanton heartlessness, reckless in her lamentable course. And in this way the coquette is formed!

Such a view may be open to the charge of sentiment, but even sentiment is true sometimes. It may be objected that no right-minded woman could act from so base a motive. Granted. But are all women, and lovable women, right-minded, any more than all men are leal and manly? We know that they are not.

We know that among the middle-aged and sober-minded an idea is prevalent that men-flirts are less culpable than girl-coquettes. *Prima facie*, there is plausibility in such a notion, since it proposes for woman a higher moral code, and, by

insinuation at least, endows her with a purer faith; but on closer view the position is untenable. Women are by nature more emotional than their stronger brothers, and in common justice at anyrate, by way of apology and extenuation, a wider latitude in giving expression to such feelings ought to be accorded to them.

But we know that such is not the case. The weak young man with his would-be love affairs is at the worst looked upon with tolerant contempt; while the weak young woman with her studied coquetties is regarded with a universal disapproval. She is an unsatisfactory young lady; by all means let 'my sons' avoid her, and on no account permit 'my daughters' to come within the range of her contaminating influence. That is right enough; and yet 'my sons,' not being the very pink of manly perfection, have an unwise predilection for her; and 'my daughters,' for all they look so modest and speak of her as 'that dreadful creature,' secretly envy her, and, at a respectful distance, try to imitate. But if there were no men-flirts, girl-flirts would be unknown.

Theoretically, men hold coquettes in detestation. Unfortunately in this work-a-day world, theory and practice are very often out of harmony, and, as we sometimes rise above our creeds, so sometimes we fall below them. It is men who sink most frequently below their cherished theory; for, though the fact may be disputed, it is the coquettes who absorb the lion-share of their admiration. We do not speak here of the old campaigners who have had their fling, and have outgrown the piquant charms of girlish wiles, but of the young men who have still to learn by dire experience that the thralldom of two blue eyes may be a cruel thralldom, and *la belle dame sans merci* a fickle mistress. They may not love these capricious flirts with the best love of which they are capable; they may not respect them; but they like them and admire them, and talk to them, and flirt with them, and *seem* to love them.

Is such an admiration worth the having? Perhaps not. But a woman's nature, which craves love so intensely, if the real thing be denied her, finds some solace in its brilliant semblance. Paste diamonds will sometimes serve the purpose of the pure gem. The homage and admiration of the many cannot atone to her for a lost love, but to some degree they will bring alleviation. A crust is better than no bread.

To some men, notoriety is so necessary, that they would rather be notorious by evil-doing than languish in obscurity, mediocre and unknown. By women, who are too often vain and self-conscious, admiration, which is love's counterfeit, is unduly prized. They have missed the reality; but while they clutch the shadow, it is possible to deceive others as to their real loss; for here truth and falsehood are so deftly mingled, that dreams will pass for realities, and realities for dreams. It is something to know one's self enviable, if enviable only by reputation. Such misplaced envy can scarcely fail to fill them with scorn and wonder and secret bitterness; and yet, because human magnetism is so potent, they are tempted to fancy that after all there is something in it. And if the young men of their acquaintance, young men who are for the

most part cynical or frivolous, prefer paste jewels, who can blame them that, instead of striving to be sterling diamonds, in loftiest aim they scarcely soar beyond a polished imitation?

Naturally, men turn to women for the chief pleasure of their leisure hours, looking to them to soothe and soften and to render pleasant a thorny way; but it is not to the women who have chosen to become their rivals that they care to turn. Such women may instruct, but our gilded youth do not wish to be instructed. What they desire is to be entertained; and here the fair coquette will serve their purpose. The woman who has made it her cue to please is never dull; her highest aim is to give pleasure, and because she is content to spare neither time nor pains, she will succeed. Consequently, of these two classes, there is no doubt which is the more pleasing to creation's lords. The generality of men—there are of course many honourable exceptions—have a strong prejudice, almost amounting to antipathy, against learned women. They feel their own domain to be invaded; their oldest and most cherished principles to be violated; and though they are too valiant to acknowledge awe, the uncomfortable suspicion that they may be some day called upon to vindicate their superiority, is displeasing to them. Their cause is good, and they have no fear for their inherited laurels; but long inaction has made them indolent, and ease is a pleasant thing, and they would rather go on in the good old way, as in the good old days. It is hard, after generations of undisputed sovereignty, that a fight for it should be remotely possible. Women, say the so-called lords, are very charming—in their place, if only they would know that place, and—keep it.

To such men, and emphatically they are many, the vainest, foolishlest coquette is in comparison a household deity. Be it reasonable or not, such feelings are not unnatural. There is something ignominious in the thought of being superseded, and by a woman.

The 'fair girl graduates' have their own triumphs—triumphs neither few nor insignificant; but over the lives of men their triumphs have not extended. In the drawing-room, the despised coquette is queen-regnant, and there the pale student, the class-room's glory, is simply nowhere. The coquette knows her power and revels in it. In self-defence, the exercise of such a power has been thrust upon her. She is not—or was not always—heartless. She knows—who better?—that this light trifling is ignoble. It is not the life she would have chosen had the choice been given her; but there is magic in it. The sense of sway is delightful to her; the sweets of adulation, like a subtle poison, intoxicate their victim with a transient rapture; and she knows that while she is young and has health and gaiety she can hold her own. And afterwards? But why dream of the stormy morrow? To-day is fair. Why trouble as to what the end may be?

In the meantime, she will laugh and flirt, and be fitful and charming, vivacious, dreamy, cruel, kind; she will attract and repel, draw hearts to her, whose homage her own levity will quickly alienate; she will be wondered at, censured, admired, and perchance loved; but until the sun shall dawn on that unknown country where men

are constant, leal, and true, the land where unobtrusive kindness is dearer to them than feigned flatteries and bewitching arts—she will be a coquette!

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER VII.—AN INSULT.

GABRIEL eagerly caught the arm of Mr Cornelis, and passing his hand through it, suffered himself to be led away from the gate through the winding drive to the house. He did not look back to see the woman and children; his shuffling feet moved hastily, and his arm and head were jerked forward spasmodically, indicating eagerness to get away from an interview that had distressed him.

Mr Cornelis helped him up the steps and in at his door, and almost led the way to the library, a snug little room, where, indeed, were a few books, but where very little study was done.

Gabriel let himself down into his easy-chair with a groan, and held out his stick to Cornelis, who took it and put it on a rack where Gotham kept an array of hunting-whips and walking-sticks and fishing-rods. The wretched creature was full of small vanities. He liked to deceive himself and others into the belief that he was a strong athletic man, only deterred from showing his powers by his nervous malady. He talked as if he hunted and shot and fished; but he did none of these things—he never had. He had long given up boating, because the damp and cold on the water brought on neuralgia; and he rarely mounted his horse, because he was too weak to endure the jolting. He had his top-boots, his corduroys, and scarlet coat; but he never wore them except once, to be painted in them. He had a sailor's blue jersey, a complete boating costume, which he put on occasionally, but wore it about the house and grounds, not on the sea. His gun was never discharged, not even at sparrows and starlings, because the noise so near his ear shocked his highly strung and irritable nerves.

He was made up of pretence. Now he was playing with a new assumption, and Justin Cornelis helped to amuse him with it, and flatter him into belief that there was reality in it. This new assumption was that he was going to contest the county at the next general election. He never asked himself whether he seriously contemplated the expense and effort; he amused himself with talking about the campaign, making sketches of electioneering addresses, and drawing up lists of voters who must be canvassed. So little in earnest was Mr Gotham that he had not decided on his politics; he rather thought of standing as an Independent candidate, but whether the shade was to be Liberal Conservative or Conservative Liberal remained undetermined.

Justin Cornelis humoured and flattered him in all his pretences, affected to regard them as serious, and obtained great influence over him accordingly. He never laughed at Gotham, who

was sensitive to ridicule, having a lurking consciousness of his inability to do those things to which he pretended. He was incapable of judging for himself, and felt about him for some one stronger than himself to whom he could appeal, and on whom devolve irksome and perplexing duties.

The management of his property was beyond his abilities, and he was jealous and suspicious of every solicitor and agent whom he employed. He had no power of concentrating his attention for long on any subject, or of supervising accounts, or considering the nature of the leases and agreements he was required to sign. He invited Mr Cornelis, as a disinterested person, to assist him, and soon delegated everything he could delegate to him, to save himself the trouble of going into the matter. He had himself thrust his neighbour into the position of unpaid agent for his property, which consisted not only of the manor of Hanford, but of houses in London, and investments in various securities foreign and domestic. His uncle had been a shrewd business man, so also had been his father, and till the death of the latter, Gabriel had allowed Mr Giles to manage his money matters for him, satisfied so long as he had enough to spend; but after the death of his father, he had put his affairs in several hands, changing out of suspicion that he was being defrauded, and invariably being most apprehensive of dishonesty in the more upright men, because they were straightforward and did not flatter him.

With his usual inherent meanness, he played a part with Cornelis. He was related to Justin Cornelis, whose mother had been a Gotham; and it was partly for his wife's health, and chiefly to be near a man of means to the reversion of whose estate he might lay claim, that Cornelis had settled at Hanford. Mr Gabriel Gotham encouraged Mr Cornelis to think that he would inherit the property after his, Gabriel's, death—without, however, having really so by will disposed of his property. By holding out this hope before Cornelis, he secured his fidelity and obtained his services.

But Gabriel Gotham was only an extreme instance of that shallow pretence which cloaks the life of every one of us who moves in society. Our very waistcoats are a pretence: they assume to be all cloth, and are only cloth on the front that shows; they are calico behind. And so is it with our manners, our conversation: it is all only half what it pretends to be; the cloth does not go the whole way round the heart. We have smiles and a squeeze of the hand for an acquaintance—a front of cordiality, a back of indifference. We are liberal in opinion, generous in action, frank in demeanour, sympathetic in intercourse; but the backing is all narrowness, meanness, closeness, and selfishness. The writer once thus addressed a little boy: 'Why, Fred, what an extraordinary fit your nether garments are!'—'Yes, sir,' answered Fred; 'they are reversible. When I've sat out one side, I turn 'em about and sit out the other.' Which of us dare reverse our moral garment, that has only one face good? Which of us dare expose the calico and hide the cloth? Yet let the moralist growl: there is merit in pretence. The world

would be an unendurable world were it not for the painted screens, and the disguises which conceal its uglinesses, its waste and lumber. What pleasure should we reap from social intercourse, were our acquaintances to tell us exactly what they thought of us? Do they not exercise self-restraint in hiding from us that we bore them? Why should the worst side be thrust to the fore? Every picture has two sides, every flower has an ugly sordid root. We show the blossom of life to our neighbours, but do not thrust the root into their faces. The man who blurts out all his mind, and the woman who despises conventionalities, are shunned—they are agreeable to no one, not even to themselves. To a meal belong empty wine-bottles, potato parings, cabbage stalks, old bones, and fag-ends of gristle, together with cinders and dust from the kitchen fire; but also very good wine and toothsome dishes. The ash-heap and the pig-pail get the first, and we the rest. We are not swine, to be given the refuse; nor scavengers, to carry off the dust. Life is a milk-pan; and to it belong cream and sediment: we exhibit the cream, and cast away the sediment; we retain the thin skimmed milk for our private consumption. Then, not a word against pretence! It invests life with grace; it saves it from becoming material. Without it, life is not worth having.

There is even heroic virtue in pretence. It is generous, it is unselfish. We offer the best to others; we keep the thin and poor for ourselves. Our neighbours know that what we offer is superficial; but they are superficial likewise, and give us back in return their best—hearty welcome, smiles, cheerful conversation—in a word, they give us all their cream. When our faces have vanished, they sit down to sup 'sky-blue.' The fire blazes in the drawing-room for the visitor; but the lady shivers at her needlework in her fireless room up-stairs. The visitor enjoys the warmth for ten minutes; she endures the cold the long day, because the coal-bill is too heavy to allow of a second fire. The visitor has hot mutton; when he is gone, the family eats the cold remains. The visitor has the silver candlestick, and every one else a benzoline lamp. For the guest, the best Worcester or Swansea service is produced; when he is gone, it is put away, and the household dines off very cheap chipped ware. The guest, if very young and green, goes away impressed with the comfortable circumstances of his late host.

Then, I say again, not a word against pretence; it is one of the first of human virtues.

There are pretences and pretences. Mr Gabriel Gotham was contemptible because his pretences profited no one; not because they were in themselves pretence. We are selfish in our estimate of pretence. We condone, even applaud that which conduces to our own comfort, and blame and deprecate that out of which we reap no advantage.

'So, they have been here sponging,' said Mr Cornelis. 'I knew it would be so. But the old woman did not know her man. She thought you soft, weak, easily moved by the tale of misery. The whole thing was cleverly got up, a theatrical effect—the baby, the twins. But you see through those sort of things. Not so soft as supposed, eh, Gabriel?'

'Mrs Cable thought her son was drowned, and was in distress about the children.'

'O yes—of course. Yet the bells are ringing for the return of Richard. She knew he was safe; but she wanted to wrest a promise of help from you before the news reached you. It was ingenious, but not honest. With another man, it might have succeeded, but not with you.'

'No,' said Gabriel dispiritedly; 'perhaps not with me. She said I was weak. Indeed, she was not polite.'

'Tried the domineering dodge, did she?' said Cornellis. 'Had no consideration for your nerves?'

'None in the least,' answered Gabriel. 'What I have suffered is more than words can describe. —I will ring the bell. I must have some Chartreuse; I am so shaken, so overcome by the scene. It was very distressing to me.—You will have some of the liqueur also. I feel as if I should sink if I did not take some; and all my nerves are in a quiver.'

'If she comes again, send her to me.'

'I will do so, Cornellis; I cannot endure another interview.'

'You have made no promise.'

'I—I only said that if the children were really left orphans, I would consider what was to be done. I would not let them starve; but I made the condition that nothing was to transpire; and I thought it would be wise for me to manage the matter through you, so that no suspicion might attach to me, and because I really am not equal to the fatigue and excitement. Bessie is a very alarming woman, so impulsive, threatening.'

'That is like you, ever cautious and prudent.'

Ah! what a man you are!' exclaimed Cornellis; 'always ready at an emergency. And with those shattered nerves too! If I did not see it, it would seem incredible.'

The Chartreuse was brought in. Gabriel's hand shook so that he was unable to fill the liqueur glasses; therefore Mr Cornellis helped his friend and himself. As he was sipping his Chartreuse, he laughed, and put down the glass.

'What is it?' asked Gotham, with a suspicious twitch in his mouth. He disliked to hear laughter; he thought that he was the object of derision.

'I was thinking of the condition of those Cables,' said the ex-missionary. 'Supposing they carried their point, and all the seven little brats became heiresses of your estate, what a scramble there would be among the ragtag of the place for them! What airs the young misses would give themselves! How they would flout about in fine feathers and silks, and brag of their grandfather, talking in their broad vulgar Essex dialect, so close akin to Cockney, of wessels and winegar and violets.'

'Very funny,' sniggered Gotham. 'But they have not got my property yet.'

'And never will,' said Cornellis. 'If you wanted to send them to the bad, you could not better insure their ruin. They make respectable mudlarks. Dress them in peacock plumies, and they become vulgar fowl.'

'They are pretty,' said Gotham.

'As children. But with that class, good looks disappear early. Good looks associated with bad

manners, dirty nails, fine clothes, and dropped *his*, make a hideous muddle.'

'I suppose you are right,' said Gabriel with a sigh. He thought of the little hand closed about his finger, and the warm sense that stole from it up his arm to his heart. 'Poor little things. They have my blood in them—that accounts for their good looks.'

'But how diluted with ditch-water! If Richard had married some one of a superior class, there might have been improvement; but as it is, the deterioration is irretrievable.'

'You know what I have done, Justin,' said Mr Gotham, after a pause.—'Give me another glass of Chartreuse; I spilled half the last, my hand shakes so.'

'I beg your pardon. What have you done?'

'You know what I have done. I could not manage in any other way to keep my memory clear of reproach and to save my conscience. I have left everything to you, and you have my secret instructions. Should Richard be ever in want of money, you will let him have it; and the little girls must not be allowed to need. You will manage all that for me. I am a poor frail creature, and may drop off any day.'

'Not a bit—not a bit. You have to become an M.P. yet, squire. It will do you good to contest an election. By Jove! I would not be the man to stand against you, known as you are, and respected in the county, and generally beloved.'

'I am respected, I believe.'

'And loved. Every one sympathises with your infirmities.'

'They are temporary. I may look to a time when I shall be able to go out after the hounds, and speak and take my place in the House without being subject to these neuralgic attacks.'

'Certainly you may. I believe they have been brought on by worry. This wretched affair of the Cable woman has tormented you for years.'

'For near on forty years,' said Gotham.

'You have felt that something must be done, and yet you could not, with respect for yourself, your name, and position, in any way countenance a claim. Now you have, with your usual sagacity, lit on a mode of extrication out of the dilemma. Rely on me. I am a plain, straightforward man, and I will execute your wishes with fidelity, should the time come when I am called on to do so; but'—Cornellis laughed. 'By Jove! Gotham, which is the most likely to outlive the other? I have been battered about in the East and in Africa, and have had fevers and privations; whilst you—you tough old fox-hunting squire, lapped in luxury, have a constitution like heart of oak, only temporarily troubled by neuralgia—all brought about by external worry—produced by that insinuating woman. Don't tell me the contrary—she ran away with you. She was half-a-dozen years older than yourself.'

'Only two.'

'A woman ripens before a man in wits as in everything else. She drew you on—it was a plant; and uncommonly lucky you were to get out of your difficulty as you did. I am not sure—you clever dog—that you had not prepared the loophole beforehand.'

'On my honour, it was not so.'

'In love, as in war, all is fair,' said Cornellis. 'In this little game, the play was first-rate. It was checkmate after the first two moves.'

Mr Gotham held out his glass for more liqueur. 'As Richard has returned, it is possible that Josephine may not be lost,' he said, as Mr Cornellis poured out the Chartreuse.

'She is not lost; she has come home.'

'What—Josephine! How did she escape?'

'In a somewhat singular manner. She was blown out to sea, and picked up by the lightship, which also lost its moorings, and was wrecked on a sandbank.'

'What—Richard and Josephine?'

'Yes, Cable was in the vessel.'

'But not the boy. I heard he had come ashore before the gale, so that Richard was alone in the boat.'

'No, the boy was not there.'

'Only Richard and Josephine. That was quite romantic—Paul and Virginia.'

Mr Cornellis bit his lip. 'Excuse me, Gabriel; I do not like this joke. You are clever and witty, but my daughter must not be made a subject of your satire.'

'Ah! Cornellis,' said Gabriel with a sigh, 'that was a pity, that marriage of Richard's. If he had but looked above him! If, for instance, he could have aspired to your Josephine.'

'He would not have had her,' said Cornellis.

'Why not? I could then, perhaps, have done something for him through you.'

'I would not have suffered it.' The ex-missionary for a moment lost his temper. 'I could not allow my daughter to marry a common sailor, and one who is without a father.'

Gabriel fidgeted in his chair, with his elbows on the arms of the seat, and spilt his Chartreuse down his waistcoat. 'I was but supposing a case,' he said—'supposing it for my own convenience. If I had particularly wished it, Justin, perhaps you would have yielded. The fellow has good blood in his veins, you know, though the world does not know it.'

'Exactly—the world does not; and we must consider the opinion of the world. A man may have the blood of a peer; but if he is not in Debrett, he is a commoner to me.—Let us change the subject, Gabriel. Let us go over together the list of the voters.'

'Not now, Justin; I cannot attend to business. Do you not see how white, how twitching my poor cheek is? There is a nerve which reaches from the brain down the whole side of the system to the small toe—that nerve is just as though pulled and twisted and nipped with pincers. I am in indescribable pain. I cannot remain here any longer. You will allow me to go upstairs; I must have recourse to my drops for relief.—Take some more Chartreuse. There is noyau, if you prefer it, or absinth. You will not be offended if I leave you. I have been overwrought. I shall not be in a condition to see you till to-morrow afternoon; I must have complete rest after the trials and exertions of to-day.' He shuffled to the door.

Cornellis did not remain after Gotham retired. He was angered out of his usual equanimity; the suggestion made by the wretched man had stung him like an insult. 'That he should dare

—should dare to think of such a thing!' he muttered as he walked back to Rose Cottage. 'My Josephine and his'—He clenched his fist, and did not complete his sentence.

ECONOMY AT THE COLONIES.

THE welfare of our 'kin beyond the sea' is in many ways so intimately connected with the interests of the mother-country, that any indication of their prosperity and happiness must be hailed with sincere satisfaction. It may be well, therefore, to refer at the present time to a highly significant indication of the very decided and substantial progress which our colonies generally have made within the past few years. This is in no way more pointedly shown than in the very considerable money accumulations which many thousands of our countrymen now resident in the colonies have at their credit in the savings-banks recently established there. And no happier 'sign of the times' could surely be pointed to than the continued increase in the number of such excellent agencies throughout the United Kingdom, or indeed in any country where an increase occurs. But with such a great future before our vast colonial possessions, it is a fact of especially happy omen that, in a comparatively brief period of time, the ingrafting, not a day too soon, of our well-known and appreciated savings-bank system on almost every section of the colonies, should already bid fair to surpass, in results actually accomplished, anything of the kind that has been done at home.

According to the latest official returns on the subject, the accumulated results of an average of fully fifty years' operations of the two systems of savings-banks in vogue in this country may be approximated at about, in round numbers, a hundred millions sterling, representing something like five million depositors. With the population approaching thirty-seven millions, the proportion of money saved by means of these banks does not indeed seem unduly large; but it is well at the same time to remember that not a few other attractive agencies now compete with the savings-banks for a share of the savings of the working-classes, who are of course their best patrons. As a matter of fact, numerous Friendly, Co-operative, and Building Societies annually receive a very considerable sum of money from the classes referred to; and it would seem to indicate that the wage-earning, or rather the wage-saving classes of this country are not a whit less prudent than the wealthier portion of the community with respect to the adoption of the well-known adage about having 'too many eggs in one basket.' Considering, therefore, the very brief career of our colonies, and having regard also to the many peculiar difficulties and disadvantages that stand, or may be thought to stand, in the way of their making a combined effort after their general independence, and burdened, too, with such a heterogeneous mass of people, gathered for the most part from the four quarters of the globe, to be instructed in the principles involved, it is truly gratifying to note the real and substantial progress they have made in the direction indicated by means of the savings-banks during the past ten or twelve years.

The great colony, or rather group of colonies, of Australasia naturally commands first attention, both on account of the importance and extent of our connective interest in its material welfare, and likewise because of the fact that the credit of having attained up to the present time the highest figure in colonial savings-banks is due to antipodean depositors. Of the seven colonies comprising Australasia, Victoria takes the lead by a far way in the number of depositors and also in the amount at their credit. The last returns give the former at 137,093 and the amount at £2,818,435—or an average of about £20 to each depositor. The colony of New South Wales comes next with 66,604 investors, holding £2,805,856—or £42 apiece, the highest average of all. New Zealand follows with 69,966, or between three and four thousand depositors more than New South Wales, but with only £1,687,738 at their credit—or £24 apiece. The widely scattered nature of the districts, or centres, of population which characterises New Zealand will probably account for this in some degree, besides the fact that the other class of banks have more numerous agencies there than in any other division of the colony. Next to New Zealand comes South Australia, which figures, all things considered, very creditably in the account, having 46,338 depositors, with the sum of £1,500,249—or £32 to each. Queensland stands fifth on this list; there, no fewer than 26,642 persons own savings-bank accounts, representing a total sum of £1,086,685—thus giving the very high average, second to that of New South Wales, of £40 to each depositor. Tasmania and Western Australia follow in the order named, the former having 17,231 depositors, owning £380,343; and the latter 1904 depositors, with the creditable sum of £24,838. The total for the seven Australasian colonies thus shows the very gratifying result that there are as many as 365,828 depositors in the General and the Post-office Savings-banks established there, and doing splendid work, who have accumulated an average sum of £28 apiece, or altogether £10,304,144 sterling. In 1881, the census of this great colony gave 2,833,608 as the population, exclusive, however, of that of the Fiji or Friendly Islands. The above sum in the savings-banks gives, therefore, the average of £3, 12s. 8d. per head, which is thus considerably more than the average per head of the population in the same banks in this country. It must not, however, be assumed that the working-classes of the colonies, any more than those at home, practise thrift exclusively by means of savings-bank agency; such an agency no doubt receives by far the largest share of their saved earnings; but it by no means receives it all. Investments in land, in house-property, &c. are, it is stated, extensively patronised by a large section of the classes in question; the former by small capitalists in the more outlying districts, and the latter by those resident in the large towns and cities, where it is very desirable to own property of the kind. For instance, it is stated—and the fact was quoted by the late Postmaster-general—that 'no fewer than three-fourths of the mechanics of the city of Melbourne own the houses they live in.'

In Canada also, a highly satisfactory state of matters with respect to the efforts of the working-

classes throughout the Dominion to save money, is to be recorded; there, too, the Post-office savings-banks are making rapid progress, having already received a very flattering amount of patronage, in spite of the many other competitors longer established in the field. On the 30th of June 1884, there were 66,682 depositors in Canadian savings-banks, possessing altogether the handsome sum of 13,245,552 dollars, or £2,649,110 sterling.

Here, then, we have at a glance an exceedingly happy and certain indication of colonial prosperity, which it would surely be unwise and ungenerous to ignore. For if, in the very brief time since the opportunity was first afforded them, the great working-class population of the colonies, representing three-fourths of the whole, have made, in spite of much uphill work and real hardship, such genuine material progress as is evidenced by their praiseworthy thrift-accumulations in the savings-banks, what results may they not achieve in, say, the next generation! In the meantime, they deserve every encouragement which it is possible for the government to give them in extending and perfecting, where the same is necessary, a system which seems already, as the foregoing references make very evident, to have received and maintained a very large share of their support and confidence.

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.—BACK FROM THE BALTIC.

It is not my intention to describe our cruise, that having nothing to do with my story; suffice it to say that it was a most enjoyable one. We had lovely weather, with enough stiff breezes to blow all the dust of the law out of me.

It was at Copenhagen that I received the following letter from my uncle:

MY DEAR HARRY—I have been to London, and have seen Ernest. What I had heard of him was but too true. He did not deny it. I am thankful that he has not lost that respect for the truth which I always so earnestly endeavoured to instil into all your hearts. Had he done so, I should have had but little hope of saving him from ruin; as it is, I trust that he is fully impressed with the knowledge of the danger of the course of life that he was pursuing, as well as its sinfulness, and that he has the strength of mind to abandon it for ever. He had contracted some debts, and these I have paid; or, rather, have furnished him with sufficient money to pay them, for I would not let him think that I had lost all trust in his honour. I placed before him, in the most forcible language at my command, the consequences of the vicious pleasures in which he had been indulging, if they were continued. I endeavoured to show him how he had been offending, not only against me, his sister, and Laura, but also against his Maker. I told him that the dear girls as yet were ignorant of his conduct; but that, if he did not change at once, I should inform them of it;

and then, I felt sure that Laura would cast him from her heart, as I should do from mine; and that he must look for no more pecuniary aid from me while I live, and no share in my little property when I die. I drew a vivid picture of what his fate must be both here and hereafter. I spoke strongly, but lovingly, and with that eloquence which always comes when speaking from the heart, and, heaven knows, I spoke from mine.

He seemed truly penitent, and vowed that he would never give me cause to speak to him in such a way again. I left him with the firm conviction of his sincerity, and with the fervent hope that his early training and the innate goodness of his heart, now that the enormity of his sin has been brought home to his understanding, will enable him to resist temptation for the future.

I trust that we shall never have to recur to this painful subject.

Not having told the girls that I am writing to you, I can give you no messages from them, but I think you will receive a letter from Amy at the same time as you receive this.

Wishing you every enjoyment from your cruise, and praying that God may ever bless you, I remain, my dear boy, your affectionate uncle,

NICHOLAS BLAINE.

As my uncle had said, Amy wrote to me by the same post, and there was also a letter from my mother, but neither of these epistles contained anything that I need transcribe here. All three letters had been written about a fortnight after my departure from Bushford.

Our course, after leaving Copenhagen, not having been previously decided on, I heard no more from home until I landed in England, exactly seven weeks from the time when we started.

At the post-office of the town where we landed, I found another letter, in an envelope with a deep black border, addressed in my mother's handwriting. With a beating heart, I tore it open. It was headed 'Bushford Vicarage,' dated a fortnight back, and contained only these words:

MY DEAR BOY—Before receiving this, you will have doubtless read the fearful tidings in the newspapers. I need not tell you what trouble we are all in. Come to us at once.—Your loving mother,
EMMA DEVON.

Fearful tidings! What could my mother mean? I had read nothing. I had not seen a newspaper during the whole time I had been away. Why was she at the vicarage? The fearful tidings must relate to some one there. Was my uncle or one of the girls dead? or was it Ernest? For several minutes I stood in the post-office, holding the letter in my hand, lost in conjecture, and dreading I knew not what. Then I hastened to the nearest newspaper shop and bought a morning paper; but I could find nothing in it to solve the problem. One thing was certain: I must go to Bushford with all possible despatch. Consulting

a time-table, I found that a train left in half an hour. I had just time to return to Sir Robert and Bob, tell them the reason of my sudden departure, and reach the station as the first bell was ringing. I was hurrying along the platform, when, glancing towards the bookstall, the placards of the evening papers, just arrived, caught my eye: 'The Bushford Murder—Committal of the Prisoner.'

The guard's whistle was already sounding, but the boy heard me call. I jumped into an empty compartment, and he placed a paper in my hand as the train steamed out of the station. And now that I had the means of learning the truth, I dreaded the reading of it. For a minute or two I held the paper, fearing to open it. At length, I slowly unfolded it, and, as well as my agitation would permit, read as follows: 'This morning, Ernest Carlton was again brought before the magistrates, charged on remand with the murder of his uncle, the Rev. Nicholas Blaine, at Bushford Vicarage, during the night of the 17th of September last. The evidence having been completed at the previous examinations, the depositions were now read over and signed by the witnesses, and the prisoner formally committed for trial at the next assizes.'

The paper fell from my hand on to the floor of the carriage, and I sat for some time as it were stunned. My dear uncle murdered, and Ernest accused of being his assassin! I could not realise it! It seemed as if I must wake presently and find it all a dream.

I picked up the newspaper and read the paragraph again slowly and deliberately; and then the conviction came to me that it was but too true! My uncle dead—injured! That dear old man, whom I had left but seven weeks back in the full enjoyment of health and strength! That good and true servant of his Maker, who had never wronged a fellow-creature in his life, murdered! Ernest his murderer? No!—a thousand times—no! Whatever his faults, follies, or even vices, he was utterly incapable of that! What chain of circumstantial evidence could have fixed the deed on him? The paper gave me no clue. It was useless to conjecture: there was nothing for it but to wait.

The train was an express, and yet how slowly it appeared to move: it seemed as if I could have walked faster. The very fact of sitting still gave me the idea that I was wasting time. I got up, and walked backwards and forwards from one end of the compartment to the other; but my agitation increased as we neared Bushford. At last the train drew up at the station. The stationmaster recognised me as I sprang out on to the platform. I might have learned the full particulars from him, but I could not speak of it to a comparative stranger now; so, taking my small portmanteau in my hand, I set off to walk to the vicarage. There were vehicles waiting in the station-yard; but in my present state of mind, I felt that I must exert myself—I must be *doing* something.

There were some lanes round the outskirts of the town by which I could reach the vicarage without passing through the main streets; and although it was a little farther, I went that way in order to avoid meeting any of the townspeople whom I knew. At length I came

in sight of the old house. I almost expected to see something different about it—something to indicate the dreadful deed that had been done there. But no; there was nothing: the blinds were not even drawn down. Of course not. I might have known it: the funeral must have taken place a week ago.

My mother and the girls saw me open the gate, and came out to meet me. What a contrast to our last meeting! Amy threw herself into my arms, sobbing bitterly. Laura did not weep, but there was a fixed look of agony in her face and eyes that was even more painful to see than Amy's violent grief. My mother grasped my hand and kissed me in silence, while the tears trickled down her face. My own eyes were far from dry, though, for their sakes, I restrained the evidence of my sorrow so far as I could. Not one of us spoke until we had entered the house and became somewhat calmer. Then I ventured to ask for the particulars of my poor uncle's death, telling them how little I already knew. Amy's tears burst out afresh; and I begged her and Laura to retire for a while, leaving my mother to tell me all. This they were persuaded to do, and I then learned the following particulars.

Ernest suddenly arrived at the vicarage on the morning of the 17th of September, and had a private interview with my uncle. The old gardener, who was at work near the open window of the room in which they were conversing, heard some high words pass between them, though he could not distinguish their purport, except that he heard the words 'my will' mentioned. Soon after, Ernest left the house, evidently much ruffled in temper.

That night, when the household retired to rest, the vicar was left writing in his study, the last persons who saw him being Amy and Laura. In the morning, the housemaid, on entering the room for the purpose of opening the shutters, found my poor uncle leaning back in his easy-chair, at his feet a pool of blood, which had flowed from a wound in his breast. He was quite dead and cold. The window was closed, but unfastened, and outside there were marks of a man's footsteps.

The local police were at once communicated with; but they could discover no clue to the murderer. A London detective was then sent for, and he arrived at the vicarage during the afternoon. Commencing with the footsteps in the garden, he possessed himself of evidence which appeared to bring the deed clearly home to Ernest, who was arrested the same evening, and who gave no explanation of the circumstances that seemed to fix the guilt on him, simply contenting himself with declaring his innocence. He had positively refused to see any of his relations or friends, and had also declined to employ a solicitor, saying that he would receive no legal assistance except from me. It was pointed out to him that the preliminary examinations before the magistrates, as well as the coroner's inquest, would in all probability be finished before my return. This, he said, was of no consequence, as he should offer no defence before the trial.

My mother attempted to give me a detailed account of all the evidence collected by the

detective; but the agitation of mind from which she had suffered, and from which, indeed, she was still suffering, prevented her from forming a clear idea of it; and therefore, I determined on seeing the man myself. One thing I gathered from my mother's discourse—that Ernest's late course of life had become known, as well as my poor uncle's visit to him in London. I was therefore no longer silent as to my knowledge on this point.

I now expressed my intention of visiting my dear uncle's last resting-place. My mother offered to accompany me, but I preferred to go alone. There would be no difficulty in finding it, for he had, of course, been laid in the same grave with his wife. As I approached, I saw old Luke planting flowers on it. It was a sad welcome that he gave me.

'I little thought, Master Harry,' he said, 'that I should live to plant flowers on his grave. Him and me have often planted them together when it was hers only;' and he pointed with his trowel to my aunt's name on the headstone, while he drew the back of his other hand across his eyes.

'Luke,' I said, 'it is selfish in us to grieve for his loss, when we know that he has gone to join her. You must have often heard him say with what longing he looked forward to the time when he should do so.'

'Ay, ay, Master Harry,' Luke replied; 'that's true enough. I shouldn't 'a felt it so much if he'd died quietly in his bed, as she did, so that we could 'a said good-bye to him, and he could 'a spoke a last kind word to all of us; but to be cut off like that—all alone, and all in a minute'—

'But we must remember, Luke,' I returned, 'for how short a time he suffered pain, and how well prepared he was for sudden death. We must think how good he was, and'

'Good!' he interrupted; 'there ain't another so good a man left in the world; and I feel afeared sometimes, Master Harry, that I ain't good enough to meet him *there*.' He looked up into the sky, raising his hat reverently from his head.

I then referred to the murder. 'You don't believe that Ernest did it?' I asked.

'I hope not, Master Harry—I hope not,' he replied, 'for he was a good lad in the days gone by. But it looks very black agin him—very black indeed.'

I was returning to the house, when Laura met me, and, taking my arm, drew me towards a remote part of the burial-ground beyond the church. 'Harry,' she said, 'I want to speak to you about Ernest. It has added much to the intensity of my grief that he refuses to see me and Amy. Can you conjecture why?'

'I can form no idea, unless it be that he is ashamed to look you in the face, after his conduct of late.'

'You allude to the course of life he has been pursuing in London, I presume?'

'Yes.'

'I know but little,' she went on. 'Tell me all—that is, all that is fit for me to hear.'

'I am acquainted with nothing but what is written there,' I said, placing the letter I had received at Copenhagen in her hand.

After reading it slowly and carefully, Laura resumed: 'Something more must have happened subsequently. When Ernest had left the vicarage on that day, Uncle Nicholas told me that he was no longer worthy of my love, and that I must think of him no more. I asked for explanations; but the answer I received was: "Another time, my dear." That other time never came.'

'Then you have no idea of what passed between Ernest and his uncle at that last interview?'

'None whatever,' she answered; 'and then we walked on for a few minutes in silence.'

Laura had hitherto conversed in her usual quiet manner; but when she spoke again, it was with an earnestness and passion such as I had never seen in her before. 'Harry,' she said, 'I should have obeyed my dear uncle to the uttermost extent of my power, though my heart had broken; for I know, loving me as he did, he would not have spoken so without sufficient reason; but now that Ernest is in this dreadful trouble, all is changed. Whatever follies—whatever wickedness he may have committed, I forgive him. Tell him this, Harry, and tell him that he has my undying love.'

'You do not think him guilty of'—

'Think him guilty!' she exclaimed—'think him guilty of that, knowing his heart as I do! I *know* he is not!' Then suddenly resuming her wonted manner, she said: 'Let us go in.'

When we re-entered the house, we found my late uncle's solicitor, Mr Patnor, there. The will was in his possession. It had not been opened in consequence of my absence; and hearing of my arrival from some one who had seen me walking from the station, he had now come for the purpose of performing that duty.

Uncle Nicholas had inherited a large property from his father, and had also received a considerable amount with his wife. His charities had absorbed a portion of the principal in addition to what he had given out of his annual income, but there was still sufficient remaining to enable him to leave a handsome sum to each of us.

The will was dated some years back. It gave legacies to all his old servants; a thousand pounds to Laura; a like amount to my mother; and the remainder to be equally divided between Amy, Ernest, and myself. Amy's portion was left in trust till she married—Mr Patnor and myself being named as trustees, and also as executors. To all of us he left his blessing.

He had called on Mr Patnor in the afternoon of the day on which he met his death, and instructed him to add a codicil revoking his bequest to Ernest, and substituting a small legacy only, the reasons for this alteration being given. This codicil, however, was never executed. Mr Patnor had not even time to add it to the will before he heard of my uncle's death. The solicitor, having settled with me some necessary preliminaries as to proving the will, retired.

The agitation of my first meeting with my mother and cousins having somewhat subsided, I endeavoured for the remainder of the evening to lead the conversation into ordinary channels, and the subject which occupied the foremost place in our minds was not again mentioned, with the single exception that, when we parted

for the night, Amy, as she kissed me, again burst into tears, and sobbed out: 'O Harry, save Ernest, save Ernest!'

And so passed the day of my return.

SCOTTISH HUMOUR AND CHARACTER.

MINISTER AND BEADLE.

THE office of an English beadle is commonly allied to the duties attaching to a messenger or crier at court. A Scotch beadle, however, is invariably associated with the minister and the kirk. He is a home-grown product, a Scotch beadle, and is, as a rule, eminently characteristic and racy of the soil. In rural parishes, more especially, the kirk beadle is an indispensable adjunct or tailpiece of the minister, and is usually alluded to as 'the minister's man.' Next to the minister himself, the rural parish beadle is often, by force of individual character and position, the most conspicuous personage in the kirk, the precentor ranking third only by a good long way. As the handy confidant of the reverend gentleman in small and purely mundane matters, the minister and his man have conjointly furnished the ready humorist with endless situations of characteristic and amusing portraiture. In these humorous collisions, the beadle has generally the best of it. As a rule, our shrewd, long-headed, canny-going Scotch beadle, in common with the ruling elder—both of whom are privileged to see behind the scenes—has too often discovered in his grave spiritual superior many of those little weaknesses native to us all. As a result of this, the amalgam of humorous story and anecdote, which sticks to the Scotch minister and his man like feathers to glue, is a healthy, relishable product of the soil, flavoured oftentimes with the driest of Scotch humour, and entirely denuded of objectionable hypocrisy and mean cringing to the 'cloth.'

The following story may be instanced in this connection, in which the beadle, by an ingenious exercise of sly humour, or *parkiness*, as it is termed north of the Border, fairly out-generals his parsimonious spiritual superior.

A parish minister in Stirlingshire, noted for his parsimonious habits, had his glebe land wholly cropped with corn upon one occasion. After the ingathering of harvest, news reached him that a considerable fall in prices was expected; and he ordered his serviceable 'man' John to get the corn thrashed and taken to market with all possible speed. Now, the beadle, having a well-founded hatred for his master's greed, set about his work in his ordinary style—a slow if sure process. John's style, however, did not on this occasion please the minister, who ordered him to get through with the task, even although he should get it done by candle-light.

'Weel, weel,' said the beadle; 'say nae mair about it; it'll be done, sir, e'en as ye desire.'

Next day, the minister, hearing the sound of the flail, entered the barn to see what progress

was being made with the work, when, to his astonishment and anger, he found his beadle 'flailing' away with might and main, and a candle burning brightly on each side of the thrashing-floor.

'What's this I see? What's the meaning of this?' demanded his master. 'Candles burning in broad daylight!'

'Oh, contain yersel', sir—contain yersel', replied John with provoking coolness. 'I'm daein' nae mair than ye bade me, for I'm daein' the job baith by daylight and by can'le-light.'

The beadle, after being severely lectured on his extravagant conduct, was ordered to take the candles to the kitchen, and henceforth and at all times he was to be deprived of their use.

One night shortly after, a message came to the minister that one of his parishioners, who lived at a distance, was supposed to be dying, and was anxious to see him. John was despatched to saddle the horse; and his master set about equipping himself for the journey. He then stepped across to where John was waiting with the animal, and seizing the reins, was about to mount, when suddenly, seeing a pair of horns on the crest of his steed, he shouted: 'What in all the earth is this you have done, John?'

The beadle, comically peering in the darkness at the creature, exclaimed: 'I declare, sir, if I hav'na saddled the coo instead o' the horse, for the want o' can'le-light!'

In olden times, the serviceable beadle was armed with a small wooden 'nob' or mallet, with which he was quietly commissioned to 'tap,' gently but firmly, the heads of careless sleepers in church during the sermon. An instance to hand is very amusing, and is not out of fair probability.

In the old town of Kilbarchan, which is celebrated in Scottish poetry as the birthplace of Habbie Simpson the piper and verse-maker of the clachan, once lived and preached a reverend original, whose pulpit ministrations were of the old-fashioned, hoddin'-gray type, being humdrum, and innocent of all spirit-rousing eloquence and force. Like many of his clerical brethren, he was greatly annoyed every Sunday at the sight of several of his parishioners sleeping through the sermon. He was especially angry with Johnny Plane, the village joiner, who dropped off to sleep every Sunday afternoon simultaneously with the formal delivery of the text. Johnny had been 'touched' by the old beadle's mallet on several occasions, but only in a gentle though persuasive manner. At last, one day the minister, provoked beyond endurance at the sight of the joiner soundly asleep, lost his temper.

'Johnny Plane!' cried the reverend gentleman, stopping his discourse and eyeing the culprit severely, 'are ye really sleeping already, and me no half through with the first head?'

The joiner, easy man, was quite oblivious to things mundane, and noticed not the rebuke.

'Andra,' resumed the minister, addressing the beadle, and relapsing into informal Doric, 'gang round to the wast loft [west gallery] and rap up Johnny Plane. Gie the lazy loon a guid stiff rap on the heid—he deserves't.'

Round and up to the 'wast loft' the old-fashioned beadle goes, and reaching the somnolent parishioner, he rather smartly 'raps' him

on his bald head. Instantly, there was on the part of Johnny a sudden start-up, and between him and the worthy beadle a hot, under-breath bandying of words. Silence restored, the reverend gentleman proceeded with his sermon as if nothing unusual had occurred.

After sermon, Andra met the minister in the vestry, who at once made inquiry as to the 'words' he had had with Johnny in the gallery. But the beadle was reticent and uncommunicative on the matter, and would not be questioned as to the reception the joiner had given his salutary summons.

'Well, Andra,' at length said the reverend gentleman, 'I'll tell ye what; we must not be beaten in this matter; if the loon sleeps next Sunday during sermon, jist you gang up and rap him back to reason. It's a knock wi' some force in't the chiel wants, mind that, and spare not.'

'Deed no, sir,' was the beadle's canny reply. 'I'll no disturb him, sleepin' or waukin', for some weeks to come. He threatens to knock pew-bibles and hymn-books oot o' me, if I again daur to "rap" him atween this and Martinmas. If Johnny's to be kept frae sleepin', minister, ye maun jist pit the force into yer sermon.'

Robbie Fairgrieve was sexton as well as kirk-beadle in the parish of Ancrum, Roxburghshire, and despite the solemn duties attaching to his vocation, was on the whole a genial man, about equally fond of a joke and a good dram. In fact, Robbie was afflicted with a chronic 'spark in his throat,' which was ill to quench, and was indeed never fairly extinguished during the fifty years he officiated as kirk beadle and sexton.

One day, the minister of the parish met Robbie coming home from a visit to Jedburgh fair, which sooner than was expected, he (Robbie) having found the fair painfully *dry*, in the sense of an unprecedented absence of friendly drams. Curious to know the cause of the beadle's quick return, the minister inquired as to the reason of such correct conduct, since most of his fellow-parishioners would likely stay out the fair.

'O sir,' said Robbie, 'huz yins [us ones] wha are 'sponsible kirk-officers' (alluding to the minister and himself), 'should aye strive to be guid ensamples to the riff-raff o' the flock.'

The following bit of true Scotch humour may be classed in the same category as the preceding sketch, the witty impeachment once more coming from the lips of the minister's own beadle. The story is put down to the credit of the very learned Dr Macknight, one of the lights of the Scottish Church in his day. The doctor's beadle, or 'man in attendance,' seems to have possessed a keen sense of dry, pawky humour, and had judged the doctor's habit of writing and publishing learned Scriptural books as just so much waste of time.

'Is the worthy doctor at home?' asked a reverend caller at the manse one forenoon.

'Na, indeed, he is not,' promptly replied the beadle. 'He's awa like a chased hare to Edinburgh on a fell fuilish job.' (The learned doctor had just gone off to the printers with his laborious and erudite work, *The Harmony of the Four Gospels*.)

The caller was inquisitive; and on being further questioned as to what this 'fell fuilish'

job might be which so engaged his minister's attention, the witty beadle made answer: 'He's gane awa' to mak' four men agree wha never cast oot' (disagreed).

A MUTUAL MISUNDERSTANDING.

I AM one of the senior travellers for a well-known Birmingham house of business. Early in 1884, my engagements called me to the north of England, where, among other things, I was commissioned to get in several considerable sums of money which were owing to my employers. Money happened to be pretty plentiful; customers were compliant, and affairs turned out most satisfactorily; so it was with a light heart and heavy pocket that I got into the train at Newcastle and found myself speeding comfortably towards Carlisle. I had in my possession close upon seventeen hundred pounds, of which a large quantity was in gold and notes. Most of this I carried in a small but strong handbag, which I locked securely, and which no power on earth could have persuaded me voluntarily to lose sight of for a moment. By the time I reached Carlisle, the afternoon was pretty far advanced; and although my business there did not take very long, the early darkness of a February evening had already begun to set in when I found myself back at the Citadel Station with nearly two hours to wait for my train to Dumfries, where I intended staying that night. Having so much time to wait, I thought I would take a stroll in the streets and spend the time in looking around a bit, instead of hanging about the station and making the delay seem doubly long by doing nothing.

It was a bitterly cold evening, with a regular Cumberland east wind sweeping down from the slopes of the Brampton Fells, which was doubtless the reason why there were so few people about the streets. So I buttoned up tightly my long ulster, pulled my American 'squash' hat well over my ears, took my bag in my hand, and with a lighted cigar between my lips, commenced walking in the direction of the cathedral. On my way, I paused to admire the massive strength of the county jail, which frowned sternly down from its solid keep on my left hand as I set out from the station. I stood for two or three minutes, during which my cigar went out; so, moving on where I might be out of the wind, I stopped to relight it in the main gateway; an innocent action enough, but one destined to cause me no slight vexation of spirit before the evening was over. Having successfully accomplished this, I resumed my walk down English Street, through Castle Street, till I found myself outside the precincts of the cathedral. On trying the gate of the Abbey—this is the name given to the cathedral close—I found it locked. I shook it two or three times, but was obliged to give up the idea of getting inside. I was turning to retrace my steps, when I observed on the other side of the street a man who seemed to be watching my proceedings with intense interest. He was a square-built, sturdy-looking person, not too well dressed, and it seemed to me that he looked slightly disconcerted when I turned and noticed him. He quickly recovered himself,

however, and whistling in a nonchalant manner, commenced sauntering slowly in the opposite direction.

Ordinarily, I should have thought nothing of such a slight and insignificant incident; but the possession of a large sum of money on one's person in an unprotected condition imparts a wonderful stimulus to the imaginative faculties. I could not help quickening my pace, and my heart beat faster at the bare thought that perhaps I was being followed by a dangerous member of the criminal classes who had unlawful designs upon me. After proceeding a few yards, I looked round, and my uneasiness was not lessened to discover that the man had turned round too as soon as I had taken my eye off him, and was evidently keeping me well in sight. I was so alarmed by this discovery, that in my anxiety to dodge this spy upon my actions, I now did a most foolish thing. Instead of keeping straight on towards the principal street, I turned sharply round the first corner on the right, and hurried on as fast as I could without actually running. The narrow street I entered led to another, past a church, and into a low part of the town, where I had never been before, and which seemed to be quite deserted. But, walk as I would, I found it impossible to shake off this man, who seemed indeed, if anything, to be gaining on me.

I was now really alarmed. Here I was, in a strange town and in a low and solitary part of it, with a large sum of my employer's money in my possession, and a footpad at my heels; for I had no doubt now that the man was a thief, who had somehow got an inkling of my business in the town, and resolved to annex my valuable bag. What would I not now have given to catch sight of the shops of English Street, or to hear the measured footfall of one of our blue-coated guardians of the peace! Nearer and nearer sounded the footsteps of my pursuer. In despair, I decided to run for it, although my mind misgave me that such a step would only serve to confirm his presupposition that I was a prize worth capturing. Penniless persons have no need to run away from pickpockets. Still, I hoped I might have the luck to reach a main street, or at anyrate come in contact with some people whose presence would serve to avert the felonious design of which I stood in dread.

Off I started, the man after me, and ran as I never ran before. Flying round the first corner, I tore along as if the enemy of souls had been behind me. My honour, my situation, my money, perhaps my life, were at stake. Hampered though I was with heavy ulster and heavy bag, I could have given my ordinary self a long start, fear lending me wings. But before I had gone fifty yards up this new turning, what was my horror to discover that my last state was worse than my first; for I had blindly entered a *cul de sac*. I had in my haste, without noticing, turned up an alley, with nothing but dark and deserted factory premises on either side and a high wall in front. To proceed was impossible; to turn back meant to rush into the arms of the thief. No inhabited house near, not another individual in sight, everything in darkness, myself panting, and weak with excited dread, my situation did indeed seem desperate. How I upbraided myself for not having been content to stay quietly at

the station! How I cursed myself for leaving the people's safety of the principal streets! Reflections of this sort, however, were speedily cut short by the advance of my pursuer in a threatening manner towards me. Grasping my precious bag firmly in one hand, I shortened my heavy stick with the other, so as to be ready for any emergency.

Coming close up to me, the first words the man said were: 'Open that bag.'

'Stand back,' I cried, 'or, by heaven, I'll floor you!'

'O no, you won't,' seizing my right arm with an iron grip. 'Come, show me the inside of that bag of yours.'

'Never!' I shouted, struggling violently, but vainly, to free my arm from the vice which all the while held it fast. I was as a child in his strong hands. I expected every moment to feel the bag wrenched away from me. Strange to say, however, he made no movement to seize it; on the contrary, while retaining a firm hold of me, he seemed by no means anxious to come to close quarters with it.

'Don't get excited, my Fenian, or you may drop that blessed thing here, and blow us both up, which would be no use to you, and decidedly disagreeable to me.'

'Fenian,' 'blessed thing,' 'blow us up'—why, what could such words mean? A light flashed across my mind and gladdened my soul. It was too ridiculous. I laughed aloud. I was suspected of being a dynamitard by this man, who was, after all, no more than an over-zealous detective, vigilantly carrying out the instructions for special watchfulness throughout the country which followed the dastardly outrages in London a few months before! But stay; was not this some wily artifice to throw me off my guard, some *chef-d'œuvre* of knavish wit, the device of an artist in his profession? This thought sobered me.

'Why, what—what do you suppose is in the bag?' I stammered.

'What is in the bag, indeed,' rejoined he with the air of one who was not going to be taken in by subterfuges. 'You come along with me to the police station; we'll soon see what's in the bag.'

'And who are you, that you talk of taking me to the police station?'

'I am a detective officer.'

'Show me your warrant,' I said, waxing bolder.

'I am an honest man of business, whom you have nearly run to death already. I can't afford to waste any more time; and I doubt now whether I shall be able to catch my train—through your officiousness.'

'So do I,' said he grimly; 'I doubt it very much.' He evidently wished it to be understood that he was not to be got over in that way.

'Come,' said he, 'if you are an honest man, you cannot object to prove to me the harmlessness of the contents of your bag.'

His request revived my former suspicion. I dared not risk this, with no evidence to the truth of the man's professions other than his own allegations.

'If you are an honest man,' I rejoined, 'you will produce your authority to make such an unheard-of request.'

'Very easily done,' said he roughly, as he commenced to drag me along. 'All your shifts and arguments are no use, Mr Fenian. Your sort take too much nabbing, to let you get the slip, once we've got you. Come on to the police station; I'll show you my authority soon enough for you.'

The cathedral clock chimed the half-hour. There was just twenty minutes to the time for the departure of my train. If I went to the police station, I knew I should lose it. This I was particularly anxious not to do. An idea struck me. I turned to my companion.

'Look here. If you merely want to satisfy yourself as to the innocence of my bag, that can be done just as well in the presence of some respectable inhabitant of the place as if you wasted my time, and made me lose my train through a vexatious pilgrimage to the police station. Besides, I am not anxious to be dragged there like a felon. I'll tell you what, if you will come with me to the railway station, I am willing there, in the presence of the station-master or some responsible official, to show you my bag. But open it here for your curiosity in this lonely spot, I will not.'

To this proposal he assented. Keeping tight hold of my arm, he soon piloted me to the station, where we were ushered into the station-master's private room. One of the head booking-clerks came and assured me of the worthy detective's identity, of which I was of course getting more and more convinced from the time he agreed to my proposal. Then, to fulfil my part of the compact, I unlocked my bag there in the office, and showed him its precious contents of bright gold and crisp bank-notes.

'Now you will understand,' I said with a smile, 'why I was reluctant to open this to a stranger in a dark street.'

'I humbly beg your pardon, sir, for my mistake,' said he, looking very crestfallen. 'But really, sir, when I saw you standing and examining the jail, and then trying to force the gates leading in to the cathedral, I thought I'd got hold of one of them abomination dynamitards. And begging your pardon, sir, but with that long ulster and soft hat and black bag, you looked the very picture of one of these here Irish Americans who do the mischief; and I'm bound to confess I mistook you for one, especially when you bolted down the slums and tried to get away. I apologise humbly for my mistake. But we're bound to look sharp.'

'Don't mention it, my friend. The mistake was mutual. I took you for a desperate thief.—Good-bye.' And the train steamed in to the platform, and in five minutes I was spinning along towards Dumfries.

PREHISTORIC ITEMS.

NOTHING is more interesting than to speculate upon the social condition of those rude progenitors of the human race whose history, until our own epoch, has lain shrouded in the night of Time. For the most part, all is mysterious and enigmatic concerning them; yet, owing to the researches of the archaeologist, the geologist, and last, but not least, the student of botany, we are enabled in some degree to penetrate the gloom. We

can tell with what implements they went a-hunting, with what material they made their clothes, and what food they ate. The botanist can even inform us how the prehistoric host adorned his little feast; the cates he offered his guests for grace rather than for need; the dessert he set before a wedding party, and the provender he placed before the no less joyous convivialists bidden to rejoice over the advent of a first-born! These archaic boards were not so scantily furnished as we might suppose. Foremost figured the time-honoured pear and apple; the homely fruits, so dear to schoolboys of all ages and all countries, we now know delighted the palates of children born ere recorded history began. The prehistoric area of the apple was chiefly in the region lying between Trebizond and Ghilan. The lake-dwellers of Lombardy, Savoy, and Switzerland made great use of apples. 'They always cut them lengthways, and preserved them dried as a provision for the winter,' writes Decandolle in his interesting work on the *Origin of Cultivated Plants*. Two varieties of apples seem to have been known to the lake-dwellers before they possessed metals. Whether they ever solved the problem that hopelessly puzzled George III., and got them into a dumpling, archaeology does not as yet inform us. The abundance of the fruit found in prehistoric stores would seem to indicate some kind of cultivation.

The pear is of less frequent occurrence, although it is found in the prehistoric dwellings of Switzerland and Italy, usually in a dried state and cut lengthways. Then, as now, therefore, the pear was a greater luxury than the apple. The abundance and variety of names testify to the very ancient existence of the latter from the Caspian Sea to the Atlantic. Philology comes largely to our aid in this interesting study. The more ancient and widely spread a plant, the more numerous its names.

But prehistoric diners-out possessed one of the best of all fruits, the grape. Seeds of the grape have been discovered in the lake-dwellings near Parma, dating from the age of Bronze; also in the prehistoric settlements of Lake Varese and of Switzerland. M. Decandolle, moreover, informs us that vine-leaves have been found in the tufa near Montpellier, where they were probably deposited before the historical epoch, also in the same formation in Provence. Whether they combined the two we know not, but it is quite probable that wine and walnuts delectated the palates of primitive feasters.

The walnut is of great antiquity. Walnut leaves have been found in the quaternary tufa of Provence, and a species of walnut in some of the Swiss lake-dwellings. The species possesses a Sanskrit name, a fact testifying to its early cultivation in India. The tree was introduced into China about 140 B.C.

Only one cherry-stone has been as yet found in any prehistoric settlement of Italy or Switzerland, nor is the antiquity of the stratum quite certain.

One of the most curious and suggestive discoveries in this field is that of the poppy. Were, then, these rude fishers and hunters troubled with carking cares, low spirits, and melancholia, as well as the worn-out brain-workers

and anxious bread-winners of the nineteenth century? Was there perhaps a Coleridge or a De Quincey among the Swiss lake-dwellers of the age of Stone, some dreamer hopelessly wedded to opium? The capsule of the poppy has been found in these primitive abodes; whilst its numerous names in the language of antiquity prove its ancient origin. Besides Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabic names, several exist in the Slav languages.

Tobacco-smoking in America was very common in ancient days, and pipes of wonderful workmanship have been discovered in the tombs of the Aztecs. The use of tobacco in Western nations, however, dates from the discovery of America, so that it is not to be taken into account here. When we come to vegetables, and what is generally summed up under the head of farinaceous food, we find that our lake-dwellers fared not so badly after all. In the age of Bronze, the ancient inhabitants of Switzerland and Italy had beans most probably served up with bacon; lentils also figured in the domestic bill of fare; very likely, the housewife concocted better lentil broth than many a mistress of genteel households nowadays. Nor were nursery puddings and invalid dishes wanting in those early days. The prehistoric cook had several varieties of wheat, millet—of which they made great use—oats, two varieties of six-rowed barley, besides other cereals. It is needless to insist on the interest and value of such facts and conclusions as these, arrived at with patient care and after unremitting investigations. Doubtless, archaeology and palæontology have many more revelations of a similar kind in store for us.

Before leaving a fascinating subject, let us mention one curious fact more. The great antiquity of the cultivation of flax is well known. The prehistoric inhabitants of the peat-mosses of Lagozza in Lombardy employed flax, the *Linum angustifolium*, though ignorant of the use of hemp and of metals. On the other side of the Alps, among the lake-dwellers of Switzerland, the same species of flax has been discovered, this perennial *Linum angustifolium*, now wild in southern alpine regions. Thus, before the arrival of the Aryans in Europe, before metals, even bronze, were known, before hemp and the domestic fowl were known also, civilisation had reached a certain development on both sides of the Alps. Folks wore linen; satisfied their hunger on beans and bacon; and cracked their nuts on high-days and holidays, much as they do nowadays.

DOMESTIC FIRE-EXTINGUISHERS.

AMONG civilised nations it is usual to make provision of some kind or other against the destruction of property by fire. In many large towns and cities, these provisions are as complete as science or experience can suggest. A staff of well-trained horses and men are maintained and kept in readiness at all times; fire-engines of the most approved forms can be turned into the streets in a few seconds ready for work; district stations are scattered all over the town; a lookout tower of some kind or other is usually provided; while not only are the several stations connected with each other electrically, but also fire-alarms are

situated at the corners of streets or other prominent places, at short distances from each other, connected electrically also with the district stations. By the aid of all these ingenious contrivances, a fire-engine can be brought to work on a fire very soon after the alarm is given, and often before much destruction is done. Small towns are content, or have to be content, on account of the expense, with the manual engine, which is not always ready when required, or if ready, is without the necessary supply of water to work it, and is, generally speaking, too late on the scene to be of any practical service. In villages, public institutions, and private houses, provision is rarely if ever made; and when a fire unfortunately occurs, the excitement is so great that everything of use seems to be in places where it is most difficult to be found. The buckets are nowhere within easy reach; the water apparently runs more slowly from the tap than usual; every movement is delayed, and all the while the fire is making rapid progress.

People in towns are better off in three respects than those in the provinces: first, they have greater facilities for insuring their properties; secondly, they do obtain the aid of the fire-engines; and thirdly, they have a supply of water in the house. But notwithstanding these advantages, it is generally felt, even in towns, that something more should be done; for, with fires, nothing is so serious as delay. A small jet of water will put out a fire while in its infancy; but ten thousand such jets would be ineffectual when the infant has developed into the dreaded giant. The tendency of modern teaching is to make such provision as can check the fire in its earliest stages; and what is required in this direction applies with more force to the provinces than the towns. There are three ways in which a fire may be checked before it becomes uncontrollable. One is, by providing each room with a flat cistern in the ceiling; the bottom of the cistern is perforated like a colander, but the perforations are closed by an alloy of low fusing-point. As soon as the temperature of the room rises above this fusing-point, the alloy drops away, the perforations reappear, and down falls the fine stream of water exactly in the place where it is most required. These cisterns were at one time largely used, but they are almost forgotten now. There are doubtless many objections to their use, especially in private houses; but they are certainly very suitable contrivances for the prevention of serious fires.

In America, most of the large stores and factories are supplied with steam for the working of machines. These places are at the same time usually provided with a steam-jet in each room, so that, should a fire originate in any one, the proper tap is turned, and a plentiful supply of steam directed on it checks with considerable certainty its further progress. Now, it has occurred to the writer that in towns in this country a similar method might be adopted. Given a water-supply to each house, and a cistern sufficiently elevated—on or near the roof at least—all that is required is to carry a small perforated pipe around and under the ceilings, and with a separate tap for each room. Should a fire break out in any particular room, the proper

tap could be turned on, and the fire would probably be subdued at once. The third method is a very simple, and may be made an inexpensive one. It consists in filling bottles or other convenient vessels with water or some other liquid, and placing them on racks in convenient places about the building. Most persons are familiar with the much advertised hand-grenades, so fashionable at the present time; and what is here suggested is an imitation of this system in an economic way. It is usually claimed that these hand-grenades are filled with some mysterious, highly efficient fire-extinguishing liquid; and judging from the high prices at which they are sold, it would not be unreasonable to expect some costly or difficult preparation. The following recipe produces a composition which is very effective: Common salt, 19·46; sal-ammoniac, 8·88; water, 71·66. Sal-ammoniac is about as cheap as common salt, so that the cost of the contents of each—say, one quart size—should be less than one penny. Sometimes the sal-ammoniac is altogether omitted without serious diminution of the efficiency. Our recommendation, therefore, is, that every householder, or proprietor of a large building, should provide his own fire-extinguishers. Ordinary beer-bottles are too thick, and resist fracture, even when thrown with force against wood; the flask, therefore, should be of thin glass. It is desirable that the flask when thrown with force against any object should fall to pieces. Ordinary corks will answer as stoppers. Then take twenty pounds of salt, ten pounds of crude sal-ammoniac, and dissolve in seventy pounds (seven gallons) of water; or take thirty pounds of salt and seventy pounds of water. Nearly fill your flasks with this liquid—call it a chemical fire-extinguishing compound or fluid, if you please—put them in convenient places all over the house or building, and your property will be secured as well as if the outlay were twelve times as great. Should a fire occur, break a bottle or several bottles over it, and the disaster will probably be averted.

When these contrivances are home-made, they cost but little, and they can in consequence be used more freely than if they are bought in the usual way. No large building should be without them, especially those buildings such as hotels, asylums, hospitals, &c., where people sleep in the upper stories, and where loss of or injury to life is possible; and had they not hitherto been sold at so high a price, it is almost certain that they would have become exceedingly popular.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

• SUBMARINE BOATING.

A SHORT while ago, an interesting account was published in the London newspapers of an experimental trip in a submarine boat at New York. The experiment ended with satisfactory results. The boat could be submerged or raised in the water at pleasure; it could be made to dive at any angle and to steer in any direction; it gamboled in the water like a playful fish—now skimming swiftly along the surface, now diving beneath the keel of a passing steamer, and reappearing again where least expected, and to the

great astonishment of the surprised onlookers. It carried three passengers—the inventor, a newspaper correspondent, and an engineer. The heat developed by dissolving caustic soda in water was the motor power; and the steering apparatus consisted of peculiar-shaped fins, which were capable of being set at any angle, and so enabled the boat to be turned to the right or left, lowered or raised at the will of the engineer.

At the conclusion of the trip, a proposal or a suggestion was made to provide a similar boat on a somewhat larger scale for the purpose of carrying passengers between Dover and Calais, forty feet below the surface of the water, so as to insure complete immunity from sea-sickness.

It is not easy to understand why the Americans should be so solicitous for the convenience of the French and English as to desire to supply them with such a method of conveyance before it has passed out of the experimental stage. Our mania for underground railways may have given rise to this solicitude. We have now underground railways in London, in Glasgow, and more recently, under the Severn and the Mersey. But notwithstanding these, and the folly of attempting to prophesy what may happen in the future, it may not be too much to say that the bulk of English people at least will for a long time prefer sea-sickness on the surface of the water to freedom from it in a boat forty feet below.

But such statements coming from America are, for some reason or other, usually received here with a moderately large grain of the proverbial salt, and would probably have been very readily forgotten, were it not that in the same papers, a few days later, there appeared an account of a somewhat similar experiment which took place at the Tilbury Docks, London, in the presence of Lord Charles Beresford and a large number of naval and military men. The principles upon which the working of this boat depends appear to be sounder than in the case of the American boat. In the first place, electricity from storage batteries supplies the motor power; in the second place, its ascent and descent in the water are not dependent on the steering apparatus and combined working of the engines, but, in imitation of nature, the inventor, Mr Campbell, has provided an ingenious contrivance for producing contraction and expansion. This contrivance consists of a series of metal cylinders, into which are fitted rams or drums, which can be protruded or retracted in a very simple way. The speed of rising and falling is easily regulated, and numerous precautions are adopted in order to insure safety. The inventor claims that his boat is perfectly under control; capable of being noiselessly propelled at a rate of ten knots an hour; of being floated or submerged for any length of time without losing a fraction of its motor power; of being raised or lowered quickly or slowly. The vessel is cigar-shaped, sixty feet long and eight feet beam. It is divided into four watertight compartments, in one of which is stored all the machinery and projectors. It is fitted with water-ballast and horizontal rudders; and in case of any serious accident while submerged, the crew have only to release a heavy weight, and the vessel rises to the surface immediately.

Of course, the great advantages of such a boat

would be of immense service in marine warfare, especially since torpedoes have become such a power and a terror. Whatever may be the future of the *Nautilus*, it is certainly deserving of present notice, as a new and important departure in boat-construction.

THE FORESTS OF SWEDEN.

The forests of Sweden, according to the government statistics (1884), cover an area of seventy thousand square miles. At least a third of these vast forests are situated in some of the extreme north provinces. From these provinces alone, over fifty millions of cubic feet of sawn and hewn timber, chiefly fir and spruce, were exported; whilst the exports from one province alone amounted to a fifth of the whole country, and eight per cent. of the total exports of all kinds. It is also stated that the total wood-exports, including all kinds of manufactured goods, was forty-three and a half per cent. of the value of all exports. Further on are given some interesting statistics of the aggregate value of the exports of the various kinds of wood-goods, namely, deals and boards, four million one hundred thousand pounds; balks and spars, three hundred and eighty thousand pounds; beams and masts, two hundred and sixty thousand pounds; pit-props, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; manufactured goods, flooring, door and window frames, mouldings, two hundred thousand pounds; wood-pulp, sixty-five thousand pounds. Besides all this, stone is exported for building purposes amounting to seventy thousand pounds, and even bricks, five thousand pounds. This latter is an unexpected item, as most countries are ready enough to make their own bricks. An immense order was lately given in Paris for seventy thousand metres of Swedish pine deals, in stated lengths, for the purposes of wooden pavements. The cost will be much less than if the wood was procured in France, as no agents are employed save one, an engineer, who has been sent to Sweden with full powers to select and purchase.

ENTREATIES.

If thou at any time shouldst want a friend,
To cheer thee in thy weary walk through life,
To speak for thee, or aid thee in distress,
And, in thy brightest moods, to laugh with thee,
To guard thee from the slanderous tongues of men,
To stand by thee, and all thy burdens share,
To soothe thee when, in strife to gain the end,
Thy heart breaks down in sorrow: Then bethink
Thyself of one whose strength is never spent
When in thy cause 'tis given, whose love for thee
Will bear forgetfulness, distrust, and scorn,
And, strong beyond all other changeful loves,
Will still be thine when earthly things are past.
O friend, so loved! I ask no more than this:
That it shall always be as it has been
With thee and me; that thou remember not
My weakness and mistrust, and only know
My love for thee shall last beyond all time.

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RECENT TREASURE-TROVE.

TREASURE-TROVE—or, in other words, concealed treasure that has been recovered—what romance lies in the name! One seems to hear instinctively the creak of sliding panel, or the chink of Jacobuses or spade-ace guineas in the secret drawer, as the long hidden treasure is at length revealed.

For the imaginative Eastern mind, the subject has ever possessed a limitless fascination. Is it not to their legends of hidden treasures, guarded by magician or jinni, that the *Arabian Nights* owe half their wondrous charm? Does the oriental to-day see in the Frank's excavation in desert city or ruined temple anything but a quest after buried gold? Has not the Irish peasant his stories of crocks of shining coin, guarded by the 'good folk?' Will not the Bavarian tell you of Barbarossa and his knights lying somewhere, no one knows where, in a cavern among the mountains among countless treasures? One might have thought, indeed, that in this prosaic latter end of the nineteenth century, so much of the old had been swept away to make room for the new, that the day of such finds was over. But though one cannot expect to hear more than once in a generation of such princely finds as the Cuerdale hoard in 1840, when nine or ten thousand coins, and how many bracelets and armlets and brooches no one will ever know, rolled out of a bank at the touch of a labourer's spade, yet still hidden treasures seem to be turning up as fast as ever they did. Let us see what treasure-trove has come to light during the last seven years.

In February 1880, a goodly copper flagon was turned up at Fortrose with more than a thousand silver coins in it, all of the reign of Robert III., between 1390 and 1406. They were mostly struck at Edinburgh, though some few bore the stamp of Perth and Aberdeen. Such finds, by the way, are the bugbear of the coin collector, who may give a long price for a coin of which perhaps only half-a-dozen examples are known, and before the year is out, the discovery of a couple of hundred exactly similar will reduce

the value of his coin to the tenth of the price he gave for it. For instance, the holders of coins of Elizabeth and James I. of the scarcer mint-marks would not precisely bless the finder of a hoard of coins of these reigns at Barton Old Hall in the same year.

Another important Scottish find took place before last year was out. A shepherd at Langhope, near Hawick, found in a sheep-drain a brown pot, partly uncovered by the scouring of the water, which proved full of silver coins and jewelry. At first, it seems the coins were disposed of by the pound-weight, and the jewelry was not long in vanishing; but some, at all events, of both coins and jewelry were secured for the national collection of antiquities at Edinburgh.

The year 1881 saw a crockful of pennies of the Teutonic Knights, some of the rarest of coins, ploughed up by a peasant at Rosenberg, in West Prussia, some thousands of coins of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, stamped with the arms of the various Grandmasters of the order. An instance of the kind of treasure-trove dear to the heart of the novelist, occurred in the same year in Kent. Twenty years ago, a labourer bought for a few shillings an old chest of drawers. After frequent repairs, they had gradually become past service, and were accordingly in process of being broken up for fuel; when, quite in the orthodox way, out roll from a secret drawer some score of gold coin of the reigns of William III. and the earlier Georges. The record does not proceed to say whether, after this last signal service, the old chest was spared the flames.

The year 1882 fully atoned for the comparative barrenness of 1881. In January, while some repairs were being carried out in the house of Mr Stevens of Broughton-Astley, Leicestershire, a leathern bag came to light containing between twenty and thirty crowns and shillings of Charles II., James II., and Queen Anne. In February, a hoard of silver bowls was turned up at Vufarfe, in Sweden, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, some of them with runic inscriptions; not to mention gold armlets, necklaces, rings, and

spoons. In July a big potful of late Roman coins was unearthed in some quarries near Yeovil, by a labourer of Montacute; and, as usual, the fortunate persons who were on the spot lost no time in buying a hatful or so. In the same month, a couple of lucky rustics hit upon two hundred and fifty coins of Queen Anne's reign in an old pot at Watford. But in December we hear of a find worthy of Eastern romance. In an old fourteenth-century house in the Rue Vieille de Temple, Paris, once occupied by the Marquis d'Effiat, were found in a copper jar seven thousand eight hundred and eighty-two gold pieces, worth fully four thousand pounds as simple bullion, and of some of the (numismatically speaking) rarest reigns of all French history. There were one thousand and ten of Jean le Bon (1350-1364), that same king who found London such an agreeable prison-house after turbulent Paris; six thousand one hundred and ninety-nine of Charles V.; and—most uncommon of all—five hundred odd of various feudal mints, one alone of them fetching sixty-six pounds at the sale in April 1883. How much the whole collection brought, cannot be learnt; but the lucky individual, who, by French law, is entitled to half the value of his find, must have blessed his stars that he ever demolished the venerable house.

That prodigious find of 1882 seems to have almost sterilised 1883 so far as treasure-trove is concerned. A workman, however, on the Earl of Darnley's estate at Cobham, Rochester, did bring to light a crock, or old clay pot, containing a number of Roman coins of the later emperors; and a tumulus at Taplow yielded up to the explorer the armlets and bracelets and brooches of gold and enamel with which once some old viking had been decked for the grave. But what were these by the side of the finds of the year before?

1884 was a fairly good year. In April, there was a find of silver coins in the bed of a stream near Portree, in the island of Skye—one of Elizabeth, one of Henry of Navarre, and divers Jacobuses. A peasant at Montcornet, near Laon, in France, turns up in the same month some twenty-five silver vessels of antique style. Then in July comes one of the funniest discoveries ever made—eight hundred and twenty-nine Anglo-Saxon coins at Rome—three of King Alfred, over two hundred of Edward the Confessor, and all but four hundred of Athelstane, which must have depressed both the minds and the market of holders of the Anglo-Saxon coinage, their especial holds being thereby depressed both in interest and value. Two months later, some three hundred silver coins of Queen Elizabeth and James I. are found in a mountain wall near Pontypridd, in Wales, doubtless a relic of the troublous times of the earlier Stuart reigns.

The year 1885 sees a large quantity—'nearly two hatfuls'—of the coins of Edward I. and King David of Scotland come upon by two men cutting a drain on the land of Mr Ferguson, Beaumont, Cumberland. In June of the same year, a vessel is found at Long Crendon, beneath the wall of an old stable, containing as many as eight hundred coins, mostly bearing the image and superscription of Queen Elizabeth, though a few were of the reigns of James I. and Charles I.—another *trouvaille* that carries us back to the days when neither Roundhead nor Cavalier was overscru-

pulous about possessing himself of a good bag of silver if it came in his way. Our old friend the spade guinea, one hundred and eighty strong, turns up, or rather is turned up by a ploughman at Walton, in a pot covered with a stone. In December of the same year, when an old building was being demolished at Svendborg, in Denmark, the workmen came upon a regal hoard. Ten bars of fine silver, three thousand seven hundred and seventy-four gold and silver coins, were a treasure-trove worth finding. It is curious to note that, as in the Cuerdale find, there had always been a tradition of hidden treasure connected with the house, and the owner, when selling it, had expressly reserved the right to all treasures found therein.

The year 1886 witnessed another great Scandinavian find, this time in the island of Gothland, now half forgotten, but in the palmy days of the Hanseatic League, one of the great entrepôts of the eastern trade of Europe. Over three thousand silver coins came to light, not to mention silver bracelets, and numbers of the small rods of fine silver in early days that were cut up and used in lieu of coin. Nearer home, in the King's Field at Faversham, were found, in March, a large number of old coins, with a quantity of gold and silver jewelry set with garnets; which looks as if the somewhat vague statement referred to Anglo-Saxon coins. And we may fitly end the catalogue with a discovery last April, rather out of the ordinary kind. At Park Street, a little village on the borders of Bedfordshire, a workman was engaged in splitting up some old beams from a demolished farmhouse, when, in the centre of one, he came across a cavity, out of which rolled more than a hundred bright gold coins. They proved to be nobles, angels, and half-angels of the reigns between Henry VI. and Henry VIII. It was evident that the cavity had been made for the purpose of hoarding money, and the opening had been so artfully concealed as to be undistinguishable from the surrounding timber.

It is an interesting, though perhaps a not very profitable reflection to think what numbers of treasure-hoards there must be still, almost within arms-reach, if only one knew where to look for them. The origin of these cases of hidden treasure is obvious enough. In times of war and tumult, when organised bands of plunderers were afoot, the only way to keep money safe was to hide it. A violent death, a plague, or a war, sent silent to the grave the one or two who possessed the secret; and their hoarded wealth remained to be lit upon by an after generation.

With the law relating to treasure-trove, we dealt in a recent paper (No. 161).

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN. CHAPTER VIII.—PAT-A-CAKE.

THE cottage inhabited by Mrs Cable with her grandchildren, and by Richard, her son, when ashore, was small, built of boards, painted white, with green windows, and a vivid green door. A good many houses in this part were of wood. When a wreck was broken up, the planks of the deck sold very cheap, were bought, and

solicit votes from the winkles, or to tally-ho after the crabs?'

'I—I don't like being chaffed,' answered the gentleman.—'I am glad to see you, dear Josephine, after your fortunate escape from the sea.'

'To-day is the last meet of the harriers,' said the girl. 'Why are you not with them? Cousin Gotham, are not you something like the crab and lobster, that assume their scarlet when their hunting days are over, and they are boiled and done for?'

'Your peril of life has not improved you,' complained Gabriel. 'You are very hard and unkind.'

'I!' laughed the girl. 'Not a bit; only I do not humbug you, like others. Now I must leave you.—What are you doing here, so far from home? I have come to thank my preserver and see his little ones, for whom I have brought some sweetmeats.'

'You came across the turf, I suppose?'

'Yes. Have I been trespassing? Will you prosecute me?'

Richard Cable had heard Josephine's voice and what she said. He stood upright, holding a pea-stick, and his face became of a warm colour. He hesitated whether to leave his work and go to the bank and speak to her over the hedge, or remain where he was, and wait till she came. Whilst he hesitated, he heard her calling him from behind the dike.

'Mr Cable! Have you a plank? I will come over to you this way, instead of going round by the street.'

'There is a bridge, miss, a little farther down.'

He threw down the stick, and walked along the brink of the ditch to the end, and opened a wicket-gate that closed the passage over a plank.

She tripped across and came through the gate. 'Where are the children?' she asked; then answered herself: 'Oh—there! sitting in the sun.—What yellow heads they all have, and blue eyes.—How many?—Seven, did you say? I see but six. Ah! one carries the baby. What a frightful burden a baby must be—like an imposition at school.'

'Did you ever, when a little child, go out a walk in spring and dig up a primrose, and carry it home in the lap of your pinafore?' asked Cable.

'I did not wear pinafores when I went out of doors.'

'Of your frock, then?'

'I daresay I may have done so.'

'It was a burden; but it was a delight. I have seven little roots of primroses in my arms, and I carry them gladly wherever I go, thinking nothing of their weight,' said Richard Cable. 'Love lightens burdens.'

'If ever I did dig up a flower, you may be sure I made the nurse carry it for me.'

'I will let no one carry mine for me,' he said, and caught up the baby and kissed it; then Mary, held her to his heart a moment and set her down again; then Susie, Effie, Jane, Martha, Lettice; and as he held up each, he named the child, only the baby he did not name—that was Bessie, called after his mother.—'Look here, Miss Cornelis; Bessie is wearing the socks I knitted when we were wrecked. I finished them before I got home.'

'I am not surprised at the children loving

you,' said Josephine. 'I should love any one who cared for me.'

'Have you no one to do that?'

She shook her head. 'My father—after his fashion; my aunt—after hers; neither, no one—after yours.'

He looked at her attentively. It seemed to him indeed a marvellous thing that this beautiful girl should have to complain of lack of love.

'Go on,' she said, 'with your gardening. I will not disturb you. Let me sit on the bank with the children and talk to them, and watch you, and I will sing to them a song and feed them with sweetmeats.'

Then, almost reluctantly, he returned to the planting of the pearods; and as he worked, he looked across, between the alder-sticks, at Josephine, who had taken a place on the sloping bank and thrown off her hat, as the shadow of the twinkling willows fell athwart the place she had selected. She took out a cornet from a small basket she carried, and the children instinctively gathered round her.

'It is a duty,' she said to herself—'a duty that must be gone through. I promised Cable to visit and play with his white mice.' Then, as she held up a candied elval plum, and the little creatures raised themselves towards it with wide eyes and open mouths, and their golden hair rolled back over their shoulders—'After all, the creatures are pretty, and perhaps less insupportable than most children are,' she said to herself.

She wore a light dress, with a crimson ribbon about her throat supporting a gold locket. There were crimson bows on her pretty dress, sprigged and spotted with rose. The red agreed with her dark hair and complexion.

Richard Cable continued to observe her as he worked. He was flattered and pleased that she took notice of his children and sat down among them to amuse them.

She sang to them. She had a rich, cultivated voice; she sang the same mermaid's air that she had sung in the stranded ship—the song from *Oberon*. Richard Cable could not understand the words, knew nothing of the origin of the song; but he recalled the melody at once—a lovely melody, lovely among all the beautiful creations of Weber. Josephine took little Bessie the baby in her arms, and swayed the child as she sang:

O wie wogt es sich schön auf der Fluth,
Wenn die müde Welle im Schlummer ruht.

Cable signed to Mary, who looked round to her father with a pleased face; and Mary started to her feet and ran to him when he beckoned.

'Bring me her hat; do not let her see,' whispered Cable.

Then the child rejoined the group, and presently returned with the straw hat of Josephine.

Richard had stooped to the border of red double daisies and gathered some, and these he now thrust under the red ribbon that girded the white straw. Then he resumed his work; and when Josephine had ceased, she heard a whistle, soft and sweet, repeating from among the peasticks the air of the mermaid's song.

'Hark, hark!' exclaimed Josephine, laughing;

'do you hear the nightingale? It has caught my air.'

'No!' said little Effic. 'It is dada whistling.'

'He knows that tune,' said Mary. 'He has whistled it since he came home to us.'

Richard Cable had not known it before he heard the girl sing it on the stranded lightship; after that, he could not shake it out of his head. Why did not Cable leave his work and go up to the girl and speak to her? Was his work of so great importance that it could not be neglected for a few minutes? Was his time so precious that he could devote none of it to her? No; he was afraid of her. He was indeed attracted by her; but the attraction she exercised on him alarmed him. He had thought a good deal about her since he had returned home; as the tune of the mermaid's song hung about his memory, so did her face, so did the words she had said, the intonation of her voice, the movements of her graceful figure. All the time that she sang and played with his children, he was aware of a power exerted to draw him to her through the barrier he built up between of peasticks. Nevertheless, he would not yield to the force, because he had an instinctive consciousness that it was harmful to him, would disturb his peace of mind, and trouble his relations to his children. She, also, as she sat with the children, wanted him to leave his gardening and come to her. She was drawn to him by his simplicity, his sympathy, gentleness, and truth—qualities she did not meet with in her own home, and which possessed a strange fascination for her. She had told him to continue his work, but was vexed that he had taken her at her word.

Then she called out: 'Come here, Mr Cable! I must show you something.'

He could not refuse; he came slowly towards her, shyly, with his cap off, and the sun on his curling hair.

'See!' she exclaimed gleefully; 'I have taught your baby something. It can even now enjoy Pat-a-cake Baker's man. You told me on the ship that it had not reached that pitch of education; I have carried her over the Rubicon.'

Cable smiled as he saw Josephine repeat the infantile verses whilst she struck the baby's little palms. As the group was intent on the play, they heard a cough; and Josephine looking round was surprised to see her father in the garden. She coloured, rose up, and gave the baby to Mary.

'I have come to see you, Mr Cable,' said Cornellis. 'I little supposed that I should find my daughter here. She ought to be at home; it is her practising hour on the piano; but her late escapade has unhinged her: she neither recognises what she ought to do, nor is aware where she ought not to go.'

'How did you come here, papa?' asked Josephine, not at all abashed.

'I came by the door of the house. Mrs Cable told me I should find her son in the garden; she did not tell me I would find you here.'

'She did not know. I came over the dike.'

'It is indifferent to me how you came; I shall take good care to see you back,' he said coldly. 'I am here to speak not to you, but

to Mr Cable.' He turned to Richard, who looked at him with a puzzled expression.

'You were good enough to save Miss Cornellis from drowning,' said the gentleman stiffly, with a cold face. 'I have felt it my duty to come here to offer you a small gratuity—acknowledgment, I mean, for your services. I cannot in conscience allow your act to pass unrewarded.'

Cable became very red.

Josephine looked sharply at him.

'I expect no acknowledgment,' said the sailor curtly.

'You may not expect it; but that will not prevent your accepting it—a ten-pound note.'

Cable put his hand behind him. 'I will receive nothing, sir,' he said. 'What I did for Miss Josephine was my duty. I would do it for any one. I refuse an acknowledgment. I am paid already, over and over, by Miss Josephine's visit to-day.'

'That is right,' said Josephine, with a flash out of her brown eyes. 'I knew you would refuse.'

'Of course I do. I would do anything in the world for you, if you were in any danger, in any trouble; you know that, I hope?'

'I am sure of it,' said the girl.

Cable was agitated, partly with anger at the proposal of the father, partly with exultation at the daughter's recognition of his readiness to serve her unrewarded.

'Papa,' said Josephine, with a wicked light in her eyes and her lips twitching maliciously, 'if you are really grateful to Dicky Cable and wish to please him, not humiliate him, shall I tell you what to do?'

'What?' he asked, frowning.

'Play Pat-a-cake with the baby.' She stooped, caught up little Bessie, gave her a kiss, and held the child towards her father.

Mr Cornellis turned sharply away. 'How can you be so inconsiderate, so foolish, Josephine! Come home instantly with me.'

From behind the sloe hedge sounded a cackling laugh; but though Cornellis heard it, he gave it no heed.

As he left the cottage with Josephine, he turned to her with an ugly expression on his mouth, and said: 'You are a fool. Do you not know what you are exposing yourself to? Do you not think that people will talk?'

'Talk—talk about what?'

'I say you are a fool. I've heard sneers already—about you and that lout.'

'What lout?'

'Richard Cable.'

'Dicky?—I'm sure I do not care.'

RHYMES ON PANES.

IN a variety of places, but more especially in old village inns, reflections in verse, good, bad, and indifferent, have been found scratched upon window-panes. We have carefully copied the best examples which have come under our notice, and present a batch herewith, believing that they may entertain our readers.

A genial old Yorkshire parson appears, at the commencement of the present century, to have been greatly pleased with an inn situated between

Northallerton and Boroughbridge, for he visited it daily to enjoy his pipe and glass. On one of its window-panes he inscribed some lines, of which the following is a literal copy :

Here in my wicker chair I sitt,
From folly far, and far from witt,
Content to live, devoid of care,
With country folks and country fare ;
To listen to my landlord's tale,
And drink his health in Yorkshire ale ;
Then smook and read the *York Courant* ;
I'm happy, and 'tis all I want.
Though few my thythes, and light my purse,
I thank my God it is no worse.

Here is another Yorkshire example, written towards the close of the last century ; it is from an old wayside inn near Harewood-bridge, on the Leeds and Harrogate road :

Gaily I lived, as Fate and Nature taught,
And passed my little Life without a thought ;
I wonder, then, why Death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

Under the foregoing, the following was written :

Ah ! why forget that Death should think of thee ;
If thou art Mortal, such must surely be ;
Then rouse up reason, view thy hast'ning end,
And lose no time to make God thy Friend.

In the old coaching-days, the Dog and Doublet, at Sandon, Staffordshire, was a popular house. A guest wrote on one of its window-panes the following recommendation :

Most travellers to whom these roads are known,
Would rather stay at Sandon than at Stone !
Good chaises, horses, treatment, and good wines,
They always meet with at James Ballantine's.

A penniless poet wrote on a tavern window-pane the lines :

O Chalk ! to me, and to the poor, a friend,
On Thee my life and happiness depend ;
On Thee with joy, with gratitude I think,
For, by thy bounty, I both eat and drink.

'Chalk' is a slang word for credit. Innkeepers kept their accounts on the back of a door, written with chalk.

The following epigram was written under a pane disfigured with autographs :

Should you ever chance to see
A man's name writ on a glass,
Be sure he owns a diamond,
And his parent owns an ass.

On the accession of Her Majesty, this *jeu d'esprit* was inscribed on an inn window :

The Queen's with us, the Whigs exulting say ;
For when she found us in, she let us stay.
It may be so ; but give me leave to doubt
How long she'll keep you when she finds you out.

The following lines, dated 1793, were written on a window-pane at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, Spa, Belgium :

I love but one, and only one.
Ah, Damon, thou art he !
Love thou but one, and only one,
And let that one be me !

Early in the present century, it was customary for the actors to write their names on the panes in one of the windows of the York Theatre.

On the glass of the same window were found inscribed these lines :

The rich man's name embellished stands on brass ;
The player simply scribbles his on glass,
Appropriate tablet to the wayward fate—
A brittle, shining, evanescent state :
The fragile glass destroyed—farewell the name ;
The actor's glass consumed—farewell his fame.

Our next example, dated 1834, from Purwell Hall, Batley, Yorkshire, was composed by a Miss Taylor. It is generally believed that her heart was won by a lover who did not meet with the approbation of her friends, and that they made her prisoner in one of the rooms of the old Hall, and there, on a pane of glass, were written the lines which follow :

Come, gentle Muse, wont to divert
Corroding cares from anxious heart ;
Adjust me now to bear the smart
Of a relenting angry heart.
What though no being I have on earth,
Though near the place that gave me birth,
And kindred less regard do pay
Than thy acquaintance of to-day ;
Know what the best of men declare,
That they on earth but strangers are :
Nor matter it a few years hence
How fortune did to thee dispense,
If—in a palace thou hast dwelt,
Or—in a cell of penury felt—
Ruled as a prince—served as a slave,
Six feet of earth is all thou'lt have.
Hence give my thoughts a nobler theme,
Since all the world is but a dream
Of short endurance.

Robert Burns wrote several poetical pieces on tavern windows. On a pane of glass at the Queensberry Arms, Sanquhar, he inscribed the following :

Ye gods ! ye gave to me a wife
Out of your grace and favour,
To be a comfort to my life ;
And I was glad to have her.
But if your providence divine
For other ends design her,
To obey your will at any time,
I'm ready to resign her.

A second piece reads as under :

Envy, if thy jaundice eye
Through this window chance to pry,
To thy sorrow, thou wilt find
All that's generous, all that's kind :
Virtue, friendship, every grace
Dwelling in this happy place.

Burns's lines written on the window-panes of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, have frequently been quoted. The following inscription refers to the charms of the daughter of the factor of Closeburn estate, when the poet resided at Ellisland :

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's not a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.

In some editions of the poet's works, the following verse is given, and it is stated to have been copied from a window of the same tavern :

The grayboard, Old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures ;
Grant me with gay Folly to live ;
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures ;
But Folly has raptures to give.

An interesting relic passed into the hands of an admirer of Burns, on which the following was written :

Hers are the willing charms of love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law,
But still my Chloris' dearest charms,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Preserved with the foregoing is the following statement: 'The above manuscript, from the hand of the immortal Burns, written on a pane of glass on one of the windows of the Globe Inn, Dumfries, is presented by John Thomson, writer, of Lockerbie, to Mr John Spiers, Glasgow, in token of friendship and regard, 15th September 1824.'

Such are a few of the many rhymes scratched upon glass. Some of the panes on which they were inscribed may now be broken, and this may be the only means of preserving them.

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. III.—THE DETECTIVE.

As Ernest's legal adviser, I should, of course, have no difficulty in obtaining access to him; but after due consideration, I determined that before seeing him, I would seek an interview with the detective who had searched out the evidence against him, so that I might be prepared to question him on every point that required explaining. I should then be in a position to prepare his defence, and to hunt out such witnesses as I should deem necessary to support his statements. Accordingly, immediately after breakfast on the following morning, I departed for London. On arriving, I lost no time in repairing to Scotland Yard and inquiring for Sergeant Mellish, who happened, fortunately, to be in the office; but having some other important business in hand, he was unable to give me all the information I required then. He, however, promised to call at my chambers in the evening, bring his notebook, and enter fully into the subject. With this promise I was forced to be content; and I passed the intervening time in consulting such books as I possessed relating to the law of evidence in respect to murder, my studies having been hitherto devoted more to civil than to criminal practice.

Punctual to the hour he had named, Sergeant Mellish appeared. He was a type of his class: tall, broad-shouldered, middle-aged, keen-eyed, upright and soldierly in his bearing—as unmistakably a police officer as if he had worn his uniform. After mixing himself a glass of grog, he took his notebook from the breast-pocket of his coat, and commenced the relation of how, step by step, he had traced Ernest's movements and acts from the date of his uncle's visit to London to the time when he arrested him for that murder. Before, however, I relate what this evidence was, it becomes necessary, in order that the reader may thoroughly understand

it, that I should describe, more minutely than I have as yet done, the vicarage and the surrounding country.

I have already stated that Bushford Railway Station was about a mile from the town. It was situated in a byroad, a few hundred yards from the main thoroughfare, on entering which, you turned sharply to the right, in the direction of London; and following it for nearly a mile, almost parallel with the railway, but bearing slightly away from it to the left, you came to the town of Bushford, the ground rising gradually all the way. The main road formed the principal street of the town, which extended about half a mile along it. At the extreme end of the High Street—the London end—there was a cross-road. Turning up this road to the left for a quarter of a mile or so, and still ascending the hill, after passing a few scattered cottages you reached the church, which was on the right. Just beyond the church, on the same side of the road, was the vicarage, which, like the church, stood back, and was encompassed by a tolerably extensive garden. This garden was separated from the churchyard by a hedge, in which there was a gate, with a gravelled path leading from the vicarage to the church. Near the corner of the churchyard, where it joined the vicarage garden—at the back, farthest from the road—another gate led to a footpath across the fields. Following this path for about a mile, the ground dipping more abruptly than on either of the other sides of the hill, you reached a small rivulet, over which was a rustic bridge; and half a mile beyond—again ascending a little—you came to a stile, that brought the footpath to a termination in the main London road. Four miles farther along the road was Camelton Junction Station, the total distance of which from Bushford Vicarage, by the way I have been describing, being as nearly as possible six miles. At Camelton Junction, on the right coming from London, a branch line left the main one. On that line was a station called Briarly, which could be reached from Bushford by pursuing the road that passed the front of the church and vicarage, the distance from the latter being a few yards over four miles.

The vicarage, though far from modern, was a commodious building, having a great many rooms. There was but one floor above the ground-floor, and no basement. It is unnecessary to describe any of the rooms, with the exception of one; this was my uncle's library and study. It was one of the largest in the house, running through from front to rear, at the extreme end of the building next the church, and having two windows, one in the front, and the other at the back, the latter being a French casement, opening into the garden. The fireplace was in the centre of the side next the church; and the door was almost opposite to it—a trifle nearer to the back than the front. The walls were covered with book-shelves; and in the centre of the room was a large table, at which my uncle was accustomed to sit reading or writing every night for an hour or two after the rest of the house had retired to rest. It was in this room that his interview with Ernest had taken place,

and it was in this room that he was found murdered.

I now proceed to give Sergeant Mellish's narrative in his own words. He seemed to have brought his notebook more for the sake of having it in readiness for the verification of his statement in case of necessity, than from any real need he had of it, for he did not once refer to it.

'With your permission, sir,' he commenced, 'I will go through the case from the beginning exactly as I worked it out. You, as a lawyer, will find no difficulty in putting the bits together and seeing how they fit into one another.' Having paid this little compliment to my legal acumen, he took another sip of his grog, and went on: 'It was on the 18th of September, at eleven o'clock in the morning, that a telegraphic message came to our headquarters, asking that one of our best men should be sent at once to Bushford Vicarage to investigate a case of murder that had taken place there some time in the previous night, and which the local police could make nothing of. I happened to be in the office at the time, and the job was put into my hands.

'When I arrived at the vicarage about two hours afterwards, the local constable was there waiting to tell me all he had discovered and to offer me his help. Now, as all he had discovered was some footprints in the garden, and as I didn't want his help—I prefer to work alone, sir—I soon packed him off. There was a legal gentleman there too—a Mr Patnor. I should have liked to have got rid of him too, after asking him one or two questions; but as there were only the two young ladies in the house besides the servants, and as he was one of the deceased's executors, I couldn't very well do that. Well, the first thing I do is to have a look at the room where the deed was done.—I suppose you know the room well, sir?'

'Perfectly.'

'Then, there ain't no call for me to describe it. Well, sir, the body had been removed upstairs, so I sent for the young woman who discovered it to tell me exactly in what position she found it. Well, it seems she goes into the room almost as soon as she came down-stairs in the morning, to open the shutters and put the place to rights, and is astonished to find that the back shutters are open. At first, she thinks the old gentleman must have forgot to shut them. "How's that?" says I. "Was the old gentleman in the habit of shutting the shutters himself?"—"Yes," she says, "the back shutters in this room—leastways, in the summer-time; because he liked to have the window open while he was writing, after everybody else was gone to bed."—"And did you find the window open, as well as the shutters?" I asks.—"It was shut," she says; "but it wasn't fastened."—You see, sir, the table being a little behind the door, and the front shutters being shut, she noticed the back ones were open, before she noticed anything else.'

'Exactly,' I remarked; 'she naturally would do so.'

'Well, sir,' Sergeant Mellish resumed, 'as the young woman turns to open the front shutters, she sees her master sitting in the easy-chair, with his head resting on the top of the back.

The back of the chair being towards the light, she doesn't perceive the truth at first, but fancies he must be asleep or in a fit. However, when she goes up to him, she sees a streak of blood all down the front of his shirt, and a great pool of it on the floor. His waistcoat was unbuttoned, and his coat thrown back. Well, of course, being a woman, she screams and alarms the house. The other young women came rushing in; and immediately afterwards the housekeeper and the two young ladies. One of them—the fair one—faints at once; the other turns awfully pale, and seems about to do the same; but she pulls herself together, and sends off for the doctor and the police. Some of this I learn from the housekeeper while sitting at lunch. She seems to have kept her head pretty well. When the doctor comes, he sees at once that he's of no use: the old gentleman had been dead many hours, and was quite cold. I saw the doctor during the day, and he told me that the deed must have been done with a long, thin, and very sharp instrument. It had gone deep down into the old gentleman's chest, and he couldn't have lived many minutes after the blow was given.'

'My poor old uncle!'

'Ah! sir, it's very sad; but we're all mortal!'

Having given utterance to this original remark, Sergeant Mellish took another drink, and proceeded. 'The next thing I inquired was if any weapon had been found near the body. But, no, nothing of the sort; so that did away with all possibility of its being suicide.'

'My uncle was not a man to commit suicide.'

'Perhaps not, sir; but, you see, I didn't know that. And besides, it very often happens that them that seem most unlikely to do it, are the very ones that *do* do it. However, to get on. Suicide not being on the cards, it must have been murder; and the next question to be settled was: Who did it? I asked if any property was missing. "No," says the housekeeper—"nothing at all." So the theory of burglars was soon disposed of. Then, you see, sir, as it wasn't done for robbery, it must have been done for revenge, or else for the sake of getting the old gentleman out of the way.

'I next made inquiries as to what relations the old gentleman had; and was told all about yourself, sir, and your mother—who, by-the-bye, soon after arrived at the vicarage—and Mr Carlton. Well, sir, you being at sea, couldn't possibly have done it, unless by deputy. Then I come to Mr Carlton. "What is he?" I asks.—"He's studying for a doctor," says the housekeeper.—"Oh!" says I to myself, "a medical student, eh! Wild young gents, most of 'em. This looks more promising.—What sort of a young gentleman is he?" I inquired of the housekeeper.—"As nice a young gentleman as ever was," she answers, "only a bit passionate."—"Oh!" thinks I, "passionate, eh!" Then, sir, I gradually got out of her that he had been there the previous morning—that he was heard by the old gardener having a sort of quarrel with his uncle—that he went away without having any refreshment, and almost without speaking to his sister and cousin—and that, when he went, he was heard to say: "It will be a long time before I set foot in this house again." I'd finished

my lunch by this time, so I jumps up, and says: "Now for the footprints."—Now, while I was examining the marks, up comes the old gardener. A queer old fish that, sir."

"Luke has been a good and conscientious servant to my uncle, and my uncle's father before him, nearly all his life."

"No doubt, sir; but a queer old fish for all that. Anyhow, I take the opportunity of asking him what he heard of the row between the late vicar and Mr Carlton. Well, sir, all I could get out of him was, that he was at work near the window, and heard them talking loud; but the only words he caught were, "my will." This, you see, sir, gave me a clue to the motive for the deed. The old gentleman was evidently threatening to alter his will, in consequence of something that Mr Carlton had done.—Well, as to the footprints. You see, the weather had been very fine for some time past; but in the afternoon and evening of that day—I mean the day of the murder—there had been some heavy rain, so that the ground was just in the best condition for taking the impressions, and there were no previous ones to interfere with them. They were therefore quite clear and sharp, and were evidently made by the boots of a gentleman—not swell boots, but such as would be worn by a gentleman who walked much—broad toes and good stout soles; and I soon found out that Mr Carlton had from a boy been fond of walking. Well, I traced these foot-steps from the gate in the road leading to the church, along the path in the churchyard, and through the other gate into the garden and up to the window of the library. There were also marks of muddy boots in the room. Then I traced them back again into the churchyard, and on to the gate opening into the fields at the back. "Where does that path lead to?" I asks.—"Into the London road," answers the gardener.—"How far to the road?" I says.—"Over a mile and a half," he replied.—"Very good," I says to myself; "that'll do here for the present." So I measures the footprints and draws a copy of them as well as I could, and then starts off back to the station in the cab, which I'd kept waiting.

"You see, sir, my reason for going back to the station was that I'd got an idea into my head that Mr Carlton, instead of going back to London, had hung about the neighbourhood till night. But I was wrong; for the station-master, who knew him well, told me that he saw him get into the train, which was one that did not stop for nearly twenty miles; and besides this, he was quite sure that he had not returned in the evening."

"Then, how could he have committed the murder?"

"Wait a minute, sir," replied the sergeant. "You see, there are other stations besides Bushford he might have come to—in fact, it was more probable he would come to one where he was not so well known. I soon ascertained the position and distance of the two most likely ones—Camelton and Briarly. I determined to try Briarly first, because it was nearer; so off I go in the cab again. I got out of the cab before I came to the station, and strolled on to the platform in a promiscuous way, and began inquiring about the trains and one thing and another; and, after a bit, I found out that Mr Carlton had arrived

there, from London by the last train which stopped there, a little after ten o'clock. There was no mistake about it, for the porter I was speaking to knew him by sight. Now, the next thing to be considered was—Could he have got back to town that night? There was no train up from Briarly, and he had not been seen at Bushford; besides, the last train stopped there at eleven o'clock, so there was not time for him to catch it. But the up-mail stopped at Camelton Junction at ten minutes past twelve. I drove back to the vicarage, and sent the cab on to wait for me where the footpath joins the main road on the way to Camelton; for I meant to walk across the fields myself, to see whether I could find a continuation of the footprints. First of all, I inquired at the vicarage if Mr Carlton had arrived.—Did I mention that he had been telegraphed for in the morning?"

"No; you did not."

"Well, he had, and his not coming, of itself looked rather suspicious."

"He might have been at the hospital," I said; "and the telegraphic message was probably sent to his lodging."

"Of course, that was just possible. Anyhow, nothing had been heard of him at the vicarage. Well, off I set across the fields; and there, sure enough, were the footprints. I didn't stop to trace them all the way step by step, but I caught sight of them here and there till I came to the road, where they were lost among others. The cab was waiting for me, and on I went to Camelton. Here I dismissed the cab, for I considered I had quite enough evidence now to warrant me in arresting Mr Carlton on suspicion. As I had half an hour to wait for a train, I employed the time in asking a few questions. "Do you have many passengers by the up-night mail?" I inquired of a porter.—"Very seldom have any at all from here," he answered. "We hadn't one for a week till last night."—"Did you have any last night, then?" says I.—"One gentleman," says he.—"Did you know him?" I said.—"No, sir," he replies. "I'm a stranger here—only just been put on."—"Perhaps some of your mates knew him?" I suggested.—"There was only one on duty besides myself, and he's a fresh hand too."—"What was the passenger like?" I says.—"I only noticed that he was a good-looking young gentleman," he answers.—"And was he going through to London?"—"Must have been," he says, "for the mail don't stop till it stops at the ticket platform."

"Well, sir," continued the sergeant, "the train came up, and I was back in London by seven o'clock."

"You certainly did not waste any time."

"Not I, sir. It doesn't do to waste time in a job of that sort," said the sergeant, evidently feeling much flattered. "But I hadn't done my day's work yet. I gave in my report at the office; and the superintendent agreed with me that Mr Ernest Carlton had better be arrested at once—that is, if we could find him—so I takes a constable in uniform with me and sets off to his lodgings. Well, sir, he *was* at home, and didn't look much surprised when I told him my business, but surrendered himself at once. Of course I gave him the usual caution, that whatever he said might be used against him, and he replied

that it was quite unnecessary, for he did not intend to say anything, except that he was not guilty.—Well, sir, the next thing I did was to search his rooms.'

'And did you find anything against him?'

'I should think I did, sir. First of all, there was a coat with bloodstains on one of the sleeves; then there was a pair of muddy boots, exactly like the footprints at Bushford; and lastly, there was a case of surgical instruments, and amongst them a long, thin, sharp knife—just such a one as would have done the deed.'

'Was there any blood on the knife?'

'No, sir. I am bound to say there was not. But then, you see, an instrument like that is very easily cleaned.—Well, before taking the prisoner away, I questioned the landlady. She told me that he came home in the afternoon and went out again in the evening. At eleven o'clock he had not returned; but she went to bed, as he was frequently out late and had a latchkey. She heard him come in, but didn't know what time it was, as she had been asleep.'

'The evidence is certainly strong.'

'Strong!' exclaimed Sergeant Mellish; 'I should think it is.—But I haven't done yet. I had the prisoner up at Bow Street next morning, and got him remanded. Then I set to work again. I soon found out what sort of a game he had been carrying on—billiard-playing, card-playing, betting on horses—and of course losing at all of them. Then, you see, sir, all this generally leads to drinking and other things; and it did so in his case. He had told one of his fellow-students about three weeks before, that his uncle the vicar had been to see him—having somehow heard of his goings-on—and threatened to cut him out of his will if he didn't reform at once. He having promised faithfully to do so, the old gentleman had given him money to pay his debts. Well, he kept all right for a little while; but not for long, for one night he was persuaded to take a hand at cards, and lost the money he had reserved to meet a bill that he had accepted, which would become due in a day or two. There was nothing for it but to go down to Bushford and confess to his uncle that he had broken his promise. This he did on the day of the murder. His fellow-student didn't see him when he came back, so couldn't tell me whether he got the money out of the old gentleman or not; but of course he didn't, for only about thirty shillings was found on him at his lodgings. The bill, however, I discovered, had been paid by a cheque sent by the vicar direct to the money-lender who held it.—Well, I think this is about all, sir; and I think you'll say—enough too.'

'The case undoubtedly looks black at present; but you must remember that Mr Carlton has reserved his defence.'

'Exactly so, sir. He has positively refused to give any explanations whatever.'

'Well, I have no doubt,' I responded, 'that he will give such explanations to me as will enable me to clear him from all suspicion.'

Sergeant Mellish smiled dubiously as he said: 'Well, I hope he may, sir.'

'Did you attempt to find a clue in any other direction?'

'Lord bless you, sir, no. What was the good,

when the case was so clear against Mr Carlton? Between you and me, he hasn't the ghost of a chance; and if you're going to conduct his defence, I'm sorry you haven't a better prospect of succeeding.'

'At all events, I shall do my best.'

'That I'm sure you will, sir, and I wish you luck.' And with that, he bade me a respectful good-night.

I sat for hours thinking over what he had told me, and trying to find a way through the labyrinth which environed Ernest; but the more I thought, the blacker seemed the clouds that hovered over him; and when at last I retired to rest, they were still unpierced by any ray of light.

PERSIAN ASTROLOGERS AND DIVINERS.

PROBABLY Zadkiel was the last real astrologer in England whose predictions were regarded as serious by a few enthusiastic believers; certainly that retired naval officer had one of the needful qualifications of a prophet—he believed in himself. In Persia, the *monajem*, or astrologer, is a power. An astrologer is a man of science, a member of a recognised learned profession. It is his duty and privilege to 'rule the stars,' to predict the fate of men and nations, to cast horoscopes, to be consulted by rich and poor on every action of importance. The chief astrologer (the *monajem bashi*) is a high court official whose judgment is final, from whose ruling there is no appeal. And in a nation whose ancestors worshipped the sun and the hosts of heaven, it is not surprising that the astrologers, the last shadowy remnant of the old magi, should be accredited with the possession of occult knowledge.

Like most of the professions in Persia, the knowledge, real or pretended, of the astrologer is handed down generally from father to son. The *monajem* does not look on himself as a charlatan; he is quite serious as he predicts that the Asylum of the Universe must not start on a hunting expedition on Thursday, but that half an hour after midnight on Saturday will be the 'fortunate hour.' He will give you chapter and verse for his reasons. 'Saturn is in the ascendant' in the one case; while on Saturday night at the precise time mentioned there is a happy conjunction of Mars and Venus. Nor is this simple nonsense; for if you ask the question of any of these modern magi, the answer will be the same: these learned doctors never differ, though they may miscalculate. Every hour of the day, every day in the year, is worked out as fortunate, indifferent, or unlucky, in their manuscript ephemera, their Eastern Books of Fate. Their stock-in-trade other than their calendars is a plumb-line, a level, a watch, a celestial sphere, and an astrolabe. These astrolabes are of the form of a gigantic watch, and are often beautifully made. Every large town contains at least two astrologers; and these men do not starve, for they can always afford a long dark cloak of finest broadcloth, without which a Persian astrologer would be incomplete. This long cloak—a portion of the court costume of Persia—is *de rigueur*; without it, like a lord chancellor without his wig, the astrologer would be but a man,

and would cease to inspire respect and awe. Nor is the astrologer without his uses. Is a provincial governor ordered to the capital, and reluctant to leave his satrapy? What more powerful reply can he make to urgent telegrams demanding his presence in Teheran, than that he is waiting for a fortunate hour? The astrologer, his palm well 'crossed'—as the gypsies say—fails to find one. Meanwhile, the governor's emissary or agent at the court of the Asylum of the Universe administers the needful bribes; the storm blows over, and the fortunate governor receives a dress of honour. This dress of honour, or *kalaat*, is publicly donned: the governor rides out at a fortunate hour (the astrologer has no difficulty this time) to meet the royal gift, and to put it on in the presence of all the grandees of the province; and the townspeople, who close their shops, attend the ceremony, and at dusk illuminate the bazaars, by order.

Not so very long ago, astrologers were of importance at the English court. James I., Charles I., and Cromwell each consulted them. Dr Napier, astrologer and physician, predicted many things, among others the date of his own death. He died only in 1634, 'his knees horny with frequent praying.' The diary of 'this most renowned physician both of body and soul,' together with his portrait, are still preserved in the Ashmolean Museum. Still later, Lilly—the Sidrophel of *Hudibras*—in his almanac for 1666 predicted the great fire of London. He was the last of the great astrologers of England. Finding astrology no longer the fortune it was, he took out a license, became a physician, and died universally respected in 1681. Probably astrologers in Persia will soon go out of vogue, for the Persian civilisation is about two centuries behind the Western idea.

Omens, *fals*, and *istikhara*, or the decision by lot, are universal in Persia. The most common form of *istikhara*, or 'tossing-up,' is done with the ordinary rosary which is carried by every Musulman. A bead is grasped haphazard: 'Good, Bad, Indifferent,' is ejaculated at each bead till the big terminal one is reached; that decides the question. In common conversation, the Persians continually answer according to the indication given by the rosary—that is to say, they lie or tell the truth according to this peculiar manifestation of the will of heaven. A merchant makes or refuses a bargain under this guidance. Nor will any serious act of life be done without invoking the fates. Shall he go a journey? An omen. Shall he call in a doctor? An omen. What doctor? An omen. Shall he go to law? An omen. While gambling—constant omens. Shall he marry his son or daughter? An omen. To whom? An omen. Shall he divorce his wife, or wed another? An omen. Child-like, the Persian often tries again, and when much perplexed by contradictory results, he consults the astrologer or goes to a diviner. Not, however, till he has tried the *sortes Hafizianæ* by inserting a knife into the leaves of the divine poet of Shiraz; or perhaps he consults in the same manner the poet Saadi, or even the Koran.

The diviner is a charlatan pure and simple, but he is useful, very useful. By trading on the fears of the common people, the diviner, or *rammâl*, often will recover stolen property. He

will heap up a mound of earth and make an incantation over it, announcing that the stolen article will be found in the heap next day. The property returns, for the *rammâl* has informed the servants that in case of failure, the thief will surely burst, or turn blue for life. Or ranging the suspects in a row, he causes them to chew rice. The guilty man, his mouth dry with fear, cannot pulverise the grain; the *rammâl* pounces on him at once. Or he will place a pot, supposed to be empty, in a dark room. The suspects are told to enter one by one and dip their hands in. All are stained—for the pot contains dye—save one man, the culprit. Or all are shut in a dark empty room, and a bit of reed is given to each. The *rammâl*, with much ceremony and prayer, informs his victims that the reed of the guilty man will grow. Of course the criminal bites or shortens his reed, and is thus detected.

The writer got back a silver pipe-head thus. He sent for the *rammâl*, to the great indignation and disgust of the servants. No results. Strange to say, in the night the prophet Mohammed appeared in a dream to one of them and indicated the whereabouts of the lost pipe-head. The man smilingly communicated his dream, and asked permission to make a search. He found the pipe-head of course. He was the thief: the *rammâl* had frightened him.

Jadû is the preparation of a charm against a person. The professors of *jadû* are generally old women, negresses or Jewesses by preference. The usual way is to frighten the victim. A brick or flat tile is placed in the obnoxious person's room; a rude diagram in chalk or charcoal is scrawled upon it at the corners; and in the middle are placed small tufts of cotton wool saturated with naphtha or oil: these are lighted, and the victim fades away or dies, usually from fear. Often the *jadû* is merely the blind for the deliberate administration of poison. Love-potions, philters, and their like are common. The constituents of these are generally very abominable, as are most native prescriptions. The wife of a European once, out of curiosity and to please a Persian lady, took a prescription from a native doctor; his fee was only one-and-sixpence. The medicine, however, was expensive and bulky—it cost two pounds, and was a gallon and a half in bulk. It was to be taken internally. Before taking it, the prescription was fortunately translated. There were forty ingredients! The lady threw away that valuable remedy.

A CHANCE MEETING.

JOHN CHALLONER was feeling utterly miserable. He was a brown-bearded, sturdy-looking man, with every outward appearance of health and prosperity; but as he sat there in the corner of the railway carriage, with his hands thrust deeply into the capacious pockets of his fur-lined coat, and with his travelling cap pulled low over his eyes, I doubt if there were so wretched a man in the whole of that London express.

There was a terrible storm on, for it was the Christmas eve of '78, and destined to be a memorable night in the annals of the weather almanacs; but as he sat there watching the snow being

hurled in compact masses against the windows, John Challoner felt a certain grim satisfaction that nature should be in accordance with his own tempestuous thoughts. He was not very sure of their present whereabouts, but as far as he could judge, the train was already some hours late, and was progressing at a very slow rate indeed. Well, what did it matter, after all, whether or not he were home in time for the Christmas Day? The big dreary house, that a girl's young presence had seemed to flood with sunshine, would appear even bigger and drearier, now that that girl had left it for ever. There would be Sarah, of course, the silent elder sister, who had watched over John's motherless boyhood, and who loved him with so jealous a devotion; but then—Sarah wasn't Madge, and it was Madge he wanted. Not that he would have admitted as much for a moment; that would have been too ridiculous, when it was only last night, after a somewhat prolonged visit to the Scottish metropolis, that he had been talking to a lawyer in Edinburgh, and giving him instructions about the drawing up of the paper which was to separate the husband and wife. John was to go his way, and Madge was to go hers. And this was the end of those four years of married life which had opened so brightly and well; this was the end of that first tiny quarrel, when Challoner had forgotten the promise to take his girl-wife to an especial dance, and had spent the evening amongst the books which had been the sole companions of his hitherto solitary life. Whose actual fault was it that things had come to this pass? In what had the trouble consisted, that there had been such jarring in the home that they had ultimately decided to live their lives apart?

The train went slower and slower; the freshly fallen snow lay in high banks on either side; but John Challoner's thoughts never wandered from the old sore subject. One by one he recalled the various landmarks of those four years. How bitterly Sarah had resented the advent of the young bride; how impossible he had found it to live a society life with Madge and yet get through the necessary literary work which meant his livelihood; how eagerly his young cousin, Charlie Thorne, had volunteered to take her to dances and so on in his stead. Then he recalled their little daughter's birth, and the glad hopes that had sprung into life as he took his tiny Christmas rose in his stalwart arms and tried to trace the mother-look in the baby features. But the baby had only lived to see her second birthday, and with her death 'the rift within the lute' had slowly widened, and the faint music which still had echoed in their daily lives was turned into jangling discord. 'Madge was fonder of young Thorne than of John himself,' Sarah had averred; and the poor fellow had been forced to acquiesce, when barely had the dead child been laid to rest, before her mother had taken up the old whirl of dissipation, with Charlie Thorne in constant attendance.

There was nothing, I think, which John Challoner felt so bitterly as this same apparent hard-heartedness. It is not often that men care for very young children, but this curly-headed little daughter had been simply worshipped by her father. The fact that this man was a poet both by nature and profession may perhaps have

helped him in his love and comprehension of what Theodore Watts so beautifully calls 'the music of human speech—the beloved babble of children;' but certain it is that he had set high hopes upon this little one. The highest of all was that she would bind his beautiful wife closer to him; but the baby had died and was under the snow, and the dead hopes were buried in the scrap of lawyers' parchment which another week would see signed and attested.

How bitterly cold it was, to be sure! the hot-water cans had been useless long ago; and the windows were coated with frozen snow; but yet he never regretted having taken the journey. Albeit they were English folk, Madge's home and belongings were in Edinburgh, and Challoner had preferred leaving the question of settlements with those who would be careful for Madge's interests, rather than in less friendly hands. Of course there had been no actual obligation to go north in person; but Challoner, jealous for his wife's reputation, had dreaded the matter being discussed by unnecessary tongues. The separation was purely a personal affair, and was being settled by the family solicitors without any further appeal to the law.

There were only two other passengers in his compartment, and to rouse himself from his gloomy abstraction, he began listening to their conversation. They were both young, rather sporting-looking men, and one had evidently been describing to the other the personal appearance of some unknown lady.

'She is a thorough little beauty, I tell you, and I flatter myself I'm a good judge,' was his enthusiastic conclusion. 'Shouldn't mind travelling up to town with her myself.'

'Why don't you, then?' came in answer.

The first speaker laughed. 'I daren't, my boy. She has a gorgon of a maid with her, who is even more freezing than this beastly weather. Tell you what, though; at the next station, I'll try to get her some tea or something, and that'll pave the way to a chat.'

Challoner frowned involuntarily. Such talk was peculiarly distasteful to him; and for the first time it struck him that for the future his Madge would be open to any and every chance insult which men such as his fellow-travellers might choose to put upon her. The very thought of it made his blood boil. Madge was so pretty, so young, and in many ways so thoughtless, that even more than another, she might be made to feel her unprotected state; and whatever might happen, he himself would be powerless to shield her. He became so absorbed in this new thought, that he hardly noticed when the creeping train came to a stand-still; and it was only when a sudden blast of cold air made it apparent that his companions had thrown down the window and were leaning out, that he roused himself to inquire the cause. He was putting his head out of his own window to look about him, when the guard came along the footboard, feeling his way laboriously in the blinding snow, and shouting at the top of his voice that all passengers were to descend.

Instantly all was in confusion. Cries of 'Why? What's the matter? Are we in danger? and Guard! guard! resounded on all sides. Immediately the younger of his companions unfastened

the door, and ejaculating, 'Now for that pretty girl!' jumped out; while the other more slowly collected his wraps, and observed that he 'supposed the snow had been too much for the engine.'

This indeed proved to be the case; and after some pardonable grumbling, Challoner got out of the train and followed in the track of those who were picking their way towards a roadside station at some forty yards' distance. As he did so, he caught the rough persuasive tones of his late companion: 'Really, now, you had better take my arm; we shall get on first-rate.'

The door of a first-class carriage was swinging open, and standing before it—so directly in his path that Challoner almost fell over him—was the young gentleman who had vaunted his appreciation of feminine beauty. Naturally, Challoner's glance followed his; and although he could not distinguish the lady's features, he was becoming dimly conscious that the brown velvet coat was strangely familiar, when she spoke a few words in a tone which sent the blood rapidly coursing through his veins: 'Thank you; I will not trouble you; my maid is with me.'

Madge's voice! Challoner dropped his rugs, scrambled up on to the footboard, and held out his arms. 'Come down at once!' he cried authoritatively. 'It may not be safe for you to stay there. Jump, and I'll catch you. May I trouble you to get out of the way, sir? This lady is my wife.'

Madge flung herself instantly into the outstretched arms, and burst into hysterical sobbing. 'O John, John! I have been so cold and so frightened. And the light in our carriage went out, and I thought something might happen to the train and hurt you.'

'Why, Madge!'

Never before had Challoner seen his wife so thoroughly unlinged and frightened, and his heart gave a great leap as he echoed her last words: 'Hurt me? Of course not.—But how came you to be travelling to town? Why didn't you stay in Edinburgh? Do you think you have taken cold?' He asked the questions all in a breath; but when she began explaining that she wanted to spend Christmas in town with her aunt, he hastily cut her short.

'There is no time to talk; we must get on to the station.—Parker' (this to the maid), 'follow me closely, and try to walk in my footsteps. I shall carry your mistress: the snow is too deep for her.'

While speaking, he took the trembling girl in his arms, and began slowly plodding along in the direction the guard had indicated. Of course it was only a chance meeting, and Challoner was too free from superstition to look on it as anything else; but even while he was reminding himself that it was a terrible pity they had met—that their tempers were wholly incompatible—and that it would be misery to live again through the last few months, he was still holding the girl very closely and tenderly, and wishing in spite of himself that the distance could be doubled.

When they reached the little country station, they found it to be better provided with shelter than is usually the case; and though there was only one man in charge, he was a sensible, good-natured individual, who did his best for the poor

travellers thus thrown upon his hands. Either the sight of Madge's white child-like face, or the pleasant assurance that the gentleman would make it worth his while, induced him to open a little box of a room which appeared to be his especial property and to motion to Challoner to enter.

'Your lady will be more comfortable there, sir, than in the big room along o' the third-class passengers and all,' he suggested; and as neither husband nor wife could think of a sufficient excuse for preferring the company of their fellow-travellers, they were obliged to follow the man's lead.

'I will not intrude upon your privacy,' said Challoner stiffly, as soon as the station-keeper had left them alone. 'You and Parker will be quite comfortable here, and you'll soon get warm by the fire.'

Madge watched his broad form disappear through the doorway with a sinking heart. 'He hates to be with me even for these few minutes,' ran her thoughts; 'and yet, with a piteous little quiver on her lips, 'oh! how delicious it was to be held in his arms! If he had held me like that oftener, we shouldn't be hating each other to-day! If he had but kissed me in the snow!'

The dismal train of thought was suddenly broken by the discovery that one of her trinkets was missing, and Mrs Challoner was instantly on her knees. 'Come and help me to look for it, Parker,' she cried. 'I have lost my locket. Oh, what shall I do? I have lost my locket.'

The excitement both of mistress and maid seemed considerably more than the occasion warranted; but only Madge herself and the faithful woman who had nursed her as a child knew of the serious trouble such a loss would entail.

'Could you have dropped it outside, ma'am?'

'Not possible. The chain couldn't catch on anything, when I had my cloak fastened. No; it must be on the floor. Do look for it, Parker.'

And look for it they did, but without success; and when the long fruitless search was over, the expression on the girl's face was very woe-begone indeed.

'The mistress has lost her gold locket,' whispered Parker when John Challoner came again to the door. 'It's my belief, sir, that she dropped it on the floor of the carriage. Can't you send somebody after it, sir?'

'What locket?'

'The little gold one she always wears round her neck,' explained the maid, regardless of the urgent 'Parker! You are not to trouble Mr Challoner,' which came from behind her. 'She is fonder of it than of anything else, sir; it seems a pity it should be lost.'

'Parker!' again broke in the pretty girlish voice, 'I desire that you will not trouble Mr Challoner.'

The man's lips twitched involuntarily. It seemed to him that his young wife was only playing at dignity when she preferred addressing her remarks to him through the medium of a servant.

'Don't be so foolish,' he said peremptorily. 'Of course I'll go after your locket. I only came back to tell you that I am afraid you will have to spend several hours here. The snow has broken

down the telegraph wires, so the men can't send on a message to the next place for assistance. They must wait until this storm is over, and then get help from the village to dig out the train and clear the lines. But of course it will be the work of a good many hours.'

'Thank you,' said Madge meekly.—'What is the time?'

'Nearly ten.' He was turning away, when something in his wife's voice struck him, and he re-entered the room. 'You are still cold? Wear this,' he said shortly, rapidly unbuttoning his fur-lined coat; and in spite of her remonstrances, he wrapped it round her, and then went hastily out into the bitter night-air.

Left alone, Madge leaned back in her corner and sat for a long time crying softly to herself. Being thoroughly unstrung by terror and fatigue, she was in just the impressionable mood which made her husband's little act of kindness very precious in her eyes, and she nestled into the thick warm fur as though cheating herself into the belief that it was John himself who was holding her. She remembered a time—it was during the happy weeks which followed the wedding day—when she and John seemed to be all in all to each other; but when they were finally settled in the staid London house, over which Miss Sarah's chilly influence hung like a pall, it had all been altered then. John had gone back to his beloved books, in apparent forgetfulness of the solitary little wife in the big drawing-room up-stairs; and if she proposed invading his precincts, it was only to be met with Miss Sarah's reproachful stare, and the words: 'My brother never allows even *me* to disturb him.' And then baby's birth, and—baby's death! In nervous terror of her own great grief, the poor young mother had flung herself into every kind of dissipation, for the dead child seemed hardly farther from her than the silent man who was buried in his books, and to face her sorrow alone was more than she could do.—O dear! the life that henceforward would be lived apart, might have been so happy!—and the tears flowed on.

Meanwhile, Challoner had started for the railway carriage. The blinding snow, the flickering lantern, and the difficulty of picking his way, made the short journey a long one; but his busy wonderments made the time pass quickly. For the first time in his life, John Challoner was feeling curious. What made his wife so fond of that particular locket? What did it contain? He was still pondering on the mystery, when he reached the carriage. Parker had been right: the little engraved locket lay open on the floor; but beside it lay a something, at the sight of which the man's heart gave a great throb. A little curly head, a pair of sweet blue eyes, a soft uncertain voice trying to stammer the word 'Mam-ma!' They all rose vividly before him as he stood there with the tiny ring of silky brown hair lying on his open palm. And it was Madge who had cherished the curl, which his own lips had seemed to press so much oftener than had hers! Madge, who had thought to keep the token that he had forgotten, and since had regretted so vainly. Well, before they parted, he must ask her to halve her treasure with him.

There were very tender memories stirring within him as he plodded his way slowly back to the station; and when he at last reached the little room, his face was very gentle, albeit very grave. 'Yes, I have it, Parker. Thank you. If you will go into the larger room, I will sit with your mistress,' he said in answer to the maid's anxious greeting; and when he and Madge were alone, he pulled his chair closer to hers and began gravely: 'Here is your locket.'

'Thank you,' she said coldly. 'I hope it was not a very difficult matter to get to the carriage?'

Challoner bit his lip. 'Do you think I minded the difficulty?' he retorted passionately. 'Don't you know I'd have risked my life for the sake of rescuing *this*? He had laid the locket on the table; but as he spoke, he opened his clenched hand, and the soft curl glistened brightly in the firelight.

Madge started violently. 'You opened it?'

'No; it had opened itself by falling on the floor.' He leaned forward and looked at her curiously. 'And you cared to keep it, Madge?'

'Did I—care?'

Only three words, but the tone went straight to her husband's heart. So she had cared after all, and yet—'You went out again so soon,' he said doubtfully.

'And could I help that?' The girl clasped her hands, and looked steadily at him with great sorrowful eyes. 'You were always with your books; and could I bear to live alone in these rooms, where every chair that her hands had touched, every picture that her eyes had seen, spoke to me of my lost darling? No; I would go to dances, theatres, anywhere where she had never been, and therefore could not haunt me.'

'You might have come to me.'

'To you?' The dreary little laugh with which she echoed his words was not good to hear. 'You had your work. You had never asked me to go to the library; you had always left me alone.'

Challoner's face had grown very white. 'Madge,' he said solemnly, 'God is my witness that if I have wronged you, it was through a mistaken love, and not through carelessness. When we—married' (the loving stress he laid upon the word was not lost upon the girl, although her face was turned from him), 'Sarah impressed upon me that if I pursued a plan I had already suggested to her, and asked you to act as my secretary, I should be dealing unfairly in letting you expend your youth and spirits on me and on my work, instead of on the amusements and society life which was natural to your age.'

His very anxiety was making him speak in a stiff, unusual fashion; but the little clasped hands moved restlessly at his words. 'I should have loved the work.'

The murmur was too soft for the other to catch, and he went on slowly: 'Rightly or wrongly, I believed her. I said to myself: "You are a poor man, and must work hard; but however great the strain may be, it must never touch your wife. If you cannot take her out yourself, let your cousin do so in your stead. Let"—

'Don't talk like that—don't talk like that!' Madge had risen to her feet, and the words came with an irrepressible sob. She waited a full

minute, and then added: 'It makes one wish that things had been different—almost.'

When Challoner spoke again, it was after a long pause. 'When did you cut this curl?'

'On your birthday,' said Madge with an effort to speak easily. 'I brought her into your room, and she was dressed all in white'—

'I thought it was blue.'

'No, John; all in white, with coral beads.'

'Ah! yes, to be sure, I remember. The young rogue broke the string, and you were so proud of her strength that you would not have it mended;' and Challoner actually laughed at the remembrance of the scene.

'You took her in your arms,' went on Madge bravely, 'and kissed this very curl, and then you gave her back to me, and said'—

She broke off suddenly; but though Challoner's face was flaming as hotly as her own, he went on steadily: 'I said: "God bless my wife and child, and spare them to me for many, many years."'—

'But baby died in the autumn, and'—

In the intense stillness of the little room, John Challoner finished her sentence. 'And you are leaving me,' he said hoarsely. 'Ah, Madge! for baby's sake, give me half that curl.'

Her gloves were off, and as she silently leaned forward to loosen the silk that held the pretty hair, their hands touched. She drew back for a moment, looking at him piteously, and the next, with a long sobbing cry, she fell forward into his outstretched arms.

It was a long trying night for many people at that little snow-bound station. The men worked hard to clear the lines; but it was only when the first gray glimmer of light was stealing over the darkened skies, that they were able to pronounce progress possible. The passengers in the waiting-room—with the exception of a little chorister who was due at the Abbey for the Christmas service, and who vowed the delay to be 'capital fun'—had kept up a perpetual chorus of grumbings and abuse; and when the boy had suggested that they should wish each other 'A merry Christmas,' there were but few who were in sufficiently good spirits to respond to his request.

But in the little room where the station-keeper had placed his two most favoured guests, there was nothing but deep thankfulness for the enforced wait. During the long night-hours, with only a tender memory to share their vigil, husband and wife had grown very close to each other. The long series of jars and misunderstandings which had grown up from their two several mistakes—from Challoner's erroneous belief that they could follow two distinct and separate courses and yet remain united; and from Madge's half-wounded, half-defiant pride, which forbade her to take the initiative in drawing nearer to each other—one and all they had been discussed—discussed gravely and penitently, as became two souls in whom fresh hopes were springing, and who, but for an apparently chance meeting, would have broken with each other for ever. But when the sad reviewing of their past failures was at an end, and with full hearts they dared to speak of a brighter and more trustful future, the tears that rose to their eyes were tears of happiness. 'It

shall be the talisman of our love,' Challoner had said as he divided the tiny ring of hair; and the kiss that followed was fraught with all the solemnity of a renewal of marriage vows.

When they went out into the clear frosty air, they half-shrunk in their present mood from the gay bustle and laughter which was accompanying the getting up of steam, and the husband and wife walked together to the far end of the platform. As they stood there in silence, a faint rosy flush lighted the far east, and as Challoner bared his head at his wife's whisper, 'Tis Christmas Day, and our darling's birthday,' the little chorister's sweet shrill voice rose suddenly on the morning air.

Peace on earth, and mercy mild:
God and sinners reconciled,

sang the pure childish treble. And watching with heartfelt thankfulness the rapt expression on his young wife's face, John Challoner joined reverently in the swelling chorus:

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

It is needless to add that the services of the Edinburgh lawyer were not required.

SPURS IN BELFRIES.

A RECENT number of *Chambers's Journal* (January 8) contained an oft-quoted paper on 'Spur-money,' which had reference to a practice which was observed for more than three centuries in cathedrals and other churches. The penalties were imposed by choristers and beadles. The imposition of fines for wearing spurs was not, however, confined to parts of churches where religious worship was carried on, but extended, under different conditions, to the belfries of England. It is a well-known fact that down to within about a quarter of a century, persons of position were associated for the purpose of ringing the bells of their own or the neighbouring parish church. This class of bell-ringers often wore spurs, travelling, as they frequently did, some distance on horseback to their self-imposed labours, putting up their horses at neighbouring hostelries. Circumstances appear to have made it necessary for the ringers as a body to frame some regulations affecting the wearing of spurs in belfries. What the precise objects in view of the original framers were, we are not prepared to state with any degree of assurance. Rules were made, and they were enforced.

The earliest instance which we have found recorded of this practice is in the 'Ringers' Rules' at Hathersage, in Derbyshire, which were drawn up about the year 1660. The section relating to the subject under notice is:

Next, if you do here intend to ring,
With hat or spur do not touch a string;
For if you do, your forfeit is for that,
Just fourpence down to pay, or lose your hat.

Similar warnings were given at Tideswell, Derbyshire; at Culmington, Salop, in 1663; Tong, also in Salop, in 1694; at St Andrews, Plymouth, in 1700; and Fowey, Cornwall; Llanfyllin, Montgomeryshire; Bangor-Iscoed, Flintshire; Wybunbury, near Nantwich, Cheshire; Bowden, Cheshire; Southill, Bedfordshire; and

at Weldron and Calstock, Cornwall. The precise words are recorded in Mr J. Potter Briscoe's *Curiosities of the Belfry*.

One of the ringers' regulations at Holy Trinity Church at Hull is this: 'It is ordered that every person who shall ring any bell with hat or spurs on shall forfeit and pay sixpence for the use of the ringers.' This was drafted in 1730, and was confirmed in 1838.

The penalty imposed for ringing 'with spur or hat' at Cardington, Salop, in 1755-56, was 'sixpence in ale;' and at Leigh, Staffordshire, 'two pots of ale are due for that.' A sixpenny fine was levied at All Saints', Hastings, in and after 1756; at Grantham, about 1764; at St Keyne, Cornwall, about 1774; at Haxey, Lincolnshire, in 1785; and it was ordered in 1793 that 'any person yt shall ring a bell with his spurs on, shall pay sixpence.' At Redbourn, the penalty was a groat (in 1764); and at Brington, the offender in the matter of ringing with spurs on had 'fourpence to pay or else begone.' At Bowden Magna, Leicestershire, the rule was that

If you shall presume in peol
With hat, or coat, or armed heel;

For each offence shall twopence pay.

Spurred would-be ringers at Newark-upon-Trent, Notts, were warned that if they with spurs on attempted to ring, they should forfeit twopence to the sexton.

Of the present century 'Rules for the Ringers,' relating to the imposing of penalties for wearing spurs whilst ringing bells, there are only a few instances recorded. At Burnley, it was enjoined, in 1804, that any person who attempted to ring with spurs on was to forfeit sixpence. The 'Ringers' Orders,' painted on a wall of the belfry in Beverley Minster, in 1823, inflict a fine of sixpence on any person who rang 'with hat or spurs on.' Spurred ringers were ordered to pull off their hats, belts, and spurs, at St Peter's, Shaftesbury; and the authorities at St Michael's, at Macclesfield, ordered that if any one

His hat or spur does wear,
Then 4 pence more's the sexton's share.

The exaction of spur-money in the belfries of our places of worship is now one of the things of the past.

CURIOUS OAK CARVINGS.

There has lately been exhibited at the South Kensington Museum a set of interesting oak carvings taken from the newells of the grand staircase of Bickling Hall, Norfolk, the seat of the Marchioness of Lothian, which dates from 1620. They are figures representing soldiers, each two feet six inches high. One of them is an early representation of a private in the renowned and gallant '42d Highlanders.' It has, however, been thought to portray one of the old 'Royal Scots,' predecessors of the now '1st Royal Scots, or Lothian Regiment,' for the letters 'G. R.' upon his pouchbox go to show that the figure was carved in 1728. The 'Independent Companies,' six in number, were raised in 1729, as a sort of constabulary force for service in the Highlands. They were locally styled 'Am Freicadhán Dubh,' or the 'Black Watch,' from the sombre hue of

their tartans, in contradistinction to the 'Saighdearhan Deargh,' or Red Soldiers (regulars). The 'Black Watch' was established formally in October 1739 as the 43d Regiment, to which four additional companies had been added, and was placed under the command of Alexander Lindsay, fourth Earl of Crawford and Balcarres; but in 1749, their regimental number was altered to the '42d,' when the battalion, commanded by General Oglethorpe (Dr Johnson's great friend) was reduced. The carved oak figure, it is observed, carries no target; but most of the 'Black Watch' used targets at the battle of Fontenoy in 1745, and even as late as 1747. The careful carving of his arms and appointments, being very correct, are peculiarly interesting: pistol, dirk (*bedag*), broadsword (*glaiagh-mohr*), socket-bayonet, and heavy flintlock musket, and broad belts, and gypsire or *dorlach*, represented by the modern sporran, are all admirably done. The fillibeg is very full, in ample folds over the hips and back; but, curiously enough, the carver has omitted the plaid, which should have been represented as thrown over the left shoulder. It is, however, generally understood that, about the period in question, most Scots dwelling in the north had only one plaid, not two plaids. This they first 'kilted'—that is, made into a shortened or tucked-up skirt, to go round the loins—and then drew the rest of the cloth or tartan as a plaid over their shoulders. So excellent is this one particular effigy, and so correct in all its details, that it is stated that Mr Boehm, the sculptor, is about to reproduce it as an authentic model of an original Highland soldier of the period marked by the reign of George II., or about the time when regular soldiers were first raised and classed under the distinct name of 'Highland Regiments,' the famous 42d having been the most celebrated and distinguished, always foremost when danger was to be faced, or the terrible work of war carried on.

LOVE OR LANDS.

'I BRING not houses, lands, or gold,
To give, sweetheart, to thee;
No richer than I was of old,
Am I to-day,' quoth he.
In sooth he looked his poverty,
If ever so did one;
In rags and tatters clad was he,
Bareheaded to the sun!

It was her love of long ago
Who took her outstretched hands;
'If you are he I used to know,
I seek not gold or lands.
If you but love me still, sweetheart,
I am content,' cried she;
'And I will share your lowly part,
For I your bride will be!'

'Then, by my troth, my heart is thine!'
Quoth he at her reply;
'Though rags and tatters may be mine,
No beggar now am I.
I'm richer than with gold and lands
The proudest monarchs be,
With thee for mine, and these two hands
To work, sweetheart, for thee!'

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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THE HUMOURS OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

THERE is a humorous side to everything, not even excepting that most awful of nature's manifestations, an earthquake; and those who see it are not, as a rule, those who take the least serious views of life; rather, they are so sensitive to every influence, that were it not for this saving mental attitude which can unbend to any passing suggestion of the ludicrous, this faculty, which Wordsworth recommends, of taking

Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought,

the shock of such a catastrophe would shake also their nature to its foundations.

Amid the sudden awful desolations of the great earthquake at Lisbon, we do not suppose that there occurred anything at which even the 'fun-fiend' could have smiled. The destruction was so sudden and so overwhelming, that people's humours had no time for their manifestation. Moreover, the modern spirit, above all the American spirit, is more quick to grasp the humorous aspect of a situation than was that of Lisbon in the day of her visitation. In Charleston herself, that brave old city, whose inhabitants cherish for her something of the same passionate love and admiration which is felt for Naples by the natives thereof, suggestive of the very poetry and romance of patriotism—people might have been heard laughing, if a little tremulously, over some of the incidents of the earthquake, the very day after it had shaken their city to its foundations. And yet the proudest and the gayest of them all had joined, with a humble, lowly, and contrite heart, during the terrors of the night, in the prayers for mercy addressed by the wildly excited negroes; for no religious revival has ever quickened the people as did this rough shaking of their abiding-place, and, piercing the darkness and confusion all around, at the same time resounded the subterranean thunder of the earthquake.

Long years of humiliation have told on their sensitive spirit; and for all their bravado about

their blood being the same as the white man's, the ebony skin which becomes them so well is often a greater reproach to them in their own eyes than in those of their masters, so that at times they almost seem to doubt as to their also being 'God's image.' Therefore it was that next to their dependence on the Deity was the trust they put in the white people; and whenever they caught sight of a white face, while rushing blindly hither and thither in the fitful glare of flickering lights, losing sight and hold of one another in the darkness and confusion, they would turn to it as to that of an angel. To many a poor wandering coloured boy or girl, the glimpse of some white lady passing brought hope in their despair, and, dropping on their knees, they would seize hold of her dress, beseeching her to stay with them 'till judgment was done.'

The lower creation shared in, or anticipated the terrors of humanity, the buzzards that, with awkward dignity, patrolled the town, being the only living creatures unmoved by the catastrophe. Dogs howled in piteous fear; cattle pawed the trembling ground, lowing; fowls fluttered screeching from their roosts; while horses screamed like human beings.

Yet the spirit of heroism was abroad that night with the earthquake; and the deeds of devotion and self-sacrifice accomplished will never all be told. While Death was in the air, around, above, beneath them, making his presence known by the roar as of some wild, unearthly beast escaping from his prison—his rage was set at nought by gentle maids and women, as well as by stalwart men, by blacks as well as whites. In the veins of some of these poor negroes still flows the blood of African kings and warriors; and in many who had once been slaves, the heroic spirit broke forth grandly.

The scenes at the prisons might remind one of that thrilling night at Philippi, where one Paul of Tarsus and his companion were incarcerated some eighteen hundred years ago, when 'suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that

the foundations of the prison were shaken.' The earthquake here was not attended by the same blessed consequences of the doors flying open and of every one's bands being loosed. If it had been, the prisoners would certainly have failed to show the same admirable forbearance as those of Philippi in refraining from making their escape; for the poor wretches were frantic to get free, and could only be kept back at the point of the pistol as they dashed themselves madly against the bars, their shrieks piercing far beyond. It is almost a relief to think that at least some few of them accomplished their purpose. All those who retained the blessing of liberty had rushed from the perilous confinement of walls, and, by the lurid glare of conflagrations that lit the heavens here and there, were speeding towards the open squares and parks. Black and white, rich and poor, young and old, they moved along, like the phantasmagoria of some wild dream, shrieking, groaning, crying; clad in all manner of costumes, including night-robcs, for it was past ten o'clock. One unfortunate lady, who was innocently engaged in her ablutions at the time, and upon whose garments a heavy bureau had inconsiderately fallen, was perforce obliged to masquerade in her husband's coat. Some enviable little mortals, still wrapped in the sweet slumbers of infancy, were borne along, unconscious of the perils all around them, and laid on 'shakedown' in the open parks.

'Save who can' was evidently not the motto here. A girl of eighteen, who, like the hero of one of Grimm's fairy tales, did not know what it was to be afraid, in the midst of the panic succeeding the first terrible shock, while others stood aghast with fear, not knowing where to go, ran lightly into a rocking house, up the stairway into a burning room, to rescue a stranger's baby. (Where was the stranger?) Nor content with that, she paused, with tenderness as exquisite as her courage had been phenomenal, to wrap the little forlorn one in a blanket before her perilous descent. Sweet Sadie Gibbes! thy name evermore will shed a fragrance as of love and courage in the mention.

All Charleston spent that night beneath the open sky in eager watching for the dawn. To one of the crowded parks repaired the gallant news-editor of the Charleston paper, to lay his weary form upon the grass, after ranging the ruined city and writing his experiences in the quaking office; and when, amid the noisy babble of women, men, and children going on all around him—for few were the eyes, even of childhood, which closed in sleep that night—he fell at last into a troubled doze, he must have felt like one that dreamed on waking, in one of the small hours succeeding midnight, to find himself surrounded by a compassionate group of ladies and gentlemen, engaged in earnest conversation over his covered form, which they mistook for

the corpse of some unhappy victim to nature's wrath. In no way appreciative of their sympathy, the 'newspaper man' gave a quick turn over, which dispersed the kindly group.

The earthquakes in the surrounding districts were so slight for the most part as to induce no more disastrous consequences than fear and nausea. At Cincinnati, nine persons out of every ten fancied themselves seized with sudden sickness; and many did not know till the next morning that the disturbance was in Mother Earth. A telegraph operator in communication with Washington told that place to 'hold on,' as he was sick. 'We've just had a shock of earthquake here,' flashed back Washington; and then the Cincinnati operator knew what was the matter with him. A lady in Pawley's Island—which was shaken, though not injuriously, like a plaything in the grasp of a giant—on being dashed back violently against her bed, fancied she had been seized with a fit, yet was puzzled at feeling perfectly conscious. But seeing everything in the room dancing, while her slumbering spouse was pitched from one side of the bed to the other, the thought of an earthquake occurred to her, and the alarmed household lost no time in betaking themselves to the shore. There, everything presented the most unearthly aspect, chaotic and unformed, as if the world were still in creation, and the earth not yet established—the sands rolling and heaving like the waves of the ocean. The little ones, just roused from their slumbers, and bewildered with the shock, knew not what to make of it. 'Don't push me so hard, Maudie, please!' called out a small boy to his sister, mistaking her for the earthquake; while a little damsel piously suggested that they should all go to church and 'take the communion.'

'It's an ill wind,' says the proverb, 'that blows no good;' and it is an ill earthquake, we may add, that shakes nothing into order. A young girl who had lost her power of speech from infancy, through severe illness, found it suddenly restored to her in the terror of that awful shock. Her first use of the recovered faculty, indeed, was to scream for fear; but even those screams, we may imagine, broke half-sweetly on her ear, unaccustomed to the pleasant sound of her own voice; and she was soon almost delirious with joy to find that her tongue could frame words—the names of her dear ones, so long sealed to it—though the long unfamiliar medium of expression halted somewhat strangely at this new beginning. But what a fresh delight to herself and her family must have been those doubtful initiatory attempts at clothing her thoughts in language!

People's idiosyncrasies will exhibit themselves, even at such awful crises as these, in an amusing manner. An old gentleman, the whole side of whose house had fallen in, escaped with his family to the garden, where they camped all night. In the morning he disappeared for about an hour, returning 'spick and span and self-possessed.' He had made his way into the house, taken his usual morning bath amidst the wreck of his household gods, dressed himself carefully in clean clothes, and informed his anxious family that he found the earthquake 'very exciting.'

and meant to stay and see it out. We should have liked to shake hands with that fine old specimen of humanity, whom the earthquake itself was powerless to shake out of the habits of a gentleman. An old lady, whom the shock surprised in bed, rushed out of the house in frantic terror to her friends, who were crouching among the fig-trees in the garden. She carried her stockings and other habiliments with her, but had taken time to put on her cap!

A merchant in Albany, whose dreams had probably often been of burglars, was disrobing for the night, when a sudden clattering of dishes in the china-closet made him think the robbers were at their work. Pistol in hand, and closely followed by his better-half, he crept cautiously towards the scene of disturbance, when the bed began to move violently. 'He is under the bed!' screamed the wife; on which the valorous merchant, in nowise daunted, prepared to expel the intruder or perish in the attempt. But other pieces of furniture began now to join in the unearthly dance; and this multiplication of invisible burglars proving too much for the worthy merchant, he rushed incontinently, with his partner, from the house—to discover that it was an earthquake he had been hunting with his pistol.

A certain hotel-keeper, awakened by the shock, and ever on the alert for the welfare of his guests, shouted out some forcible injunctions to a porter, who, as he thought, was dragging a traveller's trunks over the floor with unnecessary violence. But the earthquake, grimly intent upon its own business, paid no heed to the oburgation. A bar-keeper—with what grounds it would be uncharitable to surmise—suddenly experiencing a sensation as of drunkenness, clung to his bar counter, while suspended lamps swung east and west before his sight, and houses swayed to and fro like trees in a storm. Whatever that bar-keeper's condition may have been before, the shock of the discovery that it was an earthquake to which these supposed imaginary disturbances were due, must effectually have sobered him.

There were few who shared in the aforementioned old gentleman's enjoyment of the new sensation of an earthquake. People who were 'raised in bed' find little comfort in sleeping on the grass even under the shelter of a tent.

One man, who had evidently supped his full of horrors, took the liberty of declaring that he was 'about sick of the earthquake, and guessed every one had had enough of it;' while another, more enterprising, remarked that nothing but a good tidal wave was wanting 'to make the thing complete.'

Such familiarity will poor humanity pretend—when the first shock that blanched the cheek and made the heart to quake is over—with the dreadest visitor that has approached it from the Invisible. Such ease will it begin to affect in presence of the most awful misery and desolation. There was not one, indeed, but was awestruck at the contemplation of such resistless power, and of his own utter helplessness—apart even from the reminders of a misgiving conscience; for when earth begins to fail her children, to tremble beneath their feet, and to

shake their homes from off her, as if she were weary of them—what have they to cling to then, or to turn to for security? At such times, the human heart appeals from the treacheries of nature to the unshaken truth of the Eternal—even as Wordsworth turns from contemplation of the insecurity of all on earth, of the sea, the skies, and time itself—with an involuntary cry to his Maker:

But Thou art true, incarnate God!

The earthquake which hurried so many, either by fear or violence, into another world, also cradled some few little mortals into this.

'Now, mild may be thy life!' says Prince Pericles to his new-born infant, 'for a more blust'rous birth had never babe.' But what was even that to these, where the earth, belying her character for firmness, proved herself unstable as water, and would give nothing to these little new-born ones but so rough a shaking for their welcome! But, in spite of their untoward entrance into the world, may these children of the earthquake live to prove a blessing yet to their birthplace, the 'thrice-scourged'—to use the words of the editor of the Charleston paper—'but still patient, still brave, still hopeful, still beautiful city by the sea.'

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER IX.—ON THE TERRACE.

JOSEPHINE lived in a condition of feud with her father. In her heart she repented of her rebelliousness; but when present with him, the antagonism broke out again, in spite of good intentions. She had naturally a good heart, truthful character, and abhorrence of meanness, but met at every turn with evidences of her father's insincerity and self-seeking. This condition of warfare had embittered her heart and sharpened her tongue.

We begin life as believers, and end it as sceptics. We begin with trustfulness, and go on through every stage of disillusion into absolute mistrust. As children, we look up to every one; as old men, we look down on all. We expect this process to take place within us: to find out one subterfuge after another, to discover hollowness wherever we tap, and dust behind every rind; and we are pleased at the ingenuousness of the young, who believe all things to be solid and the rind to cover richness.

Josephine was brought up in an atmosphere so clear that no illusion was possible in it. Her father's conversation dispelled all faith in what is good and noble and real. His example was level with his opinion. He made no scruple to let his sister and daughter see the strings that controlled his movements, the hollowness of all his profession. Instead, therefore, of beginning life as a child with belief, she began with suspicion and distrust.

She was drawn to Richard Cable and his household by the contrast he and it exhibited to her father and her own home. She stepped at once from the scenery of a theatre to natural landscape,

from a hothouse to breezy open air. And as that which is true and wholesome always exercises attraction on a nature not wholly depraved, Josephine woke to consciousness of many fibres in her soul linking her to the Cable family, and to acknowledge a fascination which she could not explain.

Her father did not forbid her to go to the cottage; perhaps he so completely disbelieved in her obedience, that he thought it useless to do so. Instead, he sneered and threw about insinuations which offended her, and stirred in her the spirit of opposition, which always slumbered in her heart, waiting to be aroused. His remarks about Cable were so unjust and ungenerous, that she resented them indignantly; their injustice spurred her sense of fairness into assertion. The perverse tactics of Justin Cornellis recoiled on himself. Had he forbidden Josephine to go to the cottage, she would have obeyed sullenly, and admitted in the end that he had ordered discreetly; but as he took the other course, she persisted in her visits against her better judgment.

Aunt Judith exercised neither authority nor influence on the wayward girl. She was a lazy woman, who believed in her brother's cleverness, and thrust all responsibilities upon his shoulders. So long as she was comfortable, all was well. The profitable was always right, and success was the sanction of conduct however tortuous. She reflected, in this, the general opinion, took her tone from what prevails. We heap scorn on Mrs Grundy when she shakes her head over the gentleman who has a good cellar, and his lady who gives splendid balls; she is only listened to when she utters her doubts about the propriety of calling on that couple which drives a pony-chaise, and the grass-widow whose garden is too circumscribed for lawn-tennis. Those who have difficulty in making both ends meet have every one picking at their frayed edges; but those whose incomes are double-breasted are panoplied as in armour. When we reckon our income by hundreds, we scarce dare express an opinion; but when by thousands, we may calculate on our platitudes being regarded as words to be treasured. We return cold-shoulder to him who, when we drop in unexpectedly, gives us cold leg of mutton at dinner. A surgeon must put his groom in livery and drive a dashing turn-out before he receives a fee. If he walks to see his patients, no one will give a fig for his opinion. I know a banker who stopped a ruin and averted ruin by putting his footman into red velvet breeches: no one supposed that the bank was tottering, when Jeames assumed new, carnation inexpressibles.

'I wish, Josephine,' said Mr Cornellis, 'you would run across to the Hall and learn what has become of Mr Gotham. I have not seen him these three days. He has not been here; and when I went to inquire, he was not visible; stupefied with opium, I suppose. Tell him that I will come over and have a game of billiards with him, if he be so inclined. Throw in a word about Aunt Judith,' he added with a scornful laugh.

'Yes and no, papa,' answered Josephine. 'I will go, and I will say nothing about my aunt.' She took her hat and went to the Hall.

Mr Gotham was in his garden, on the terrace, and the servant guided her to him. 'I have had the geraniums bedded out,' he said. 'I like to

look on. Do you see how my roses are coming out?'

'Shall I tell papa you do not care for billiards to-day?' asked Josephine, who was impatient to be gone.

'I do not know; I will consider. Stay a while, and talk to me. That will be better than billiards. I am a little easier to-day, and am enjoying the sun.—These are very lovely grounds, are they not, dear Josephine?'

'Very lovely.'

'Hardly any one sees them. It will not do for me to allow people the run of them; they would pull off the branches, pluck the flowers, and trample the grass. Yet, I suppose, if I am going to stand for the county, I must do this, allow a free day for the public, and keep indoors all that day as a prisoner. I do not mind your walking here whenever you like.'

'Thank you, Cousin Gotham.'

'It has occurred to me,' he said in a shy manner, twitching his head from side to side, 'that those children I saw you with the other day might like to see the grounds. Who were they? What were their names?'

'Oh, the seven little daughters of Richard Cable the lightshipman.'

'They are pretty children. I peeped through the hedge as I was passing, and saw you surrounded by them.'

'I thought I saw you peeping before I went into the garden.'

'I peeped twice—once before, once after. In fact, I heard the chatter of little voices, and saw something shining, under the leaves and thorn-boughs; and could not make out what it was, till I stooped, and then I saw it was the golden hair of little children sitting on the bank. Afterwards, I heard you singing to them, and I peeped again. You like them, I presume. What are their names?'

'Cable.'

'I mean their Christian names.'

'Mary and Effie and Jane, Martha, Lettice, Susan, and Bessie. I think that is the order, but am not sure. Effie and Jane are twins.'

'Bessie—Bessie Cable,' murmured the old man, and he rubbed one trembling hand over the other. 'I wonder why she is called Bessie?'

'After her grandmother.'

'Has she dark hair and dark eyes like—like her?'

'No. All the children are fair, very fair. They remind me of a group of cherubs' faces by Sir Joshua Reynolds.'

'It is strange to find such beauty among persons so low in life,' said Gabriel Gotham.—'Sit down, Josephine, on this garden seat by me—sit and talk. I enjoy the sun; it does my neuralgia good, now that the wind is less cold and without east in it. I suppose that these children take after their father?'

'I never saw their mother. You know she is dead.'

'I know!—I know nothing whatever about them. Is she dead? Oh, I did hear about it. She was a maid at the rectory, I fancy. Richard might have looked higher. He is a handsome man. He is not like his mother.'

'She is a very fine old woman, so stately, with a grand way about her. I think Mr Cable

derives something in his manner and his reserved way from her; but she is dark, and he is fair. Did you ever know his father?' 'His father!' Mr Gotham started.

'There is some mystery about him. Richard Cable says he never saw him; he deserted Mrs Cable when he, Richard, was an infant.'

Mr Gotham fidgeted. 'You see those little children occasionally,' he said evasively. 'Perhaps it would please them to come into these grounds. I—I will have the wicket on the seawall open, and you can bring them in some day, and take them about; and if they like to pick any of the syringa, or laburnum, or rhododendron, I shall not mind. It would be pretty—would it not—to put the laburnum chains about their little gold heads?'

'No doubt it would please them.'

'You will not say anything about this to Mrs Cable; she might object. Take them out for a stroll on the shore, and you will find the gate unlocked. Give a push, and it will open; then bring them in. I shall not be in the garden; I shall know nothing about their being here. No precedent will be established. But say nothing to Mrs Cable.'

'Why not? She would have no objections.'

'I do not know; she would think it an intrusion. She might fear the children would do damage, and forbid it. I had rather you said nothing to her either before or after.'

'I will do as you wish.'

'When? This afternoon?'

'No; to-morrow.'

'I—I think there are some empty nests in the Bankshian rose trailed against the terrace wall. If you look in, or hold up the little ones to peep in, they may perhaps find eggs there—pink and white, almond and sugar. That would please them—make them laugh, eh?'

'I am sure it would.'

'I shall not be here; I shall be in my room. I shall perhaps hear them laugh, and it will divert me, especially if I am in pain at the time. But I shall not appear. My green *jalousies* will be down. If I appeared, I might seem to sanction the intrusion, and there is no knowing where invasion would stop. I should have all the parish coming here to pull up my bulbs, and pluck my roses, and break the statues and vases. I do not like the public; it is boisterous, and leaves traces where it romps of sandwich papers and empty ginger-beer bottles. When grounds are thrown open to it, the public is noisy, and I cannot bear noise. I suffer acutely in my nerves. There is a long nerve extending from the temple to the foot— But there; I will not speak of that. It begins to twitch and shoot the moment I allude to it. Richard Cable is a fine man, a handsome man.—Look at this standard rose, Josephine. Do you know what it is? General Jacqueminot, a hybrid perennial. It is a superb rose. Do you know on what it grows? On wild-brier stock. It is budded. Below the bud, the root, the stem, are all wild, vulgar, hedge dogrose. I should think Richard Cable was a budded rose; we know the stock is common, but—consider! What a man the father must have been, to have such a tall, stalwart, handsome son! You do not know Greek, Josephine, or you would understand what I mean when I say *anax andron*—a king of men.'

'I daresay. It is a pity his father does not see him. Cable is a man to be proud of; he is not only a fine man, but he is a true and good man.'

'The children are pretty children, are they not? Like Reynolds' angels, you said.'

'They are very pretty, unusually pretty children.'

'They do not take after their grandmother; Mrs Cable is dark.'

'But perhaps their mother was fair.'

'Oh, their mother was nothing, a very common sort of creature. If they do not take after their grandmother, it must be after their grandfather. He must have been possessed of great personal beauty when he was young.'

To this Josephine made no reply; she was not interested in the question as to the appearance of the unknown grandfather.

'There is, I hear, a good deal of high quality, self-respect, and sterling goodness in Richard Cable.'

'He is a thorough man.'

'He could not have had that from his mother, who is only a common woman.'

'Why not? She is a superior person. I like her; she is so dignified.'

'He has not her eyes and hair. Rely on it, he draws also his moral and mental qualities from the other side. What a man that father must have been!'

'I do not think it, or he would not have deserted him.'

Mr Gotham kicked the gravel about with his toes, first with one foot, then with the other, and worked a hole with his stick among the shingle that covered the terrace.

'What does your father think of Richard Cable?' he asked at length.

'Papa! Oh, he calls him a lout and a booby.'

'He does not like him?'

'No—he has taken a prejudice against him; why, I cannot tell.'

'I suppose he has done something to testify to Richard Cable his gratitude for the services he rendered you?'

'He offered him a ten-pound note, and Richard refused it, I am glad to say.'

'You are glad. Why?'

'Because papa should have given him either a great deal, or nothing at all.'

'Cable deserves something for his goodness to you, his care, and his kindness.'

'He deserves a great deal; but he is too proud—too much of a gentleman at heart, to accept anything, offered as my father offered it.'

Mr Gotham considered a while, still working a hole in the ground with the end of his stick. He looked slyly out of the corners of his eyes at Josephine, and then down at the burrow he was making. 'It is no concern of mine,' said he after a while. 'But for the sake of something to talk about, we will pursue the subject. I suppose Cable has his ambitions. What is he going to do now? Go on with his duties as lightshipman, or take to some other line of life?'

'Nothing else offers. The ship will be replaced; I suppose a better one than that old cut down tub. But I fancy Richard would rather

take to something which did not withdraw him so much from home. I heard him one day say that if he only had a boat of his own, he would be a fisherman.'

'Why should he not have a boat?'

'He cannot afford one. Boats are expensive.'

'Why should not you give him one?'

'I!' Josephine almost started to her feet, she was so astonished at the proposition.

'Yes, you. Why not? He saved your life. You feel indebted to him. Give him what would make him happy. Do not ask him if he will have it and give him opportunity of declining; make it his.'

'But Mr Gotham'—her handsome face was flushed as she turned it to him—'how can I? I have no money—that is to say, of course I shall have my mother's money some day; but my father is trustee, and my guardian, and would not let me have the sum for the purpose. Nothing would please me better than to give this surprise and gratification to a kind, good man. But it is not of any use proposing it to my father; he would not hear of it; he would cover me with ridicule, jeer at the suggestion, and dismiss it.'

'But I suppose that when of age, you can claim your money to do with it what you will?'

'I do not know. I am of age next month; but it does not follow that I shall get my money if I ask for it. I am not going to have a lawsuit for it with my father.'

'I will make a suggestion, Josephine,' said the old man, still working his stick, and working it faster. 'I have money at my disposal which I am ready to lend you for this purpose. You shall borrow it of me, giving me an acknowledgment, and you shall buy Richard a ship. There is a new and beautiful little cutter being built by Messrs Grimes and Newbold. She is very nearly ready for sea. What do you say to buying her and fitting her up with everything necessary, and presenting her to Richard Cable?'

'My father will never allow it.' Josephine's face was burning, her dark eyes sparkling.

'Do not say a word about it to him. The arrangement is between you and me. I think with you that some fitting acknowledgment should be made to Richard. He was right to refuse ten pounds. The world will cry shame on your father and you unless something be done for your preserver. Do not bring me in. I lend you the money; I do nothing more. I am ignorant of the purpose for which you borrow it—it is a business transaction.'

'But'—Josephine hesitated. She was pleased with the idea, yet something in her cautioned her not to close with the proposal. 'But, Mr Gotham'—she coloured deeply—'will not people consider it odd? Will it not give occasion to talk?'

'People will suppose your father has in this way recompensed Cable. They need not know that he has nothing to do with it, any more than they need know that I have helped in the matter. The talk will be that Mr Justin Cornellis has done the right thing, and done it handsomely. Do not let it get wind that he offered ten pounds; that would make talk,

and talk not pleasant to hear. Folk would say he valued you cheaply. You shall buy the boat of Messrs Grimes and Newbold, and name her.'

'What shall she be named—the Bessie?'

'The Bessie!' Mr Gotham shrank back. 'No—on no account—the Josephine.'

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

II. THE QUESTION OF ITS ADVANTAGES.

THE general objection to higher studies for women appears to us to rest in a confused way on the idea that, somehow, they unfit a woman for her proper duties; and this wrong conclusion, if we sift the grounds on which it rests, seems to be drawn from the notion, right enough in itself, that women are different from men. Hence it is thought that studies which have long been known to be efficient in the training of the one sex, are not suitable for the other.

Setting aside any philosophical discussion as to the basis of the difference between men and women, and at once acknowledging simply that there is a difference, we may recognise as its practical outcome the fact that they have different duties to perform. Men and women, as being differently equipped by nature—he for the rougher tasks, she for the finer; he for the work of the outer circle, as it were, she for the inner—divide the duties of life between them; and thus it is only when each sex works faithfully in its own department, that the wheels of existence run smoothly and the world's work is well done. Woman is the helpmate of man, and fulfils this office not by doing the same things that he does, but by doing different things which he is not so well fitted to do. She is then the 'perfect music' which, set to his 'noble words,' makes the theme complete. We may illustrate their different spheres from the humblest family life, where the man goes out to his daily toil, and the woman is busy at home minding the house and looking after the children. The domestic sphere, all that concerns the care of the house and the household and the management of the children—pre-eminently is the woman's kingdom. In the perfection of its arrangements and management her true vocation lies; and in consideration of this, we even go so far as to hold that those women who have to earn their own living will do best to keep to work that lies within their own sphere. That, however, may on examination be found to have wider limits than is generally supposed; for although a woman's duties clearly begin and centre within the four walls of her own home, they do not by any means necessarily end there. There are many public duties recognised as work that can best be done by women for women or for children: works of usefulness, of charity, and of mercy. Such work, taking on ever new forms with new developments of society, women, who have no motive but benevolence, are now doing on School Boards and Poor Boards and in countless other ways; while those who must earn a living for themselves can do so by attending to the wants of others, as matrons in workhouses or prisons, or as teachers of all descriptions. So engaged, they are still working within the sphere of their legitimate duties. It

is domestic work they are engaged in, but domestic work to which the public service, the common good, calls them.

But the varied duties of life, public or private, demand the same mental qualities in women as in men. They, too, must exercise forethought and discrimination; must think clearly and consecutively, and judge calmly. These, the attributes of a well-trained mind, are as necessary to a woman in the petty skirmishes of home, taking even the narrowest view of her duties, as to a man in the wider battlefield of life. How indispensable they are to her if she attempt any work beyond that sphere, we need scarcely say. The difference between the sexes, wherever it lies, is not to be found in their intellectual faculties; and the just conclusion is, that disciplinary methods, which applied to these have been found beneficial in the one case, will be no less likely to prove as efficacious in the other. Any doubt as to the truth of this view can only arise from a mistaken notion as to the true function of all education. If education meant nothing more than the mere acquisition of so much knowledge, to be stored in the mind and reproduced in after-life when required—if education were a mere mechanical process of this sort, then, indeed, there might be some difficulty in showing that any practical good could result to women from a university education. But education, in the true sense of the word, means something more than this. To educate is not simply to instruct—to pour in, that is; but rather, as the very word signifies, to lead out, to draw forth. All true education is twofold—concerned with both facts and faculties. It always involves to a certain extent the assimilation of facts from without; but its other more important function is the bringing out of capacities that are within. It is in this sense the drawing forth, the development of the latent powers of intellect, powers of which we never know the extent until we try to fathom it—powers which may slumber throughout our lives, if the due means are not taken to elicit and to cultivate them. It is not, then, so much what is actually learned by women in university classes that is to be considered, although we hope to show that this also may often be turned to use afterwards. We are willing to grant, however, that the mere facts acquired, the Greek and Latin, the logic and mathematics, will possibly, in the majority of cases, just as with men, never be required in after-life—may even without disadvantage be forgotten. But far more important are the abilities developed in the acquisition of this knowledge; these become a source of power in all after-experience, a fund of strength for the remainder of life.

If we look closely at what really makes the difference between a competent and incompetent person, man or woman, we shall find it lies mainly not so much in the amount of information each possesses, or in the mere number of subjects each is conversant with, as in the ability to deal with any subject, in the power to grasp the idea of anything as a whole, and in its details—to look at a thing all round, as the saying is—to understand what it is in itself, and in its connection with other things. But such capacity is possessed by those only who, by

systematic practice in thinking, have acquired the power of making exact observations, of forming accurate judgments, and drawing correct conclusions. The man or woman of such mental habits, which may be turned to good account in any matter whatever, is a better educated person, in the highest sense, than one who, without these, should be able to repeat the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by heart. But mental power of this kind is not a gift of nature; it must be acquired by our own individual efforts, by painstaking and patient attention to a variety of subjects, by unwearied and persevering application in them all. In order to think well, the natural power to think which belongs to the human mind must be developed and strengthened by exercise; and when we think rightly of a university education as affording this exercise, during the years when the mind is in the best condition to profit by it, we can see no reason why women should be denied this advantage. On the other hand, we are inclined to ascribe the so-called 'unbusiness-like' habits of most women not to any natural incapacity, but to their defective education, to their lack of that continued practice in observation and reasoning which systematic instruction in higher subjects is calculated to afford.

While this drawing-out of the faculties, which, like the hand, 'grow by using,' is to be looked on as most important in all education, we are not prepared to allow that the mere facts acquired in university classes are to be counted altogether useless for women. On the personal solace, the relief from narrowing cares and petty anxieties, the mental refreshment, possible for the scholar whose mind is stored with the best sayings of the best writers of all ages, and who is imbued with that deepened interest in all literature and all learning which a thorough study of the best books in different departments of knowledge gives, we will not dwell. But apart from and in addition to all this, a woman will find that all the learning she can possibly gain is not useless in her own nursery, or in dealing with the dawning intelligence of any children who may come within reach of her influence. What a prodigy she would be who could satisfy the ceaseless curiosity and far-reaching questions of her little four-year-old son! And if a woman's learning is not out of place in her nursery, it is imperatively required in her schoolroom, or if she interests herself in any way in public education. Only she who has been well taught herself, and has learned how to learn, is competent to direct how and what others should learn.

But education continued on into the years when the mind is gradually becoming more fully developed, has another effect, long recognised in the case of men—it tends to bestow what is spoken of vaguely, as general culture, or what may be described as a sympathetic interest in all that is human, an enlightened insight into all that is real, a quickened love for all that is true. Such a state of mind, although we do not insist that it is the inevitable result of increasing knowledge, is yet impossible without it, and is, it must be allowed, as admirable in a woman as a man. As Sydney Smith says: 'A woman of accomplishments may entertain those who have the pleasure of knowing her for half an hour with great

brilliancy; but a mind full of ideas, and with that elastic spring which the love of knowledge only can convey, is a perpetual source of exhilaration and amusement to all that come within its reach.' A mind well cultured is indeed absolutely indispensable to all who aim at doing any good or lasting work in the world, and no less necessary to the woman who finds her chief work in the world of home. As wife, mother, and mistress of a household, a married woman has dependent on her, for their comfort and welfare, many varieties of human beings. She must in turn play many parts, in attending to their various wants and requirements, and all will be better performed, according to her better understanding of different phases of existence, or to the breadth of her own mental horizon. Further, in society, she is called upon to take part in discussions on political questions, on the latest discoveries of science, in criticisms on literature and art. All women actually do this, more or less intelligently. It cannot be the worse for themselves or for society that their opinions on any subject should be the offspring of their own correct knowledge, observation, and reflection, rather than of haphazard reading and hearsay. 'Depend upon it,' said the emphatic Doctor, in speaking of the mistake a man makes when he chooses 'a fool' for his wife, in the hope of managing her—'Depend upon it, no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge.' If this is the case, she cannot be the worse for education which has for its aim to foster the one and bestow the other.

One word may be said here in answer to a possible objection. It might be urged that a university education is not indispensable to the acquisition of sense and knowledge, seeing that many men and women who do without it are sensible and wise. Now, we are well aware that no instruction or learning in schools or colleges can take the place of experience, the great teacher; but experience, from its nature, if sure, is nearly always slow; and a great deal that comes by experience, as detached facts, may be learned from books, the embodied experience of others, in the form of principles. Women, in the absence often of other means of learning, and oftener for want of the ability to find their way in books, are apt to rely too much on experience, and so waste long years in finding out for themselves, with difficulty, much that they might gain from books very easily and in a very short space of time.

It ought now to be evident, unless we have stated our case very badly, that higher education, such as we contemplate, need neither in its process nor in its results take a woman out of her proper sphere. There is nothing in the nature of the education itself calculated to do this; but, on the contrary, all the tendency is to fit women to live and act within that sphere in a way more likely to advance their own good and the good of others.

It is only by thus admitting what intellectual training can do for women, that we are all the better able to see what it cannot do; and what should be most clearly recognised is, that it cannot give a woman her distinctive qualities any more than it can take these away. To suppose that it can, is due, as Sydney Smith says, to the error of thinking 'that man does everything, and that nature does nothing; and that

everything we see is referable to positive institution, rather than to original feeling.' 'Can anything, for example,' he goes on to say, 'be more perfectly absurd than to suppose that the care and perpetual solicitude which a mother feels for her children depend upon her ignorance of Greek and mathematics; and that she would desert an infant for a quadratic equation? We seem to imagine that Cimmerian ignorance can aid parental affection, or the circle of arts and sciences produce its destruction.' To put it less ironically—no culture of the woman's head will bestow upon her the truly womanly heart; still less, where that is 'in the right place,' will any mental cultivation injure or destroy it. Intellectual pursuits may, however, supply the necessary balance, which will prevent that heart from becoming a torture to herself and others. The cultivation of her mental powers may enable her to guard against a too exclusive cultivation of the feelings, alike in her own case and in the case of those dependent upon her for their upbringing.

All play and no work, a state of things not likely to lead to good results of any kind, is too much the rule for girls who have left school. Our greater wealth, our more luxurious modes of living, render it impossible and unnecessary for our girls of the middle class to spend so much of their time in domestic occupations as their mothers did when they were young. In fact, during the years when, according to the old idea, they were being initiated in domestic duties, they now, in general, divide their time between lawn-tennis and reading novels, between going to amusements and preparing for them. But the girl who, without neglecting that recreation and amusement which are so essential to health both physical and mental, devotes an hour or two daily to intellectual culture, in the methodical study of almost any subject she may choose, will, in all ordinary cases, have ample time left for other duties, and will be preparing herself infinitely better for all that life may have in store, than if she were giving up the whole of her time to amusement and excitement. On the one hand—to glance for an instant at the moral aspect of the question—she cannot fail, in addition even to the knowledge and culture acquired, to learn daily lessons in perseverance, patience, and self-denial. On the other hand, by giving her thoughts and time mainly to various forms of diversion, there is too often engendered a state of mental vacancy and unrest, with sloth of body and mind.

'That state is the best possible in which not the men only, but the women also, are the best possible, and the best of both sexes are the best educated.' These words sum up, it seems to us, all that need be said in answer to the question of the advantages of Higher Education for Women, when education is rightly understood in the sense in which Plato here intended, as a calling forth of the capacities, a training for all the possible duties of woman—not those of wife and mother only, but of any station in life she may be called upon to fill.

[There is one aspect of the question relating to the Higher Education of Women which frequently confronts us in our editorial capacity.

It may be illustrated thus: A young lady writes offering us some translations of poetry or fiction from French or German authors, and telling us that she does so because her health does not permit of her engaging in teaching, or because she has failed in getting a situation, or because she has younger or older relatives dependent upon her, whom she cannot leave, and yet whom she must do something to support. She has received a good education, and can translate well, though she has not any original literary capacity to speak of. If we cannot accept her translations, what is she to do? and of what practical use to her is her French and German knowledge? Now, translations are not in much demand by editors, who greatly prefer original contributions, and have always more of these offered them than they can accept. What then, we repeat, is a young lady in these circumstances to do? As was shown by Mrs Lynn Linton in a recent debate in a London paper, the question of the education of our daughters is not one wholly of intellectual and moral considerations, but of pounds, shillings, and pence as well. The money spent in the education of his daughters may be all the capital in life a father of limited means can afford to give them; and the question arises: Is this capital being invested in the direction which will yield the best results in after-life? A great deal of time is spent in the acquisition of French, German, music, and the like, each girl going through the same stereotyped course, without much regard being had to her special proclivities or tastes, or, what is more important, to the work she may have to do for herself in after-life. The question is a difficult and complex one; but it may yet come to be a vital problem in educational methods, how far the uniformitarian system presently followed is deserving of support.—Ed.]

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. IV.—ERNEST.

THE night was passed in fitful sleep, haunted by dreams, in which Ernest, Sergeant Mellish, and my poor uncle, with blood flowing from his breast, were mixed up inextricably with the tall spars and white canvas of *The Mermaid* and the rolling waves of the North Sea. I rose, little refreshed by these broken slumbers; and, after a hasty breakfast, started for Goldstone. Although I felt that the truth would in a few hours be made known to me by Ernest himself, I could not keep my thoughts from seeking a solution of the mystery for myself; but the more I racked my brain, the farther I seemed from coming to any satisfactory conclusion. That Ernest was at the vicarage that night, scarcely admitted of a doubt. The recognition of him by the porter at Briarly Station; the departure of the single passenger, answering to his description, from Camelton Junction; the footprints leading across the fields in that direction; the muddy boots, exactly fitting those footprints—were facts which it appeared to be impossible to confute.

He must have been there at the time, or afterwards. Ay, afterwards; it must have been so. He had arrived to find the murder already done and the assassin fled. But if so, why did he not at once alarm the house? Could he have feared that suspicion would fall upon himself? He would scarcely have thought of that at such a moment; or if he thought of it, would not have allowed the thought to influence him when he knew himself to be innocent. Who could think otherwise? Ernest, so truthful, open, generous-hearted—so loving, so beloved—so like his sister! He capable of such a foul deed? No, no; it could not be!

I strove hard to put these thoughts—to put all thought—from me, and to read the newspaper I had bought before entering the train. But no; I could not. I mechanically read paragraph after paragraph; but my eyes conveyed no impression to my brain; and I kept on thinking the foregoing, or something like it, over and over again, in spite of myself.

So passed the time till the train arrived at Goldstone. Having obtained the requisite authority to see Ernest, I hastened to the jail.

When Ernest and I met, I hurried forward with my hand extended; but he drew back, and said: 'Before I take your hand, Harry, tell me that you believe me innocent.'

'Look me in the face, Ernest, and assure me that you are so, and not one doubt shall linger in my mind.'

'On my honour, I am, Harry!' he exclaimed, as his eyes looked into mine.

There was no need for further words: our hands were clasped; and from that moment, not a thousand Sergeant Mellishes could have made me think him guilty.

I had expected to find him much changed, but not so much! His face was pale, his cheeks hollow, his eyes sunken, his hair and dress neglected. His manner, too!—at one time deeply dejected; at another, almost reckless. He would speak solemnly and feelingly of our departed uncle, and with contrition of his own errors; but when I sought to turn the discourse to his present position, and to lead him to account for his movements on that night, he would change at once, assume a forced gaiety, and try to evade the subject with a laugh that made me shudder to hear.

Our conversation commenced by his asking me about my cruise in *The Mermaid*, but I dismissed the subject in a few words, and then said: 'Come, Ernest, we have something more serious to talk of than this. Don't let us waste the time we can be together in frivolous discourse. Come, there must be no reserve between us.'

'Reserve? Of course not! Why should there be? There never has been: has there?—Have you seen the girls?'

'Certainly,' I replied. 'I hastened to the vicarage as soon as I landed.'

'And are they well?'

'You can scarcely expect them to be well.'

'No, no; how could they be!' he said. 'But do they bear it bravely?'

'Amy seems almost overwhelmed with grief, both for our poor uncle's death and on your account; and Laura, though more composed—as it is her nature to be—feels, I am sure, not less deeply.' And then I gave him Laura's message.

'Her undying love!' he repeated, sadly and musingly.—'Amy does not think me guilty?' he went on, after a pause.

'Not for a moment did she; nor did Laura.'

'Laura!—No; I am sure *she* did not!'

'And can you imagine that Amy is less ready to put faith in you than Laura?' I asked, somewhat indignantly.

'Oh, no, no!' he responded quickly; 'only Amy's disposition is different; she is more easily swayed by the opinion of others.'

'Not in such a case as this.'

'Well, well, no doubt you are right,' he answered, though scarcely, I thought, in a tone of conviction.

'You add much to their sorrow, Ernest,' I went on, 'by refusing to see them. Why will you not?'

'Why!' he exclaimed bitterly. 'Can you ask me that? What! bring them to a prison! Would you have me do so?'

'Yes, I would. There can be no disgrace or impropriety in their coming to a prison to see the brother of the one and the affianced husband of the other, especially when he is confined there for a crime he did not commit.'

'Ah!' he rejoined; 'you and they may believe I did not commit it; but how about the rest of the world? Who else believes me innocent?'

'We sat in silence for a minute or two, and then Ernest suddenly said: "Well, Harry, how are you getting on? Any briefs yet?"'

'I should accept no briefs,' I said, 'if they were offered. I shall devote my whole time and energy to your defence, though it will perhaps be advisable to secure the services of some celebrated counsel to lead.'

'No, no, Harry!' he exclaimed vehemently; 'I'll have no counsel but you.'

'I will, of course,' I said, 'conduct your defence, if you wish it; but I want you to tell me the whole truth as to where you were and what you did that night; and also to give me all the information you have it in your power to give that may enable me to obtain evidence to support your statement.'

'Harry, I can give you no information whatever.'

'You can give me no information!' I ejaculated in astonishment. 'Ernest, what am I to think?'

'Think what you will,' he answered recklessly, 'and leave me to my fate.'

'That I will never do, whatever I may think.'

'Whatever you may think!—Ah!' he resumed, speaking reproachfully, 'you believe me guilty now!'

'No, no, Ernest!'

'No wonder if you do,' he went on passionately; 'but I call God to witness that I am not. Guilty of the murder? I would give every drop of blood in my veins now to recall those wicked acts of mine that caused my dear uncle so much pain. I would give every drop of my blood to bring him back to life, if only for one brief

minute; and to hear him say, "Ernest, I forgive you." As he was speaking, the tears came into his eyes; he dashed them away once or twice; but as he proceeded, they came more plentifully, and at last he utterly broke down, and burying his face in his hands, he sobbed like a child.

I was glad to see this, though my own eyes were dim. I placed my hand on his shoulder and waited patiently till he recovered his composure, then I said: 'Ernest, this will do you good, I hope; but there was no need of it to convince me of your innocence. But I am lost in wonder as to what those circumstances can be which render you unable to give me your entire confidence.'

'Harry,' he said, quietly now, though still speaking with emotion, 'you must trust me blindly. Believe me, I have no alternative but to leave you in the dark.'

'At all events,' I urged, 'tell me whether the footmarks were really yours—whether or not you were at the vicarage that night?'

'I will not tell you.—There, Harry, that's a straightforward answer to a plain question.'

Seeing how pained I was at his manner, he took my hand, and said: 'Forgive me, Harry, for my petulance; you don't know—you can't know—what the state of my mind is. Don't ask me anything else, for I can't tell you the truth, and I won't tell you a lie. If you can get me acquitted by your own skill and eloquence, well and good; if not, I shall go to the scaffold with a knowledge of my innocence, and a firm conviction that I have acted for the best; and that knowledge and conviction will, I trust, sustain me to the end.'

I was now thoroughly convinced of the inutility of pressing him further, on the present occasion at least, and therefore made up my mind to rely wholly on myself. So, rising from my chair, I said: 'My time is up for to-day, Ernest; but I will see you again shortly.—And now, what shall I say for you to the girls?'

'Say to Amy all that a brother in my wretched position can say to console a sister whom he loves dearly. And say to Laura that there must be no more talk or thought of love between us—that whether these prison doors open to give me liberty, or only for my passage first to my trial, and afterwards to my death—whether I am declared innocent or guilty, we must meet no more!'

'Ernest, I cannot tell her that!'

'You must, Harry; and more than that; tell her I entreat her, at the earliest possible moment, to put miles of sea between herself and me—between herself and every person and every place connected with the last few years of her life, and, if she can, forget them.—And now, good-bye for to-day; but come again soon.'

'Most certainly; and I hope to find you then in a less morbid state of mind.'

He smiled sadly, and shook his head as we parted.

I left the prison more bewildered than I had entered it, and repaired to Bushford to tell my mother and the girls the result of the interview. They were as much perplexed as myself to account for Ernest's conduct, and could give no help towards the elucidation of the mystery.

After dinner, I found an opportunity of speaking to Laura alone, when I gave her Ernest's message.

Laura sat with her eyes fixed on my face, and made no comment until I had quite finished; then she said: 'Does he think so lightly of my love as to imagine that I could do this? If all the world deserted him—even if you and Amy were to desert him—I should love him all the more—if it be possible for me to love him more than I do now.'

She spoke quietly, but so impressively as to carry the conviction to me that what she uttered came direct from her heart; and I thought how truly womanly such sentiments are. A man's love rarely survives his respect: a woman's, on the contrary, remains unchanged however unworthy the object of it may prove.

The next day was the Sabbath; and we all attended the service in the old church, where we had so often heard the words of the sacred service from the lips of him who had been so cruelly taken from us. It was a great trial to our composure to sit there now, knowing that we could never hear his voice again; but we all came forth, I think, calmer and more resigned than we had been before.

The next morning, while at breakfast, we came to a settlement as to a residence for the girls, as we had no desire to occupy the vicarage longer. My suggestion of a lodging in London, at least until after the trial, was decided on as the best plan that could be adopted; and it was arranged that the removal should take place in the course of the week. When, therefore, I returned to London, I took suitable apartments for them in one of the quiet streets between the Strand and the river.

My next step was to see Ernest's fellow-student, who had given the information to Sergeant Mellish. I had no difficulty in finding him at the hospital; but I learned little from him that I had not known before. I thereafter repaired to the money-lender to whom my late uncle had paid the twenty-five pound bill. He received me with perfect politeness, and speedily put me in possession of all the facts connected with Ernest of which he was cognisant. He had had no previous transaction with Ernest, who had been introduced to him by a young gentleman of some property and considerable expectations, with whom he had frequently done business.

My third interview was with Ernest's late landlady. She was a garrulous old lady, who had seen better days. As I gained nothing from her that added to my stock of knowledge relating to Ernest's movements, I will not inflict our conversation on my readers.

The muddy boots, the blood-stained coat, and the case of surgical instruments, had, of course, been taken possession of by the police; and by making application to the proper authorities, I might, no doubt, have obtained permission to view them; but this seemed to me to be of little if any use. Moreover, as it was now growing late in the afternoon, and I wished to return to Bushford that evening, I postponed my inspection of those articles for the present.

The principal hope—I may say the only real hope—that I entertained was that I might be able to prove the impossibility, or at least the

great improbability, of Ernest being able to get from Briarly Station to the vicarage, commit the murder, and reach Camelton Junction in time for the mail. Could I do this, the theory of the prosecution would be considerably shaken; for the porters at Camelton had not ventured to swear positively to Ernest's identity; and the evidence of the Briarly porter might be broken down in cross-examination, for he had not seen Ernest many times, and in the darkness, might easily have been mistaken.

It will be remembered that in my description of Bushford and the surrounding country, I stated that Briarly Station was a little over four miles, and Camelton Junction, by the footpath across the fields, about six miles from the vicarage. The total distance, therefore, that Ernest would have had to traverse between Briarly and Camelton would be more than ten miles. Now, the train by which Ernest was supposed to have travelled from London, arrived at Briarly at a quarter past ten, and the up-mail was timed to leave Camelton at ten minutes past twelve. Supposing the mail to have been five minutes late—a rare occurrence with that train—there would be just two hours to do more than ten miles, without allowing any time for the committal of the murder.

Ernest and I had repeatedly tried our walking powers in opposition to one another, and there was little, if any, difference between us. We were neither of us great pedestrians as regards speed, but we could get over a considerable distance at a fair rate. I was certain that if I could not do the distance within the two hours, Ernest could not. I would test the possibility, therefore, of the feat, by going over the same ground as Ernest did, and at the same hour of night. But then, supposing that I should fail in accomplishing the task, I could not, as counsel for the defence, go into the witness-box to prove it. This was a dilemma, which at first had not entered into my thoughts, and it was some time before I could see a way out of it. At length I thought of Bob Coveney. He, I remembered, had on several occasions matched himself against both me and Ernest, and had invariably beaten us, though not easily. Bob, then, was the very man for my purpose; and I wrote to him at once, asking him to come to Bushford with the least possible delay.

Bob Coveney arrived the following morning; and when I explained to him what I required, he readily undertook to assist me, and went at the task with all his usual energy and impetuosity.

I had imparted my design to my mother and the girls, and they awaited the result in a state of considerable excitement, which I confess I shared to a great extent. As for Bob, it was with much difficulty he controlled his impatience.

At length the night came, and at nine o'clock we set off for Briarly, walking leisurely. The sky was clear, though there was no moon: on the night of the murder it was dark and cloudy. The roads and footpaths then were somewhat heavy from the rain; now, they were dry and hard. The circumstances, then, were decidedly in our favour. We got to Briarly a little after ten, and waited at the station gate for the arrival of the train. Punctual to the time it drew up

at the platform; and one minute afterwards we started, running some distance at a steady pace; then walking a while at the top of our speed; then running again; and so on, walking and running alternately, just as a man would who wanted to get over the ground as quickly as possible without actually exhausting himself. As we passed the front of the vicarage, I noticed my mother and the girls at one of the windows watching us. On we went through the churchyard and garden to the study window. We did not enter the room, but gave one minute for the perpetration of the crime—as short a time as could possibly be allowed—and then started again.

Hitherto, we had been on a good level road, and there had been nothing to delay us; but on entering the fields, the case was altered. The path was a good one; but it required some caution in pursuing it at night, for there were ruts on either side, which would have quickly brought us to the ground, had we stepped in them when running, perhaps with the penalty of a broken ankle. There were several stiles, too, to cross; some of these we were able to vault over; but others we had to pass more deliberately, knowing that there was rough ground on the opposite side. Then we came to the stream. This I have described as being spanned by a rustic bridge. The bridge was of the simplest character, being formed by a single plank, with a handrail on one side only. We were obliged to cross it cautiously, and had to relax our speed somewhat in ascending the hill on the other side. Soon after we gained the high-road.

We were fully a mile and a half from Camelton, when we heard the whistle of the mail as it passed through Bushford Station, without stopping. We looked at one another, but did not speak. We felt sure now that we should fail to reach the junction in time. Up to this time, we had kept well together; but Bob now put on a spurt and went slightly ahead. We were yet a mile from Camelton when we saw the train pass us on our right, and shortly afterwards we heard it stop. After a very short interval came the sharp whistle as it again started, and we knew that we were too late. Still, we went on to the station gate, which Bob reached about a hundred yards in advance of me. On looking at our watches, we found that it was eighteen minutes past twelve. The train had been gone eight minutes.

It was some time before we recovered our wind sufficiently to speak, for we had run the last mile or so. When we were able to compare notes, we agreed at once that it was utterly impossible that Ernest could have done the distance quicker than we had, or even so quickly.

As we were walking quietly back to the vicarage, Bob suggested the advisability of repeating our experiment on the following evening, so that his evidence should not rest on the result of one trial only. I heartily concurred in his proposal, and the matter was settled accordingly.

My mother and the girls were waiting at one of the back windows of the vicarage, watching for our return, and I need scarcely say how pleased they were to hear the result of our expedition.

The next morning I questioned old Luke respecting the words he had overheard my uncle

speak during his interview with Ernest. The honest old fellow varied his original statement in no way. They both spoke in an excited manner, but the only words he distinctly heard were 'my will.' He adhered firmly to the fact that he did hear those words.

'You see, Master Harry,' he said, 'I wasn't very near the window, and I'm getting the least bit deaf; but I had been used to his voice all my life, and I could hear him better than any one else. I heard him say "my will" as plain as ever I heard him say anything. I moved furdur away after that, for I didn't want to be a listener. I wish I hadn't heard him, Master Harry; but I did, and I must speak the truth.'

I honoured the old man for his sturdy honesty, though I heartily wished he was less positive.

It is not necessary for me to describe how Bob and I repeated our race against time; suffice it to say that, the sky being more cloudy, we were even longer than on the previous night in accomplishing the task. Bob returned home on the following morning.

The removal to London having been finally fixed for Saturday, it became necessary for me to look over my late uncle's furniture and effects. Such articles as were not closely associated in our minds with the deceased, or had not been particularly valued by him, we determined should be sold. The remaining things were to be warehoused until such times as we should ourselves require them for use. My poor uncle's library I resolved to preserve intact. The acquisition of it had occupied his lifetime, and the volumes composing it had been selected with much care, most of them being the best editions, and some of great rarity. I was sure that my fellow-legatees would willingly enter into some arrangement for it to become the property of one of us.

Since the day when the foul deed was first discovered, the room in which that deed was done had not been entered, except for the purpose of opening and closing the shutters. When I crossed the threshold, it was with a feeling akin to solemn awe, as if the spirit of my murdered uncle still hovered there. Scarcely anything had been moved; the furniture had not even been dusted: the signs of the crime were still apparent on the carpet and the easy-chair. My late uncle had evidently been employed in writing on the night when he met his death, as the pages he had written were on the table in front of where he had been sitting. The book he had been using as a reference or otherwise was a volume of Shakspeare, open at the last scene in *Hamlet*—a play he was never weary of studying. Near the bottom of the page appeared this passage—perhaps the last he ever read: 'If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.' There was no more for me to do in this room, so I passed on to the others. When I came to the room containing my late uncle's clothes, and looked them over, I am not ashamed to say that my sight soon became obscured by tears. Nearly the last garment which I had to examine was the coat he had worn on the last night of his life. I took it reverently from the peg on which it was hanging. I have elsewhere stated that it was thrown back when he was discovered dead; it therefore bore no marks of

blood. I was about to replace it in the wardrobe, when my fingers encountered something hard, apparently in the inside breast-pocket. I thrust my hand into the pocket, and drew forth the drop or pendant of an earring. I knew it well; it was one of a pair I had given Laura on her birthday, two years before. How could it have got there? I was holding it in my hand, wondering, and gazing on it in a listless, musing manner, without connecting it in any way with the murder, when suddenly a wild thought flashed into my mind. *Can Laura be the assassin? and does Ernest know it?*

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE great Egyptian Sphinx is being gradually excavated, the work having been going on for the past twelve months. At present the entire front of the great stone monster has been bared, together with its chest and the space between its paws. In addition to this, the altar in front of the Sphinx, with the platform upon which it rests, is once more open to the sky. A fine flight of steps about forty feet in width lies between the Sphinx and the large pyramid plateau. These steps were described by Pliny, and were uncovered in 1817, but have been hidden for the past seventy years. It is believed by many that this remarkable monument of antiquity stands in the midst of a huge and artificial amphitheatre hewn out of the solid rock; and it is considered to be, if not actually prehistoric, at all events the most ancient monument in the land of Egypt.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, the Rev. Mr Chalmers gave an interesting account of his exploration in South-eastern New Guinea. As a missionary of the London Society, it became his duty to seek for healthy places for settlements of native teachers, and his journey began, accompanied by his wife, in the year 1878. He found little trouble with the natives, but he says that it is true in New Guinea as elsewhere that 'familiarity breeds contempt,' and that he found that kindness blended with firmness and a good pinch of common-sense always helped him along and opened the way before him. One curious experience is worth quoting, and that refers to the fondness of the savages for music. He says that he had 'often seen hundreds of savages wild with delight when *Auld Langsyne* was sung, and the enthusiasm passed describable bounds when the joining of hands took place, and then all would seek to do the same, and ended their singing with shouting.'

The *Times* lately gave a very interesting account of the progress which has been made in Central Africa by an English Company known as the African Lakes Company. This Society is not a mere trading venture, but was started in 1878 to assist the various missions

that were then established to work out schemes initiated by Livingstone. One of its most satisfactory features is that it has proved the possibility of trading with natives in india-rubber, wax, ivory, &c. to a very large amount without any exchange of rum or other 'fire-water.' It is to be hoped that other traders and explorers will take this fact to heart, and will endeavour to follow so good an example. An episode in the history of this Company touches ourselves very nearly, and has a spark of romance about it. A single coffee-plant was exported from the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens. This one plant took kindly to the rich soil of the hills, and before long burst out into unwonted luxuriance. It has been computed that from this one plant one hundred thousand coffee-trees claim direct descent, and Scotland may be said to have put some of her own energy and pluck into its fibre.

Another contribution to our knowledge of Central Africa is found in a lecture delivered by Captain Cameron at the London Institution entitled, 'Urua—its People, Government, and Religion.' This place owns as a sovereign a great chief of the name of Kasongo, who is ruler over many other chiefs who pay him tribute. He seems, like other African rulers, to be most capricious in temper, and he amuses himself occasionally by cutting off the ears, hands, or feet of his attendants. These victims to his passion have a very ready mode of healing their wounds, and one withal which is not sanctioned by the medical profession—namely, by plunging their stumps into boiling porridge. The natives show great skill in carving and iron-work, which are mostly employed in the decoration of idols and parts of their houses. There is a trade carried on in salt and copper, and some gold has been discovered by a native; but, strange to say, little value seems to be attached to that circumstance. Captain Cameron believes that Urua will some day come into great prominence, for quite recently some of the officials of the Congo Free State had followed the river sufficiently to show that a branch of it was navigable, and that, if followed up, would lead to Kasongo's capital.

Recent storms have led to so much loss of life in the Bristol Channel, that the idea has once more been mooted of the establishment of a harbour of refuge upon some portion of its coasts. The inhabitants of Swansea, Cardiff, and Bristol have all passed resolutions calling upon the government to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the subject. Its importance may be gauged when we mention that the various ports in this part of the country have so increased in recent times that now the shipping trade of the Bristol Channel is equal to one-fifth of that of the whole of Britain. At the same time, the navigation is extremely difficult and dangerous, and it is recognised by all that a harbour of the kind named is an absolute necessity. It is natural

that a great deal of rivalry exists among the different ports immediately concerned as to the site of this proposed refuge, and if for this reason alone, the subject should be thoroughly investigated by a competent and independent tribunal.

The Council of the Royal Geographical Society have resolved to make a grant of one thousand pounds towards the expedition which has been organised for the relief of Emin Pasha, under the command of Mr. H. M. Stanley. In making this grant, the Society hope that the chief object of the expedition will be supplemented by some geographical exploration of the country to be traversed.

The story of the last French vintage is one of terrible disaster owing to that dreaded insect pest, the phylloxera. In the last three years, the vintages have decreased at a greater rate than one hundred million gallons per annum; and it now appears that a large proportion of the vintage of 1886 was produced from dried raisins and the dregs of the first and second press. Among the variety of remedies that have been proposed to get rid of this dreaded pest, one only is said to be really effectual, and that is, inundating the plants in the month of November, and continuing that operation for at least forty days. For a great many successive years this has been done at a certain vineyard near Avignon; but here there happens to be plenty of water available from the Durance Canal. Other vineyards are not so well off, and that mode of treatment is inapplicable. Among the chemicals tried, carbon bisulphide seems to be the most effectual; but it is considered that a great deal might be done by killing the swarms of insects before they take the wing. It has been estimated that the loss to the French vineyards already exceeds the cost of the Franco-German War, and no one can say with any certainty when the plague will cease. It is to be hoped that the authorities will give their serious attention to a subject of such great importance to the country, and that a Commission will be appointed, which will be able to deal with it in a satisfactory manner.

Although we still too often hear of those terrible fatalities in our coal-mines by which many workers annually lose their lives, it is satisfactory to record that during 1886 these catastrophes were far less in number than those of the previous year. If we look at the details of the Report recently issued, we find that the first disaster took place near Bristol, when eight men were killed. Naked lights were used on that occasion, and an unlooked-for evolution of gas led to the explosion. The greatest loss of life took place in August at a colliery near Manchester, the victims numbering thirty-eight. This explosion has one feature about it which is noteworthy, for it affects the efficiency of the Davy lamp, which the best authorities have long since known to be wrongly associated with the word 'safe.' On this occasion, one of the survivors actually witnessed the cause of the explosion, by gas being fired at one of these lamps. Looking through the other items of this Report, we find that the disasters were, with one exception, caused by naked lights being used in mines, one only being attributed to coal-dust. We may therefore say that most of the explosions in 1886 were preventable; and we may hope that in

future years the death-rate will be considerably diminished.

The value of the game killed in the woods and forests of Prussia during the year ending March 1886 is estimated at six hundred thousand pounds. It is stated that this sum would have been greatly lessened had not the keepers shown the greatest vigilance in killing the various kinds of vermin which prey upon the game. They killed during the period named more than a quarter of a million head of vermin, including birds of prey. Under the head of vermin come foxes, stoats, weasels, martens, polecats, badgers, otters, and wild-cats. Among birds of prey, crows and magpies have not hitherto been reckoned; but they will be looked after in future, as it is found that they do a great amount of mischief. One curious circumstance comes to light in this Report: only four wolves were killed. It is said that the German wolves followed the German army into France during the winter of 1870, and have remained there. In Alsace and Lorraine, the number of wolves killed during the year was thirty-seven.

A curious accident is recorded by the *Liverpool Mercury* as having happened to Mr Bauer at the Peabody Museum, Newhaven, Connecticut. He was in the act of boring a hole in a large ostrich egg weighing about three pounds, when, to the utter surprise of the bystanders, it suddenly exploded and knocked him senseless, besides injuring some of them severely. It is said that such explosions on a smaller scale are not uncommon on the Chinese coasts. It is common there to preserve hens' eggs for use on board ship packed in lime, and if not properly packed, they will begin in a week or two to go bad, and will go off with a noise like pistol-shots. The explosion in all cases is doubtless due to the generation of pent-up gas in the interior of the shell.

We are always hearing of new applications of electricity, but it seems certainly a novel idea to apply it to a musical conductor's baton. Recently, after some manoeuvres of the German army, a concert was given in honour of King William, in which more than one thousand performers took part. This concert took place in the open air on a pitch-dark night, and it would have been impossible for the performers to watch the conductor's beat had the tip of his baton not been furnished with a little incandescent lamp. We may add that the same expedient has more recently been resorted to at the Savoy Theatre, London, where Sir Arthur Sullivan, during a part of the performance when absolute darkness was necessary, resorted to the same expedient.

Sir Henry Bessemer has made a rather startling proposal in regard to the use of steel for building forts and turrets at our coaling stations. He proposes to cast an entire fort in one piece, and this is the way in which he suggests that the work might be accomplished: First of all, a mould would be built upon the site of the proposed fort, made of bricks, and lined with fireclay. With proper apparatus, Sir Henry Bessemer states that in sixteen hours the molten metal could be poured into this mould so as to form a fort of one solid piece of steel weighing nearly one thousand tons! Such an erection would require no backing or superstructure for its support, and the necessary

loopholes would be formed in their proper places at the time the casting was made.

According to the *Electrician*, an excellent carbon for electrical purposes can be obtained from seaweeds. After being thoroughly freed from adherent salt, the weeds are dried, and are then carbonised in closed vessels in the customary manner. The product is treated with acid, and is then said to present a perfectly pure form of carbon in soft masses, which can be easily crushed between the fingers, and which, after being ground, is fit for adaptation to any of the purposes for which carbon is usually applied.

The congregation of a church near Taunton, in Devonshire, lately ran a narrow risk of suffering the same fate as that which overtook the visitors to the Crarac quarries last autumn. At the time the sermon was drawing to a close at the morning service, the people were affected with a peculiar faintness, and some of them are described as 'falling like ninepins about the church.' This curious effect was traced to the products of combustion escaping from the heating apparatus, by which the whole congregation were gradually becoming asphyxiated.

Paper has been applied to so many industrial purposes, that there really seems to be no end to its various uses. In Germany, a piano has just been made, the case of which is entirely constructed of compressed paper. The tone of this instrument is said to be much altered by its novel casing, and to be characterised by a peculiar sweetness.

The recent snowstorms have once more called attention to the extreme inconvenience which arises from the breakdown of our overhead telegraph system; and most people, without knowing the difficulties involved in the change, loudly call for underground wires. The expense is not the only obstacle in the way of such a change. Underground lines are, for many reasons, not so serviceable as those which are carried overhead; the effects of induction retard the speed of the rapid systems to a very great extent; and there are other reasons which cause our telegraph authorities still to cling to a system which seems to outsiders too often productive of breakdown and delay.

According to *Industries*, there are nearly a hundred places in the Black Forest where the manufacture of clocks and watches forms the main industry. Ninety years ago, seventy-five thousand clocks and watches were made annually. The number has now increased to nearly two million, nearly a quarter of the number being sent out from one place alone. About nine thousand persons are employed in this industry.

The usual crop of winter fogs in the metropolis has brought the usual number of proposed remedies; but one of these, suggested by Mr H. W. Tyler, stands out from the rest as being really practicable. He proposes that the tax on bituminous coal, which is that generally used in London and most of our large towns, should be doubled or trebled, while at the same time other coals of the anthracite type should be untaxed. The object of this proceeding does not at first sight seem clear; but here is the explanation: bituminous coal gives off smoke, and anthracite coal is smokeless, or nearly so. Thus, it would be to the interest of the buyer to consume the

untaxed coal, while at the same time he would have the satisfaction of knowing that by saving his pocket, he was also saving himself and his fellows from much of the ill-health, dirt, and inconvenience caused by periodical fogs.

Frosty weather always brings us its contingent of explosions of domestic boilers. These occasionally are so fatal in their results, that it seems extraordinary that persons are not more careful to make themselves acquainted with the cause and its obvious remedy. If every boiler were fitted with a simple form of safety-valve, such explosions could not happen. We need hardly say that these disasters are caused by ice forming in the pipes leading from the boiler, and thus stopping the escape of steam.

A meeting has lately been held in Glasgow with the object of forming a Scottish Astronomical Society. All who are interested in this movement, or wish to become members of this Society, should communicate with Mr William Peck, F.R.A.S., 6 Hanover Street, Edinburgh.

Table Rock at the falls of Niagara, which was the favourite spot from which a view of the Horseshoe Fall could be obtained, fell last month into the river below with a tremendous crash. The mass of rock which has fallen is estimated to have measured one hundred and fifty feet long, sixty feet wide, and one hundred and seventy feet deep.

The last volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy* contains a very interesting article, entitled, 'Observations on Lion-breeding in the Gardens of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland.' It will be a surprise to most of our readers to learn, on the authority of Mr V. Ball, the writer of this article, that during the last thirty years no fewer than one hundred and thirty-one lion cubs have been born in the Gardens referred to. Of these, only twenty-one were lost—dying shortly after birth. Eighty-six of the remainder were sold to other collections in Europe, America, and Africa. The patriarch of this family was named 'Natal,' and his progeny amounted to forty-two—during his eight years of existence in the Gardens. The entire history of this successful breeding of the king of beasts so far from his native haunts is a remarkable one.

In Austria, an order has been issued which forbids the sale of cooking-vessels plated with nickel. It is said that vinegar and other acids used in cooking dissolve the metal to a certain extent, and that even so small a quantity as one-seventh of a grain will cause vomiting and other unpleasant and dangerous symptoms. Indeed, the salts of nickel may be looked upon as being more poisonous than those of copper.

The inventive American has discovered not how to make bricks without straw, but how to make timber from straw. At the forthcoming American Exhibition, which is to open on the 2d of May at Earls Court, Kensington, will be a house of straw, now being made in Philadelphia. This house is an American suburban villa, very handsome, and thoroughly artistic in design, two-and-a-half stories high, and covering a space of forty-two by fifty feet. It is built entirely of materials manufactured from straw, foundations, timber, flooring, sheathing, roofing—everything, in fact, including the chimneys, the material being fire-proof as well as waterproof. The inside finish

will be in imitation rosewood, mahogany, walnut, maple, ash, ebony, and other fine woods, the straw lumber taking perfectly the surface and colour of any desired wood. The straw villa will be devoted to the illustration of Philadelphia's commercial, financial, and industrial interests, by means of large photographs of the leading exchanges, banks, insurance buildings, factories, mills, schools, &c.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

'THE FOLLIES AND FASHIONS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.'

BOOK is the title of a most entertaining and delightful collection of the sayings and doings, the habits and fashions, of our ancestors of eighty years ago, collected from the pages of journals, newspapers, and magazines of the year 1807. The volume is published by Messrs Field & Tuer, London, and is printed and bound with that good taste which distinguishes that firm in all they issue. Besides a varied and entertaining letterpress, the book contains numerous coloured fashion-plates of the period referred to, in which gentlemen appear in those costumes of bright-hued materials that form so marked a contrast to the sombre and unpicturesque attire of the present day. The fashions of the ladies of 1807 are also fully displayed ('hand-coloured and heightened with gold and silver'), as also some sporting and coaching scenes of the olden time. There are likewise given portraits of many of the more distinguished men and women of the day, including George III., Lady Hamilton, Hayley the sculptor, Lord Byron, and Mr Wordsworth. The extracts from the various magazines are neatly arranged under headings, which makes reference easy; and the reading of them will afford much pleasure and not a little curious information to those who are fond of social history, or who love to compare the ways and habits of the present generation with those of past times.

A USEFUL BOOK.

Even with those who possess encyclopædias of general information, gazetteers of the world, and the like, the necessity frequently arises of finding the whereabouts of some small or otherwise insignificant place within our own islands, the name of which is not to be expected in works of a general character. A book such as is here desiderated has just been issued by Mr John Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., map-engraver, Edinburgh. The volume is entitled, *Gazetteer of the British Isles*, and is published by Messrs A. & C. Black, Edinburgh. It gives brief but accurate definitions or descriptions of the places mentioned; and having tested it in many ways both as to its accuracy and as to its inclusion of names of obscure or little-known places in these islands, we find the result satisfactory. In addition to the topographical information, we have in an Appendix a large body of tables of a statistical nature, embracing such subjects as the temperature, rainfall, tides, population, death-rate, agriculture, railways, &c. of the British Isles, all of which subjects

are illustrated by variously shaded maps, well calculated to convey information on any given point with the least expenditure of time. Turn, for instance, to the map of the death-rate—always an interesting though somewhat gloomy subject—and at a glance will be found the various districts in which the death-rate of these islands is high or low. The same with the birth-rate, with the relation of agricultural to industrial population, with the land under crops as compared with land under pasture, besides a number of other subjects regarding which accurate information is always welcome. We do not hesitate to pronounce it a useful book.

'FIERY HONEY.'

I.

AN April face set in a summer sea
Of waving hair, that in the sunshine gleams;
Two laughter-loving eyes that brighter be
Than all the splendour of the day-god's beams;
And coral lips that can both smile and pout,
When passion's witchery breeds new loveliness;
And tender rosbud cheeks that make us flout
Those garden beauties in their gorgeous dress.
In that fair face, bright eyes, and wealth of hair,
A bitter sweetness these poor eyes have seen,
That looked for bliss, and blinded to despair,
Found laughing nymph too late a jealous queen.
So fade fond dreams, so wake sick hearts to sigh:
Yet are they blest who see the gods and die.

II.

The old truth is the new, that love is light,
And writ in shifting sand a woman's word;
Swift-winged from sleep, poor dreams of bliss take flight,
Like heavenly strains forgotten soon as heard;
And joy brings sorrow; and fond hope, despair;
And from the sweet, the bitter ever springs;
And laughing eyes but make the false seem fair;
And music mocks us when an angel sings.
Bright eyes and sunny hair are ever bright
To one who sees not half their loveliness.
Once sell thy true heart for the vain delight,
And thou art bann'd, though still it seem to bless.
And yet not wholly bann'd; to-morrow's pains
Are as to-day's, and still—the past remains.

A. NAIRNE.

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THE POOR MAN'S HARVEST.

'MAN and boy, married and single, I never see'd a worse poor man's harvest than this is, master.' The speaker was a sturdy South Lincolnshire labourer, whom, in neighbourly country fashion, we had hailed as he trudged home from the harvest-field in a steady downfall of fine rain, which forbade all thought of further work for that day at least.

Not for the first time by many that season had Bill Ashford and his mates had to quit their work for the same reason. A few days of sunshine had alternated with one or two of heavy wet for weeks together, and still the harvest-work dragged slowly on. But how did this affect the 'poor man?' It is easy to understand how the getting in of the crops in bad condition affects the farmer; it is intelligible, also, that a protracted in-gathering implies extra expenses; and it is unhappily true that, for a number of years in succession, the character of the weather has given the agriculturist serious grounds for crying 'bad harvests.' But what have harvests good or bad to do with the 'poor man,' who holds no land except his garden-patch, and to whom, directly at least, the rise or fall of the markets can have little interest? A glance at the economy of humble rural life will at least be a variety to the more resounding tales of agricultural depression, and may at the same time solve the riddle of the 'poor man's harvest.'

The labourer is paid by the day; no work means no wages. The daily wage varies in different counties, and even in different districts of the same county, following in this the law of demand and supply. It is thus notably highest in those parts of England where extensive mining and manufacturing industries are carried on, and lowest where these occur but slightly, or are altogether absent. The neighbourhood of large towns, in fact, marks the localities in which comparatively high remuneration is given for agricultural labour, and the scale descends in

the ratio of the distance. Our remarks refer exclusively to the purely, or almost purely, agricultural districts, of which South Lincolnshire may be taken as a very fair example. No single province can be selected which would tally in every particular custom with those prevailing in others; nor can the condition of the agricultural poor in one part of the country be rigidly representative of that of the entire class. One faithful picture, however, will afford, in its outline and main features, no inaccurate idea of the general lot of the English peasant.

For some years past, the day's wage of Bill Ashford and his mates has been two shillings in winter, and two shillings and twopence in summer. It will be close on the truth to say that, year in and year out, they are able to make no more than five days' work a week, or an average weekly income of ten shillings and fivepence. Allowing—what is scarcely warranted by facts—that one shilling and fivepence pays the rent of his cottage, there remains to the labourer a balance of nine shillings wherewith to meet all other demands. There is little, perhaps, to call for sympathy in the lot of the unmarried labourer; for this sum, meagre as it is, finds him, as a matter of fact, in food and clothing, besides affording him a fair share of the rude enjoyments in which he delights. But once across the bourn of matrimony, his troubles come thick and fast upon him. Before many years, the cottage is crowded with children; doctors' bills become annuals; and for many a long day he has constantly before him the never-to-be-solved puzzle of making nine shillings serve ninety-nine different purposes. His establishment, we shall say, including himself and wife, consists of six persons strictly dependent on him. The first step in the partition of his earnings is impressively simple. Three stone of flour for bread and puddings, and, presto! three shillings remain to ponder over, to weigh, to stretch if possible, so that they may cover the shifting but never lessening area of other wants. Three shillings—less or more according to the

price of the great staple commodity—three shillings with which to purchase other items of consumption, to pay club-money, school-fees, doctor's bills, and to buy clothing. There is no mistake about the figures. We have gone over them many a time with the shrewdest and most industrious of the class, not without a certain ~~secret~~ ^{secret} hope, be it said, of finding some latent magical quality in these particular shillings which should make them go further than other people's, but without avail. The 'unconditional' philosopher may make something else of it, and prove that Bill Ashford ought to save money; but as we are one of those who consider 'conditions' everything, we venture to say that it were easier to persuade the philosopher to change places with the peasant—and that is saying something—than to prove its possibility.

There are doubtless many peasants with smaller families, and a consequently larger margin to work upon, just as there are many with larger ones whose cases are doubly hard. There are also little special facts telling, here for, and there against, the generalised case selected, in the possession of every one who has any personal knowledge of rural life. The foremen, or horsemen, the stock-tenders, lose no 'time,' and therefore average twelve shillings and sixpence a week. Skilful hedgers, ditchers, and 'thackers' are often paid by the piece, and earn comparatively large sums when so employed. Many, again, have children still under their roof who are old enough to earn a few shillings now and then—at harvest, potato-picking, or hoeing. As a set-off, however, there are numbers with none of these advantages, and with such additional drawbacks as an infirm parent to assist, a wife with chronic ill-health, or suffering themselves from some malady that diminishes largely the average number of clear days' work. Giving and taking, a roughly accurate estimate of the position of the farm-labourers, so far as that depends on their daily toil, may thus be obtained. Throw in the chances of a little private assistance in cases of sickness, death, or very severe seasons, a dole of a few shillings twice a year from the income of some charity-lands in the parish, and the chance of free schooling for one or more of the children, and the picture is complete.

Neither philosophy nor science will enable Bill Ashford to span the yawning chasm that lies between such means and those ends which, as a husband and father, he has to accomplish. Squeeze them, hammer them as he may, the two ends will never meet. Were he tied strictly to such an income, he might as well proclaim himself bankrupt at the outset. There is not enough cloth to do it, as an American would say. How, then, is the gap filled? Our object is not to produce a piece of special pleading on his behalf, but rather to paint his condition, so far as that rests on material circumstances, in all its brief lights and long shadows. We gladly disclose, therefore, the ways by which he is enabled to remain solvent, and even to afford himself the mild luxury of a bit of baccy or an occasional pint of fourpenny ale.

Bill Ashford's thatched, cramped, ill-lighted, and never weather-tight hovel—which we have hitherto called by courtesy a cottage—has a

garden-plot of half a rood or a rood attached to it. There, in fine spring evenings, he spends that portion of his leisure covered by daylight in digging and in planting or sowing potatoes, cabbages, or onions; looking to enjoy at the cost of his own labour what would otherwise trench deeply on his meagre earnings. These and his broad-beans, his peas, carrots, turnips, radishes, lettuces, celery, parsnips, and so forth, help him immensely in eking out the precarious revenue derived from regular labour. How valuable his crop of vegetables, and how serious to him a failure or blight of his potatoes, will readily be seen by any one who attempts to allocate his hard cash to the various claims upon it. There is also another aspect of the matter. His garden is one of the few joys of his existence, giving to it a perennial purpose and hopefulness. What a vast mental area his patch of land covers, to be sure! The pig—in a certain sense only a corollary to his crop—no doubt bulks largely in his scheme of economy; but his garden is his great centre of interest, and the staple subject of conversation at village corners, as well as over his glass of mild at the *Blue Lion*. It is thus a double blessing to him; it helps him to solve that grim problem which the world has set before him, and at the same time gives his career an individuality which distinguishes it from that of the mere beast of burden. It is pleasant and suggestive to observe Bill, in his shirt-sleeves, pipe in mouth, digging, hoeing, or setting out. His eye is full of speculation; he sees already the fruition of his self-imposed toil; reckons the quantity he may be able to spare for sale, hopes for a good market, and flatters himself that there is 'more sense in them there champion potatoes and them there narrows' than in any other he could have selected. His cheery hopefulness or his prognosticating growl is alike human and humanising.

So far, so well. But the gap between means and ends is still only partially filled up. How is he to get fairly abreast of that little world which has so much of unlovely care for him and his? Well, in a word, he relies upon his piece-work earnings in harvest-time to do this for him; mowing, tying, wagoning, and thatching are paid by the piece. When August draws near, Bill girds his loins for a heavy spell of work. He lays in extra provisions, and arranges for his score of small-beer at the village inn. He is on his mettle, and must sustain his strength; and he sets about doing so, you see, in the only way that he knows, or that seems good to him. He further looks about him for a good, steady, willing 'mate' to share his work and earnings—for they work in pairs. His eldest lad will drive a team, or the young 'wenches' will make bands, while the 'missis' will cook and carry the 'vittels' to the field; or some other arrangement of his belongings will be made according to circumstances. A few more days of warm sunshine, and the mustard in Sturshall's twenty acre will be 'fit'; Kilham's barley is almost ready, and wheat will be early this year. There is now only one subject of interest throughout the parish, one engrossing theme to the loiterers on the bridge, the toppers in the taproom, to old men and school children, to church-goers or market-goers—the coming harvest!

When the weather is favourable—light winds and warm sun—the whole series of operations may not occupy more than from three to four weeks. During that time, Bill obtains, perhaps, a weekly 'sub' from his employer of from ten to fifteen shillings. At its close, the land-surveyor measures the work each pair has done separately, makes out his statement, and gives one copy to the 'partners,' and another to the farmer. The balance of cash now due to them is paid. Its amount varies, of course, a good deal in different cases; but a good labourer may look to receive a clearance of from seven to twelve pounds. Times have been when the sums so obtained were larger, and of late we are sorry to say they have often been much smaller; but we are not writing of any particular case or any particular year. This harvest-money it will be seen raises the average of his earnings for the year by from three to five shillings a week; but, received in a lump, it is much more serviceable. He is now able to clear the ravelled skein of his affairs and start once more abreast of the times. He squares accounts with the village tradesman and the doctor, and lays in winter clothing for himself and family. If these claims are slight, he is able to buy a pig to rear throughout the winter, and thus gain one more advantage in his struggle against hard lines. It is, in fact, this annual godsend that makes his lot a practicable one in a world where he is supposed to have no business either to die of starvation or to steal to avoid it. Woe to the unlucky wight who sprains an ankle or a wrist at the beginning of harvest, or who, from other causes, is prevented from sharing its golden windfall!

It is clear, then, that the 'poor man' has a distinct, even a vital interest in the character of the harvest. In a dry year, such as we have above supposed, his work proceeds without interruption. His extra expenditure is limited to a few weeks, his clearance over and above his day's pay is large, and he finds himself, when he returns to day-work, a good round sum in pocket. A 'bad poor man's harvest' means one which alternate rain and sunshine have protracted to such a degree as to attenuate or altogether swallow up the much-desired overplus. Within late years, there has been a whole series of untoward seasons for the agriculturist, and to that fact the public has been kept pointedly alive. Much really deserved sympathy has been expressed for the farmer both by the press and from the platform; all manner of schemes have been ventilated for the amelioration of his condition; while rents have in many cases been liberally discounted, to enable him to bear up against the pressure of the times. But Bill Ashford's moan has been all unheard, unsympathised with, and unanswered. The simple annals of the poor penetrate slowly the hard rind of popular philanthropy.

There is yet another and a very touching reason why Bill and his mates should interest themselves about harvest-weather. In his locality, the good old scriptural custom of gleaning still obtains. The wives and children of the labourers who have reaped and got in the corn are privileged to go over the stubble and gather the ears that the rake has refused to collect. In a

fine season, this is no small boon. Some families are thus enabled to get as much wheat as will provide them with bread-stuff for a considerable time. The right of gleaning is extended to the widows and orphans of labourers, and gains by this an additional halo of interest. It may have its sad side, this picking up the crumbs; but we forbear to moralise. It is, let us consider, no small aid to the recipients; and it is a 'bad poor man's harvest' indeed when wet weather has sodden and swollen the gleaned ears. They are then unfit for anything but chicken-food, and many poor little human chickens are thus disappointed of their ration of wholesome home-made bread.

The tale is told. Bill Ashford has had various experiences—'man and boy, married and single.' He grows like a disappointed aspirant to the Woolsack, and, like him, has to growl and bear his lot. Nor is there any violence in the metaphor, seeing that a man, whatever his station, has only to fill the mould in which he has been cast. The shell that surrounds us all, be it large or small, has a rough surface and many irritating angularities; philosophy, the philosophy of common-sense, tells us to avoid these by vigilance or endure them with fortitude. Our friend Bill has plenty of scope and to spare for this kind of philosophy. But we love rather to see him in his buoyant humours, when things are going well; in his grateful moods, when good money has been earned in good weather; and we trust sincerely that it will be many years again before he has to complain of a 'bad poor man's harvest.'

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHLAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER X.—JACOB'S LADDER.

'You have been a long time at the Hall,' said Mr Cornellis, when his daughter returned with a heightened colour.

'Have I? I did not know I had been absent any considerable time.'

'The hour and a half must have passed very agreeably. You do not usually find the society of that old imbecile entertaining; nor he yours sufficiently pleasant to make him care to detain you. Perhaps,' he added with a sneer, 'you have been elsewhere.'

'I have not been elsewhere, papa.'

'And pray, what has kept you all this while?'

'We have been talking.'

'Does he want me to play billiards with him?'

Josephine considered a moment, then laughed, and said: 'Really, papa, I do not know. I forget. If he told me, I do not remember.'

'Your conversation must have been mightily engrossing, if you cannot recall an answer to a message. What was it about?'

'You desire me to tell you?'

'O no,' answered Mr Cornellis in his cold, contemptuous tone. 'If I were to insist, and you were indisposed to comply, you would tell me lies.'

Josephine's cheeks flushed. She had some difficulty in controlling herself sufficiently to say in a subdued tone: 'Do I generally tell you lies, papa?'

'I do not know. I do not care to inquire. I daresay you do, when asked inconvenient questions.'

Josephine walked up and down the room. 'Why, papa, do you always imagine evil of me, and—of every one? It is enough to make one bad. Is the world full of nothing but swindlers and liars and hypocrites?'

'Angels do not tenant earth here.'

'Nor devils either.'

'Perhaps not—a generation which is a mixture of both; but the gravitation is downwards. Did you ever hear of any one flying off into angel-tenanted space? No, my dear; we keep our feet planted on the earth, and are insensible to centrifugal action, but alive to that which is centripetal.'

'Papa, do you remember that man on the pier at Walton with an apparatus by means of which he pretended he could see through a brick?'

'What of that?'

'He did nothing of the sort. You explained it as an optical deception, contrived by a series of mirrors hid in the apparatus. Those who peered through the spyglass thought they saw through a brick, but they did nothing of the kind.'

'Right: it was a deception.'

'Well, I believe you are equally deceived when you assert that you see through every one you come across.'

Mr Cornellis bit his lip. He turned testily to his daughter and said: 'You need not pace the room as if you were still striding the deck of the lightship.'

She desisted at once, and left the room. She went out of the house, through the garden gate, upon the seawall, and walked there. The tide was out; a wide expanse of mud showed, and the mud exhaled its usual unsavoury steam. Gulls made a clatter over it, collecting food; a heron sailed up and flew away as Josephine approached where it fed. The tears were in her eyes. She was hurt by her father's remark that she would answer him with lies. She knew his ways of thinking and speaking; she had rebelled occasionally heretofore; her conscience had acquired fresh sensitiveness of late, and she shook off his ugly scepticism, as false to human nature. She had seen a true man, had met with genuine unselfish love, and had felt the charm it exercised. She began to suspect that there was a poetry and picturesqueness and music in the moral sphere as well as in mere external nature. She had been taught by her father, or had gathered from his conversation, scorn for the weaknesses of humanity, and now, with genuine surprise, perceived that there was infinite pathos and beauty in those very weaknesses.

The willows were quivering in the light wind, the leaves slenderly attached to the stem fluttered and flickered with a breath—their vibration exposed their silver lining. At one moment the trees stood dark against the sky, then a feeble puff sweeping over the mud-flat, brushed up the leaves, and converted the whole tree into a tree of snow exquisitely beautiful, a very tree

for fairyland. Josephine did not walk up and down the seawall, lest she should seem to be pacing a deck; she felt in her heart her father's sneer. Accordingly, instead of pacing to and fro, she walked along it, and came, unintentionally, to the willows and the dike, and looked into Cable's garden. Thence she heard children's voices. She went to the bridge, crossed the water, and entered the garden. She was drawn on by an invincible attraction. She saw a ladder set against the side of the house, a short ladder, for the cottage was but one story high, and Richard Cable was above the ladder on the roof, pruning the vine. He had his foot on the topmost rung, but rested his body on the trellis; and as he lopped off a young shoot with leaves and tendrils, he stooped with it to his little Mary, who sat just below her father's foot on a lower bar; and she stooped and handed the cluster of leaves to Effie, who sat a stage lower; Effie handed it to her twin-sister, and Jane to Martha, and she to Lettice, and Lettice to Susie, and at the bottom sat Mrs Cable with the baby, and insisted on the tiny hands receiving the cool beautiful leaves from the little sister. The pretty children were thus on steps of the ladder one above the other, with the evening sun on their shining golden heads and white pinafores, and their smiling faces and dancing blue eyes.

Presently, Cable called for some tying bast, and the baby was made to hold it to Susie, who received it and raised her arms over her head, when Lettice bowed and took the bast and passed it in like manner above her head to Martha, who in similar style delivered the bast to Jane, and so to Effie, and Effie likewise to Mary, and Mary to her father. The children were seated as masons on a ladder, when loading a scaffold.

Josephine stood where she had crossed, looking at the picture. It strangely moved her, it was so beautiful a picture of peaceful happiness. She did not know whether she had been observed. She hoped that she had been unobserved, and drew back. She would not break the happy chain, disturb the simple pleasure, by her appearance. She went back over the plank to the further side of the moat, where were the willows, and walked on.

She felt very lonely, more so, after having witnessed this simple domestic interlude, than before. She thought of her father. What would have been his remark on what she had witnessed? The thought of him took the poetry out of the scene. She seated herself on the wall, built of chalk blocks brought from Kent by sea. Southernwood sprouted from the chinks, and fescue-grass; and sea-lettuce, now vividly green, pushed up its juicy fronds. She pulled some blades of grass and bit the wiry stems. She contrasted her life with that of Cable. His was direct, real, and transparent. Hers was twisted, artificial, and clouded. There was not a spark of sincerity in it. Her whole course of education had been directed towards making her false. She had been taught accomplishments, not because, in music, in history, in knowledge generally, there was anything worth pursuit, but because it was necessary for her to be acquainted with sufficient to fill her place in conversation without exposing

ignorance. She took a sprig of white southernwood between her hands and rubbed it, and was suffused with the strong odour from the bruised leaves.

The tide was running in along a channel between the seawall and the mudbanks, sweeping along with it fragments of sea-tangle, little green crabs, and various small shells. She pulled off her stockings and shoes and put her foot down into the running fresh water. She still bit the fescue-grass, musingly, looking into the tide as it curled about her delicate foot. It was a pleasure to be alone, and free to do as she liked; to sit, if she chose, with one foot in the water instead of two. She was startled to hear a step behind her. She looked round, and drew up her foot.

Richard Cable was there. 'Miss Cornellis, I saw you pass our gate. As you did not come to us, I have come to you.'

'O Mr Cable!'—she always called him Mr to his face, only 'Dicky' when speaking of him to her father—'I did not like to interrupt you whilst you were pruning your vine.'

'I was giving my pets a lesson,' he said.

'A lesson! Of what sort?'

'A double lesson—to take their several seats and sit there content; and to form a part of the great chain of life, each assisting and assisted by the other.'

'What!' exclaimed Josephine, with a tinge of her father's sarcasm in her tone. 'Delivering a moral lecture to the infants!'

'No,' he answered.—'May I stay here a moment by you, miss? I said nothing to them. They take in these ideas naturally. Did you see how they were all of them, dear mites! on the ladder, and me at top, passing things up and down? It is not necessary for me to give a lecture on it. They couldn't understand it now if I did; but afterwards, when each takes her place in the social scale, she'll maybe remember how she sat on the ladder, and will pass good things down to those below, and also hand up what is due to those above. It is a picture of life, miss.'

'You are a moralist, Mr Cable.'

'I don't know that, Miss Cornellis; but I have time to think aboard my ship, and turn things about in my head, and so I see much that escapes others who are in active work and have no leisure for considering. In autumn, when the grapes are ripe, I shall be on the trellis again, and all the children on the ladder. Then I shall pass down the bunches; and the first bunch Mary will deliver to Effie, and Effie to Jane, and so down to baby, and not one of them will touch a grape. Then the next will go down like to Susie, untasted by all those above, and the third to Lettice, and the fourth to Martha, and the seventh and last to Mary. I need not give a word of teaching about it; they learn of themselves that the strong and the older, and those high up, must stoop to help the weak and the young and the lowly. It comes of itself, without words.'

'I do not know that your picture is a true parable,' said Josephine rather bitterly. 'I think that on the ladder of life we are all plundering the grapes and upsetting each other, to secure our seats and the first touch of the clusters.'

'The children will not do that; they see their father above them.' Then Richard Cable said in a lower tone, with great gentleness in his voice: 'Excuse me, Miss Cornellis; I came to you now because, whilst I was up the ladder about the vine, I saw at one moment all the seven pairs of blue eyes looking up to me—and then I thought of something you had said aboard the stranded boat, and I came down after you to tell you about it, for what you said troubled me.'

'What was that?' asked Josephine.

'Do you remember saying that you had no trust, no faith; nothing and no one to look up to?'

'I may have said it. I do not remember.'

'I do. It hurt me to think it was possible; and when I saw all the little eyes on the ladder looking up to their father—I thought of a pair of brown eyes that were not uplifted. Excuse me, miss.' He stood up, and without another word walked away along the seawall.

Then Josephine let down her foot again into the water and stirred it in the transparent stream, and thought. Her face was grave, and the muscles about her mouth worked, and every now and then twitched convulsively. She sat on till the tide, rising higher, drove her from where she sat; then she put on her stockings and shoes again, and walked slowly along the seawall homewards. As she passed the garden of the Cables she looked into it without stopping. The children, Richard, were no longer there. The shadows of the great willows fell athwart the garden, cool and gray. She went on to her own home, and in and to her own room. There she saw her jacket thrown on the bed; her soap, which after she had last washed her hands, had slipped off the marble top of her stand, lay on the floor where it had fallen. Her comb was on the pincushion, her brush in the window, one of her walking-boots on the hearthrug, the other on a chair. She was angry, and went to the bell to summon the maid and scold her for neglect. But it occurred to her, as she had her hand on the rope, that her father was expecting company to dinner. The household was not large, and the few servants were required to bestir themselves and make a show. Anne was cleaning the plate; she was parlour-maid, lady's-maid, and butler all in one. Anne must lay the cloth, have the silver and glass in excellent order, answer the door, dress the table with flowers, and bring in dinner. How could she also attend to Josephine's room?

'On the ladder, on occasion, we must stoop and help each other,' said Josephine, letting go the bell-pull, half pouting, half smiling, and bending to gather up the fallen piece of almond curd soap. 'I know what I will do—I will do more on the ladder. I will go down and arrange the flowers in the glasses for the table.'

Whilst she was thus engaged, her father came into the dining-room.

'Papa,' she said, 'will you, or shall I, decant the wine?'

'I will do it. We must not have the cheapest. The rector pretends to know good from bad; but he is an impostor. His son, who is in the army, may have a more cultivated taste, and detect rubbish, so we must have some decent wine for him.'

'Is any one else coming?'

'The rector's wife—that is all. I do not want a large party to-night. Dress becomingly, and show your best manners. When I bring out my inferior wines, you may wear what you like, and be rude. Behave yourself to-night; lay yourself out to please.'

'To please whom? The rector?'

'No; his son, Captain Sellwood.'

'And pray, papa, why should I make an effort to please him?'

'Because I always thought he admired you. He is heir to a good fortune; and it is important that you should not let him slip through your fingers.'

Josephine's brow reddened, and her eyes sparkled with an angry light.

Mr Cornellis looked coldly at her, and said: 'Do not put on stage attitudes and attempt heroics. I have invited the family here solely on your account. If you do not provide for yourself, I will not provide for you.'

'I have no particular eagerness to fish for husbands; I have no taste for that sport.'

'It is high time, Josephine, that you should understand your position. I am nearly at the end of my means.'

'There is my mother's fortune,' said the girl with a shrug of the shoulder and a toss of her head.

'Dissipated, my dear.'

'How dissipated? It is mine.'

'I was left trustee with full power to expend what was necessary on your maintenance and education.'

'That has not exhausted it.'

'It matters not how it is gone—gone it is.'

'Then,' said Josephine bitterly, 'you misstated the situation, papa, by the use of a wrong possessive pronoun, when you said that you were nearly at the end of your means; you should have said you had come to the end of my means.'

'I am not going to excuse myself to you,' Mr Cornellis said. 'Your education, dress, and caprices have cost much money. The little fortune your mother left'—

'Papa,' exclaimed Josephine, 'I always heard that my mother was well off.'

'Then you heard wrong. Her relations were displeased with her for marrying me, and she got nothing but what could not be kept from her. A good deal of that went before she died.'

'Not all—there is surely the principal.'

'The principal has been going like old Stilton. There is not much left; and before it is known that you are portionless, you must secure a husband.'

'Under false pretences?'

'You would not blurt out to every one that we are on the eve of a financial collapse? I am not going to argue with you. A woman is usually keen-witted in such matters.' He left the room with quick steps to get the wine.

Josephine had been arranging white lilacs and forget-me-nots in a little opal glass vase. Her hand trembled so that she shook out the flowers, and they fell on the white cloth. She tried to pick them up and put them in, but could not do so; and as Anne then entered, she held out the

flowers and vessel to the girl, and, with averted face, said: 'Finish doing this for me, Anne.' Then she ran up-stairs. Her cheeks were burning, her eyes hot, her temples throbbing. She was angry as well as distressed. Her father had robbed her, and had acknowledged it with effrontery. Not only so, but he told her this coolly just as company were expected to dinner. She must bury her wrath and humiliation in her heart, and appear with a smiling face, affect a careless spirit, and use her efforts to entrap a man into an engagement, letting him believe her to be the mistress of a handsome fortune.

She leaned her elbows on the window sill and looked over the garden out to sea. The tide was in, the bay was full of blue water. The sun had set; a still, sweet evening closed in the day. She saw a flight of white and brown winged fishing-boats coming in with the wind and tide. The sailors were returning to their homes with their spoils, to spend a quiet Sunday with their wives and children and parents; they were returning with light consciences; they had earned the bread for all the mouths that depended on them. It was otherwise in Rose Cottage. There, thought Josephine, the father, instead of laying by for his child, has wasted her fortune, and then bids her go forth and fish for herself with the net of fraud.

Her chin rested in her hands; her brows were knit; her lips quivered. No tears came into her eyes. 'Was there ever,' she said, 'a more miserable, forlorn girl than I? What I said to Richard Cable is true. I have no one to whom I can look up. My ladder is lost in cloud.'

PNEUMATIC GUNS AND DYNAMITE SHELLS.

THE problem of firing or, rather, propelling shells filled with high explosives may be said to have been satisfactorily solved by the Americans. Tentative experiments in that direction have been carried on for the last two years with powder guns by officers of the United States army. Early in 1885, trials were made with dynamite shells at Port Lobos, California, under the supervision of General Kelton, assisted by Lieutenant Quinan, of the 4th United States Artillery. The piece of ordnance used was a condemned three-inch rifled wrought-iron gun. Mr Quinan in person loaded the shells, each shell—an elongated three-inch rifled projectile—being charged with seven ounces of dynamite. The first projecting charge was a quarter-pound of ordinary powder as used in the United States artillery, subsequently increased to half a pound and one pound. In the first and second discharges, the shells did just what was expected of them: they did not explode until they struck the target, a rock one hundred yards from the gun. When the third charge was fired, however, the explosion of the charge, the bursting of the shell, and the shattering of the gun, appeared to be simultaneous, the piece of ordnance being torn into fragments. This may be said to have been just what was expected and intended, the object being to demonstrate how far a shell loaded with a high explosive may

be fired from ordinary guns if the propelling charge is properly regulated.

Subsequently, trials were made on the Potomac, near Washington, by the United States Dynamite Projectile Company with Snider dynamite projectiles. Four six-inch shells, carrying eleven-pound bursting charges of nitro-gelatine, were fired against a ledge of rock one thousand yards distant. The experiments were regarded as a success in every respect, and as a conclusive proof of the destructive power of six-inch shells, the latter exploding on striking the target, and doing good execution on the rock. But so far, all attempts to throw larger charges of high explosives out of powder guns have failed. At least four guns have been burst at Sandy Hook; one recently. Having failed in the attempts to throw uncamporated explosive gelatine, the very much less sensitive camporated explosive gelatine was resorted to. This is also less powerful than the uncamporated, and requires very strong initial detonation by fulminate of mercury and dynamite or gun-cotton to attain its fullest development of strength. In no case have the requisite detonators of fulminate of mercury been thrown, as these are very sensitive to explosion, by the shock which they receive in the powder gun. All the experiments made were instructive, but they were also destructive of the guns.

The problem of propelling shells filled with high explosives, with safety to the guns and to those discharging them, was not satisfactorily settled until Lieutenant Zalinski, of the 5th United States Artillery, brought forward his pneumatic gun, on the invention and improvement of which he had been engaged for some time. This gun is in reality a tube sixty feet long, made of half-inch iron lined with one-sixteenth of an inch of brass, and having a bore of eight inches. The barrel is supported and stiffened by a light but strong iron frame, at the centre of which is a pivot, about which the gun may be revolved, the breech end being provided with wheels, which run upon a circular track. The gun is elevated and depressed by means of a piston, the cylinder of which receives air from eight reservoirs—each of which is twenty feet long, twelve inches outside diameter, and made of iron half an inch thick—placed upon the frame beneath the barrel, the air being supplied by a compressor. This piston presses upon the gun just forward of the trunnions to elevate the barrel. Upon the air being allowed to escape slowly, the barrel is lowered by gravity. To the pistons of two cylinders placed at the pivot are secured the ends of wire ropes, one of which is secured to the rear part of the frame, the other to the opposite side. The gun may be rapidly turned in either direction by admitting air to either of the cylinders. An arm at the centre of one of the trunnions, through which the compressed air passes to the gun, operates an auxiliary valve, which in turn moves the main valve, opening the passage to an air-chamber behind the projectile. From the instant of opening the valve, the full pressure of the air in the reservoirs is exerted upon the projectile until it reaches the muzzle, when the valves are automatically closed. The eight reservoirs contain enough air at one thousand pounds pressure to discharge the gun

six times; but as they can be continuously re-supplied with air by the compressor, there need be no delay in firing.

All the movements of the gun are controlled from the platform at the breech. The cartridge launched forth from the tube consists of two parts—a wooden tailpiece fifty-one inches long, which guides the projectile in its flight; and a head. The forward portion, or head, is a brass cylinder forty inches long, having a conical cap twelve inches long. In the tube are placed one hundred pounds of explosive gelatine, through the centre of which extends a core of dynamite; and in the centre of the dynamite, again, is an exploder of fulminate of mercury, from which a rod leads to the point of the cap. As soon as the latter strikes an object, the charge explodes. In order that the charge may be exploded, in case of failure of the above arrangement, a dry battery, placed in a little recess in the tailpiece of the cartridge, is connected with the fulminate exploder. The battery begins to work upon being brought into contact with water, and the gelatine is then exploded.

For it is for naval warfare, in the first place, that the pneumatic gun of Lieutenant Zalinski is intended. And it must be admitted that, while the United States are still without the much needed ships, fortifications, and heavy guns, which would place the country on a level with other naval powers, these pneumatic guns will form very efficient defensive weapons. Besides mounting them on points along the coast liable to attack by a hostile fleet, they are to be employed in a more decisive way. It is admitted that the range of pneumatic guns is limited as compared with powder guns. An enemy's fleet might lie beyond the range of pneumatic guns, and bombard American ports and cities with impunity. But it is suggested, and appears perfectly feasible, to mount pneumatic guns on fast sea-going torpedo-boats. With such boats, aggressive action of a very decided and decisive character would be possible. Boats have been designed two hundred and ten feet long by twenty-six feet beam, carrying from one to three of these guns, of calibres of from ten and a half to twelve and a half inches. The speeds of torpedo-boats so armed are to be from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour. The shells are to be thrown at least one mile, and to contain from two hundred to five hundred pounds of explosive gelatine, the rapidity of firing them being from one to two shells every two minutes.

The effect of such shells upon even the strongest ironclads would be irresistible. If dropped upon the deck of an enemy's ironclad, they would certainly crush it, for their action would not be confined to a simple local perforation, but the crushing in would ensue over a considerable breadth. Besides the direct breaking action at the point of impact, there would be a very great transmitted shock, which would seek out and break up the ship at all weak points in the vicinity. The decks even of the most heavily armoured vessels have less than six inches of armour, and they present by far the greater portion of the target fired at. Moreover, the most heavily armoured ships, leaving out of account their decks, have but a small proportion of the entire

surface covered with heavy armour. Should the shell strike the portions of the armouring too thick for perforation, the tremendous blow, as stated above, would seek out the neighbouring weak points by the transmitted shock. It might be assumed as almost certain that the effect of exploding a large quantity of dynamite or explosive gelatine upon the turret or the casemate of a ship would be such as to render the crew inside incapable for further action, even if the armour were not penetrated. Supposing, also, that the shell should fail to hit the vessel, if it exploded near enough, even if its explosion were not sufficient to disrupt the hull, it would certainly affect the motive-power and the steering apparatus, and thus practically paralyse the ship. Whilst twelve and a half inches is at present the limit of calibre, there is nothing to hinder the construction of a gun of sixteen and a half inch calibre, and such a gun could throw a charge of one thousand pounds of explosive gelatine. The effect of such a fearful missile exploding on board a ship had better be left to the imagination; but it is well to bear in mind that throwing such charges long distances has become perfectly practicable by the introduction of the pneumatic gun.

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. V.—ERNEST SPEAKS AT LAST.

I SANK into a chair, as it were stunned. The words, 'Can Laura be the assassin, and does Ernest know it?' seemed to keep on repeating themselves in my brain with a sort of rhythmical regularity like the ticking of a clock.

At last, with a great effort, I recovered myself sufficiently to reason it out. Yes; there could be no doubt of the truth. The cause of Ernest's silence, before so inexplicable, was now made clear. Why had I not thought of this before? Such an idea had never entered into my imagination. The finding of the little piece of gold I held in my hand—by itself a mere nothing—had supplied the clue to all that had been so unaccountable. Laura must have known of the intended alteration of the will, and to prevent that alteration, killed her uncle before he had time to carry out his intention. The pendant must have become detached from the earring as she bent over him; and his coat being open, it fell into the pocket. Ernest either saw the deed done, or came upon her before she could escape from the room. To shield her, he had allowed himself to be suspected and arrested; to shield her, he would go to his trial; and, if convicted, to his death. No, no; it should not be! He should not suffer for her crime! I would prevent it! But how could I prevent it? What proof had I? Absolutely none! The earring drop might have got into the pocket in many ways. It might have fallen from her ear at some other time, and remained there undiscovered. My finding it there was only significant when coupled with Ernest's conduct; and that conduct only pointed towards Laura's guilt, supposing him to be innocent.

Perhaps, after all, I was wrong, and she was

no more guilty than Ernest. During the four years she had been at the vicarage, she had gained the affection of all about her: my poor uncle had loved her as dearly as he had loved Amy, and she seemed to love him equally in return. For the present, I must conceal my discovery, and, subduing my feelings, meet Laura as usual, until I had seen Ernest again. Yes; I must see Ernest again at once. I would go to him to-morrow, and, armed with my discovery, endeavour once more to gain the truth from him.

During the remainder of the day, I kept apart from Laura so far as I could; but of course I could not entirely avoid meeting her; and when in her company, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could bring myself to treat her in my accustomed manner; indeed, I was not altogether successful in my endeavours. Several times I relapsed into a fit of thought, and my eyes would involuntarily turn towards her face; then I noticed that she was watching me intently. When we parted for the night, she lingered behind my mother and Amy, and as soon as they were out of hearing, she said hastily, and in a low tone of voice: 'Harry, your looks and manner have been strange to-night; have you discovered anything fresh?'

I knew not how to answer her without speaking falsely. Fortunately, she continued before I had time to commit myself.

'I mean,' she went on, 'anything fresh against Ernest?'

I could now answer truthfully in the negative, and she said no more.

While she spoke, she looked straight into my face. It was far more difficult for me to meet her eye than for her to meet mine. I felt that I had much more the appearance of a guilty being than she.

The next morning, I stated my intention of again visiting Ernest. This caused no surprise, as it was nearly a week since I had seen him, and I had as yet told him nothing of what I had been doing in his interest. This time I took no special message from Laura. Both she and Amy sent their fondest love, and again expressed their ardent wish to see him.

I found Ernest in no respect altered either in appearance or manner. He greeted me cordially, and inquired anxiously after Amy and Laura. His face wore a sort of faint cynical smile when I related how Laura had received his message; and he shook his head decisively when I told him how much both she and Amy desired to see him. Seeing this, I forbore to press him; indeed, I no longer wondered at his refusal.

I then went on to tell him how my time had been employed since I saw him last. He listened, it seemed to me, with little interest, as if he had anticipated the result of my efforts in his behalf. When, however, I spoke of my examination of the room in which the murder had taken place, he rested his elbows on his knees, and, burying his face in his hands, appeared to be much moved. But he soon recovered himself, and said: 'Harry, you have done wonders. Your securing Bob Coveney's services was a master-stroke, though I fear his evidence will avail me little. Anyhow, I thank you both heartily for the trouble you have taken.'

I thought that the time had now come to tell him all I had discovered. 'Ernest,' I said suddenly, and without preparing him in any way, 'I know who did the deed.'

The effect was electrical. He turned ghastly pale, and there was a look of absolute terror in his eyes as he fixed them on me. I thought he would have fainted, but he partially regained his composure, though apparently with much difficulty, and asked: 'Who did it?'

'Laura—and you know it!'

He was evidently prepared for my answer, and burst into a hollow and forced laugh. 'Ridiculous! You have discovered a mare's nest. How did you manage it?'

'It is no mare's nest, Ernest, and I must beg of you to treat the matter seriously.'

'Well, well, I will, if I can; but tell me how this absurd suspicion entered into your mind.'

'It is not a suspicion, but a firm conviction—almost a certainty.—Do you know this?' and I showed him the earring drop.

'Yes; I know it well enough. What of it?'

'I found it in the breast pocket of the coat which our poor uncle wore that night.'

'And what of that? What does it prove?'

'Nothing by itself, I admit; but viewed by the light of your conduct—your refusal to explain away the evidence against you—everything.'

'Nonsense!' Ernest exclaimed; and then, after a short pause, he said: 'You have not told any one of this, I trust?'

'Not as yet; but I must do so.'

'You must not,' he cried vehemently.

'I must,' I repeated with emphasis. 'I will not let you suffer for another's crime, if I can prevent it.'

'You can't prevent it—at least, not by accusing Laura. What evidence have you against her? You have admitted that finding that wretched piece of jewelry is nothing; and what else can you bring forward which would be listened to for one minute in a court of justice? You know well enough that there is nothing—positively nothing!'

'There is one thing that I can do—speak to Laura herself, and endeavour to wring a confession from her.'

'If you don't promise me not to attempt that,' he said passionately—'if you don't promise to keep this suspicion of yours entirely to yourself, I declare most solemnly that I will plead guilty at my trial.'

I felt that I was beaten now. I knew Ernest too well not to be sure of his carrying out his threat.

'Well, I will promise you, Ernest, on one condition—that you tell me everything you know.'

'And if I refuse?'

'If you refuse, I risk everything, and use every means that I can think of to bring the crime home to Laura; for I am as firmly convinced of her guilt as if I had seen the deed done.'

Ernest sat for a few minutes in silence, and then said: 'Harry, I trust to your promise, and will tell you all'—

'One moment, Ernest,' I interrupted. 'This promise of mine, so far as it relates to speaking to Laura herself, holds good only until after the trial. You must yourself feel the impropriety,

the impossibility, of allowing her to remain the companion of Amy.'

Although this speech of mine assumed Laura's guilt as a fact, Ernest now made no attempt to contradict me. After musing for a few minutes, he said: 'I must leave this to your discretion, Harry. If it be possible in any way to separate them without telling her the reason, so much the better; all that I demand of you is, that you will do nothing that will bring her within the reach of the law.'

Having assented to this, Ernest went on.

'Harry, now I have resolved to speak freely to you on the subject, I feel that I must make my confession a complete one.' I must have expressed surprise in my face when he said 'confession,' for he continued: 'I don't use the word confession in relation to the fearful crime with which I am charged—thank God! I am entirely guiltless of that—but in reference to the course of life I led, which indirectly caused the crime to be committed.'

'If it be painful for you to refer to it, Ernest, there is no necessity for you doing so: I have heard the account from others.'

'There is a necessity. If the relation serve no other purpose, it will, I think, to some extent relieve my mind from the load which presses on it. What strange infatuation could have induced me to commence that course of life, I cannot tell; but, once commenced, the downward progress was easy. Solitude was distasteful to me; so, failing your society, I sought that of those about me. Some of them possessed means far beyond mine, and a false pride prevented me from allowing my inferiority in that respect to appear. Thus I was led into expenses I could ill afford. Then I accompanied them to billiard-rooms, and soon began to take an interest in the game. I seldom took a cue myself; but I was induced to bet—and soon to bet heavily. When we met at the rooms of my fellow-students, cards would be introduced. At first, I would play for small sums only; but the demon of gambling soon got possession of me, and the stakes were increased. How our uncle became acquainted with my course of life, I know not. Do you?'

I shook my head; and Ernest continued: 'Well, it matters little *how* he became acquainted with it: he did, and the knowledge brought him to London. Never shall I forget our interview! Though he spoke with the utmost severity of the sins I had committed, he had not one harsh word for me. I had no hesitation in giving him the solemn promise he required—that I would at once renounce my bad associates, and never bet nor touch cards again. He warned me plainly that if my faults were repeated, I should meet with very different treatment from him, for he would then know that I erred knowingly and wilfully, and should consider me no longer fit to have help from him, or to become Laura's husband. He gave me money to pay every debt I owed; and I paid them all with the exception of the bill for twenty-five pounds held by Pollitt, and I reserved the cash to take that up when it became due. Would that, instead of doing so, I had paid it at once!'

'More than a month passed away, and during that time my word had been kept. I spent several evenings with some of my fellow-students;

but if card-playing took place, I was a looker-on only. One night, a young man named Temple, from whom I had formerly won a few pounds, was a member of our party. He now requested me to give him his revenge. I refused, and frankly stated my reason for doing so; nor could all the jeers and laughter of my companions move me; till at last Temple accused me of dishonourable conduct in winning his money and then denying him the chance of winning it back again. This taunt was more than I could bear, and I sat down to play. Had you been present—had Felton or any one supported me—I believe I should have resisted even then; but there was no hand held out to save me. Well, I lost; and to retrieve my losses, played on. I drank, too, in the vain endeavour to drown remorse; and when I rose from the table, I had little left of the twenty-five pounds. I passed the night in agony; sleep refused to come to me. I had no means of meeting the bill; there was no alternative but to go to Bushford and throw myself on my uncle's mercy. This I did. As he listened to me, his face wore the sternest look I had ever seen there. I had broken my word; he would not break his. The bill should be taken up; he would pay for my absolute necessities until I had passed my examination, and would let me have the means of starting in my profession—that was all. Laura I must see no more; nor must I attempt to correspond with her; and that portion of his will relating to me would be altered at once.

'The effects of the drink I had taken on the previous evening, and the sleepless night I had spent, had scarcely left me. My hasty temper was in no state to bear with his reproaches. I answered him in terms which will cause me poignant regret as long as I live, and left the house.

'Long before I reached London, the reaction came; I must see him again at once, and beg him to pardon the hasty words I had uttered, if he would pardon nothing else. Shame, however, would not permit me to seek him when there was a certainty of meeting Laura and Amy, both of whom had witnessed our parting. I determined, therefore, to go to him at night, when I knew he would be alone in the library. There was no suitable train to Bushford station, so I went to Briarly. I had no settled idea as to my return; I knew that there was no train back either from Briarly or Bushford, and I also knew at what hour the mail left Camelton; but, in the state my mind was in, it never once occurred to me that I should not have time to catch it; in short, I gave no thought to the matter. I walked rapidly from Briarly to the vicarage; and passing quietly through the churchyard and garden, gained the library window, which was partly open. I was about to enter, when I saw the door open, and Laura glide rather than walk into the room. She wore the Indian dressing-gown we both know so well, and her long dark hair was hanging down her back. Softly she approached our uncle, who, unconscious of her presence, wrote on. Just as she reached the back of his chair, he placed his pen on the table, and looking up, perceived her; then, swift as lightning, I saw her lean over his shoulder—her arm was raised—there was a gleam of steel in the lamp-light, and—As though the blow had fallen on myself, I staggered back, supporting myself against the

window-frame, paralysed in every limb, in every sense. I could not have remained so many seconds; but when I recovered the power of thought and volition, Laura was gone and the door closed. I rushed to our dear uncle's side, and what a sight met my view! My surgical knowledge told me at once that all human aid was useless, and that he had but a few minutes to live. I threw myself on my knees before him, and seizing his hand, passionately entreated him to pardon me. I saw that he understood me; but the power of speech was gone: I begged of him to press my hand in token of his forgiveness. There was a slight pressure—I trust in heaven it was a voluntary one—and—all was over. And now, what was to be done? My poor uncle was past all help; I could not alarm the house and accuse Laura. No, no! guilty as she was, she must be saved at all cost!

'I quitted the room, closing the window after me, and rushed on across the fields to Camelton. I never paused to think that I could not reach the station in time; I never thought of the blood on my coat; the only idea I had was that I must get back to London. Had I missed the train, I should have walked the whole distance; but the mail stopped at the platform almost at the same time that I reached it. It was not until afterwards that I knew it must have been at least half an hour late. I found an empty compartment; and so got back to my lodgings. Utterly worn out in mind and body, I succeeded in obtaining a few hours' sleep—such sleep as it was. Early the next morning I went out. I feared to remain at home, for I knew that I should be summoned to the vicarage, and I dared not go there to meet Laura—at least till I heard the result of the investigation that must take place. The same reason kept me from the hospital, so I walked about during the whole day. Of where I went, I have no recollection; I only know that I walked—walked mechanically. I bought an evening paper; it gave an account of the discovery of the body, but said nothing about any one being suspected of the perpetration of the crime. At first, it was my intention not to return to my lodgings till I had learned more; but afterwards, I thought I had better go back. A telegraphic message from Bushford was there, as I had expected: it had come soon after I went out in the morning. Should I go. No; I could not meet Laura. Yet, what excuse could I offer for not going? All choice was shortly taken from me by the arrival of the police and my arrest. I had not expected this, and yet I was not surprised, nor did I regret it. I felt it as a relief from my embarrassment, if only a temporary one; I could now refuse to see Laura, without casting suspicion on her.—Now, Harry, that you know all, can you blame me for keeping silent? I could not explain away the evidence against me without telling the whole truth, and telling the truth would be accusing Laura.'

'No, Ernest; I cannot blame you for keeping silent hitherto; but I do blame you for forcing me to keep silent. The doer of such a foul deed as that should not be permitted to escape from just punishment.'

'If you were in my place, and it were Amy who had done it, would you not suffer her to escape?'

'It is utterly impossible for me to imagine Amy doing such a deed.'

'So I should have said of Laura, had not my own eyes beheld her do it.'

'You surely do not love her still?'

'Love her!' he answered. 'I could not bear to speak to her or touch her; I should loathe the very sight of her. And yet, if I could give my life ten times over to save hers, I would do it. Now, tell me, Harry, do I love her still? for I cannot tell myself.'

'Your question is one that is beyond my power to answer, Ernest; but this I know, she can love you but little to allow you to suffer for and bear the odium of her crime.'

'I have thought of that; but, after all, she is only a weak woman; and perhaps she is waiting the result of the trial.'

'And if, after the trial, supposing you to be convicted, she should confess, you will surely not sacrifice yourself by declaring her statement false?'

'We will speak of that when the time comes, should it ever come.'

'And till then, must she remain with Amy?'

'It can't be helped. I like it little as you do, but I see no alternative. Afterwards—however it may go with me—at any cost she must be separated from us all for ever.'

I saw plainly that I should gain no further concession from him, so prepared to leave him.

As we parted, he wrung my hand and said: 'Harry, I shall be calmer and more resigned, now I have confided in you. I longed to do so before, but I was afraid. In the old days, my heart was always open to you, and it shall be now—till the end.'

THROUGH JEST TO MATRIMONY.

MARRIAGES are often the result of accident. It seems strange, but the most prudent persons will sometimes conceive an irresistible attachment at the suggestion of a word or a look. When once under the spell of the verb 'To love,' they go through all its forms, and finish the declension of the verb before the altar. The few may give this subject the consideration it deserves; but the many, there is reason to fear, are guided by impulse. A skipper of a coasting vessel called at the village inn and asked the landlady, a young widow: 'Do you know where I can get a mate? I have lost my mate.'

'I am very sorry for you, Mr —,' she said, smiling. 'I want a mate too, and cannot get one. As we are in the same position, I'll tell you what I'll do: if you will be mine, I will be yours!' He closed with the bargain; and the widow keeping to her word, he is now supplied with two mates.

A young man at a church bazaar was button-holed by a lady; she would not let him go until he bought something. He looked at her stall, which contained fancy-work of various kinds. 'Why,' he said, 'I see nothing here that would be of the least use to me, a bachelor—except yourself. The rest would be dear to me at any price.'

'I will be cheap enough,' she said coaxingly.

'If you could be dear enough, perhaps'—

'Oh, come! you are just the person I want'—taking him by the arm.

She sold him one article after another, keeping up an agreeable conversation the while; and before all was done, he had purchased everything on the stall. Then, at settling-up, there was something said about discount. 'I cannot return any money,' she said, blushing; 'but if you think me dear enough, there's mamma; she may give you my hand.' The bargain was accordingly concluded.

At another bazaar, in the Highlands, also got up for a religious object, the minister, who had just been appointed, gave so much attention to a particular lady, that one of his elders thought it prudent to interfere. Taking him aside for the purpose, he said simply: 'Mind! They will be speakin'.'

Comprehending the situation, and remembering that the elder possessed a keen sense of humour, he replied: 'It's all right, John. They can say nothing. A man may love his neighbour as himself, you know.'

'No doubt, no doubt,' said John, with a twinkle in his eye, 'a man may love his neighbour as himself; but can he love her as his wife?'

'That's a question I never thought about,' said the other, nonplussed. However, John's rebuke having forced the question upon him, he decided in the affirmative, and returning to the lady forthwith, proposed, and was accepted.

An eminent doctor who had saved the life of a lady, a personal friend, was asked his charge. He said he generally allowed his patient-friends to remunerate him as they thought befitting. 'But don't you often get disappointed on these terms?' she inquired.

'I may say, never.'

'As you are so easily pleased, here;' and she playfully gave him her empty hand, while in the other was concealed a cheque for a handsome sum. 'How easily I could have taken you in!' she added, producing the cheque.

'But you have only succeeded in drawing me out,' he said, declining to relinquish her hand. 'Don't insult me with a cheque; I am most generously rewarded.'

Perhaps she understood the doctor's difficulty, and wished to help him out of it; at anyrate, the giving of her hand led him to offer his heart.

This was how a gentleman got his wife, when, in a tobacconist's shop, he asked a girl behind the counter, who happened to have red hair, if she would oblige him with a match. 'With pleasure, if you will have a red-headed one,' she promptly replied, with such a suggestive, demure smile that she aroused his interest. Further conversation proved her to be a person worthy of regard, and eventually the red-headed match was handed over.

A lady with a fine figure having taken a fancy to a valuable ring which she saw ticketed in a

shop window, went inside to examine it. 'It is exceedingly lovely; I wish it were mine,' she said on satisfying herself. 'What smaller figure will tempt you?'

'No other figure than the figure before me,' he said, giving her an admiring look at the same time. 'It is exceedingly lovely. I wish—I could tempt you with the ring.'

'I think I'll take it,' she said, laying down the money amidst blushes.

Of course he accepted the money; but getting her address, he made such good use of the hint, that the next ring which she got was given by him in church.

Quite as singular was the beginning of the courtship of the man who went into a shop for a pair of boots. 'I want them wide, please,' he said to the girl in attendance, 'as I have a good, broad understanding.'

She laughed at this reference to the breadth of his feet, and said: 'A very good thing, too, in a man, but not in a woman.'

'How do you make out that what is good in one sex is bad in the other?'

'Ah, it is quite simple. You see nature intended man to be supported by a firm sole, but woman by a yielding husband!'

Whether he made a yielding husband or not, report at anyrate says that he made her his wife.

A man who had been very unfortunate in business, while relating his reverses to a rich lady, wound up by saying: 'There is nothing for me but the union.'

'Which one?' she inquired with a smile on her lips and a soft look in her eyes. 'If you care for me, choose that union in which I may see you oftenest.'

'Shall we say the matrimonial?'

'Ah, well, if you have a preference for that one, I have no objection;' and the agreement was ratified.

A lady in a railway train kept looking out at the window with her head well forward, until she remembered that the gentleman opposite might possibly object.

'Do I cut off the view?' she asked.

'Merely of all I do not wish to see!' he replied gallantly.

The ice having been thus broken, they entered into conversation, found they were to get out at the same station, and knew each other's friends. The rest was plain sailing into what somebody calls the 'matrimonial haven.'

'Are you married yet, Kitty?' said a sailor on meeting an old acquaintance after returning from a long voyage.

'No; that somebody has never come.'

'Ah, then, I have brought him, after a deal of bother,' he said, throwing his arms around her; and the matter was there and then settled.

This was ingenuous enough, like the case of the theatrical manager who was brought to the point when he called to inform his leading actress that he had secured a play at last which was sure to have a long run.

'What part have you reserved for me?' she asked.

'You are to be a charming sweetheart, as you are.'

'Is there a wife in the piece?'

'There is.'

'Then I have done charming sweethearts till I am tired. I must be a wife in the long-run.' And she was.

FISH-PRESERVING AT ABERDEEN.

CHEAP FOOD FOR THE POOR.

AN interesting experiment (says the *Scotsman*) in the direction of solving the many problems connected with the utilisation of the 'Harvest of the sea' was recently made at the factory of the Normal Company, Aberdeen. The public have been familiarised from time to time by qualified writers on the subject with the importance of the fishing industry in relation to social economics, and the experiment under notice formed a remarkable and encouraging instance of the advantage of the application of science and scientific methods to the purposes of commercial enterprise. That scientific progress has at all times shown itself to be the surest lever for the elevation of our race from its misery is in this connection a pregnant saying, and the Normal Company deserve all praise for the vigorous impulse which their efforts for the development and improvement of the fishing trade are certain to impart. The production of cheap and nutritious food is the principal object of the Company, whose factory at Point Law, in interest and extent surpasses the famous fish-refuse and oil-making factories of the United States. Instead of looking merely to the development of a trade carried on by swift steamers, it is evident that if factories were planted here and there on our coasts where fish are known to be plentiful, a vast industry might be created, which will bring its reward to those who embark in it, and will also be a benefit to the inhabitants of these districts. By establishing factories for the manufacture of fish-extracts, for which there is a large demand both at home and especially on the Continent, of glue, gelatine, manure from fish-refuse, and by preserving fish *en masse* with the newer and much improved methods, there will be a new outlet for enterprise, and prospects of a great development of the fishing industry exactly in those localities which, for one reason and another, are the subject of great commercial depression. These views were formulated by the Fishery Board recently, and they deserve careful and anxious consideration.

The purpose, then, of the Company alluded to is to transform to the best advantage fish of all kinds into products of various descriptions, and to manufacture soups, vegetable extract, sausages, &c. For example, they are able to manufacture extract of meat and fish, and shell-fish; soups in a highly concentrated form, such as pea-soup, thick soup, clear soup, julien soup, fish-soup, sausages of various kinds, glue, cement, gelatine, albumen; oils for medicinal and other purposes, leather, guano, and bone-meal. To most people this list may seem somewhat incredible. The different processes of manufacture are most interesting, and are a triumph of scientific skill. The methods of preparation, which are secured by patent, were without exception invented by the technical chief, Mr C. A. Sahlstrom, as were also many of the machines employed in the manufacture, which are the outcome of research extending over a

period of more than fifteen years. As far back as 1862, Mr Sahlström received the first prize for the making of albumen from fish-roe at the London International Exhibition.

The experiments of the Company have been crowned with success, and the manufacturers are able in a cheap and simple way, without the use of injurious chemicals, to preserve fish so that they can be kept for a time in such a way that in neither appearance nor taste can they be found different from fresh fish. The extensive consumption nowadays of extracts of meat has induced the Company to use materials other than meat for the production of extracts. One sample is made exclusively from flesh of whales and allied marine animals. It takes time to overcome prejudices. In reality, the flesh of the whale resembles that of reindeer. It looks palatable, and is entirely free from smell or any oily flavour. At present, some of the valuable products of the whale are thrown away. The skin is only used for guano, although it has been proved to be far better suited for a greater variety of purposes than any other skin—as, for instance, traces for horses, driving-reins, &c. The meat of a large blue whale of two hundred tons yields, in round numbers, five thousand pounds of extract; and every pound of extract gives about one hundred pints of soup. The other soups can be made to suit the palate of the most fastidious. As an example of what can be achieved in the way of turning the so-called 'offal' to account, it need only be mentioned that the flesh of cod, ling, and other kinds of fish can be used dried, or for extract, glue, and guano; the bladder for isinglass: the backbone for glue, bone-meal; the head for extract, glue, guano; the roe for albumen; the liver for oil, extract fibrine; the entrails for glue and guano. The external coverings of the larger kinds can be profitably removed and tanned; they give a strong and good skin, very suitable for portfolios and bookbinding. Raw materials now considered as almost worthless are thus utilised to great advantage by the Company. The commercial and dietetic value of the products cannot therefore be under-rated.

In the factory, employment is found for about one hundred hands, and there is a staff of eighteen technical gentlemen, some of whom are to take charge of the Company's projected new factories. On the island of Barra (South Hebrides) and at Thorshaven (Faroe Isles), there are larger factories in course of erection. When these centres are in operation, the west-coast fishermen will undoubtedly receive a new stimulus to work. It is expected that the factories will give work to about one hundred and fifty men all the year round.

As indicated, there are departments for the manufacture of the different articles. There is also a large tinsmith's shop with the entire plant required for the production of tins, and carpenters' and coopers' workshops. About sixty machines are in operation, consisting in part of thirty-eight large and small jacketed pans and digesters, a couple of separators, vacuum pans, hacking and mincing machines, refrigerators, filter-presses, air-pumps, machine for refrigerating oil, and others too numerous to mention. A new invention of some importance is a drying-chamber and drying-machine for fish. The largest fish may be dried

here in twelve to twenty hours in any degree of heat required; and they give a far better result than if dried in the open air, exposed to all the changes of weather.

The chairman of the Company, it may be known, is Mr Nordenfeldt, London, the celebrated gun-maker.

They intend to establish in more populous places soup-kitchens, where a substantial meal of two dishes may be had for about twopence. The principal ingredients in these dishes will be fish; but they will besides contain fat, vegetables, meat, &c. mixed together in proportions which will make an enjoyable food. The restaurant, like everything about the premises, is a model of tidiness, and is capable of seating about one hundred and fifty persons. Fully one hundred children of the poorer class were invited to partake of the dinner, and Mr Sahlström gave an appropriate speech, stating that many had expressed their fears that the Company would never be able to give a dinner consisting of two dishes at the small price of twopence without loss. He was, however, in a position to state that it could be done, and, moreover, give a comparatively good profit. He ventured to say that there was no restaurant in the United Kingdom or the Continent founded on mercantile principles which could compete with the Company's in producing cheap and wholesome food. The object of the restaurant was not to give alms. Give the poor work, and let the aim of mankind be to provide them with the first condition of existence—namely, food at the cheapest possible rate. To realise this laudable object, the means to make it permanent must be constructed upon a purely mercantile basis, in order that both producer and consumer might benefit alike.

WHAT DID THE DOG SEE?

It has often been said that animals have as keen a perception and as quick an appreciation as man himself of anything out of the usual order of things, or partaking in any way of a preternatural character. Whether the whole animal creation are endowed with this singular sagacity, it is impossible to say, and would be equally impossible to prove; but as regards dogs and horses at anyrate—if we are to believe the many stories which have been related on the very best authorities—it is certain that those animals have been the first to recognise—and to testify, by their fright and terror, the force of such recognition—that they are in the presence of something beyond their ken; and the next step is, with true animal sagacity, to seek safety in flight, with the usual accompaniment of scared looks, dropped tails and ears, and drooped heads.

In the following curious narrative, a remarkable instance is given of a dog having evidently seen something, not seen by either his master or mistress, which evidently at first caused him great delight, but which, on closer investigation, turned out to be empty space, and produced in the dog all the signs of abject fear. The peculiar circumstances of the story, which were related to the writer by a friend, whose word he can have no reason to doubt, are simply these.

A young lady, Miss F——, was on a visit to a family of name and position, Colonel and Mrs

G—, who occupied a large mansion in one of the home counties. They possessed a favourite setter, a pet of everybody's, but especially of Miss F—, who was as fond of the dog as the dog was of her. Wherever Miss F— went, walking, driving, or riding, Flora was sure to be close at hand. And in the drawing-room, the dog would sit by Miss F—'s side, lay her long white nose on the lady's knee, and look up earnestly in her face, making that peculiar sort of snoring in the nose which pet dogs often attempt, either to attract attention or to express love. If, however, Flora was accidentally shut out from any room in which Miss F— happened to be, she would scratch at the door and whine and cry in a pitiful manner until the door was opened.

Miss F— had been staying with Colonel and Mrs G— about three or four weeks, when she became suddenly ill, and determined to return without delay to her home in the adjoining county. Thither she was removed in an invalid carriage; but although she received every possible care and attention, she appeared to get no better; her malady was evidently increasing daily.

About a month after Miss F— had left Colonel G—'s house, he and his wife were one day in their morning-room, which looked out upon an extensive lawn. The bells of the neighbouring village church had begun to ring for the usual daily matins, the time being a quarter before ten, and the colonel and his wife were preparing to attend, according to their regular custom, when they observed Flora—who was lying apparently asleep, close to the open glass doors leading to the lawn—raise her head quickly, and, with cocked ears and straining eyes, look intently down the lawn, as if she saw something there which attracted her attention. All at once she jumped up, bounded over the grass, and commenced leaping up two or three times, expressing all those signs of intense canine joy usually exhibited on meeting, after an absence, some specially loved object. In a moment, however, the dog ceased her gestures, dropped her tail and head, manifesting every sign of abject fear, and turning round, rushed back to the house, into the room, and crawled under a sofa, whence neither calling nor coaxing on the part of Mrs G— could induce her to stir.

This peculiar conduct on the part of Flora, who was remarkable for her high training and perfect obedience, surprised and perplexed both the colonel and his wife, quite as much as the violent manifestations of joy, followed immediately by every sign of the most crouching terror, all of which were wholly unaccountable.

About two hours later on in the day, a telegram was received by Mrs G— containing the sad and unexpected intelligence of the death of Miss F— at a quarter to ten that morning.

It may fairly be asked what could have caused the dog suddenly to start up and rush down the lawn with all the outward demonstrations of intense joy usually exhibited on seeing and meeting a loved friend? Flora, without doubt, must have seen something, or fancied she saw something, though invisible to the eyes of man; but finding it had no tangible substance, her canine instinct told her that it was unnatural and unusual, and hence fear took the place of joy, and

she sought refuge in flight. That the object of these tokens of love on the part of the dog should have passed to her rest at the identical moment they were exhibited by the faithful and attached Flora, is a coincidence regarding which we will not pretend to offer an opinion.

AN UNINTENTIONAL TRIP TO NORTH BEMINI.

DOUBTLESS, many persons would find it difficult to make an intentional trip to this island, so the reader may expect that an unintentional one was attended with some grave difficulties. The writer, his wife, their four young children, and their female domestic servant, were desirous of proceeding to Mobile, Alabama, with the idea of 'bettering themselves,' into which folly they had been seduced by a friend, who, having casually rushed through some of the Southern States, and listened to the highly coloured accounts as to the future of that dismal land, had strongly advised them to 'go South.' Mobile was the place of all others for the emigrant with some capital. So to Mobile we intended going; but difficulty the first—no steamers ran to that charming city, notwithstanding its great attractions; and as the same friend knew of a small steamer, largely owned by another friend, going to New Orleans, only one hundred and forty-nine miles from Mobile, we were advised to go by the *Flexible*, as we will call her. She was a small flush-decked, screw steamer, commanded by a genial Yankee, who had once been a ship's cook, and had risen; and, like many such, never seemed sure of his position. The crew was a regular 'scratch one,' and ere we left the Mersey on that dreadful November 13, 1881, the captain had threatened to shoot the second mate. We were the only passengers, and, with the crew, numbered thirty-nine persons. When our pilot left us at Queenstown—where we stopped from very early on the 15th till the 18th, owing to bad weather—his remark was not cheering: 'Well, good-bye, Mr B—; I wish you had a better ship.'

The horrors of that winter voyage in that staunch but most ill-found little steamer were very great, and Paterfamilias, though never seasick before, succumbed, after playing stewardess to his wife, four children, and servant, a stewardess being unknown on the *Flexible*. Captain H— was very kind to 'our boys,' and gave them the run of the ship, including chartroom, &c. After we had been about fourteen days at sea, the captain suddenly discovered we were short of coals; water we had been very short of for some time, as we lost six hundred gallons by damage to a deck-tank, during one of our frequent gales, and he at first thought of putting into the Azores, but afterwards thought he could, by economy of fuel, reach Nassau, in the Bahamas. We used all available wood on board; but head-winds, and the main feed-pipe of the boiler being indisposed, delayed us, so that when near Abaco, we had only twenty-four hours' coal on board, and the captain spoke of burning the boats!

We were shaving all points among the numerous islets in this group very closely, and it was remarked to the captain how rapidly the water

was shallowing; and in about ten minutes, with a considerable shock, the poor little *Flexible* was hard and fast aground on the 'Moselle Bank,' so named on account of Her Majesty's ship *Moselle* having been wrecked there. It is needless to describe our feelings when we were told that the islands we saw three miles off were 'the Beminis,' and inhabited by professed wreckers. We were slowly bumping up and down on the hard rocky reef; and after trying all sorts of ways by anchors and hawsers to get us off, and all failing, Pater-familias suggested putting on all steam and trying to rush over the point of reef where we were fixed. Captain H—— consented; and the result was we got fixed more firmly; and we think it greatly to the credit of the captain that he never said 'I told you so' or anything like it to Pater-familias.

In a short time, about sixty small craft came out round the point of the reef that shelters the landing-place of North Bemini; and two hundred and fifty out of the three hundred male population came out to us, and kindly offered to get the *Flexible* off, if the captain would agree to pay them the small sum of thirty thousand dollars! Then began a very anxious time for poor 'Pater.' So far we were safe enough. There was no sea running, only a gentle swell, that lifted the stern of our vessel up and down, whilst the bows remained firm; but there was not a white man on the island; and two hundred and fifty 'niggers' are not nice companions within a boat's length of a disabled vessel, the crew of which were mostly tipsy, 'grog' having been served out pretty freely as an inducement to work harder in trying to float the ship. The captain had asked Pater to read his books on ship-law as to whether he might or might not throw over the cargo; and as boats were near, Pater gave it as his judgment he could not jettison the cargo.

By this time the short day of these latitudes was over and there was no moon. The captain, thinking no gale would spring up during the night, turned in. The chief-officer and some of the crew would nominally keep watch, but actually they all went to sleep; and in a short time Pater on deck and two stokers below were the only ones awake on the *Flexible*, and though most of the negroes in the boats appeared to be asleep also, yet it was a time of great anxiety, as 'Capen Kelly,' the chief of the wreckers, had said: 'Now, capen, don't git cross; all capens git cross when der ships go aground. Much better pay de money, capen, and we not touch one pertater out of the ship. But if you stop where you are, ship soon go to pieces, and den we git the cargo anyhow;' and we feared a raid from them at any moment. 'Mater' went to lie down and slept; but both she and the servant did not undress, for fear of the sudden need of leaving the ship.

In the morning, another trouble arose—the steward, or rather the cook who acted as such, was 'riled' with Pater, who had politely resented his drunken intrusions, and being still far from sober, several times threatened to kill Pater, who took his belongings on to the ship's bridge and gave notice he would shoot any one who came up. Things mended later on, when 'the capen' of the blacks and our captain agreed on terms for lightening the ship. The contract was drawn up by Pater, and was for thirteen thousand

instead of the thirty thousand dollars originally asked. Then the niggers swarmed on board, and passing forty-five tons of cargo into their schooners and cat-boats, the *Flexible* once more floated off, and then moved slowly nearer the island; and a Yankee schooner, the *Julia A. Ward*, coal-laden, of Philadelphia, for New Orleans, let us have two hundred tons of anthracite coal, which did not 'draw' in our furnaces, so that four miles an hour was our best record to the end.

The coloured 'magistrate,' as he was called, wished us to go on shore and give him an account of the 'wreck,' that he might get his fees from Nassau for sending in his account thereof. Captain H—— was not very sure of his orthography, &c., and asked Pater to do it for him, and Pater also was invited ashore, and went. As we had been now four weeks at sea and Pater had never been on a tropical island, he gladly accepted the invitation. One of the large island boats, rowed by twelve stout blacks, took us the three miles to the landing-place, as, though we were only about two miles from the island then, we had to circumnavigate the reef which projects across the narrow strait dividing North from South Bemini, and which strait, sheltered by the reef, forms a most excellent harbour for the schooners and smaller craft of the island. These black rowers then started a chant, of a more Anglican than Gregorian tone, the music of which was prettier than the words, though this is not high praise, the words being:

Oh, I wish I was in Mobile Bay—
Sally, get round the corner;
Loading cotton all the day—
Sally, get round the corner;

and with this cadence we got round the corner of the reef, and ran ashore on the brilliantly white sandy beach; and the captain and Pater were hoisted on to the backs of two stout niggers and carried ashore under the cocoa-nut palms, bananas, &c.

North Bemini, in the British West Indies, has a population of about five hundred; and South Bemini is not inhabited, but is a sugar-brake, chiefly belonging to one family, who row across to cultivate it. There are a few goats on the islands, but no cows, and only two horses, used to work a sugar-mill. Meat they get about once every fourteen days from Nassau, when a trading schooner comes; but adverse winds affect the food-supply, and when we were there, the expected schooner was ten days overdue.

Captain Kelly, in his delirium of delight at the thirteen-thousand-dollar bargain and potent rum doses, said to Pater from the deck of the *Flexible* ere he went ashore: 'You see dat coker-nut grove?'

Pater replied in the affirmative.

'You see dat bananer plantation and dat house and sugar-brake? It is all yours; I give it all to you!'

The captain's chief-man, Newton, was superior to him in all but stature. When first this man came on board the *Flexible*, he was very drunk, and said to Pater: 'I'm mighty fine man. I'm drunk now; but when I'm sober, I'm mighty fine man.' Then turning to Kelly, he said: 'Capen Kelly, tell this gen'leman what a mighty fine man I am!'

Kelly grunted something in acquiescence, and his deputy chief wrecker seemed satisfied.

The *Flexible* was there from Friday till Sunday evening, so that we saw much of the people; and, as this was the first time we had been introduced to the African race in numbers, they greatly interested us. The children were queer little people, and a source of great amusement to the young folks of the party, save to our baby, who hated the blacks, and showed it, as babies can. It was settled that Kelly and Newton should come with us to New Orleans, so that they might get the thirteen thousand dollars, and not let the *Flexible* escape them.

Whilst lying off the Beminis, our boys much amused Captain H— by working out by the flagbook the signals: 'We are in want of clean linen—can you recommend us to a laundress?' which was accurate, as we had been now getting on for five weeks at sea, and our linen had been calculated for three weeks at the outside. What the Beminis want—Pater was informed by Newton—was a man with capital, who would set up proper works for the sugar-boiling; but the attractions of these two small islands are not great, though, after the horrors of Alabama and Mississippi, they seem quite pleasant.

After a voyage of six weeks, we landed at New Orleans, and the same night went on to Mobile, at which most detestable mud-flat we stayed six weeks, meeting with kindness from many people and being fleeced by others; and finally we settled at Pascagoula, where, what with mosquitoes, swindlers, and abject ruffians, we had a sad time.

THE EMIGRANT'S INFORMATION OFFICE.

There has now been issued from the Emigrant's Information Office, 31 Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W., ten penny handbooks, for the use of intending emigrants, with accompanying circulars, the latter being revised up to January 1st of the present year. The colonies for which separate penny handbooks have been provided are the Dominion of Canada, New Zealand, Western Australia, South Australia, Victoria, Queensland, New South Wales, Tasmania, Cape of Good Hope, and Natal. These little books give a condensed account of each colony, with the kind of information required by those who may be thinking of going abroad. The circulars bear a later date, and we extract a word or two from them as to the state of trade in the different colonies. We learn from the New South Wales circular that there is still a large amount of unemployed labour, especially in the large towns; and the general trade of the colony has been very depressed. Free and assisted passages have been stopped. The same applies to Victoria, except that female domestic servants will be welcomed. Free, assisted, and nominated passages have also been stopped in the case of South Australia, and clerks are specially warned against emigrating. While free passages have been stopped to Queensland, *nominated* passages, by friends in the colony, are still in force. The chief demand of the colony at present is for agricultural labourers and female domestic servants. Free passages are granted for a limited number of female domestic servants to Western Australia. Assisted passages are only

granted at present to farmers, agriculturists, millers, wheelwrights, and others likely to be useful in the country districts. They must have some capital; as a rule, a married couple will be required to deposit not less than one hundred pounds, and twenty-five pounds for each child over twelve years of age. In addition to this, the adult emigrant must pay four pounds towards his passage-money; two pounds for every child between one and twelve; and a sum not exceeding one pound for ship's kit. Special assisted passages are granted by the Western Australia Land Company, care of Thomas Meadows & Co., 35 Milk Street, London, E.C., who are willing to introduce labourers, bricklayers, and quarrymen, under forty-five years of age, the terms for which may be learned by writing to the above address. Nominated passages are still in force for Tasmania, where there is a steady demand for agricultural labourers, and also for female domestic servants. There are no free passages to New Zealand at present; but there are assisted passages to small capitalists, and nominated passages, the terms for which may be learnt from the circular. For Canada, the terms of assisted passages to agricultural labourers are laid down very clearly, the steerage rates averaging two pounds per head for adults. Cape Colony and Natal hold out little inducement at present save to the small capitalist. As we have previously indicated, the Emigration Office has been established under the supervision of the Colonial Office for the purpose of supplying authentic information to emigrants; the intending emigrant having only to state his request to the manager, 31 Broadway, as above.

TWO DAYS.

SOMEWHERE in that strange land we call the Past,

Where each of us has laid his treasures by,
My heart has set one day whose light shall last
When all youth's golden years forgotten lie,
Ever across my life it shines afar,
As through a storm-tossed sky one glorious star.

One day struck sudden 'midst the whirling years
Into the perfect calm of Paradise;
One day when life, set free from doubts and fears,
Lay love-lit under shining summer skies,
When I my heart's mad hoping dared confess,
And found a heaven in my lady's 'Yes.'

The clouds roll back; the gentle wind that sighs
Low through the branches has her voice's tone;
Her eyes look in sweet answer to my eyes;
Once more I feel her hand within my own.
Let Fortune spoil my treasures as she will,
That one bright memory is with me still.

Somewhere within that unknown shadowy land
We call the Future, waiteth me a day
When I shall hold again my lady's hand,
And listen low to hear what she will say.
Ah, Love! that day must dawn for us at last,
When all our weary waiting shall be past.

D. J. ROBERTSON.

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JUBILEE YEARS.

EIGHTEEN hundred and eighty-seven will be a year of jubilees. Among the things which will see their fifty years' life between now and Christmas, and which have proved of immense advantage to the community, will be the practical application of Electricity as a means of communication, the introduction of Phonography by Isaac Pitman, and the establishing of Building societies. Concerning the utility of these to the nation, or, in the case of the two first-named, it might be said respecting their usefulness to the entire world, that it is scarcely necessary to write a single word, their advantages to the human race being so well known. By means of the electric telegraph, the antipodes is practically brought within speaking distance of our shores; Pitman's phonography has revolutionised the newspaper press; and building societies have proved of immense benefit to the thrifty among the working classes. The jubilee of these will no doubt be fittingly celebrated during the present year; but the jubilee for which 1887 will be remembered in English history will be the completion of the fifty years' reign of Queen Victoria.

A royal jubilee is not an every-day occurrence, and hitherto only three of England's monarchs have lived to rule for fifty years over the nation—namely, Henry III., who sat on the throne for fifty-six years; Edward III., who lived for six months after completing his jubilee; and George III., who reigned for sixty years.

Because, therefore, of its rarity, a sovereign's jubilee is always made the occasion of general rejoicing. Respecting the celebration of Henry's fifty years' rule, very little is recorded; but concerning that of Edward we learn that 'he laid hold of that era as the occasion of his performing many popular acts of government; that he had given orders to issue out general and special pardons without paying any fees, for recalling all exiles, and setting at liberty all debtors to the Crown and all prisoners for political matters. The parliament, on their parts, not to be wanting

in gratitude, having obtained their petitions, on the day of their rising presented the king with a duty of twenty-six shillings and eightpence upon every sack of wool for three years, besides continuing the former duties upon wools, fells, and skins. This year (1377), being a year of jubilee, was spent in hunting throughout the great forests of England, and other magnificent diversions, in which the king laid out an immense sum.'

By reason of the progress of civilisation, and the consequent facilities for chronicling important events—slow though they were—particulars as to how the jubilee of George III. was celebrated are more plentiful than in the case of either of the sovereigns to which we have referred. How best to celebrate King George's fifty years' reign caused no little concern to His Majesty's subjects. The occasion was indeed an auspicious one, for a like occurrence had not taken place in England for nearly four and a half centuries. As may be imagined, suggestions almost without number were made as to what would be the most fitting manner in which to celebrate so interesting and rare an event. Among the proposals made was one which sounds somewhat droll to our minds—it was that each loyal citizen of London should attire himself in Windsor uniform on the day of jubilee; and that the ladies should array themselves in dresses of royal-blue velvet or satin, and should bedeck their head-dresses with devices emblematical of the occasion! When we consider the grotesque appearance which the streets would have presented had the suggestion been carried out, we can hardly suppress a smile at the absurd idea, though the proposal appears to have been brought forward in all earnestness, and to have been received with the utmost soberness.

Among the suggestions which were carried into practice was one—as is customary on the occasion of incidents of national interest—that a medal should be struck to commemorate the event. This bears on the obverse a bust of the king, together with his title and the dates of his accession and jubilee—October 25, 1760, and October 25, 1809,

respectively. On the reverse is a representation of England as Fame seated on clouds and triumphing over mortality. There is likewise a throne, illuminated by rays from heaven, and a centenary circle, one half of which shows the duration of His Majesty's reign up to that period.

The imprisonment of debtors for small liabilities was at that time a pressing social evil. The *Morning Post* drew attention to the matter, and suggested that the best way of celebrating the king's jubilee would be for the residents in London to subscribe a sufficient sum of money to release the persons confined for debt in the City. The debtors were some seventy-two in number, and their liabilities amounted to a little more than two thousand pounds. The proposal met with hearty approval; and the necessary amount was speedily subscribed. In other parts of the country the same suggestion was acted upon; and His Majesty was so much in favour of the scheme, that he gave two thousand pounds out of his privy purse for the release of poor debtors in England and Wales, the distribution of the money being intrusted to the Society for the Relief of Persons confined for Small Debts. He likewise appropriated one thousand pounds for a similar purpose in Scotland, and one thousand pounds in Ireland, out of funds remaining at his disposal.

His Majesty further signalled his fifty years' rule by other gracious acts; for instance, he granted a free pardon to all deserters from the army and navy, without the severe condition usually attendant thereon of serving upon the most odious stations; and all persons confined for military offences were released. He likewise granted the officers of the army and navy a general brevet promotion; that of the navy consisting of five admirals, ten vice-admirals, ten rear-admirals, twenty post-captains, and twenty commanders, all being taken in regular succession from the top of their respective lists. Persons imprisoned for debts due to the Crown were also released, except those whose cases were distinguished by peculiar circumstances of violence or fraud, as well as all instances of official delinquency; the latter exception being made on account of a determination arrived at by His Majesty never to screen from punishment those who had abused the power derived from him to the injury of his subjects. All prisoners of war hitherto on parole were permitted to return to their own countries, except the French, who were debarred the privilege because of the unparalleled severity of their ruler in detaining all British subjects in France.

The nation generally gave vent to its loyalty on the occasion of the king's jubilee, and high festival was held throughout the country, the Englishman's characteristic of celebrating important or interesting events by feasting being extremely prominent. In the metropolis there were municipal pageants, splendid illuminations, and abundant feasting. The Lord Mayor (Sir

Charles Flower) proceeded in state to a thanksgiving service at St Paul's; and salutes of artillery, fired by regular troops and by corps of volunteers, went on for a great part of the day. Treats were given to the inmates of the various charitable institutions, and innumerable private hospitalities took place. Services were held at the Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish places of worship; and perhaps the most touching incident connected with these was that witnessed in the Jewish synagogue, where a sermon was preached from Leviticus xxv. 13: 'In the year of this jubilee ye shall return every man unto his possession.' The whole of the twenty-first psalm was afterwards sung to the tune of *God Save the King*.

Windsor, the royal borough, was the scene of great rejoicings. As early as six o'clock in the morning the sound of trumpets was heard; and later in the day the bells of the various churches rang merry peals, and a parade of household troops, militia, and volunteers took place. Between eight and nine o'clock, the king, queen, and members of the royal family attended service in the private chapel; and subsequently, the queen, Princess Elizabeth, and others, drove to Frogmore to inspect the preparations for a fête, on their way passing under triumphal arches and between lines of soldiers. The fête, which was held in the evening, was given by the queen, and was attended by a select circle of guests. At one o'clock the queen, with a brilliant retinue, and the mayor and corporation of Windsor, walked to the Bachelors' Acre—a large piece of vacant ground near the centre of the town—where an ox and some sheep were roasting whole, the former having been put on the spit at two o'clock in the morning, so that it might be cooked by one in the afternoon. The royal party were received by fifty bachelors, who conducted them to the fire at which the ox was roasting, after which they inspected the culinary arrangements. The butchers who had charge of the cooking of the ox and sheep, the latter of which were put on the fire at nine o'clock, and were stuffed with potatoes, were (shade of Beau Brummell!) dressed in blue frocks and silk stockings. When the animals were ready, they were distributed among the crowd in the presence of the royal party, who were offered and graciously accepted the first slices, the same being served up to them on silver plates by the butchers and bachelors. Afterwards, the distinguished company were entertained to a private banquet; and subsequently they returned to the castle. Of course, rejoicings of this character would at that time have been incomplete without the old English sport of bull-baiting being indulged in, and accordingly we find that this barbarous diversion was provided for the afternoon's entertainment. In the course of the day, fifty pieces of cannon were discharged in Windsor Park, and there was a royal inspection of troops and great *feu de joie* in the Long Walk. At night the town was brilliantly illuminated. The fête at Frogmore was a grand affair, and the pyrotechnic display on the banks of the lake at the conclusion of the rejoicings was very fine. Among the illuminated structures was an elegant Grecian temple, which, we are told, was erected on a mount surrounded by eight beautiful marble pillars. The interior

of the temple was lined with purple, and in the centre was a large transparency of the Eye of Providence, fixed as it were upon a portrait of His Majesty, surmounted by stars of lamps.' Tea and coffee were served in marquees, and supper was provided in the dining-rooms at midnight. We also learn that at the close of the fireworks display 'two cars or chariots drawn by seahorses, in one of which was a figure representing Britannia, in the other a representative of Neptune, appeared majestically moving on the bosom of the lake, followed by four boats filled with persons dressed to represent Tritons, &c. These last were to have been composed of choristers, who were to have sung *God Save the King* on the water, but, unfortunately, the crowd assembled was so immense, that those who were to have sung could not gain entrance.'

Like celebrations took place in the various towns throughout the country, the proceedings in each instance to a great extent necessarily resembling each other. The day was generally observed as a national holiday; and in almost all corporate towns a civic procession to the church or cathedral was one of the chief features of the occasion; whilst in those places in which military were stationed, numerous volleys were fired by the soldiers in honour of the event. Feasting was indulged in to an enormous extent by all classes, the poor being entertained by their more wealthy neighbours; and the inauguration of charitable institutions and benevolent societies was a characteristic of the jubilee. In keeping with the custom of the times, ox-roastings took place all over the country; and 'good old ale' was distributed with the greatest lavishness. In rural districts, most of the nobility and gentry kept open house, and provided entertainments for their poorer neighbours; employers feasted their servants, and 'The King, and long life to him,' was toasted with the utmost enthusiasm throughout the land. Dancing was carried on upon the village green; and balls, bonfires, and pyrotechnic displays concluded the rejoicings of a day on which high and low, rich and poor, had vied with each other in showing loyalty to their sovereign.

This was the last royal jubilee witnessed in England. But on the 20th June next, fifty years will have elapsed since our present ruler, then a girl of eighteen, ascended the throne; and how most fitly to celebrate the event is a problem which is at present perturbing the minds of various classes of Her Majesty's subjects both at home and abroad. Within living memory, 'the days of fifty years ago, when George the Third was king,' were thought of and sung about as the best in our annals. But to-day a different opinion prevails; for it is acknowledged by all that the glories of the Georgian era are surpassed by those of the Victorian, in which the development and practical application of science to our arts and industries, the extension of popular liberties, and the spread of education, have revolutionised the nation's commerce, and wrought a vast improvement in the social condition of Her Majesty's subjects. There can therefore be no doubt that the people over whom Queen Victoria has reigned so gloriously will celebrate her jubilee in a manner worthy of the occasion, and will be equally as ready to show their loyalty

to the sovereign under whose sway England has attained a pre-eminent position among the nations of the world, as were the subjects of George III. — 'the father of his people.'

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XL.—THE SELLWOODS.

MR CORNELLIS could make himself an agreeable host, and he took pains that evening to make it pass pleasantly to his guests. The rector was a florid man, a gentleman of good family, easy-going, generous, never harsh in judging any one, perhaps too ready to make allowances for the shortcomings of his parishioners. He, like Mr Cornellis, knew the weaknesses of human nature, but made a different use of his knowledge. When his gardener had been detected selling his pears and grapes to a fruiterer at Walton, he shrugged his shoulders and said it was human nature, lectured him, but did not dismiss him. When he heard that some of his Sunday-school teachers had got into moral scrapes, he said: 'It is human nature; we must find substitutes;' and when Mrs Sellwood showed him lumps of alum in the bread, he laughed, and said: 'Millers and bakers are human beings!' and would not take away his custom. On Christmas Day, his clerk was tipsy, and put in his Amens wrong. 'After all,' said the rector, 'it is human nature to rejoice on this day; we will pass it over.'

His son, Captain Sellwood, was home from India, a handsome ox-eyed man, with light hair, but dark eyelashes, a man with an inexpressive face, and solemn inscrutable eyes. He was not a man of words. He sat listening to conversation, twiddling his moustache and sharpening it to needle-points, with his great gloomy eyes on the speakers, moving them from one to the other, as they interchanged talk, but saying nothing himself. Some considered him stupid. This was not the case; he had plenty of intelligence, but he was not a talker. Ladies condescended to him, and tried to draw him out on the subject of India; but though he could speak on Indian topics, he felt that he was condescended to when India was brought on the carpet, and he left India lying there.

He felt keenly his inability to sparkle in society; the consciousness came on him in spasms. When such a spasm of consciousness came on, he uncrossed his legs and put the right leg over the left; at the next spasm, he put the left leg over the right. Some people, as already said, declared that Captain Sellwood's silence arose from stupidity; others said, from liver; others, again—and these were in the right—that his father had talked him down. The rector was a ready man in conversation, and fond of hearing his own voice. At his own table he monopolised the conversation, and this had affected the captain when he was a boy, and had made of him a listener, not a speaker. He had a wondering admiration for light badinage and small joking, for he was wholly incompetent to attain to sportiveness.

Mr Cornellis took in Mrs Sellwood; and the rector gave his arm to Aunt Judith; therefore, Josephine fell to the captain. She screwed up

her mouth. She was not pleased, both because he was a dull partner and she was not in a humour to talk; but also, and chiefly, because she knew her father's intentions, and her spirit rose in rebellion against him and his schemes.

'It is with dining as with virtue,' said Mr Cornellis. 'We should love eating as we love virtue, for its own sake, not for what it may advantage us.—You will have Sauterne with your fish, captain—tell me your opinion of it. I flatter myself it is good.' Captain Sellwood bowed and said, 'Very nice,' but in such a toneless way that Cornellis was unable to discover what his real opinion was. Cornellis always made much of his wines, talked of their age, bouquet, and brand, as if he had a first-rate cellar; whereas he had no cellar at all, only a cupboard in the coal-hole where he kept a few dozen, and got his wine in as he wanted it. But by talking about his wine, and telling stories concerning the way in which he picked up this lot and that lot at sales or from old friends, he had acquired the credit of being not only a connoisseur, but of giving first-rate vintages at his table.

The Sauterne on this occasion was good. It was not always so; but this evening Cornellis did his utmost to catch the captain for his daughter, and did not withhold his best either in eating or in drinking. He used to say that Zriny, Ban of Croatia, when he went against the Turks, put purses full of gold under his belt, so that if he fell, the enemy might hold his body in esteem; thus would all the world esteem the man who put good dinners under his waistcoat. The rector and his son would hardly suspect their host to be on the verge of bankruptcy when he gave them so excellent a repast.

But the captain, though he liked a good dinner, was not a man to lay store by it, and, perhaps after the spiced dishes of India, he preferred plain English roast and boiled joints to any *entremets*, however delicate. He would have preferred a seat opposite Josephine, where he could have looked at her, instead of a place at her side, where he was obliged to talk to her. His observations came at intervals, and had no connection with each other. He said something about the weather, then was silent; and after ten minutes, asked Josephine if she painted now; when she said that she did not, he fidgeted with his napkin, wiped his moustache, listened to what his father and Miss Judith were talking about, and then inquired whether Josephine's aunt had been well during the preceding winter.

The jovial rector was in full flow of talk about parish matters. 'I've no right to be here,' he said; 'I ought to be in prison with hard labour for a month. Instead of improving my parishioners, I demoralise them. What do you think is my last experience? I parcelled out my glebe so that some of the labourers might have fields and keep cows. I thought it hard that they should not have something to supplement their earnings on the farm. I even lent a couple of them money to buy cows. John Harvey was one, and he has got a month for it now.'

'How so, rector?'

'Because he has been stealing mangold and turnips through the winter to feed his cow with,

from Farmer Barons, with whom he worked. Barons thought his mangold was going, and so set a policeman to watch; then Harvey was caught. He argued that his cow must not starve, and that he had not the land or capital to till root-crops for her, and that I was to blame for letting him have the cow. He was once an honest man; I had converted him, with the best intentions, into a thief.'

'He is let off pretty easy,' said Aunt Judith.

'That is not all. The farmers who employed the other men that have cows have given them notice to leave their service, so they will be thrown out of situations and lay the blame on me.'

'Is it not usually the case,' said Josephine, 'that when we seek to do good we blunder into mischief? Therefore, it is best to let men go their own wretched way for themselves.'

Captain Sellwood turned and looked at the girl fixedly; his great eyes said nothing, but he wondered in his heart that one so young should speak with such want of feeling.

'I don't agree with you, Miss Josephine,' said the rector. 'It is human to err. We do not see things from all sides at once, and so we make mistakes. Some suffer; but we learn lessons, and correct our mistakes.'

'We should try our experiments on ourselves, not on others,' said Josephine. 'You have been practising on the peasant, and the result is that the peasant has to suffer, not you.'

'I beg your pardon; I suffer also. I shall not see back the twenty pounds I lent for the cow.'

'It seems to me that you good people are always making plans for the bettering of others, and all your plans when carried out aggravate the evil. Leave the poor and suffering alone, to work out their problems for themselves.'

The great ox eyes of the captain were again on Josephine, and they annoyed her. She was determined, if possible, to bring some life into them, so she said: 'I believe in living only for self. Every animal does it. Why not we? We involve ourselves in a tangle when we begin to consider others, and get no thanks for our pains. Let us all fight our own way, and slap each other in the face if he persists in encumbering our path. I want help from no one, and will give no help to any one.'

'My dear Josephine,' said her father in a tone of sad reproach, but with eyes that expressed anger, 'you are talking at random.'

'Not a bit. I have well considered the law of existence. That is my law, simple, straightforward, and successful—like, yes, like the way of the sea-nettle in the tide.'

'I do not think, my dear,' said the rector, 'that it is a way that will draw after it a wake of love and light.'

'I speak what I think and feel,' said Josephine, disregarding her father's warning glances, encouraged by perceiving some expression in the ox eyes of the captain, like a cat's-paw of wind in a quarry pool.

'No, my dear,' said the rector, with a cheery smile on his red face; 'I won't allow that you feel and think this, though you say it. Neither will I admit for a moment your likening yourself to a sea-nettle. To a cactus, if you choose—that

has on it needles. A girl sometimes puts forth a bristle of sharp and piquant speeches; but it is not human nature, any more than it is cactus nature to produce only stings—the flower bursts out in the end, large, glorious, beautiful, and we forget all about the bristles as we stand over and admire the flower.'

Josephine went on maliciously: 'Mrs Sellwood has been most kind to that boy Joe Cudmore.'

'Yes; he is crippled with rheumatism, and bedridden.'

'She has spent hours in the dirty cottage and the insufferable stuffiness of the sickroom teaching the boy to read.'

'Well—yes,' said the rector. 'It was so sad to see the poor fellow confined to his bed with nothing to relieve the tedium.'

'And—with what result?'

'He can read.'

'Exactly. I was in the cottage the other day. We wanted the mother to come and char for us, and I found him devouring the police intelligence. You have roused in him a hunger for criminal biography.'

'He reads his Bible too.'

'I saw his Bible; you gave him one, with red edges, and the edges stuck together. It had not been read. What chance has the story of Abraham against that of Rush who murdered a household? That boy longs to recover the use of his limbs that he may emulate the glorious deeds of burglars, or at least of pickpockets.'

'You paint things in extreme colours,' said the rector, a little discouraged.

'And the schools,' continued Josephine—'I know how enthusiastic you are about them. The education given there has unfitted all the young people for the work required of them, or has given them a distaste for it. The farmers complain that of the rising generation, not one lad understands hedging; and their wives—that the girls will have nothing to do with milking cows and making butter.'

'I remember,' said the rector, in an apologetic tone—he was unable to deny that there was truth in Josephine's words—'I remember some years ago there was not a man or woman in my congregation who could use the Prayer-book and Hymnal.'

'And now,' said Josephine, 'that they can use them, they value them so little that the fires in the stove are lighted with the torn pages out of them; and the road between the school and church is scattered with dishevelled sacred literature.'

Then the captain said: 'Am I to understand that you think no attempt should be made to do any good to any one?'

'To any one except ourselves—yes,' answered Josephine.

'You would in India allow suitcases to continue, and Juggernaut's car to roll on and crush bones for ever unobstructed?'

'Why not? Is not India becoming over-peopled, and the problem springing up, what is to be done with the overflow of population?'

'I think,' said Mr Cornellis with suppressed wrath, 'I will ask you, rector, to return thanks.'

'No,' said the rector; 'I am not going to say grace on such a sentiment.—My dear Miss Josephine, we must not shirk a duty because it opens

the door to a problem. It is the very fact that we are meeting problems which duty insists on our solving, that gives a zest and purpose to life. We make our blunders—well, that is inevitable; it is human to err; and our sons profit by our experience and avoid our mistakes. A child makes pothooks before it draws straight lines, and strums discords before it finds the way to harmonies. We must set an ideal before us, and aim for that; we may go wrong ways to work, but with a right heart; that will excuse our errors.'

When the ladies were in the drawing-room, Mrs Sellwood took a low chair before the fire, and in two minutes was asleep. The rector's wife was an excellent woman, who rose every morning at five, made her own fire, did her accounts, read the lessons for the day, and gardened, before the maid-servants appeared. But it is not possible for the most energetic person to burn the candle at both ends with impunity, and she made up for her wakefulness in the morning by sleepiness at night, and invariably dozed off after dinner, wherever she was. This was so well known by her hosts, that she was generally allowed to go off quietly to sleep and have her nap before the gentlemen came from their wine.

Aunt Judith made no attempt to keep her guest awake; when she saw her nodding, she drew Josephine into the conservatory, and said: 'My dear, how came you to speak as you did at table? You frightened the captain, and shocked his father.'

'I am glad I produced some effect on the former, who seems to me to have inherited his mother's somnolence.'

'But, Josephine, you know that Captain Algonnon Sellwood has long been your admirer, and you are doing your best to drive him away.'

'Let him go. I shall breathe freely when he withdraws his great dreamy eyes from me.'

'My dear niece, I must be serious with you. He is a man worth having; he will have about fifteen thousand a year on the death of his aunt, Miss Otterbourne. He is a fine man, and belongs to a family of position. You could not expect to do better than take him. I speak now as your aunt, full of interest in your welfare. I must remark that your extraordinary and repellent manner this evening is not one to attract him to your feet. You are trifling with your opportunities, and before you are aware, you will be left an old maid.'

'I do not care. An old maid can go her own way, and a married woman cannot.'

'No, my dear; an old maid cannot go her own way, unless she has a fortune at her disposal. Can I? I am helpless, bound to helplessness. I do not follow a husband; I have to follow your father. Remember, you have not a fortune. Your father has told you that misfortunes have fallen on us, and your money is gone. Have you made up your mind not to take Algonnon Sellwood, if he offers?'

'I don't know; I have not thought about it.'

'Do not take the matter so lightly. I am seriously alarmed about you—so is your father. Sooner or later, we shall have to give up our establishment, and disappear into some smaller place, and cut our expenses down to a low figure.'

It is not pleasant to have to pinch and clip. What stands in your way? You have never shown yourself so perverse before. Upon my word, I believe your head has been turned ever since that unfortunate affair of the lightship and Cable.'

'Do not mention him,' said Josephine abruptly.

'Who? Algernon Sellwood?'

'No; the other—Richard Cable.'

'Why not?'

'Because when you do, I see what a man ought to be, and the captain pales into nothing before him. Whether Algernon Sellwood has brains and heart, I do not know; he is to me a doll that rolls its eyes, not a man with a soul.'

'What do you mean, Josephine?' gasped poor Aunt Judith. 'Gracious powers! you do not hint at such a preposterous folly as that!—'

'As that, what? Speak out!'

'As that— I really cannot speak it.'

'As that I have lost my heart to Richard Cable, the lightshipman, the widower, father of seven little children? No; I have not.—Now, are you satisfied? I am not such a fool as you take me for.'

Aunt Judith drew a long breath. 'It would be impossible for you to marry beneath you—and to such a man!'

'Beneath me!—Above me. We are all being dragged down. It is my fate never to have one to whom I can look up, whom I can call my own.—There come the gentlemen.'

As she and Aunt Judith entered the drawing-room through the French window, Mrs Sellwood woke up, was wide awake, and said: 'Yes—battered eggs! I said so, Miss Cornellis—battered eggs!'

'Been asleep, dear?' asked the rector, tapping his wife on the shoulder.

'No, Robert. I have been talking to Miss Cornellis about battered eggs.'

'Not even closed your eyes?'

'I may have closed them to consider better, but I have *not* been asleep. I have been giving a receipt for battered eggs.'

THE RUBY MINES OF BURMAH.

THE successful advance of a British force to the Ruby lands of Upper Burmah, and its establishment in that difficult country, imparts additional interest to the acquisition of Burmese territory by the Indian authorities. The actual position of the Ruby territory is now placed beyond a doubt; but inasmuch as a good deal of misunderstanding exists on other points connected with the land of gems, its extent and probable value, it may be well to place on record a few ascertained facts in regard to them.

The designation 'Ruby Mines' is altogether inappropriate, seeing that no mining is required, or at any rate has ever been attempted. The gems are found in a very rough state, at distances from the surface of the land varying from three feet to a dozen; and these tracts of free, gravelly soil, intermixed with quartz clay, stretch in long, slightly undulating plains, skirted by ranges of lofty hills. As is the case in the gem-pits of Ceylon, rubies are found in the same localities as sapphires, tourmalines, &c., but with this differ-

ence, that in Burmah the ruby is the most generally found. In Ceylon, the amethyst and sapphire are more frequently obtained. It is stated by some writers that these rubies are found in abundance over a distance of eighty miles or more. No authority exists for this statement; but it is certain that gemming has been carried on in that part of Upper Burmah for centuries, and there must be considerable tracts of country which have been dug over and apparently exhausted of their natural wealth; but it is probable that by deeper and more scientifically conducted explorations of the soil, with proper pumping apparatus, more valuable rubies than those already found might be obtained.

The Indian government has leased the privilege of digging for rubies in Burmah to a European syndicate for an annual payment of five lacs of rupees—equal at par to fifty thousand pounds; and it has been asserted that the estimated value of the yearly output of rubies is not above twenty thousand pounds.

It is most improbable that any reliable information is in existence on this point, seeing that the utmost secrecy has invariably been observed by gem-diggers and gem-merchants in Burmah, as well as in Ceylon, as to the results of working the pits. Moreover, as all rubies found above a certain size are declared to be the property of the sovereign, there is an additional inducement to maintain silence as to any great prizes being found. Large as the alleged rental to be paid to the government may appear, it should be borne in mind how much the value of a ruby increases when above a certain size, more so even than in the case of diamonds. About ten years ago, two oriental rubies were brought to England from Burmah much above the size prescribed by royalty in that country, weighing the one thirty-seven, the other forty-seven carats. Having been recut, they were reduced in size, but improved in appearance; and so much was their value increased, that one of them was ultimately sold for ten thousand pounds, the other for twice that amount. With the possibility, therefore, of finding such gems as these, the rental of the Ruby Mines does not appear excessive.

The reader need scarcely be told that in its natural state, when removed from a pit and freed from the gravelly soil in which it was imbedded, a ruby of the finest quality would not strike a casual observer very differently from an ordinary pebble, the eye of an expert being required to distinguish a valuable gem from an ordinary stone. To the present time, the mode of searching for rubies has been most primitive, no machinery being employed, nothing but the rudest implements. A sort of hoe and pick, to loosen the ground and lift the soil; a vessel in which to wash the stones from the earthy matter; and finally, a table or board, on which the stones are placed for the separation of gems from common pebbles, or from rubies that would not repay the cost of rough native cutting to fit them for market. As gemming is carried on in the island of Ceylon, where any native can obtain a license for digging upon Crown lands, no check upon their operations is possible, and those who employ them are no doubt liable to robbery; but in Burmah, by the government lease to the Ruby syndicate, the work will be conducted in a systematic manner

under the close supervision of skilled Europeans. As in the operation of diamond-washing, which was shown in the South African Court at the Colonial Exhibition, the washing and sorting will be carried on by means of machinery within an inclosed structure, protected from purloining by outsiders in a most effectual manner, whilst all digging will be confined to one or two selected spots and interdicted elsewhere.

A good deal is heard of the unhealthiness of the Ruby district, a fact which is explained by the density of the jungle surrounding the diggings, and by the level nature of the country, affording such a limited means of escape for the rainfall, which at certain seasons accumulates on the ground, rendering it impossible for work to be carried on in the pits, and causing malaria, which engenders feverish attacks. These low lands are, however, in nearly all cases surrounded, at a reasonable distance, by hills, on which habitations for Europeans may be erected above the reach of malarious influences. Nothing is yet known as to the nature of the Burmese miners' rights derived from Theebaw's ministers; whatsoever they may be, a way will have to be found of reconciling them with the concession recently made by the Indian authorities to the Ruby syndicate, at the head of which is Mr Streeter, the diamond merchant of Bond Street, whose son accompanied the British expedition in Upper Burmah. It is probable that a compromise may be effected with the native workers; but as regards the Burmese and Shan merchants, in whose hands a profitable traffic in gems has remained from time immemorial, it may be more difficult to reconcile their interests with those of the European syndicate, who will naturally desire to retain the business in rubies in their own hands.

In the same localities in Burmah are found the oriental amethyst, the oriental sapphire, the green, the white, and the yellow sapphire, the star ruby, the oriental ruby, and the opalescent ruby—the three rubies differing in the shades and ranges of colour. Ordinary rubies are worth, when English cut, from four to ten pounds a carat when less than half a carat in weight. Above that weight, they vary according to quality from twenty to one hundred pounds a carat. It is believed that the largest known ruby in existence is one forming a portion of the Russian crown jewels, said to have come from China. The deposed king of Burmah is reported to possess a ruby of the size of a pigeon's egg, the weight and value of which are unknown.

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. VI.—THE TRIAL.

THE day appointed for Ernest's trial drew near. Nothing more had transpired that could in any way influence the result. I had seen Ernest several times. Our conversation no longer took the form of argument—indeed, Laura's name was seldom mentioned by either of us—we had settled that nothing was to be done as regards her until after the trial; and by a sort of tacit agreement, the subject was put on one side till that time should come, though it was never absent from

my thoughts, nor, I think, from Ernest's. How could it be?

The removal to London had taken place; and the new vicar occupied the vicarage. He retained all my uncle's old servants. Lena, Laura's maid, was the only member of the household who had accompanied the girls to their new abode.

I could not avoid calling to see my mother and the girls once every day; but I made my visits as short as I consistently could, for I was utterly unable to appear unembarrassed and at ease in Laura's presence. Both my mother and Amy observed the coldness with which I treated her, and spoke to me on the subject. I could only assert that my altered behaviour to her—if it was altered—was unintentional, which was indeed the truth, for I strove hard to treat her in my accustomed manner. But how could I?—oh! how could I? knowing that my poor uncle's blood stained her hand. And yet, sometimes, I almost pitied her; for what must her sufferings be! what the torments of her mind! It was for Ernest's sake she had become a murderess—her love for him had prompted her to the fearful act; and what were the consequences? She had sent him to a prison, to the felon's dock, probably to a felon's death—unless she were to save him by confessing all and taking his place. Would she do so? Would she—when she found all other means had been tried in vain—would she save him, and at the same time make the only possible atonement for her crime? Who could tell? Her thoughts were inscrutable—the fixed expression of her face gave no clue to the workings of her mind, except that her sufferings were great—that could be plainly seen.

I accounted for the scanty time I devoted to them all by saying I was busily at work for Ernest. This was scarcely true, but I knew not what other excuse to make. Alas! there was little work that I could do for him now. I had renewed my entreaties that he would let me retain some eminent counsel to defend him; but he would not entertain the idea for a moment. He declared that no one would conduct his case better than I should; that if there were a possibility of gaining a verdict of acquittal, I should gain it.

As the day came nearer and nearer, I sometimes felt that I could not go on. Then I would nerve myself with the thought that I was best acquainted with every detail—that I alone knew the truth—that I should have my whole heart in the work—that the result was in the hands of God, who surely would not let the innocent suffer through any fault of mine.

The day looked forward to with such painful suspense at length came. On the previous evening we had all removed to Goldstone. Sir Robert and Bob Coveney were both there; and to their care I consigned my mother and the girls for the day. Laura and Amy had expressed a strong desire to be present during the trial; but I decidedly objected. I told them that, having to appear as witnesses—being the last persons who saw our poor uncle alive—they could not be in court until called. I also pointed out that, should their emotion overcome them, Ernest would be unnerved, and my attention taken from my task. This last consideration decided them, and my persuasion prevailed.

When I took my place, I glanced round the court, and saw that it was crowded in every part. In the portion allotted to the general public, I noticed many familiar faces—residents in Bushford and its vicinity. My entrance caused a slight stir and whispering amongst them, for it was well known in what relationship I stood both to the murdered vicar and the accused. One gentleman who was seated on the bench got up and spoke to the judge, who glanced towards me with seeming interest.

I knew the judge well, both by sight and reputation. No juster man ever graced his high position. He was considerably advanced in years; but age, while it had enhanced the dignity of his bearing, for which he had always been celebrated, had in no way dimmed the brightness of his intellect. His well-known courtesy to the Bar assured me that I should meet with every consideration at his hands.

Several of the barristers present knew me, and among them the prosecuting counsel, who shook my hand and said: 'I am sorry, Mr Devon, that you have not a stronger case for your maiden effort, and I also regret that I am opposed to you.'

His kind manner went far towards putting me at my ease, and I now felt no more nervousness than was inseparable from the occasion.

After the jury had been sworn, Ernest was placed in the dock. All his former carelessness of apparel and manner was gone. He was well, but plainly dressed in black; and his bearing was calm and collected. His face, though pale, showed not the slightest trace of anxiety or fear. The judge's piercing eyes were fixed on him; but his met them firmly and without a quiver, as he pleaded 'Not guilty' in a clear voice to the indictment.

The counsel for the Crown now rose to make his opening statement. After having paid a high tribute to the many virtues of my poor uncle, he proceeded to lay the whole history of the case before the court in a clear and lucid manner. There was no straining of the evidence, to make it tell unduly against Ernest; but, on the other hand, no circumstance, however trivial, that pointed to him as the murderer was omitted. He concluded by saying: 'I know not what defence the prisoner, through his counsel, will offer, for as yet he has made no attempt to explain the numerous incidents which array themselves so strikingly against him; but whatever that defence may be, I trust you will allow it full weight in your deliberations; and if you find it sufficiently powerful to warrant you in finding a verdict of not guilty, no one will rejoice more sincerely than I shall; but if, on the other hand, you feel no reasonable doubt of the prisoner's guilt, no thought of the inevitable consequences to him must deter you from recording one of guilty, for a more atrocious crime has never stained the annals of our courts.'

The witnesses were called almost in the same order as the events happened of which they had to speak. I did not cross-examine the first of these witnesses, for I knew there was nothing to be elicited in Ernest's favour.

The prosecuting counsel now rose, and said: 'My lord, as I stated in my opening address, the two persons who last saw the murdered man alive

were his nieces, Miss Amy Carlton, sister to the prisoner, and Miss Laura Cleveland, his cousin. Now, as these young ladies were present together at the time, I ought perhaps to place them both in the witness-box, but I think it will be sufficient if I call only one of them. I am led to adopt this course by having been informed that Miss Carlton is possessed of great sensitiveness and tenderness of feeling, and I think it would be cruel to place her in such a trying position, if her evidence can be dispensed with. It may be said that this applies equally to Miss Cleveland; but if I am rightly instructed, she is of a much firmer disposition, and has greater control over her emotions. I will therefore, with your permission, call Miss Cleveland only.'

The judge having bowed his assent, Laura was called, and entered the box.

Ernest had hitherto faced the witnesses, and listened attentively and quietly to their evidence; but the instant Laura's name was called, he turned abruptly away so that he should not see her; and when she spoke, I saw a look of intense agony come into his face, and his hands spasmodically close on the front of the dock. Laura glanced towards him, and for a moment I thought she would have given way; then she drew herself up to her full height, her brow contracted, her lips compressed, to all outward appearance perfectly calm and collected. But few questions were asked her. Her answers were given in a low but distinct tone of voice, which must have been audible in the remotest corner of the court. She and Amy had parted from their uncle in the library: she was the last to kiss him and say good-night; he was then sitting in the chair in which he was afterwards found dead.

'And you never saw him again alive?'

As this question was asked, I fixed my eyes on her face. Would she add perjury to her other crime? There was no change in the expression of her features, and the answer came without the slightest hesitation, in the same firm, clear voice—'Never.' Then, after telling of the finding of the body and sending for the surgeon and police, she left the box, and leaning on the arm of Sir Robert Coveney, quitted the court.

It will be observed that nothing was said of her uncle's words to her after Ernest had been to the vicarage in the morning, when he told her that Ernest was no longer worthy of her love, and that she must think of him no more. This had not become known beyond our own circle.

The railway porter from Briarly Station came next. When his evidence in chief was finished, I rose to cross-examine.

'How many times in your life have you seen Mr Ernest Carlton?'—'Oh, a good many times.'

'That won't do, sir. Now, on your oath, have you seen him half-a-dozen times?'—No answer.

'Will you swear that you have seen him four times?'—three?'

'Yes, I must have seen him three times.'

'And how long ago was that?'

Again no answer.

'Be careful, now. Have you seen him within six months?'

'I can't say.'

'Is the Briarly platform well lighted?'

'Pretty well.'

'Gas or oil?'

'Oil.'

'How many lamps?'

'Four on the down platform.'

'You admit that you have not seen Mr Ernest Carlton more than three times in your life, and you can't say that you have seen him at all within the last six months. Will you now venture to declare on your oath that the gentleman you saw by the dim light of an oil-lamp on the night of the murder was really the prisoner?'

The man looked at Ernest, then at the judge, then at the ceiling, then scratched his head and shouted: 'No, I won't!'

The counsel for the crown, seeing that he was thoroughly confused, forbore to re-examine, and ordered him to stand down.

I had gained one point at least.

The Camelton porters came next. They were more easily dealt with; even in their evidence in chief they did not pretend to swear positively to Ernest; and under my questioning, utterly broke down: the gentleman who went by the mail that night might have been any one.

The next witness was Sergeant Mellish, and we know his story already. In cross-examination he admitted that although the boots in question fitted the footprints, there was nothing peculiar about them, and that probably hundreds, or even thousands, of boots of the same size and make were to be found in England. He also allowed that the kind of mud on them did not necessarily come from Bushford; the rain having been general, it might have been acquired anywhere within fifty miles or so of London.

'Now, Sergeant Mellish,' I continued, 'did you make any inquiries or search in any way for a clue that might have fixed the guilt on any other person or persons?'

'There was no call for me to do that, sir, when the evidence was so clear against the prisoner.'

'That is for the jury to determine, and not for you. You will please to refrain from giving your opinion, and confine yourself to answering my questions. Is it a fact that you made no investigation whatever in any other direction?'

'That is so, sir.'

'Then, for anything you know to the contrary, the weapon with which the deed was done, and perhaps other things tending to criminate some individual other than the prisoner, might have been discovered even in the house itself?'

'Well, sir, I don't think'—

'Never mind what you think. Is that a fact?'

'Well, sir, I can't deny it.'

'Thank you. That will do.'

The sergeant retired, somewhat discomfited.

The evidence of Ernest's landlady closed the case for the prosecution; and the time had now come for me to open the defence.

It was with considerable trepidation that I commenced speaking. The first part of my address was confined to the facts that I intended to prove, and those which I had elicited in my cross-examination of the witnesses for the crown. I referred to the indecision of the railway porters as to Ernest's identity with the individual they had seen at their respective stations. I told how I should prove, by the evidence of Bob Coveney, that it was next to impossible for Ernest to have accomplished the distance from Briarly to Camelton, by way of the vicarage, in time for the mail-

train to London; and that fact being admitted, I argued that the evidence of the footmarks went for nothing. Then I contended that the blood-stains appearing on the sleeve of Ernest's coat were a most insignificant circumstance in the case of a medical student, who might easily have acquired them while engaged in assisting at some operation at the hospital. I spoke as to the improbability of one of Ernest's disposition returning to Bushford with the deliberate purpose of committing such a fearful deed. Had it been done in the heat of passion, it would have been different. I cited all the cases I could call to mind where innocent persons had been convicted and executed on circumstantial evidence much stronger than that adduced on the present occasion. What more I said, it is impossible for me to recall; I only know that, as I went on, I found that the 'eloquence which comes when speaking from the heart,' did not fail me. I lost all sense of hesitation and nervousness; I thought only of Ernest and his cause; I saw only the judge and the jury who were to decide his fate.

When I sat down, there ran through the court a loud murmur of sympathy—almost of applause, which the officials made no attempt to suppress.

My only witness was Bob Coveney, with the nature of whose evidence the reader is well acquainted. He gave it with decision, and was not cross-examined.

The counsel for the crown rose. 'Recall Charles Felton,' Felton, Ernest's fellow-student, again entered the witness-box.

'Is it the custom of you students to keep at the hospital garments to wear when assisting at any operation in which blood has to be shed?'

'Yes; that is our custom.'

'Do you know, of your own knowledge, whether the prisoner was in the habit of changing his coat on such occasions?'

'He invariably did so.'

'Thank you, Mr Felton, that will do.—Recall George Bull.'

This was one of the Camelton porters. My heart sank within me when he appeared in the box: I knew well what his evidence would be.

'Was the up-mail correct to its time at Camelton on the night of the 17th of September—or rather the morning of the 18th?'

'No, sir; it was half an hour late.'

'Are you sure of this?'

'Quite sure. It is very unusual for it to be more than five minutes late. I said to my mate how lucky it was for the gent, as he only came up a minute or two before.'

The other porter corroborated his evidence.

The counsel's speech in reply to the defence was not a long one. He said: 'Gentlemen of the jury, the witnesses I have recalled have utterly demolished the only portions of the defence that were at all worthy of your attention. I have conclusively shown that the blood-stains on the prisoner's coat could not have come from the hospital, and he has made no attempt to account for them in any other way. The railway porters have proved beyond doubt that the mail-train was half an hour late in starting from Camelton, and therefore the evidence of the prisoner's own witness—his only witness—clearly shows that he had ample time to catch it. The hesitation of the porters to swear positively to the prisoner's

identity proves them to be honest witnesses ; and remember they all three spoke of his likeness to the man they saw—the one from Briarly being all but certain. No doubt there are plenty of boots similar to the prisoner's to be found, but the fact remains that his boots fitted the marks spoken of by Sergeant Mellish. That officer is perhaps censurable for not making his researches more general, but that in no way shakes the evidence against the prisoner. With the innocent persons who have been at various times condemned on circumstantial evidence, you have nothing to do ; you have only to decide whether the evidence in the present case has proved the prisoner's guilt to your satisfaction. You must not look at each of the circumstances brought against him by itself, but at all those circumstances combined ; and, in doing so, you must recollect that he has given no explanation of his movements on that night. Surely, if he was not at Bushford vicarage, he would have had no difficulty in bringing witnesses to tell us where he was and what he was doing. I venture to think, gentlemen, that, considering all this, you will find it impossible, consistently with your oaths, to return any other verdict than that of guilty.'

The summing-up of the judge was marked by the fairness for which he was renowned. In his analysis of the evidence he omitted no point, however slight, that told either against or for Ernest. How few there were of the latter ! He concluded by saying : 'Gentlemen, I regret that it is my painful duty to tell you that you must entirely disregard the eloquent pleading of the prisoner's counsel, so far as it was pleading only ; you must utterly dismiss sentiment from your minds, and give your verdict solely on the evidence before you. At the same time, you will give due attention to all the theories that have been advanced in the prisoner's favour. If you have a reasonable doubt as to the prisoner's guilt, you will give him the benefit of that doubt. It is not sufficient for you to say to yourselves that it is not absolutely certain he did the deed—it is seldom in such cases that absolute certainty is attainable—but you must have a strong feeling that the evidence has not been so convincing as to warrant you in convicting him. You will recollect that the sentence to be passed on him, if found guilty, will not be yours, or mine, but the law's. You have only to give that verdict which your consciences tell you is the correct one. You will now, gentlemen, retire to deliberate, and may God guide you to a righteous conclusion.'

The jury retired ; the judge left the bench ; and Ernest was removed from the dock.

I had no heart to leave the court ; but I beckoned to Bob Coveney, and entreated him, with the assistance of his father, to get my mother and the girls away at once ; but if they refused to go, to break the verdict to them as gently as possible. I had little doubt as to what that verdict would be.

Half an hour elapsed—it seemed to me an age—the jury returned to the box ; Ernest was brought back ; and the judge resumed his seat. A silence as of death reigned in the court. I scarcely heeded the usual questions to the jury ; although I had no hope, I waited in painful suspense for the verdict. It came at last, striking like a knell on my ears—'Guilty.'

I looked at Ernest ; his face changed not in the least, nor did it during the passing of the sentence ; and when the last dreadful words had been spoken, he bowed to the judge, who was almost overcome with emotion, and walked from the dock, to all appearance as calm and composed as he had ever been in his life.

THE EXTREME TENACITY OF LIFE OF MICRO-ORGANISMS.

THE extraordinary range of temperature to which micro-organisms can be subjected without destroying their vitality is almost beyond belief. We have even one well-known scientist writing, after detailing a series of experiments : 'Hence, among all known organic forms, the infusoria and their allies alone would appear to possess the power of weathering the cataclysmic changes of the universe, and, secure from all influences of heat and cold, of migrating in safety through interplanetary space.' Still, discounting all speculation, so wonderful are the powers of endurance of these minute beings, so liable to be scouted offhand as incredible, that they gave vitality to one of the bitterest controversies of science—the theory of spontaneous generation—that is, whether life may arise from inorganic matter *de novo* without the interposition of a parent. The introduction of the microscope with its revelations soon killed the theory in its older and cruder form, but gave rise to one much subtler, which has survived down to the present day. It has shown the world of these small creatures to be a veritable wonderland indeed ; it has shown them to appear so strangely and unexpectedly under certain conditions, that the believer in spontaneous generation will not credit their having proceeded from a parent, but prefers to trust to chance to solve his self-imposed difficulty. An examination of this theory will bring under our notice the resistant powers of these micro-organisms.

But before proceeding with it, we may mention shortly what is meant by micro-organisms or animalcules. If a putrescent fluid be examined under the microscope, it will be found to be one swarming mass of living units, jumbling and jostling each other—in truth, a struggle for life, whole species disappearing in a few days under a more powerful one. Minute oblong bodies are seen pushing or vacillating across, these are called bacteria ; slender, 'rod'-like bodies—bacilli—force their way like a fish through reeds ; others move in a wavy, shimmering manner, or whirl across with spiral movements. But infusoria, larger and variously shaped, are there, with characteristic and much less mechanical motions. Some advance with apparent labour, others cross the field of vision like the shadow of a bee in its flight. Very curiously are we reminded, too, of familiar objects by their forms and actions. Some are like animated slippers, bottles, whirling saucers, or creeping insects ; even the swan has its copy, as graceful in its motions, and to the full more elegant in the ever-varying curves of its long and elastic neck. One form is the miniature of those large-breasted pigeons, and propels itself, now slowly, now with a rush like a starling in search of worms on a meadow of a dewy morning ; and feeding it is too, and to

good purpose, making short work of those rod-like bodies already mentioned. Their progression is effected by the lashing about of long whip-like filaments, or the quivering of short hairs, with which the body in some cases is covered. There are hundreds of different species of these, easily recognised, from the four-thousandth part, or less, to the twentieth of an inch. Some two centuries ago, these formed an entirely unknown world; and it is only within the last few years that a knowledge of the complete life-histories of some of these has been gained, and in great part in combating the views put forward in support of the theory already mentioned.

Returning to the theory, then, we find that more than one hundred years ago an Englishman asserted 'that animalcules were directly and spontaneously engendered from more highly organised bodies in a state of putrefaction.' Ever since, this idea has been taken up again and again, and buttressed by new arguments, which were brought forward only to be at once refuted. We shall only notice those of Dr Bastian, the latest advocate of spontaneous generation. He reasoned—since no one denies that boiling water kills all forms of life, it follows that if living forms appear in fluids which have been boiled in flasks, afterwards hermetically sealed, they must have arisen from inorganic matter: experiments show that they do so appear, therefore there is such a thing as spontaneous generation. Others repeated his experiments, and found them to be substantially correct, and were either forced to the above belief, or bound to show his other premise wrong, which everybody hitherto had been willing to admit—that is, to show that boiling does not destroy all forms of life. Soon Tyndall and others were to the front with proofs, afforded by most ingenious experiments, that there are organisms which are capable of surviving a temperature of two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit. But again he says, what can be made of the fact, that in a few hours myriads of animalcules appear in a few drops of a putrescent fluid? They cannot have arisen in the ordinary course of nature, but must have been developed spontaneously from the particles of the decaying matter. This seems very plausible; and if we think only of the laws obtaining among the higher animals, almost staggers us; but if we take a look at their life-history, as described by Saville Kent, we need no longer wonder at their sudden appearance, their universal diffusion, or their survival of almost impossible conditions.

If a piece of hay be steeped in water, and examined with the microscope after a few hours, countless swarms of animalcules are seen. Where did they come from? was the question asked. Mr Kent, by employing the very finest object-glasses in his microscope, was able to answer. He detected on the hay, when newly moistened, coatings of extremely minute capsules or spores, one-twenty-thousandth inch, which were seen to increase in size, and ultimately develop into animalcules. Dallinger had already observed the reverse of this, and showed the history of these spores, that they were the product, not of the decomposition of the hay, but of living progenitors. With a rare patience, he watched a particular adult animalcule in all its wanderings

until it grew quiescent, encysting or incasing itself, and eventually breaking up its whole body-substance into almost invisible particles or spores. These spores were shed into the surrounding fluid, and observed to grow into the like form with the parent.

Mr Kent showed also that the liquid squeezed from dew-laden grass, when viewed under the microscope, is swarming with minute beings in the most vigorous condition. Whence came they? Yesterday, they were not, for the grass was dry, and it is only in moisture that the adult can show activity; to-day, they are gone. Whenever the heat of the sun dries the grass, a very few may become encysted, and, their animation suspended, await the return of the rain or dew to resume their activity. But it is to the spores—which, owing to the fertility and quick maturity of animalcules, are always being formed where adults are—we must look for the perpetuation of the species through these dry periods. These, like seeds, resist the drought, and cling to the grass, showing us how it is possible for hay infusions to develop such enormous numbers of these organisms. Hay, however, is not the only resting-place of spores—in fact, the air is full of them, shaken or blown about by the winds from dried-up ditches and withered grass, ready to settle in any favourable liquid and spring into full vigour. And herein lies the explanation of how a fluid set aside with no animalcules in it may soon show signs of them—the spores settle into it from the atmosphere, and 'grow.' But the believers in spontaneous generation say that is ridiculous and all mere imagination, and that no one has seen these spores or germs in the air. Here, again, however, they are answered, for Pasteur, Tyndall, and notably Dallinger, have proved their existence. The last-named took a fluid full of particular species of infusoria, and evaporating it to dryness, collected the residual dust—mostly spores with their vitality unimpaired, as we would expect from what has been already noticed. He scattered it in a specially prepared chamber, and putting in a 'sterilised' fluid, found, as the dust settled into it, that only these same species developed. Repeating the process with more of the fluid, but with the sporidial dust of other species, these other species invariably appeared. Besides, he found that those portions of the liquid put in first gave rise mostly to the species—where the dust of more than one species was used at the same time—having larger spores; those later, mostly to the species having smaller ones; and that, finally, none at all were produced—showing that the larger settled first; that the smaller ones took some time to do so; but that there came a time when all had subsided. Extreme care, however, had to be taken not to shake anything, lest any of the dust should again be stirred into the atmosphere. Now, the above results were far too regular for spontaneous generation, which ought to have given the same species on all occasions, or a heterogeneous mixture of species each time.

We have spoken of a sterilised fluid—that is, one rendered absolutely free of all vital spores. Is it possible to prepare such a fluid, seeing that so many spores resist subjection to boiling water? Tyndall has shown how. Boil the fluid for a short time; this kills the adult forms,

but not the germs; then set it aside in a warm room for some twelve hours, when a large number of the spores will have neared development. Boil again, and these will be killed. Repeat this process several times, and the last spore will have matured far enough to be killed by boiling, and no spore in the interval of rest between the boilings will have had time to advance so far as to reproduce other spores. How long spores can retain their vitality in the dried-up condition has not been proved, but at anyrate for years. They have varying powers of resistance to high temperatures; some withstand two hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit; others even three hundred degrees Fahrenheit; but the adults cannot resist contact with boiling water, some species succumbing to as low a temperature as one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit.

Have these organisms the same resistance to extreme cold? Comparatively few experiments have been made in this direction, chiefly on account of the difficulty of producing and maintaining sufficiently low temperatures. In March of 1885, however, Dr M'Kendrick read before the Philosophical Society of Glasgow an account of an elaborate set of experiments conducted by himself and Mr Coleman on the effect of prolonged exposure to cold of putrescible substances. He wanted to find out whether such substances, after a long subjection to a very low temperature in a hermetically sealed bottle, could be thawed—without opening the bottle—and not putrefy. Of course, that meant trying to find out whether the bacteria and bacteria germs inclosed with the substance in the bottle were killed, for putrefactive fermentation never takes place except in the presence of bacteria germs. If we keep in mind how thoroughly the air is permeated with these germs or spores, we will have no difficulty in accounting for the proneness to putrefy of certain substances in ordinary circumstances.

It is well known that meat can be kept from putrefying by being frozen, as is shown by the large cargoes of beef brought from America in that state. What about the bacteria and the germs meanwhile? Are they killed, or only rendered inactive? Let us see how Dr M'Kendrick answers this. In his experiments, he employed one of those Bell-Coleman machines used on board ship for keeping carcases in a frozen state. By its means he was enabled to get the lowest temperatures yet reached and also to maintain them for any length of time. He exposed some pieces of meat in bottles hermetically sealed to minus twenty degrees Fahrenheit for one hundred consecutive hours, and then placed the bottles, still sealed, in a warm room; and found in twelve hours that the putrefactive process was in progress—showing that the bacteria had only been rendered inactive while the meat was frozen. To show more directly the effect of cold on the bacteria, putrefying fluids full of them were taken and exposed to minus one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit for one hundred consecutive hours. The thawed fluid was examined with the microscope, and the organisms were found to be motionless. When examined again, however, after standing in a higher temperature, the liquid was found swarming once more with

bacteria in active movement. In order to assert that the bacteria had survived this low temperature, it would have been necessary to have watched these motionless forms, to see if any regained animation, as the active forms seen later very probably were developed from spores. The above experiments show without doubt that no cold as yet attainable can destroy the vitality of at least the spores of bacteria. Since it had been proved that repeated boilings sterilised a fluid, it was thought that repeated freezings and thawings might kill off the different crops of spores as they were maturing. Dr M'Kendrick tells us, however, that he was unable to sterilise a fluid in this way.

Some very interesting facts are recorded in the above paper—for example, that beef frozen at the low temperatures mentioned, rings like porcelain under a hammer, and by violent blows can be broken in pieces, bone and flesh mingled, showing fractures like a crushed stone. A live frog is frozen solid in half an hour at minus twenty degrees Fahrenheit, and, strange to say, it can be recovered by slow thawing. But this must be very near the frog's critical point, as those kept longer at this temperature did not recover. From this Dr M'Kendrick reasons that it might be permissible to think of the bacteria as being frozen solid in the frozen beef with vital functions arrested, but ready to resume with suitable temperatures.

The principal facts stated, then, bearing out that the tenacity of life of micro-organisms is extreme, are: that at least their spores can preserve their vitality from three hundred degrees Fahrenheit down to minus one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit—a temperature far and away below anything experienced in arctic regions; that they can be dried up and laid aside for years, and yet 'grow' under suitable conditions. All of which teaches us how necessary it is to guard against making statements unsupported by experiments about these minute beings.

THE FIGHT AT TRINKATAT.

A STORY OF THE SUAKIM.

THERE was great rejoicing among the officers and men of the gallant Essex and Wessex Regiment (late 150th), stationed at Kaliopur, on the first day of the year 1884. The regiment had that morning received its 'home orders.' It had served in India for over twelve years, and every one was getting a little home-sick. In the Piela bungalow, where Captain and Mrs Brittomart lived, the news was especially welcome. Mrs Brittomart had not left India since she went out with her husband four years before. The climate was beginning to tell seriously on her health; but she was a heroic little woman in her way, and always refused to come home without her husband. So the only change they ever had was when he could get away to the hills during his summer leave, for she never went without him. But now she had her reward. They were going home together.

It was rather phenomenal in India to see a married couple continue to be so wrapped up in

each other as they were; and this circumstance formed a never-ending subject for 'bat-chit' in that magic ring that is so often formed in the cool of the evening on the lawn after tennis-parties, &c., before the final adieu is said—a time when the men discuss brandy pawnee and cigars, and the ladies dissect their absent friends.

But although Mrs Brittomart was one of those who never tolerated a 'bow-wow'—a species of animal well known in India—and never went to the hills as a 'grass-widow,' still she always seemed to be very happy. Strange to say, too, she was very popular wherever she went. For society, as a rule, is not very tolerant of those who do not conform to its laws, both written and unwritten, and no one could doubt for a moment that it was Mrs Brittomart's bounden duty to contribute her little quota to that list of generally meaningless scandals that form one of the chief charms of an Indian station. All pretty women did it. But then Mrs Brittomart gave capital dinners and charming tennis-parties. So society forgave her for being fond of her husband.

As the regiment was to leave Kaliopur in a week's time, there was the usual bustle and confusion that generally ensue when a regiment is about to move. But at last everything settled itself in an orderly manner. The Essex and Wessex was inspected, and complimented by the general, the 'route' arrived, the last good-bye was said, and the train started with its happy load for Deolali. While they were at the latter station, strange rumours began to float about, about the Soudan—Osman Digna—Suakim, a place hitherto unheard of—an English expedition. Then these rumours gradually took a more definite shape, and it was whispered that the gallant Essex and Wessex would probably take part in the expedition, instead of going home.

'Do you think it is true, Jack?' asked Mrs Brittomart of her husband.

'What, my love?'

'That we are going to Egypt?'

'I have heard nothing positive yet; but if we do go, we will take no *impedimenta* with us, no wives and children.'

'O Jack, what is to become of me then?'

'Oh, the government will look after you, and give you a nice house to live in, and provide you with every comfort until the war is over. That is their way, you know, when they send men to fight their battles and get them out of a difficulty.'

'Don't be satirical, sir, but try and be serious for ten minutes if you can.'

At last the day of embarkation arrived; and when Mrs Brittomart found herself on board and snugly (?) settled down in her cabin—with four other ladies—she felt that they were at last safe, and that she was really returning to England, and that no one could separate her from Jack. An hour afterwards, the assistant adjutant-general came on board with a telegram in his hands, and asked for the captain. The news he brought with him soon spread like wildfire. The *Alligator* was to go direct to Trinkatata, and disembark the Essex and Wessex regiment there. The men were of course elated, and eager for a brush with the Arabs. Some

of them had seen service before; others were anxious to try their mettle.

'They will not send the women and children on shore again; will they, Jack?' asked Mrs Brittomart of her husband when she heard the news.

'No, my little woman: they have no time to do so. And then it would cost so much money to send you all home in a P. and O., that the budget would never recover it. So you must come along with us.'

'I am so glad.'

In due course the *Alligator* arrived at Trinkatata; and a couple of days after that the *Nerbudda*, the sister ship, also arrived from Bombay with troops. They were all ordered to disembark on the 28th February.

Mrs Brittomart bore up bravely as long as her husband was with her. 'Good-bye, Jack!' she whispered when he was ready to start.

'God bless you, my love!' he said, as he clasped her in his arms. 'Take care of the little one at home—if I do not come back.'

'Think of him, Jack, to—to-morrow, and promise me to be careful.'

'Yes; but duty is duty, and'—

'And I should not tempt you to shrink from it. You are right. Good-bye.'

One long kiss. Then his lips seemed to move as if with a silent prayer, and he left her.

That day the troops only moved as far as Fort Baker, when they bivouacked for the night. Teb is about six miles from Trinkatata; and Mrs Brittomart was early on deck next morning to see the square leave Fort Baker in the direction of the battlefield. The deck was soon crowded with the other ladies, and the soldiers' wives and children, sobbing some of them with excitement, as they watched their husbands and fathers marching out to fight almost under their very eyes. Modern times can find no parallel for this scene. It was heartrending in the extreme. It is sad enough, indeed, to say good-bye, perhaps farewell, to a near relative, knowing that he is on his way to the war; but what a refinement of torture to see him actually engaged with the enemy, actually face to face with death! A woman's heart sickens at the sight of the blood of a stranger, or even of a dumb animal. What, then, must her feelings be when it is the blood of those nearest and dearest to her that is being shed in her sight!

From the moment that the *Carysfort*, which was lying next the troopers, began to open the battle with its big guns, the excitement grew intense. It was a weary, anxious day of watching for those on board, who could distinctly hear the rattle of musketry and the report of the cannon and Gatling guns in the distance. Hearts beat faster, and eyes grew strained and dim from looking through telescopes and field-glasses that told too much, and yet not enough. Those on board felt such pangs as Tantalus must have endured while reaching after the grapes that he thirsted for, but was destined never to touch. Mrs Brittomart almost broke down under the trial. She often thought that she could distinguish her husband's company in the confused mêlée, but there was no certainty. Each shot she heard seemed to sound his death-

knell. Gradually the firing grew less frequent, and at last ceased altogether. The smoke cleared away, and hung in a black cloud overhead, making a fit pall for those who had been killed. The fight was over, the battle won.

As the sun was setting, the captain of the *Alligator*, who had been on shore the whole day, came on board. 'What news, captain?'—'For God's sake, the news'—'My husband, is he safe?' were the cries that met him from the crowd of excited women as he put his foot on the deck.

'We have driven the Arabs back,' he said, 'but at the cost of four officers killed and nineteen wounded, twenty-six men killed and a hundred and twenty-three wounded.'

'Their names, captain—quick, their names!'

'I can give no names,' he said, and went quickly to his cabin.

For some time after that his door was besieged by weeping women and children. But for all he had the same grim answer: 'I can give no names.'

Half an hour afterwards, a noise was heard on deck that startled every one. The sailors were running about lugging heavy cables along, others ran up the rigging, others manned the capstan. The ship was about to leave *Trinkatat*.

Mrs Brittomart, on seeing this, went to the captain. 'Surely, captain, we are not leaving?' she queried.

'Yes, Mrs Brittomart; we will be away in a few minutes.'

'What! before we can hear any news about our husbands—whether they are dead or alive? No; I do not believe you could be so cruel. You will wait until to-morrow, won't you?' urged she, unable to control her emotion.

'My dear Mrs Brittomart, indeed I feel very keenly for you,' he answered, and a tear glistened in his eye; 'but my orders are peremptory—I must leave at once.'

'This is monstrous,' she burst out incoherently. 'I have watched and waited patiently all day; I have almost *seen* my husband fighting, and have not uttered a single cry. Perhaps he is now lying dead in the field, and they will bury him without my seeing his face again. And still you will not wait until I hear the truth?—Captain, you little know what the anguish of suspense is like. I have felt it for the first time to-day.'

'Indeed, indeed, Mrs Brittomart, I sympathise deeply with you. I will do all I can to help you; but'—

'Perhaps he is wounded, and is even now calling for me. O captain, have you no heart? We have not been parted for four years. You will not tear me away from him when, perhaps, he wants me most?'

The captain remained silent.

'Put me on shore,' she continued wildly; 'I insist on it. What power have you to keep me here? I care not what becomes of me, but I must find out the truth, or I will go mad.'

'Mrs Brittomart, this interview is indeed very painful to me. Although I am very sorry that it is not in my power to'— But overwrought by the excitement of the day, and the consciousness of how futile her pitious appeal was, Mrs Brittomart at this point ended the scene by fainting away.

When she recovered, the monotonous grinding of the screw, as it worked its way through the water, was the first sound she heard, and it seemed at the same time to pierce a big hole in her heart; for it told her that all chance of hearing any news was gone.

The days that followed were very dreary and very miserable for every one on board. The same thought was uppermost in every one's mind: 'When will we hear any news?' But at *Suez* no news, at *Port Said* no news, as they stayed hardly any time at either of these places. How the time passed with Mrs Brittomart she could never quite tell. It was a period of sickening suspense. For the first few days she was very ill; then she struggled up on deck with a book in her hand and tried to read; but the same sentiment seemed to form itself on every page: 'Four officers killed and nineteen wounded.' That sentence haunted her day and night. Was Jack included in those ill-fated numbers? Who could tell!

It was not until the ship touched at *Plymouth*, on its way to *Portsmouth*, that the news was brought off to the anxious, careworn women on board. And who heard that wailing cry of the weeping women and children, as they wrung their hands in their grief? It is a sound not easily to be forgotten. The British public? O no. They had shed all their tears of sympathy a few hours after the battle, when every detail of it was then known to them. It was ancient history now. General Gordon was the history of the moment. All their attention was concentrated on him. And what news about Captain Brittomart? He had been severely wounded in his arm, and it had to be amputated, and, worse still, the doctor feared blood-poisoning would set in.

Poor Mrs Brittomart! It was well that her old father had come down to meet her and broke the news to her.

She never saw Jack again. He found a soldier's grave not far from the scene of battle. His comrades reverently marked the spot with a few stones gathered near by.

A sad and careworn woman is even now to be seen not far from the village in which she lived when a girl, wandering sometimes in summer-time through the fields with a boy by her side—now her only pride, she says. When the stranger asks her name, there are few who cannot tell it him, as well as the sad story of how she saw her husband fighting for the honour of England, and then had to leave the spot, knowing not whether he was dead or alive, and how she never saw him again.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

A TEACHER's troubles are legion. Without a certain average attendance, his scholars are ineligible for the government grant. Unless, according to age, they are able to pass the various standards, and have presented themselves the necessary number of times, he would rather be without them. When the inspector comes round, his skin or parchment will suffer for their shortcomings. This is an article to which he attaches the greatest importance, because his future depends upon its condition. It may be called his professional character. From year to year, the

result of each examination is marked thereon, and black marks count against his future prospects. In the nature of things, he must suffer for born dunces. They are inevitable; and therefore, like bad weather or other disagreeable contingencies, they must be tolerated. But the thoughtlessness of parents who keep their children from school with little or no reason is a different matter. When the teacher is paid out of the grant, they rob him of money as well as reputation. It is, of course, to his interest to keep a watchful eye on those defaulters. As a rule, they are too many for him. They excuse themselves in the most extraordinary epistles sometimes, of which the following is a specimen: 'Please, excuse May. She caught a cold through getting her feet wet, and I must get her another pair before she can come to school.' When Jessie Black returned after a long absence, she also bore a note from her mother. This lady, according to her own statement, had been laid up with 'information in the back, which necessitated the girl's presence at home. When, on reading the letter, the teacher, with the best intention, no doubt, hoped Bessie would take the same disease in her head, he did not consider the consequences. Next day, Bessie rose before the whole school, and, on her mother's authority, informed him of that lady's opinion of him, which was far from flattering. As he had little to say in self-defence, or at least failed to clear himself of the charge, the other children went home with the idea that he must be a very malevolent person indeed.

The wonderful diseases which afflict school children often take the teacher down, as in the following instance. Maggie Keen stayed away frequently with neuralgia. On her appearance, after a few days' absence, the teacher greeted her with: 'What, Maggie!—neuralgia again?' 'No, sir,' she replied, rather indignantly; 'it was not neuralgia, but the old ralger, that never went away!'

In a certain town, rumours went abroad that an epidemic had broken out there. Lizzie White lived in the street where it was said to have appeared. Lizzie was away for a week, but one morning she entered the school with her eyes swollen. When the teacher went to ascertain the cause of her trouble, she began crying, and said: 'We have got something in our house, sir.'—'Indeed!' said the teacher, drawing back to avoid infection. 'Are any of you laid up with it?' 'Yes, sir, my mother.'—'Sorry to hear that. You must get home at once.' Lizzie was on the point of obeying, when the teacher asked: 'Has the doctor been?' 'Yes, sir.'—'And did he say what it was?' 'Oh, it's a boy!'

It turned out that Lizzie had got a week's holiday in honour of the baby, and her whole trouble was having to come and leave it at the end of that time.

The gamekeeper's son who excused himself, with a bold face, because he had been watching game, nearly escaped undetected. At certain seasons, the game molested farmers, and he was employed, along with his father, in protecting crops. Considering the time of year, the teacher was at a loss to understand what crop required the services of Angus. 'Are you sure you have been watching game?' he said. 'Quite sure

of that.' The emphasis on 'that' aroused suspicion. 'What game?' he asked. Angus looked crestfallen and confounded in a moment. 'What game, sir?' Somebody whispered: 'Marbles;' and Angus was obliged to admit the impeachment.

A boy whose parents had just come to live in the neighbourhood, arriving late one morning, was called up to give an account of himself. 'Where have you been until this time?' said the teacher severely. 'Please, sir, I had to call at my uncle's.'—'What, you young rascal! You can have no uncle in this town,' said the teacher, with still greater severity. 'I have caught you in the lie, and I will thrash you to within an inch of your life.' 'Please, sir, it's not the uncle you mean,' replied the boy, wiping his eyes; 'it's the uncle I have in every town!'

Need it be said he meant the pawnbroker?

Want of clothes is one of the most common excuses that parents give for keeping their children from school. A schoolmaster in a rural district received the following: 'You must excuse Nellie, for it's not her fault—it's the calf's. Her only dress was out drying, and the calf ate it. But I will get a new one out of the calf for it.'

'N.B.—Jeanie Carter has promised to buy him.'

The step-mother who sent her husband's children to school almost naked, and when remonstrated with, said she 'didn't see no good in eddication, what did nought for people's out-sides,' belonged to a class that harass the teacher more than any other. To them, inward benefits and possibilities go for nothing. A child attends school day after day, yet what is there to show? It is a sheer waste of time, they will inform the teacher. They regard him with contempt, and the School Board officer with detestation. The whole system is a fraud, to their minds, with no ultimate object beyond the annoyance of poor people. The children themselves imbibe these views. When a matchboy was asked how he accounted for his absence, he replied, proudly: 'Business; and there is no fooling there!' He evidently participated in what is a too common idea—that anything would be more manly than attending school.

HOW A TURKISH BATH SHOULD BE TAKEN.

THE conditions under which it is safe, and the conditions under which it is unsafe, to indulge in a Turkish bath represent a subject of importance to a large section of the community; and it is one upon which authoritative opinion has recently been expressed. The painful case of a gentleman who lately died in a London Turkish bath after a two hours' sleep in a room heated to one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, has drawn the attention of the medical papers to the subject. In general terms, the *British Medical Journal* insists upon the importance of suitable precautions being observed by those who frequent Turkish baths; while a more explicit utterance upon the subject has appeared in the *Lancet*. This journal assures us that, except for a person just saved from drowning, or one who has been carousing, it is not unsafe,

but, on the contrary, refreshing and restorative, to take a short sleep in a Turkish bath. 'The mistake often made by frequenters of Turkish baths,' says the *Lancet*, 'is to stop too long in the hot room.' We are further told that it is neither necessary nor safe to raise the temperature of any room above one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit, and that no bather should remain more than a very few minutes in a room heated above one hundred and twenty degrees.

Then a series of rules is laid down that will be found 'safe and sufficient for the guidance of those who use the Turkish bath for restorative purposes.' (1) The bather should first go to a room with a temperature little above blood-heat (or, say, not much over one hundred to one hundred and ten degrees), and remain there until the surface of the body is moist and reddened. (2) If the skin does not in ten minutes become warm and begin to grow red and moist, the bather should ask that a shampooer affuse the surface with warm water and rub it briskly and lightly with a soft towel; afterwards returning to the one-hundred-degrees room and waiting until perspiration be established. (3) When perspiration has fairly commenced and the surface is moist from head to foot, the bather should have a little cold water thrown upon the feet and legs, and afterwards go into a room of somewhat higher temperature. (4) There he should lie or sit down, and if not disagreeable to do so, keep his eyes closed as much as possible. (5) He should not remain in any of the hot rooms longer than half an hour, and not so long if the ventilation be imperfect or the air impure. (6) He should ask the shampooer to 'finish' with an affusion of slightly cold water, and he should not take the plunge bath or receive the douche;—a direction important to those uncertain of their organic state, or having weak hearts or exhausted nervous systems. (7) The bather should drink nothing but iced water, potass or soda water, or lemonade, while in the bath. In the cooling-room, he should take a small cup of coffee or tea, and should lie or sit down, wrapped in towels, until the perspiration has subsided; though he should not remain so long as to become cold. He should afterwards dry the skin briskly with a rough towel, and dress quickly. (8) A short walk is desirable after the bath, and subsequently, a light meal, with pleasant conversation and cheerful surroundings; but the exercise taken, whether physical or mental, for some hours after the bath should be very moderate, and worrying work of all kinds must be avoided.

Though, says the *Lancet*, these rules must be modified in special instances, they will be found to apply to the multitude of persons by whom the Turkish bath is used as a measure of relief and restoration because of mental or physical weariness.

FOLDING-BARRELS.

The introduction of a barrel constructed to fold up when empty, and be stowed away into a very small space, deserves some passing notice. Visitors to the Channel Islands cannot have failed to remark the enormous quantities of market-garden produce, potatoes, vegetables, grapes, tomatoes, &c. exported both from Guernsey and Jersey to

supply the early metropolitan market; and it is with a view to facilitate this transportation that an enterprising firm—Messrs Griffin & Co., The Pier, Jersey—have designed what is known as the Stave Sheet Crate Barrel. In construction, the new barrel is extremely simple. Lay a venetian blind on the floor, allowing about half an inch between each shutter as it lies flat; place three iron hoops across the shutters, securing them together; place the blind on its edge, roll it around, fit a head and bottom to the cylinder thus formed; and the reader will form a very good idea of the invention under consideration. The new packing-case being a true cylinder, occupies less room for a given capacity than the ordinary bulge-cask, whilst the advantageous manner of its transport when empty needs no comment.

It is stated that the new barrels when full occupy less room than the ordinary bulge-casks—of equal capacity—by no less than three hundred cubic feet in one hundred barrels—a fact that cannot fail to commend itself to merchants and shippers alike.

The barrels are made both as crate and close casks; the excellent ventilation afforded by the former adduces a strong argument in favour of its adaptation, as all conversant with the requirements of market-garden produce are aware. In price, the new barrel compares favourably with that already in the market, the patentees stating that they can deliver at rates lower than those at present ruling for the casks they seek to supersede. The strength and size are of course determined in view of the special class of produce for which the barrels are required.

The folding packing-case undoubtedly supplies a want; and from the rapid manner in which it has pushed its way in the Channel Islands, there can be but little doubt that a successful future awaits it in districts supplying distant markets in a like manner with similar produce.

THE PICK OF THE WHEELPS:

A PICTURE AND AN ALLEGORY.

A RED-ROOFED barn, with open door;
Gold, strawy litter on the floor;
A wire-haired terrier lying by;
Six short-tailed puppies romping nigh;
The farmer's son, just turned sixteen;
A keeper, in brown velvet;—
A rough-shod ploughboy standing near
In quilted smock, a knowing leer
O'er-spreading all his rosy face.
Accessories about the place:
Fowls, bags of grain, the keeper's dog,
A gorse-hook, chips and chopping-log—
All these, and what your taste doth more
Desire, are there in seemly store.
But to complete the simple scene
The central figure must, I ween,
Be pictured now—a little maid,
With sad, wet eyes, who seems afraid
To lose but one of all her pets—
The child of tears and vain regrets!

ALBERT FRANCIS CROSS.

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WISHING WELLS.

IN the numerous sacred or wishing wells so widely distributed throughout our own and other countries, may be seen traces of the old water-worship of bygone times. In conformity with an early form of primitive belief, special honours were bestowed on wells and springs, as being presided over by divinities of good or evil influence; it also being supposed that the souls of heroes resided in such localities. Hence, in Cornwall, for instance, the wayside cross once pointed to the holy well where saint's or angel's name, tradition and legendary lore, had hallowed the water that bubbled up in its rocky basin. Thus, many are the stories told in connection with the time-honoured village well, where oftentimes the maiden, with her pail, might be seen silently breathing her deepest wish in the well-known formula:

Water, water, tell me truly,
Is the man I love duly
On the earth, or under the soil,
Sick or well—in the name of God?

Similarly, we know how divinations of this kind were once very prevalent in the west of Europe; and Cicero speaks of a certain lake near Toulouse in which the neighbouring tribes were wont to deposit offerings of gold and silver. As Mr Tylor, too, remarks in his *Primitive Culture*, 'the ancient lake-offerings of the south of France seem not yet forgotten in La Lozère;' and in Brittany, there is the famous well of St Anne of Auray, and the sacred fountain at Lannour, in the crypt of the church of St Melars, to which crowds of pilgrims are still in the habit of resorting.

In Northern Europe, almost every Esthonian village has its sacred spring; and Danish folklore tells us of the traditionary origin of many of the wishing wells still regarded with so much superstitious reverence. Thus, near Harrested, in Seeland, is the far-famed St Knud's Well, which is much visited by persons afflicted with bodily ailments, and also by those anxious to gain an insight into futurity—it having suddenly gushed

forth, runs the legend, on the spot where Duke Knud Lavard was treacherously murdered by the king's son Magnus, in the year 1129. In the same locality there is Helen's Well, which has acquired a widespread celebrity on account of its miraculous virtues. On St John's day, pilgrimages are made to it by the sick and crippled, many travelling from distant parts to visit it. According to one traditionary account, given by Thorpe in his *Northern Mythology*, Helen was a Scanian princess, and much famed for her beauty. A king fell in love with her; and as he could not win her affection, he resolved on violence. In her distress, Helen fled from place to place, pursued by the king; and when, on reaching the seashore, the king was about to seize her, she plunged into the deep. But she did not perish, for a large stone rose from the bottom of the ocean and received her, on which she floated over to Seeland! On the spot where she first set her foot, there sprang forth a fountain, which still bears her name. A writer speaking of the wishing wells in Sweden at the commencement of the present century, says: 'Husby is very pleasantly situated, and its church is said to be one of the oldest in Sweden. Here is shown St Siegfried's Well, with the water of which the holy man Sigfridus, according to tradition, baptised King Olov Skotkonung. The well is still famous, and is said on many occasions to be used nightly by the country people.'

Formerly, many superstitions and ceremonies were practised at wells. Almost every province had some that at certain periods of the summer were visited, and into which a piece of money, iron, or any metal was cast as an offering. Amongst savage and uncultured races also, we find much the same notions, many of which play a prominent part in their religious beliefs. Thus, Mr Dorman, in his *Origin of Primitive Superstitions*, tells us how the tribes of Central America, Mexico, and New Mexico had their sacred springs, and mentions the various sacrifices offered to them. The Indians of Colorado regard springs that bubble up from the ground with awe and reverence, and bring their sick thither to be

cured. The bubbling of the water is supposed to be due to spirits breathing into it, the healing power being ascribed to these supernatural agents. Again, in the Deccan and Ceylon, trees and bushes near springs and wells are of common occurrence, and may frequently be seen covered with votive offerings. Atkinson, in his *Oriental and Western Siberia*, speaking of the Bourriats, informs us that they have their sacred lakes or wells. In one of his rambles, he says: 'I came upon the small and picturesque lake of Ikeougoun, which lies in the mountains to the north of Sanghin-dalai, and is held in veneration. They have erected a small wooden temple on the shore, and here they come to sacrifice, offering up milk, butter, and the fat of animals, which they burn on the little altars. The large rock in the lake is with them a sacred stone, on which some rude figures are traced; and on the bank opposite they place rods with small silk flags, having inscriptions printed on them.' In Northern Asia, writes Sir John Lubbock, in his *Origin of Civilisation*, the Tunguses and Votyaks worship various springs; and in the tenth century a schism took place in Persia among the Armenians, one party being accused of despising the holy well of Vagarschiebat. Once more, in North Mexico, near the thirty-fifth parallel, Lieutenant Whipple found a spring which from time immemorial 'had been held sacred to the rain-god.' Some idea of the respect paid to this spring may be gathered from the fact that no animal may drink of its waters, and it must be annually cleansed 'with ancient vases, which, having been transmitted from generation to generation by the caciques, are then placed on the walls, never to be removed.' Dr Bell also, in the *Ethnological Journal*, informs us that in New Mexico, not far from Zuni, there is a sacred spring about eight feet in diameter, walled round with stones, of which neither men nor cattle may drink. Once a year, the cacique and his attendants perform certain religious rites at this spring, offerings being presented to it.

But, turning to the wells of our own country, we find many curious practices kept up in the western counties. Thus, in Cornwall, near Penzance, there is the far-famed well of St Madron, around which so much legendary lore has clustered. According to an old piece of advice, the visitor to this locality is thus admonished:

Plunge thy right hand in St Madron's spring,
If true to its troth be the palm you bring;
But if a false dight thy fingers bear,
Lay them at once on the burning share.

In this well may be found, as in many others, the pins which have been frequently dropped by young women anxious of ascertaining 'when they were to be married.' 'I once witnessed,' says Mr Hunt, in his *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 'the whole ceremony performed by a group of beautiful girls, who had walked on a May morning from Penzance. Two pieces of straw, about an inch long each, were crossed, and the pin run through them. This cross was then dropped into the water, and the rising bubbles

carefully counted as they marked the number of years which would pass ere the arrival of the happy day. This practice also prevailed amongst the visitors to the well at the foot of Monacuddle Grove, near St Austell.' Rags and other votive offerings are occasionally suspended around many of our country wells; and Mr Couch tells us how he 'observed at Madron Well the custom of hanging rags on the thorns which grew in the inclosure.' Likewise, on Palm-Sunday, Carew writes how the people were in the habit of resorting to the well sacred to 'Our Lady of Nants,' with a cross of palm. After making the clergyman a present, they were allowed to throw the cross into the water: if it swam, the thrower was to outlive the year; if it, unfortunately, sank, he was to die within that time.

Of other Cornish wishing wells may be mentioned that at Gulval, which is thus described in Gilbert's *Parochial History of Cornwall*: 'To this place numbers of people, time out of mind, have resorted for pleasure and profit of their health, as the credulous country people do in these days, not only to drink the waters thereof, but to inquire after the life or death of their absent friends; where, being arrived, they demanded the question at the well whether such a person by name be living, in health, sick, or dead. If the party be living and in health, the still quiet water of the well-pit, as soon as the question is put, will instantly bubble or boil up as a pot; but if it remain quiet, it is an indication that the party is dead.' A formula used at certain of the wishing wells of the west of England by young ladies, when summing up the qualifications they wish to find in their future husbands, is thus:

A husband, St Catherine;
A handsome one, St Catherine;
A rich one, St Catherine;
A nice one, St Catherine;
And soon, St Catherine.

We may mention here that on a particular day in the year, the young women of Abbotsbury were formerly in the habit of visiting the little Norman chapel of St Catherine at Milton Abbey, Dorset, where they made use of the above rhyme. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says this appeal to St Catherine is somewhat singular, as on the Continent she is generally considered the special patroness of spinsters, an old maid being said to 'coiffer St Catherine.'

Referring also to the pins used in the wishing wells of Cornwall, it should be noted that these are almost universally employed in different parts of the country. Thus, throughout the north of England we have wishing wells where the passer-by may breathe his wish, and may rest assured of its fulfilment if he only drop a crooked pin into the water.' The worm-well at Lambton is one of these, writes Mr Henderson, in his *Folk-lore of the Northern Counties*. There is another in Westmorland; and another at Wooler, in Northumberland. Of this last, he adds, a friend tells me that 'it is scarcely three months since I looked into the maiden or wishing well at Wooler, and saw the crooked pins strewn over the bottom among the gravel.' Again, we might mention St Helen's Well, near Setton, Lancashire, the bottom of which, says Mr Hampson, in his *Medii Ævi Kalendarium*, 'I have frequently seen almost

covered with pins, which must have been thrown in for this purpose.' It seems that young ladies have still continued up to recent times to throw pins into this well, and to draw conclusions as to the fidelity of their lovers, the date of marriage, and so forth, by the turning of the pin to the north or any other point of the compass.

Instances of the same form of credulity are of repeated occurrence in Scotland; and Colonel Forbes Leslie, in his valuable work on the *Barly Ruces of Scotland*, observes that 'there are few parishes without a holy well.' Sir John Lubbock also adds that in the Scotch islands are many sacred wells, and that he has himself seen the holy well in one of the islands of Loch Marce surrounded by the little offerings of the peasantry, consisting principally of rags and halfpence. We may further quote the testimony of Mr Campbell, who, in his *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, writes thus: 'Holy healing wells are common all over the Highlands, and people still leave offerings of pins and nails and bits of rag, though few would confess it. There is a well in Islay where I myself have, after drinking, deposited copper caps amongst a hoard of pins and buttons and similar gear, placed in chinks and trees at the edge of the Witches' Well. There is another well with similar offerings freshly placed beside it in Loch Marce.' Among further illustrations, he informs us how a well in the Black Isle of Cromarty has miraculous healing powers, and adds: 'A countrywoman tells me that about forty years ago, she remembers it being surrounded by a crowd of people every first Tuesday in June, who bathed in and drank of it before sunrise. Each patient tied a string of rag to one of the trees that overhung it, before leaving.'

Above the Inverness District Asylum, and immediately below the ascent to Craig Duinain, is the 'Well of the Spotted Rock,' which was in bygone times a place of great resort. It also had the reputation of being a fairy well; and if, says Mr Fraser in his pamphlet on *Northern Folk-lore of Wells and Water*, 'a poor mother had a puny weak child, which she supposed had been left by the fairies in place of her own, by exposing it here at night, and leaving some small offering, as a dish of milk, to propitiate the king of fairyland, the bantling would be carried away, and in the morning she would find her own restored and in health.'

Another famous wishing well was that known as the 'Lucky Well of Beathag' in Argyllshire, which had the reputation of commanding the winds. One acquainted, adds Mr Fraser, with the spot thus describes it: 'It is situated at the foot of a hill fronting the north-east, near an isthmus called Tarbat. Six feet above where the water gushes out, there is a heap of stones, which forms a cover to the sacred fount. When a person wished for a fair wind, either to leave the island or to bring home his absent friends, this part was opened with great solemnity, the stones carefully removed, and the well cleaned with a wooden dish or a clam-shell. This being done, the water was several times thrown in the direction from which the wished-for wind was to blow, and this action accompanied with a certain form of words, which the person repeated every time he threw the water. When the ceremony was over, the well was again carefully shut up, to prevent

fatal consequences, it being firmly believed that were the place left open, it would occasion a storm which would overwhelm the whole island.'

But leaving Scotland with its numerous wishing wells, we may note that amongst the remains of Walsingham, Norfolk, are the famous 'wishing wells,' the water of which formerly had the reputation of curing disorders of the head and stomach. This property, however, has been replaced by another of a more comprehensive character—the power of accomplishing all human wishes. In order to attain this desirable end, writes Mr Clyde in the *Norfolk Garland*, 'the votary, with a due qualification of faith and pious awe, must apply the right knee bare to a stone placed for that purpose between the wells. He must then plunge to the wrist each hand, bare also, into the water of the wells, which are near enough to admit of the immersion. A wish must then be formed, but not uttered with the lips, either at the time or afterwards, even in confidential communication to the dearest friend. The hands are then to be withdrawn, and as much of the water as can be obtained in the hollow of each is to be swallowed. This silent wish will be accomplished within the following twelve months.' In Moore's *Monastic Remains*, too, the author, speaking of Walsingham Chapel, writes: 'The wishing wells still remain—two circular stone pits filled with water, inclosed with a square wall, where the pilgrims used to kneel and throw in a piece of gold, whilst they prayed for the accomplishment of their wishes.'

Wells, again, has its wishing wells; and Pennant tells us how, in days gone by, a bathing well at Whitford received many a kiss from the faithful, who were supposed never to fail in experiencing the completion of their desires, provided the wish was delivered with full devotion and confidence. Of great celebrity, too, was St Dwywen's Well, in the parish of Llandwyn, Anglesey. This saint being the patron saint of lovers, her well possessed the property of curing love-sickness; hence, it was visited by numbers of both sexes anxious to know their lot in the married state; and even at the present day, writes Mr Wint Sikes, in his *British Goblins*, it is frequented by young women of that part of the country when suffering from the woes of love. Indeed, although the well itself has for many years been covered over with the sand, the faithful still display their devotion by seeking their cure from 'the water next to the well.'

Similarly, also, we might allude to the wishing wells of Ireland, a reference to which occurs in *The Irish Hudibras* (1689), where the visits of the credulous to such localities are described:

Have you beheld, when people pray
At St John's Well on Patron-day,
By charm of priest and miracle,
To cure diseases at this well,
The valleys filled with blind and lame,
And go as limping as they came?

Space, however, forbids us to give further illustrations of this widespread species of superstition; but those we have quoted will suffice to show how largely the village well has, from the earliest times, been credited with supernatural powers. The survivals, too, of the belief attached to these so-called wishing wells at the present day, afford

an interesting instance of the tenacity with which such forms of credulity linger on, even although the legendary notions which gave rise to them may have long ago passed away.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XII.—AN INDISCRETION.

WHEN the guests were gone, Aunt Judith retired. She was sleepy. She had eaten a good dinner, and eaten heartily, and wanted her rest after it.

'You are going to bed?' said she in the doorway to her niece.

'Eventually,' answered Josephine. 'I must play some good music on the piano first, to dissipate the reminiscence of Strauss and Waldteuffel I have been strumming.'

'Why did you not play good music?'

'Because good music is desecrated if played to those who don't listen, don't value it, and prefer what is bad.'

Aunt Judith yawned, said nothing in reply, and withdrew.

Josephine went to the window and threw it open. The room was warm and close. One window unfolded upon the garden; the other, at right angles into the conservatory. She opened the garden window and stepped out to inhale the fresh air; then, fearful of catching cold, as the dew might be falling, and she had on a low dress, she went in again, and stood in the window, leaning against the side, looking out. She rested the elbow of her right arm in the palm of her left, and held her chin, with the forefinger extended on her cheek. She was in a pretty rose silk dress, with lace about the neck, and short sleeves. The hue suited her admirably; she had looked very pretty that evening, especially when her colour came and her eyes flashed with excitement during her passage of arms with the rector. In her hair was a sprig of azalea, now faded, Madame van Cruyzen, a crimson azalea; and another sprig was in her bosom.

Aunt Judith, a frugal woman, had extinguished all the lights in the drawing-room except those on the piano, which she left because her niece wished to play, and a little lamp in the conservatory, which she forgot. This latter was placed among ferns, and was of red glass, so that it diffused a warm glow over the plants.

Josephine did not care to play from notes, so she blew out the candles before she went to the window. The moon was shining; just over the top of the palings at the bottom of the garden could be seen the sea, a quivering sheet of silver, under the moon; the evening was light, so light that there seemed no blackness in the shadows, only deep blue; the sky was blue, the trees blue, the bushes blue, the moonlight bluish. It may have been the contrast to the red light in the conservatory that gave Josephine this impression, the contrast of coolness of colour also to her own warm tints of dress.

She thought of Captain Sellwood. She had known him as a child, before he went to India; and had seen him since, when he returned on

leave. He had hung about her whenever he came home; she knew that he liked her, and yet he never got far in showing his liking. She remembered once making her father laugh by calling him 'the Morbid Fly.' She had meant that he clung about, was half asleep, a little troublesome, and not very interesting. She had used the expression when she was much younger and did not know the meaning of words. She had intended to call him torpid. Ever after, he had gone in the house by the name of the Morbid Fly.

She knew that he was more gifted than he seemed. His fellow-officers spoke highly of him. He had done well in his examinations before going out, so that he could not be deficient in brain; but he was not an interesting man. As the Frenchman said of Truth: it is so precious, 'il faut la bien économiser;' so might Captain Sellwood have said of his wits; he husbanded them so jealously that many doubted if he possessed any. That he was an honourable man, Josephine could not doubt. The rector was so high-principled and sound at core, that a son of his could hardly fail to inherit something of his good quality. On occasion, he had shown that there was energy in him, but only on occasion. All good qualities were in him, as heat and its correlative light are in a stick or in a piece of lump-sugar—latent, only to be made manifest by friction. There are blaze and bang in a percussion cap, but they are developed only by a blow; and when not beaten, a percussion cap is an uninteresting object, deficient in self-assertion.

'Really,' said Josephine, 'I do not want a husband who will be invaluable in emergencies, and a cipher at all other times. Besides, I am not so sure that he would do and say the right thing when roused. It is a weakness of such persons often to do just what is not apropos, and, like his mother, say buttered eggs, when no one is thinking about such things.'

She stepped to the piano and closed it; she would not play any more that night. It might disturb her father and aunt.

She would go out into the pavilion, a small summer-house in the garden, on raised ground that commanded a sea-view; in it she could sit, get cool, and perhaps sleepy. It was of no use her going to bed now; she was far too excited to sleep. Had she spoken her own opinions in her controversy with the rector? She had no opinions. Her moral sense, her views of life, were inchoate. She had merely repeated what she had heard fall from her father, opinions which her mind received without consenting to them, or rejecting them. She had measured arms with the rector out of perversity, because she knew that her father wished her to gain the old parson's good opinion, and because she owed her father a grudge for having wasted her property. That she was cutting off her own nose to spite herself, she was aware, but indifferent to the consequences. That she would meet with angry rebuke, and sneers worse to bear than rebuke, from her father, she also knew, and did not care. She was in that condition of soul which is most dangerous in a young person, a spiritual condition analogous to that of one who in a dark room has lost all his

bearings, does not know where door or window or table or wardrobe is; who beats about with the hands, moves this way, then that, and at last goes forward desperately, knowing that a blow or a fall must ensue, and give the proper bearings of the room. Josephine's mind was in confusion; she hardly could distinguish between right and wrong, and she was perfectly incapable of judging what was her proper course.

She did not care about her fortune that was squandered, because she had made no scheme, built up no hopes on the future when she would be her own mistress. She had one passion—for music, and at one time she thought of going on the stage; so she would escape from home; but she doubted whether she had the perseverance to pass through the drudgery of apprenticeship for the opera; and it was to the opera she turned, with her musical ear and splendid voice.

There had been long simmering in her heart indignation against her father, and impatience with Aunt Judith; and now this boiled over. The baseness of her father had never seemed to her so odious as since she had made the acquaintance of Richard Cable, nor the supineness of her aunt less inexcusable. Her rebellious temper impelled her to no positive line of action; it made her disposed to quarrel with every one who came in her way, and oppose everything that was suggested to her. In nervous disorders, the patient is irritable, and almost insufferable to his nurses; and Josephine was spiritually ill; her moral tissue was in a state of angry excitation. We are her nurses sitting round her, reading her mind, with our fingers on her pulse, counting its furious throbbing. We must be patient with her, and not angry because she seems to us unreasonable. The moral sickness must be borne with as tenderly as the sickness that is physical. Have we not ourselves had our periods of ethical giddiness, when everything swam round us, and the ground gave way under our feet? When we put out our hands grasping in vacuum, we caught at things that could not stay us up.

Or, to vary the simile somewhat, may we not consider our span of life as a tight-rope on which we have to dance our hour? We can do it with the balance-pole in our hands that we are supplied with—a balance-pole of one sort or another—moral principle or social etiquette. How we pirouette, and leap and fall and rebound, and trip and spin on tiptoe, with a smiling face. We have our pole. And what pranks we play with that same pole! Now we bear it horizontally, and then all the lookers-on know we are safe. Anon we balance it on our noses, and folding our arms across the breast, caper a horn-pipe; thereat every breath is held, for all expect our fall. Anon we toss the pole from hand to hand, and sway in our dancing precariously: a gasp from the spectators; we have cast our pole from us high into the air. We are lost! No; a somersault is turned on the rope, and the hands grasp the falling pole in time to steady us again. So we go along our rope to the end; and whether we carry our pole off it at the extremity depends on what the balancing-pole has been.

Some acrobats are sent along the rope without

any pole at all, to balance themselves as best they may with outstretched arms; and under some, nets are spread, which may receive them if they fall; but to others, are only the hard stones of the pavement and sharp flints. When these go down, they never go aloft to dance again; they cause a talk for a day, and are then forgotten. The broken creatures lie all about us; they can be counted by scores. We thank God we are not as they; we have our balancing-poles and our receiving-nets, and have not our spasms of supreme agony, when our feet totter, our heads whirl, and we know we are lost. Not we. We have social etiquette, which can never fail us, which will always restore our equilibrium, always remain in our hands and keep us upright; always, that is, till we reach the end of our cord, and then we throw it away for ever.

As Josephine sat in the summer-house, she was quite in the dark. The house was of board, painted, with a conical roof, no window, only a side-door. Through this door she looked on the quivering silver belt of the sea. A cloud obscured the moon, but not the rays that fell on the sea, which gained in brilliancy by the obscuration of the moon. She knew that the tide was full. The hour was midnight, and when the tide was at noon day or night, then were the highest tides at Hanford. She could hear the lap of the water on the seawall outside the garden palings—a cool pleasant murmur, that soothed her. Without thinking of what she was doing, moved by the sight of the glittering water and the sound of the tide, she began to sing the mermaid's air in *Oberon*. As she sang, she thought she heard a sweet whistle repeating the air; she stopped, and the whistle continued it. She flushed in the dark. Richard Cable was without, on the seawall, in the moonlight, watching the tide, by the garden gate. She sang another verse and stopped, and again the whistle echoed the strain.

Then she started up. 'What can have brought him here? He has been thinking about me! I have some crackers for his children. I put the box aside in the conservatory.' She did not stop to consider what she was about; she ran to the house, stepped into the little glass veranda and took the box. Then she also stooped and carefully raised the ruby-globed lamp, and went out into the garden with the box of gilt crackers in one hand, and the ruby lamp in the other. She took the lamp partly that she might show Richard the pretty crackers by its light, as the moon was hidden; partly, also, out of a sense of vanity, because she wished him to see her in her rose silk evening dress, and artificial light was necessary to bring out its colour. Another, a third reason, also influenced her, as unacknowledged as her vanity: an instinctive sense of imprudence in going out of the garden gate at midnight to speak to a man, and a fancy that the bearing of a light would modify the imprudence.

Josephine, for her trip along the rope of life, had been given by her father no balancing-pole whatever, certainly no moral principle. She walked through the garden, softly singing the mermaid's song, bearing the coloured light, a pretty object, had there been any one there to see her. The garden gate could be opened by

the hand from the inside, but only by a latch-key from without. When she came to it, she put the box of crackers under her chin, and held it thus whilst her disengaged hand drew back the latch. Then, in a moment she stepped through, and with a merry laugh, stood lamp in hand before Cable; and the door closed behind her unregarded. She raised the lamp and let the rosy light fall over her face and hair and bare neck and shoulders.

The boatman took off his cap and stood as one dumfounded, holding his cap to his breast with both hands, looking at her.

'Are you not surprised to see me, Mr Cable?'

'Very—miss. I thought I saw a fairy, or a vision.'

'And I,' she said, smiling, 'I was surprised too. I sang, and heard an echo. I came out to see whence the echo came, and found you. How come you here at this time of night?'

'Well, miss,' answered Cable deferentially, 'I am up so much of nights when aboard the light-ship, looking after my lamp; and now that I am ashore, I can't always sleep; and this being a beautiful night, and the tide flowing full, I thought I'd walk on the wall.—But, miss, excuse me; you ought not to be here.'

'Oh, I have only come to give you this box of gilt crackers; it will amuse the children. Each contains a trifle, a brooch, or a ring, or an anchor. How they will laugh over them!'

'Yes,' said Cable; 'but I had rather you had not brought them now.'

'I give you them. Take them. I must go back.'

'Yes, miss, at once.'

She put her hand to the garden door. It was fast. 'O Mr Cable!' she exclaimed, as her heart stood still.

'Hush!' He put his finger to his lip.

Both heard voices close at hand, on the seawall. The wall made a bend at the garden paling, so that those approaching from one direction were invisible. On the other side it extended straight forward for a mile.

The moon burst forth in a flood of light. Instinctively, Cable and Josephine looked along the wall. No escape was possible in that direction. Seaward also was no escape; the tide was in and washed the base of the dike. The sailor put his foot against the door; it was too strong to be burst open.

Josephine blew out the light, and then was aware that it was useless for her to do this: she could not be hid. She stood in her evening dress, in the glare of full moon, against the painted, boarded wall, and Cable beside her, exposed to the sight of any one turning the corner, without possibility of escape, without a place where she could hide.

Scarce a moment was afforded her to determine what to do, when round the angle came the rector and his son, arm in arm.

'My dear Algernon,' said P'arson Sellwood, 'you need not be afraid; she is right at heart. It is human nature to be perverse.'

Then, all at once, the two gentlemen saw those before them.

'My dear Josephine!' exclaimed the rector.—

'Good gracious! what is the meaning of this?'

Josephine looked down, and her voice faltered

as she said: 'I came with crackers for the children, and the gate closed—and—and I asked Mr Cable to take the crackers home to his little ones.'

'The gate fast?' asked the rector. 'Locked out on the wall at midnight. O Josephine!'

In a moment, the captain threw his overcoat that he had on his arm upon the spikes that incrustated the top of the palings, and laying both his hands on the coat, lifted himself over, and in another minute had opened the door.

'We are inconsiderate,' said Captain Sellwood; 'we must not keep Miss Cornellis standing here making explanations.'

'No,' said the rector, 'inventing explanations. He clicked his tongue in his mouth.—'What a pity it is you have lost your mother. To a young girl, nothing can replace a mother; no, not the best of aunts.—Shut the gate.—Come on, Algy.' He said nothing to Cable; but as he relinked his arm in that of his son, after a few paces in silence, he muttered; 'No; it won't do. I am sorry. There is good in the girl; but—it won't do, Algernon. Look elsewhere.'

THE EYE AND ITS VARIETIES.

AMIDST all the marvels which the world of nature offers to the reflective and observant mind, there are few which surpass in interest the wonders revealed by a study of the mechanism of sight in the animal kingdom. An exhaustive study of comparative anatomy is by no means necessary to realise these wonders; in fact, we require to be reflective as regards obvious and familiar details, rather than learned in scientific terms and anatomical discoveries. No very extensive knowledge of the structure of the eye, for instance, is necessary to grasp the full significance of the fact that the views obtainable from the top of St Paul's Cathedral or the dizzy pinnacles of the Alps enter the eye through an aperture of about an eighth of an inch diameter, and are reproduced in the interior of the eye on a surface averaging the size of a sixpence, from which the size, shape, colour, position, and general peculiarity of every object within range are accurately conveyed to the brain. This is only one of the ordinary wonders of the human eye, but shares the fate of many others in that it seldom occupies a moment's thought—no more thought, in fact, than we bestow upon the varieties of sight in the lower animals and the lessons we may learn from them.

Most of us, in these days of cheap science manuals, are familiar with the general structure of our own eyes and the rudimentary principles of optical science; and we are so accustomed to look upon this particular plan of construction as the only one by which vision can be accomplished, that it is impossible not to feel astonished when further observation discloses the extraordinary variety of structural arrangements which are to be found in the descending scale of animals. In complicity and minuteness of detail, the eye of man and the higher animals surpasses all others; yet its structure may be said to explain itself, and

to be a comparatively simple plan, when regarded in connection with the laws of optics. It is exactly such as might be imagined as a consequence of known laws of light transmission and known properties of matter. A first glimpse, therefore, into the structure of the eyes of the lower or invertebrate animals is somewhat perplexing, owing to the apparent contradictions met with; for the seemingly simple plan of the mammal eye is lost in a diversity of external form and internal structure which is truly marvellous; in some cases, the elements considered to be essential are apparently missing; and in others, additions are found which have no counterpart in eyes supposed to be more perfect.

A little reflection will, however, show that these diversities of structure, wherever met with, are necessary to the particular mode of life which their possessor was designed to lead in the ranks of creation. In almost all mammals, for instance, below the Primates, a third eyelid—or, as it is called, the 'nictitating' membrane—is found, commodiously folded up in the inner corner of the eyeball, ready at any instant to sweep across its surface. This is found in the eyes of all birds, and of such quadrupeds as require it, its use being to wash the eye free from any foreign particles with the help of the lachrymal humour, and to defend it from sudden injuries. It is not altogether an opaque membrane, and therefore, when brought into play by birds dashing through the air, or flying straight upwards in the full glare of the rays of the sun, it prevents the entrance of dust or other injurious matter, protects the eye from too strong a light, and at the same time does not interfere with sight. The motion of this membrane is performed in a curious manner; there are not two antagonistic muscles, one pulling forward and the other backward, as one might imagine; but only one muscle, attached by a tendon to the membrane. The nictitating membrane itself is an elastic substance, capable of being drawn out by force like a piece of elastic, and returning to its former position when the force is removed. The muscle which exercises this force is one of the most marvellous mechanisms to be found in nature. Placed at the back of the eye, it is passed through a loop formed by another muscle, and there inflected as if it were round a pulley. This peculiarity, necessary for the rapid action which is required, is one which has many advantages. In order that the membrane could be drawn over the whole eye, a longer muscle than could be extended within the compass at the base of the eye was required. A greater length in a smaller compass is obtained by the cord of the main muscle making an angle, and the whole action contrived to a nicety by the angle, instead of being round a fixed pivot, being round a loop formed by another muscle, with the result, that whenever the second muscle contracts, it suddenly twitches the first muscle at the point of tendon, and thereby produces the rapid action of the nictitating membrane. One of the purposes of this membrane is, as mentioned, to wash the eye. In man and some of his nearest allies, this function is performed by winking the eyelids, and there is no necessity for any further assistance from a third eyelid. In the same way it is unnecessary in the inhabitants of the waters. It is therefore absent in the

great whale family and in all fishes—the ocean, the river, or the lake supplying the necessary lotion. But there is more than the absence of this wonderful nictitating membrane to notice in the eyes of fishes, for they have no true eyelids at all. Skin of a structure sufficiently transparent to allow of the passage of the rays of light passes over the eye, and thus obviates the necessity for even eyelids. In some cases, as in the eel, a special protection to the eye is found—the eel has to work its head through hard, rough substances such as gravel and sand. To defend the eye from injury, therefore, a transparent, horny convex case is placed before the eye in such a manner as to defend the organ without impeding the sight: another wonderful instance of design. The contrivances for the protection of the eyes in the different branches of the animal world are indeed a constant marvel to the thoughtful. The nictitating membrane is the most conspicuous, and forms a contrast to the singular and unique arrangement which exists only in the chameleon. Instead of two eyelids, the organ is covered by an eyelid with a hole in it, and for an obvious reason. The neck of the chameleon is inflexible, and to make up for this, the eye is so prominent that more than half the ball projects from the head, the muscles being such that the pupil of the eye can be carried in every direction. To defend and lubricate the globe of an eye so unusually exposed, a special contrivance was necessary, hence the pierced lid—the lid itself keeping the principal part of the surface of the eye under cover and in a due state of humidity without a constant nictitation, and the aperture allowing the necessary admission of light.

The position of the eyes on the head, varying, as it does, the lower we descend in the animal world, affords further food for reflection. In birds and the higher animals, the position is uniform, and obviously most beautiful, symmetrical, and useful; but in fishes and insects we find an endless variety as to position, direction, and dimensions. In some fishes, the eyes have an upward aspect, and are very close together; in others, they are at the side, and so wide apart as to be slightly downward in direction; whilst in soles, turbot, flounders, and others of the same family, the eyes are placed, as it were, one above the other, and both upon the same side of the head. Some have enormously large eyes; others are so small as to be scarcely visible; and others, again, so rudimentary as to be merely a minute fold of skin on which a cerebral nerve terminates. Generally speaking, however, the eye of fishes is large, with especially broad open pupils; and the crystalline lens much rounder than in the eyes of terrestrial animals—another proof of design, evidently intended to enable them to collect whatever rays of light penetrate to the hidden depths of the ocean, refraction of rays of light by a more convex surface being a necessity from water into the eye. But of all fishes, the anableps has perhaps the most noteworthy eye. The creature swims half above the surface of the water, and the eye is divided horizontally into two portions, the one for seeing in the water, the other in the air. Insects, again, are provided with the most wonderful organs of sight. Their nature and construction are different from all others, and two kinds of eyes, the simple and the

composite, are united in one small creature. The simple eyes are generally three, and are situated on the crown of the head between the more elaborate organs of sight. The structure of each kind is perfectly distinct. The composite eyes are a marvellous combination of a multiplicity of perfect eyes, which may be seen in a microscopic examination of the cornea. The cornea then stands revealed as a mass of many thousand regularly disposed hexagonal facets, each of which is in itself a perfect eye. In the head of a butterfly, nearly thirty-five thousand have been counted; and some insects are supposed to be still more numerous supplied. The simple eyes, on the other hand, are simple, as their name implies; each simple eye is a single organ, the cornea exhibiting no appearance of facets. The uses of these eyes, which the unwearied researches of naturalists have now established, are as interesting as they are extraordinary. Réaumur, in his well-known experiments, first smeared the compound eyes of insects with paint, and next the simple eyes; and discovered that the compound eyes are for horizontal sight, and the simple for vertical; since those whose compound eyes were closed flew straight up into the air until they were lost to sight, and those whose simple eyes were operated upon winged their way on all sides amongst the flowers around, but neither ascended into the air nor flew far away. Compound eyes, in addition, are supposed, and with good reason, to have the power of magnifying; and a comical story is recorded of Puget adjusting the eye of a flea in such a way as to see objects through it, and finding that a soldier appeared like an army of pigmies, for what it multiplied it diminished; and the flame of a candle seemed the illumination of a thousand fairy lamps.

Equally unmistakable evidences of design are found in the sharpness of sight accorded to some creatures, and the deficiency in others. Sir John Lubbock has shown us how the exceptionally intelligent ant race depends entirely on the sense of smell as a guide to its movement, and that so effectual and unerring is the sense of smell, that sight is scarcely needed; and that, in fact, the workers have in most cases no vision at all, though they are descended from flying insects with highly developed eyes. The antennæ have developed to such an extent as to render sight a useless adjunct, and where, through accident or otherwise, the antennæ are wanting, the ant is 'as helpless as a blind man among ourselves.'

The opposite extreme to the ant in a visual sense is to be found in one or two kinds of birds. A hawk can spy a lark upon a piece of earth almost exactly the same colour at twenty times the distance it is perceptible to a man or dog; a kite soaring out of human sight can still distinguish and pounce upon lizards and field-mice on the ground; and the distance at which vultures and eagles can spy out their prey is almost incredible. Recent discoveries, and especially Darwin's observations, have inclined naturalists to the belief that birds of prey have not the acute sense of smell with which they were once accredited. Their acute sight seems better to account for their actions, and they appear to be guided by sight alone, as they never sniff at anything, but dart straight at the object of their desire. Their counterparts in the ocean, however, undoubtedly

see and smell equally well, but are more guided by smell than sight. In both sharks and rays, the eyes are good, and have a most distinct expression; though, since they scent their prey from a distance, and swim up to it with great rapidity, 'smell,' as Lacépède says, 'may be called their real eye.' Smell, in Mr Herbert Spencer's definition, is anticipatory taste, while sight is anticipatory touch; and the manner in which sight, as the dominating sense, is substituted for smell, the higher the evolution of the animal, is remarkably interesting to follow, once the varieties of sight are understood, and both sight and smell are studied in connection with the particular habits of the creature for which they were designed. Turn where we will, sight and the organs of sight are everywhere adapted in the most perfect manner to the necessities of the animal world; and in realising this fact, we realise the truth of the words: 'The first wonder is the offspring of ignorance, the last is the parent of adoration.'

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. VII.—LAURA.

OF the wretched time which followed the trial, how can I write? Even now, when I look back on that time after a lapse of thirty years, I almost shudder as I recall to remembrance what we all suffered. Sometimes I think those days could never have really been—that I must have passed them in delirium or in a dream, they appear at once so shadowy, and yet so deeply graven on my memory.

Before the verdict which was to send Ernest to a shameful death was actually given, we had hope, although it was but faint. Now, all hope was lost. No; not *all* hope. I should have said all reasonable hope; but when that has passed away, we still cling to something that is at least akin to hope, even if it have no reason in it.

The only chance I could perceive for Ernest's escape was in Laura's confession; but I buoyed the others up with the idea that something might be done by a memorial to the Crown, although I myself well knew its inutility, after the judge's expression of opinion in summing up and in passing sentence. I say that I buoyed the others up; but Laura was an exception. I seized an opportunity for speaking to her alone, and telling her that I only expressed this hope for the sake of assuaging Amy's violent grief; but, knowing her superior strength of mind, I thought it best to tell her plainly that nothing now could possibly save Ernest except the discovery of the real assassin. I did this that she might clearly see that his fate was in her hands, and in her hands alone. She thanked me for my candour; but there was no change in her to indicate what her course would be; there was the same hard tone in her passionless voice, the same blank look in her despairing face and tearless eye. What a contrast to Amy's hysterical bursts of grief!

I got them all away from Goldstone as speedily as I could.

Sir Robert Coveney and Bob were most kind in their attention both during the trial and after it; but they did not accompany us to London. Poor Bob! he had been so sanguine as to the result of his evidence, that I verily believe the reaction caused him for the time as much sorrow as was felt by any of us.

Before we left Goldstone, Amy implored me to take her to Ernest, and Laura joined in her supplication; but I told them it was impossible: though I, as his counsel, might be allowed to see him, no one else would be permitted to do so at present. Later on, an admission order, no doubt, would be obtainable for Amy, though I thought it very improbable that one would be granted for Laura, as she was only his cousin. I said this because I knew Ernest would decline to see her.

'Will they have the cruelty to refuse me even the slight comfort of bidding him a last farewell?' she asked.

'I fear so; but we shall see.'

Although I felt sure that an appeal to the Crown would be useless, I did not neglect to make the attempt. I drew up a memorial setting forth all the weak points in the evidence against Ernest, and particularly dwelling on the fact that so soon as Sergeant Mellish had conceived the idea of his being the criminal, all subsequent researches were made with the view of fixing the guilt on him, and on him alone, the possibility of any other person being the murderer being utterly ignored.

Knowing well that the issue would depend almost entirely on the report of the judge, I waited on him. His manner was so kind and sympathetic, that I was sorely tempted to open my whole heart to him and tell him the truth; but I dared not: my tongue was tied by my solemn promise to Ernest to do nothing that would bring Laura within the grasp of the law. I went so far, however, as to declare—what professional etiquette forbade my doing at the trial—my firm conviction, nay, certainty of Ernest's innocence.

'My lord,' I exclaimed, 'I would stake my existence in this world and all my hopes for the next on the fact of his being guiltless of this crime.'

'Mr Devon,' his lordship said, 'I had an impression at the trial—and that impression is strengthened now—that you were keeping something in reserve. Am I right?'

'You are, my lord.'

'Then, what is that something?'

'I cannot tell you.'

'Then you give me no chance of assisting you.'

I felt that he spoke the truth, but I was helpless, and remained silent.

'Mr Devon,' the judge continued, 'you were absent from England at the time of the murder, and therefore can, of your own knowledge, be acquainted with nothing concerning it. I fear it is only the prisoner's own statement that you rely on.'

'Not wholly, my lord; I have evidence to confirm it.'

'Is that evidence strong?'

'To me, convincing.'

'But would it convince me?'

I was silent; and his lordship resumed: 'I can well understand your feelings, and can sympathise with them; but I fear your old affection for your cousin has made you—pardon the word—his dupe. A man who could commit such an act, would have no hesitation in inventing a lying tale to impose on you.'

'It is not so, indeed, my lord. Was his the bearing of a guilty man?'

'Mr Devon, when you have had my experience, and occupy a position like mine—as I trust you some day will—you will know that a guilty man, in nine cases out of ten, can look the world more firmly in the face than an innocent one, when charged with such a crime as that. I feel for you deeply, and for the wretched young man's sister, and for the young lady who is betrothed to him; but I can judge the case only by the evidence produced, and that evidence appeared to me to be conclusive. I will look over my notes again most carefully; and if I can find anything to shake my opinion, the prisoner shall have the benefit of it. More than this I cannot promise, consistently with my duty.'

After thanking him, I withdrew.

Private converse with Ernest was now denied; but I obtained permission, though with considerable difficulty, to see him alone for a short time. Our meeting was a painful one, as may be supposed. I was far more affected than he was; indeed, now that his fate was almost inevitable, his mind appeared to be less agitated than it had been before. I urged him, now that all other hope seemed gone, to release me from my promise respecting Laura; but he was firm in his refusal. He even endeavoured to persuade me to refrain from speaking to Laura herself till all was over. On this point, however, I was as firm as he. The only concession I would make was that I would be silent until after the final decision of the Home Secretary was received. The one last hope of saving him by bringing Laura to a confession, I would not resign, say all he could.

'Her confession, Harry,' Ernest said, 'can make little difference to me. If she should take my place here and pay the forfeit of her crime, do you suppose that I could long survive her? I should not desire to do so, for life then would be but misery to me. I am prepared for death now; let her live for repentance.'

'She would have ample time for repentance here. Should she permit you to die for her, she will be guilty of a still more heinous crime than her first—one for which a long life would be too short for repentance. And then, Ernest, remember Amy. If she lose her brother, and by such a death, all her future life will be embittered. Have you forgotten her?'

'Forgotten her!' he exclaimed. 'The thought of her sorrow is the bitterest pang I have to bear; but it is tempered by the knowledge that I shall leave her in the care of one who will more than compensate her for the loss of such a brother as I—one who will be to her husband and brother both. You will not desert her, Harry, or love her less because she is the sister of a felon?'

'Ernest!'

'No, no; I know you better than that, old boy; you will cherish her all the more fondly.'

'Indeed, indeed, I will,' I answered, as well as my emotion would permit.

'I dread the trial of our final parting, both for myself and her,' Ernest resumed; 'but I cannot die without seeing her once more. Our interview must be delayed till the last, Harry; then, if my position remain unchanged, you will bring her to me.'

I wrung his hand in silence, and so we parted.

My readers, perhaps, have wondered that I have written so little of Amy; but Amy, though inexpressibly dear to me, is not the heroine of my tale. She is not—and never was—a heroine at all. Had she been one, she would, of course, like all heroines, have immolated herself on the shrine of duty and unselfish love, and positively renounced the idea of ever becoming mine. She would have sternly refused to blight all my prospects in life—to render me liable to be pointed at as the man who had married a felon's sister, and—all the rest of it. No; she was not a heroine! Dear girl! no such thoughts, I am sure, ever entered into her loving heart.

The days which intervened between the trial and the day when Ernest was to die were one by one being numbered with the past. Each hour as it dragged itself along seemed like a day; each day, when gone, seemed but as an hour. There was no action now to keep my thoughts from dwelling on our trouble, and that awful trouble came more sternly home to me than it had done before.

Amy found some relief in her frequent bursts of tears; but she grew thin, and the colour left her cheeks.

Laura seemed to move and speak mechanically; her eyes lost not their brightness, but there were dark circles round them, and lines made their appearance by the corners of her mouth. There was that sort of dull apathy in her manner, which, if it find not relief, must sooner or later end in madness. Would she find that relief in confession and atonement? Was she but waiting for the reply to my memorial to the Crown? Surely she would not, loving Ernest as she professed to do—nay, as I was convinced she did—surely she would not let him go to his death, when she had the power to save his life by giving hers! There was no lack of courage in her character; that I knew: why, then, was she silent? The time must soon come when Laura would have to decide upon her course. At least she should know that her crime was no secret from me and Ernest—that it should be no secret from Amy and my mother. Then, let her choose between her duty and deathless infamy—in our hearts at least, if not in the eyes of the world.

The reply from the Home Secretary came to me within three days of that fixed for the fatal ceremony. After consulting with the judge and carefully considering the evidence, he could find nothing to justify him in interfering with the course of the law: the sentence must be carried out.

I was thoroughly prepared for this, and it affected me but little; indeed, it seemed to me that my cup of misery was full and could not be added to.

Determined to no longer delay a full explana-

tion with Laura, I repaired to the house in which they were all residing. My mother met me at the door: I told her the result of my efforts, and begged her to break the news to Amy, leaving Laura to me. With a woman's tact, she soon found an excuse for drawing Amy from the room. Laura and I were alone together. For a minute or two we sat in silence: she was the first to break it. 'Harry,' she said, 'you have something to say to me; what is it?'

I put the official letter I had received into her hand. She unfolded it, and read it through slowly and deliberately. When she had finished, she refolded it carefully and returned it to me before speaking. Then she said: 'It is no more than I expected; you told me it must be so. Why do you show it to me?'

'Because I thought it best to verify my statement by proof.'

'Proof!' she exclaimed. 'Do you imagine, Harry, that I doubted your word?'

'No, Laura; but I wished to show you conclusively that all that I can do for Ernest, I have done, and have failed.'

'I know it, Harry!'

I went on, without heeding her interruption: 'If he is to be saved'—

'If he is to be saved!' she cried, rising from her seat. 'Is there, then, still a hope?'

'There is a hope—more than a hope—a certainty.'

'Oh! how is it to be done?'

'I can but point the way. I am powerless to act—his safety is in another's hands.'

'In whose? In whose?'

'In yours, Laura!'

'In mine!' All her coldness and apathy were gone now, and she spoke rapidly and eagerly. 'How? how? Quick! tell me! How is it to be done?'

'What would you do and suffer to save him?'

'What would I do and suffer to save him? Oh! what would I *not* do and suffer! Only tell me what I *am* to do!'

'Can you not guess?'

'No, no! Tell me, tell me!'

I placed the earring pendant before her.

'What is this?' she asked.

'Do you not recognise it?'

'Yes, yes. But what of it?'

'Have you not missed it?'

'Yes. I lost it on that dreadful evening, but thought no more of it. Why do you talk of such a thing as that now?' She pushed it, almost threw it from her. 'Tell me at once how Ernest is to be saved!'

'By the confession of the real assassin!'

'The real assassin!' she exclaimed. 'Is he discovered, then?'

'Laura,' I said, fixing my eyes on hers, 'I found that pendant in the breast-pocket of my poor uncle's coat—the coat he was wearing when he was murdered.'

'Again the pendant! What if you did find it there? It must have fallen from my ear when I kissed him.'

'It fell from your ear when the dreadful deed was done—it fell from the ear of the real assassin!'

Laura turned ghastly pale, and her right hand clutched the back of the chair by which she was

standing; then she drew a long, deep breath, and said, almost hissing the words from between her teeth: 'And do you, Harry Devon, dare to suspect me of such a crime, and on such evidence as that?' and she pointed disdainfully to the pendant.

'Not on that evidence alone, Laura; nor is it I alone who suspect you. Ernest'—

'What! have you poisoned his heart against me? This accounts for his refusing to see me!'

'He refused to see you from the first, before I had seen him. It was not I who caused him to suspect you—nay, more than suspect'—

'Oh! this is too much to bear,' she cried. 'He to suspect me—not only of being a murderess, but of allowing him to be imprisoned, tried, and condemned for my crime! I never doubted his innocence, with all that evidence against him; I would not have believed him guilty on any evidence; I would not have believed my own eyes, had I seen him do it!'

'Laura,' I exclaimed, '*he saw you do it!*'

For a few seconds she gazed at me with a blank look of horror on her face, and slowly repeated the words: 'He—saw—me—do—it!' with a pause between each, as if she scarcely comprehended them; then, with a wild shriek, and before I had time to stretch out a hand to save her, she fell like a stone senseless at my feet.

I knelt by her side, and attempted to raise her from the ground. Before I could do so, Lena, her maid, rushed into the room, and thrusting me away, cried: 'Brute! you have killed my dear mistress!'

Then, throwing her arms around Laura, with an exertion of strength of which I should not have deemed her capable, she lifted her up and placed her in a chair.

My mother and Amy, alarmed by the scream, now returned to the room, and together we endeavoured to restore Laura to sensibility. For some time our efforts were vain; but at length we succeeded in bringing her back to life—but not to reason. She opened her eyes, and looked vacantly around, while her lips parted, and she murmured the words: 'He—saw—me—do—it!' In this half-conscious state she remained, ever monotonously repeating the same words.

A physician was sent for; but he could do little or nothing. Before night came, Laura was raving in the delirium of brain-fever.

NOVEL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

IN a number of the *London Magazine* of 1767 was this curious announcement, addressed to all foreigners and others: 'This is to give notice that the English vulgar tongue is taught at Billingsgate by a company of qualified fishwomen upon very reasonable terms.' An equally curious notice is said to be given by a minister in Salem County, New Jersey, namely, that he will perform the marriage ceremony on the most accommodating terms. 'Those who are not blessed with cash can pay the fee in cordwood, bacon, or corn.' A Liverpool furrier informs 'those ladies who wish to have a really genuine article, that he will be happy to make them muffs, boas, &c. of their own skins.' This is matched by the

proprietor of a bone-mill, who announces that 'Parties sending their own bones to be ground will find their orders attended to with punctuality and despatch.'

An Irish provincial paper inserted the following notice: 'Whereas Patrick O'Connor lately left his lodgings; this is to give notice that if he does not return immediately and pay for the same, he will be advertised.' A countryman of the author of the above, not to be outdone in the same line, announced in an Irish journal that, among other portraits, he had a representation of 'Death as large as life.' But one of the latest of Irish bulls is the following from an editorial in one of the leading papers of the Nationalist party, the other day: 'So long as Ireland was silent under her wrongs, England was deaf to her cries.'

Book-lenders might do worse than take a hint from the following, which is said to have appeared on the notice board of a certain Oxford college: 'Mr Blank having lent a volume of Plato to some one, and being unable to remember to whom he has lent it, ventures to point out to the unknown borrower that under the unusual circumstances of the case, he would be quite justified in returning the book to its owner without waiting for a more direct invitation.'

In a certain benighted part of the country may be seen, on the outside of a humble cottage, the following inscription in large gilt letters: 'A seminary for young ladies.' This was perhaps too abstruse for the villagers, as immediately underneath there is added, in rude characters: 'Notey beney—allso, a galls skool.' More comprehensive was the curious inscription at one time to be seen over a door in a village in Somersetshire: 'Petticoats mended; children taught reading, writing, and dancing; grown-up people taught to spin; roses distilled, and made into a proper resistance with water; also old shoes bought and sold.'

A foreign paper describes a board hung up in front of a house with these words on it: 'Room to let on the first floor at six dollars a month. Lowest price four dollars.' Another tells us that the following announcement is in an hotel at Algiers: 'Customers are politely requested not to kick the hall porters.' This is as good as the notice put up in an American hotel: 'Customers are requested not to go to bed with their boots on;' and also reminds us of a notice over the piano in a mining camp 'free-and-easy': 'Please don't shoot the player—he is doing his best.'

In a parlour window of a certain house, a bill was displayed with, 'To let, a small sitting-room and bedroom, with a superb view of an immense garden, much frequented, planted with large trees, brilliant with flowers, and decorated with numerous statues and other works of art.' The garden in question was a cemetery.—We are told that a placard posted up throughout the town of Dundee once announced the 'opening of the

Theatre Royal under the management of Miss Goddard, newly decorated and painted.'

Politeness could not be carried further than it is at a certain coal-mine in Dudley, where a notice warns all and sundry in these terms: 'Please do not fall down the shaft.' That 'please' is excellent.

All business men who hold with Lord Bacon that 'friends are robbers of our time,' will fail to see any harshness in the notice which was posted conspicuously in an office: 'Shut the door; and as soon as you have done talking on business, serve your mouth in the same way.'—A gentleman put up the following at his gatehouse: 'A Terriskokaiblondomenoi kept here.' A friend asked him what tremendous affair that was. He replied: 'Oh, it is just three big Greek words put all together; but it serves the purpose well: the unknown is always dreadful.'

At a market town in Rutlandshire, the following placard is affixed to the shutters of a watchmaker, who had decamped, leaving his creditors minus: 'Wound up, and the mainspring broke.'—As pithy and curious was the notice lately stuck up on the window of a London coffee-house: 'This coffee-room removed up-stairs till repaired.'

In a respectable luncheon bar in Westminster, the writer was once amused by seeing a placard announcing the arrival of fresh 'muscles.' After this, he was not surprised to see a street hawker in Cheapside bearing a card which informed the public that bird 'wobblers,' as he called his whistles, were only one penny each.

There are many curious signs and business announcements to be found in London, of which a few are: 'Sick dogs medically attended by the week or month. Birds to board. Ladies' and gentlemen's feet and hands professionally treated by the job or season. Round-shouldered persons made straight. Babies or children hired or exchanged. False noses as good as new, and warranted to fit. Black eyes painted very neatly.'

In the extreme West, we hear of a shanty which bears the sign: 'Here's where you get a meal like your mother used to give you.'

A kind of witty contest has sometimes been carried on between sign proprietors. For instance, we are told that Mr Isaac Came, a rich shoemaker of Manchester, who left his property to public charities, opened his first shop opposite to the building where he had been a servant, and put up a sign which read: 'I. Came—from over the way.'—Somewhat like this was the sign of a tavern-keeper named Danger, near Cambridge, who, having been driven out of his house, built another opposite and inscribed it: 'Danger—from over the way.' The successor retorted by putting up a new inscription: 'There is no danger here now.'

But in alluring business announcements, few can match those in the flowery language of the Celestials. The traveller must have been amused who saw in Pekin scores of curiously worded signboards, of which these are a few specimens: 'Shop of Heaven-sent Luck,' 'Mutton Shop of Morning Twilight,' 'The Nine Felicities Prolonged,' 'Flowers rise to the Milky-way,' 'The Honest Pen Shop of Li' would seem a reflection

on his rivals. A charcoal shop calls itself the 'Fountain of Beauty;' and a place for the sale of coals indulges in the title of 'Heavenly Embroidery;' and 'The Thrice Righteous' is a pretension one would scarcely expect from an opium shop.

An old farmer employed a son of Erin to work for him on his farm. Pat was constantly misplacing the end boards in the cart—the front board behind and the tail board in front, which made the old gentleman very irritable. To prevent blunders, he resolved to distinguish each board by some sign or notice thereon. Accordingly, he painted on both boards a large 'B;' then, calling Pat to him, and showing him the boards, he said: 'Now, you blockhead, you need make no mistake, as they are both marked. This'—pointing to one board—'is "B" for before; and that'—indicating the tail board—'is "B" for behind;' whereupon the old gentleman marched off with great dignity.

A German paper relates that during the absence of his son Louis, who had gone on a distant journey, Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, who then resided at the palace of Belle Vue, near Berlin, caused some alterations to be made in the park by the introduction of artificial hills, lakes, and grottos, in order to gratify the young Prince's love of the romantic when he returned from his foreign tour. Soon after his arrival, Prince Louis was shown round the park by his proud father, who did not fail to point out to him all the beauties of the scenery. An hour later, a placard, placed by some wag, was discovered on the outer gate with the following inscription: 'Visitors are requested to be careful not to crush the hills flat by stepping on them. No dogs allowed, as they might drink up the lakes. No one is permitted to pocket any of the rocks that are lying about.—By Order.'

A swimming-school in Frankfort-on-the-Main announces in English: 'Swimming instructions given by a teacher of both sexes.'—An allusion to swimming reminds us that at Dieppe, that famous bathing-place, there are police established whose duty it is to rescue persons from danger. This notice is said to have been recently issued to them: 'The bathing police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress, and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp.'

A country paper in a notice of a lecture given by a phrenologist, said: 'Behind the platform is a large gallery of life-size portraits twelve feet high.' This odd notice reminds us of the handbill put forth at Exeter which was headed: 'Wanted, a few healthy members to complete a Sick Society.'

Obituary notices have not always the solemnity about their composition which is thought desirable. A country sculptor was ordered to engrave on a tombstone the following words: 'A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.' The stone, however, being small, he engraved on it: 'A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband.'

Scarcely so ingenious, but equally absurd, is the Hibernian notice said to be seen over the entrance gate to a French burying-ground: 'Only the dead who live in this parish are buried here.'—A New York stone-cutter is said to have received this epitaph from a German, to be cut

upon the tombstone of his wife: 'Mine wife Susan is dead. If she had lived till next Friday she'd been dead shust two weeks. "As a tree fall so must it stand."' "

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN GLASS.

IN October 1728, the Rev. John Glass, a clergyman of the Established Church of Scotland, was deposed from his ministry, and originated the first dissenting body in Scotland. He gathered a number of sympathisers around him, and founded the body of Christians commonly known as the Glassites in Scotland, and the Sandemanians in England. It is, however, not with this worthy divine whom we have at present to do, but with one of his sons, whose adventurous but short and untimely career deserves to be better known than it probably is at present.

George Glass was, when quite a lad, entered as a midshipman in the royal navy, and rose to the rank of lieutenant. He then left the government service, and became master of a merchant vessel. Among other foreign parts visited by him in the mercantile marine, Glass made several voyages to the west coast of Africa, which at this time was only imperfectly known. On one of his trips he discovered a river between Cape Verd and Senegal, which he found was navigable for a considerable length inland. Thinking his discovery to be of some moment, Glass spent a lengthened period in exploring the surrounding district, and came to the conclusion that it would form a desirable site for a new trading settlement. He also succeeded in mastering the language of the natives, and thus was enabled to obtain valuable information about the resources of the country. From what he learned, he was convinced that a large trade could be opened up with the interior, more especially in gold-dust and ivory, which the inhabitants told him were to be had in abundance.

Captain Glass now lost no time in setting sail homewards; and on arriving at London, immediately laid his projected scheme before the proper authorities. These latter looked favourably upon the plan, but hesitated to accept his conditions, which certainly seem to have been rather extravagant, Glass demanding an exclusive grant of the country for all trading purposes for thirty years. After some negotiations, however, Glass came to an agreement with the Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, by which he was guaranteed the sum of fifteen thousand pounds, on condition that he obtained a voluntary cession of the country by the natives to the British Crown. On this arrangement being come to, Captain Glass entered into partnership with a wealthy firm of merchants, who supplied him with a ship and valuable cargo of merchandise; and in the month of August 1764 he set sail from Gravesend, accompanied by his wife and daughter. After a favourable voyage,

they safely arrived at their destination, which the captain now christened Port Hillsborough. According to his expectations, he had very little difficulty in persuading the natives to cede their territory to Great Britain. A treaty was therefore drawn up, and signed by all the principal chiefs or head-men of the district. Unfortunately, the coast at this time was suffering from severe famine, and provisions were so difficult to obtain, that at last Captain Glass resolved to proceed to Teneriffe; and despatched a ship thence with a cargo of grain and other provisions for the use of his intended settlement. He was obliged to leave the ship with his companions, they having as yet no houses on shore to stay in; and accordingly in the month of November he embarked in the long-boat with five seamen. They safely arrived at Lanzarote, one of the Canary group, where they found an English ship on the point of sailing for home, and Glass took the opportunity of forwarding his treaty to the authorities in London.

Meanwhile, the jealousy of the Spanish government had been aroused about the new settlement, and orders had been sent out to the governor of the Canaries to use all means to thwart the project, and also to arrest Captain Glass, should he come within their clutches. Shortly after his arrival at Lanzarote, therefore, Glass was seized and sent prisoner to Teneriffe, where he was closely confined to the castle, and treated with considerable severity, being even denied the use of writing materials. As may be imagined, Captain Glass was greatly concerned at the situation he had left his wife and daughter and the rest of his colony in. He accordingly, instead of waiting patiently for the British government to effect his release, took the first favourable opportunity for making his escape. He managed to elude the vigilance of his captors, and got out of his prison, but was discovered before he got clear of the fortifications. The Spaniards now thrust him into a wretched dungeon, where he suffered much from ague, and becoming seriously ill, had to be removed to his old apartment. Still denied the use of pen and paper, Glass found means, by writing on a smooth crust of bread, to make his condition known to the Dutch consul. For this offence he was put into irons, and told he would remain so until he divulged the name of the person who had carried his message to the consul. Glass was honourably silent, however; and at the end of eighteen days his irons were removed.

The situation of Mrs Glass and her daughter all this time was one of extreme anxiety. No news arriving from the captain, they were at a loss what to do or think. The inexperience of the other members of the expedition was a serious drawback, and put them quite at the mercy of the natives. Things went on pretty well until March 1765, when a change took place. One day part of the crew were on shore, when a number of blacks came on board the ship ostensibly for the purpose of trading. No special precautions had been taken against a surprise; and on a signal being given, the blacks attacked the crew and killed the chief-officer and six others. The rest of the sailors managed to make a stand, and after a stubborn fight, they drove their assailants overboard. Matters were now

worse than ever. The remaining members of the crew were quite unfit to navigate the ship; and as they would be certain to be again attacked or starved into submission, it was resolved to abandon the vessel and escape in the boats to Grand Canary. Overladen though the boats were, they successfully accomplished the voyage, and after touching at Grand Canary, they proceeded to Teneriffe. Here Mrs Glass for the first time learned the fate of her husband, and that he was a prisoner in the castle. The Spaniards had now relaxed the harshness with which they had treated the captain, and she was allowed to see him. It must have been an affecting meeting, after their long and anxious separation, each having been in doubts of the other's fate.

At last, in October 1765, owing to the peremptory demands of the British authorities to the court of Madrid, Captain Glass was set at liberty. The barque *Sandwich* touching at Teneriffe, Captain Glass and his wife and daughter obtained a passage, and embarked once more for England, doubtless congratulating themselves on the probability of their trials being at an end. Alas! they little imagined what was in store for them. The captain and officers of the ship were all Englishmen; but, unfortunately, the bulk of the crew were Spaniards or Portuguese, and this circumstance led to an unforeseen tragedy. By some means or other, the crew had become aware of the presence of a large amount of treasure on board, and concocted a plan to seize the ship and possess themselves of the money. They carefully disguised their aims till the vessel neared the south coast of Ireland, when one night, during the first mate's watch, they fell upon and murdered him and the rest of the crew who were not in the plot. The captain of the ship rushed on deck on hearing the noise, and was instantly knocked down and thrown overboard. Captain Glass was in his cabin, and instinctively guessed that something was wrong. Hastily seizing a sword, he left his cabin and ran up the companion ladder towards the deck. The mutineers seemingly dreaded to tackle Glass, knowing him to be a man of fearless disposition, and likely to sell his life dearly. They accordingly had stationed one of their number in hiding at the foot of the stair, and when Glass was proceeding on deck, the villain saw his opportunity and stabbed him in the back, killing him on the spot. Mrs Glass and her daughter were now the only remaining witnesses to be disposed of. Clashed in each other's arms, they vainly pleaded for mercy. The murderous miscreants dragged them from their cabin, deliberately bound them together with ropes, and despite their frenzied appeals for life, threw them shrieking overboard.

The murderers had now sole possession of the ship, and soon ransacked the cabins and got hold of the specie on board. Though not as much as they anticipated, there was yet a considerable sum in money and bullion, which they placed in one of the ship's boats, and scuttling the vessel, made for the coast. In their hurry to be off with their ill-gotten treasure, however, they had not taken pains to do their work efficiently. Contrary to their expectations, the ship did not sink, and so hide all traces of their crime, but drifted on shore not far from where

they themselves had landed. The signs of a dreadful tragedy having taken place were too evident to be mistaken; public indignation was aroused, and a vigorous search made for the perpetrators of the bloody deed. They were soon discovered carousing in a small public-house, and were at once arrested. Shortly afterwards, they were brought to trial, and all were executed, several having previously confessed their guilt and given particulars of the crime.

In the above unfortunate manner, Captain Glass came to a tragic and untimely end. Had he been spared, he would doubtless have carved out a distinguished and useful career for himself. He was a man of indomitable pluck, and had a passion for exploration; and his name would probably have been enrolled on that lengthy list of British navigators who, despite great difficulties, succeeded in opening up the wide world to civilisation and commerce. Captain Glass was also a man of considerable literary attainments. He wrote a History of the Canary Islands, which was well spoken of at the time of its publication; and at the time of his death he had in preparation a descriptive History of the northern and western portions of Africa and their inhabitants.

THE MAXIM MACHINE GUN.

STATISTICIANS inform us that the entire loss of life in wars between so-called civilised countries from the year 1793 down to 1877 has reached the enormous amount of four million four hundred and seventy thousand. To many persons these figures convey a sad and salutary lesson. On the other hand, there are many who act as if they heeded or knew them not. Readers will differ as to whether it is laudable or otherwise to invent any means by which the above figures might possibly be increased; but, leaving the sentimental part of the subject aside, all will readily unite in admiring the wonderful mechanism which makes the Maxim Machine Gun an engine of terrible destructiveness. Particular interest attaches to it at the present time owing to the fact that the great African explorer, Stanley, provided himself with this formidable weapon, to be used defensively in the expedition on which he recently started for the relief of Emin Bey. Moreover, it obtained a gold medal at the Inventions Exhibition, and has been approved of, if not actually adopted, by many governments, the Chinese government being particularly mentioned as one of the largest purchasers.

Its rate of firing—six hundred rounds a minute—is at least three times as rapid as that of any other machine gun. It has only a single barrel, which, when the shot is fired, recoils a distance of three-quarters of an inch on the other parts of the gun. This recoil sets moving the machinery which automatically keeps up a continuous fire at the extraordinary rate of ten rounds a second. Each recoil of the barrel has therefore to perform the necessary functions of extracting and ejecting the empty cartridge, of bringing up the next full one and placing it in its proper position in the

barrel, of cocking the hammer and pulling the trigger. As long as the firing continues, these functions are repeated round after round in succession. The barrel is provided with a water jacket, to prevent excessive heating; and is so mounted that it can be raised or lowered or set at any angle, or turned horizontally to the left or to the right. The bore is adapted to the present size of cartridges; and the maximum range is eighteen hundred yards. The gun can therefore be made to sweep a circle upwards of a mile in radius.

Nor is the gun excessively heavy, its total weight being only one hundred and six pounds, made up thus: Tripod, fifty pounds; pivot (on which the gun turns and by which it is attached to the tripod), sixteen pounds; gun and firing mechanism, forty pounds. The parts can be easily detached and conveniently folded for carriage, and may be put together again so quickly that if the belt containing the cartridges is in position, the first shot can be delivered within ten seconds. It would therefore be extremely serviceable in preventing disaster through a body of troops being surprised. Reconnoitring parties, too, would deem it prudent to pay greater deference to an enemy's lonely sentry on advanced outpost duty, if the latter were provided with this new Machine Gun, instead of the ordinary rifle.

Immediately below the barrel of the gun, a box is placed, containing the belt which carries the cartridges. The belts vary in length. Those commonly used are seven feet long, and capable of holding three hundred and thirty-three cartridges; shorter ones hold one hundred and twenty cartridges; but the several pieces can be joined together for continuous firing. Single shots can be fired at any time whether the belt is in position or not—in the former case by pressing a button, which prevents the recoil; in the latter, by hand-loading in the ordinary way. To start firing, one end of the belt is inserted in the gun, the trigger is pulled by the hand once, after which the movement becomes continuous and automatic as long as the supply of cartridges lasts. At each recoil of the barrel, the belt is pushed sufficiently onward to bring the next cartridge into position; the mechanism grasps this cartridge, draws it from the belt, and passes it on to the barrel. Should a faulty or an empty cartridge find its way in, and the gun does not go off in consequence, there is of course no recoil to keep up the repeating action, and the mechanism ceases to work until the obstruction is removed.

So long as nations continue to vie with each other for superiority in these engines of destruction, so long will the skilled mechanic be found willing to employ his inventive faculties, and exchange the fruits thereof for the princely rewards that await him. This latest invention is probably unsurpassable in rapidity of fire, and apparently leaves nothing to be desired; but of course its real value can only be determined in actual warfare. To devise and adjust the necessary parts of the machine with such precision that each part performs its proper function at the exact moment pre-arranged for it—to do all this while the gun fires at the enormous rate of six hundred rounds a minute, must have cost an immensity of thought, of labour, and of time.

Mr Maxim, the inventor, is well known in the electrical world for his useful additions to the carefully adjusted machinery required for electric lighting and kindred purposes.

WHAT POETRY CAN DO FOR US.

'POETRY has been to me an exceeding great reward: it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared my solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.' Thus writes Coleridge; and we might add to these powers of poetry, that of making us shrink from envy, malice, and all manner of sin, and upholding us in the paths of virtue. Now, let us consider how full of truth are those loving words, to the man who can boast of even the very slightest learning, but especially to the hard worker, either in the laborious and secluded paths of literature, or among the hurry and skurry of the busy world.

Who has not felt himself, by the aid of poetry, relieved, taken away as it were from the turmoil of this noisy life, to look forward to something better, to look forward with happiness and longing to another and brighter life, one where our hearts may at last be at rest from the ambitions and vanities of this world? Who has not, at some time or other, felt an ennobling influence steal over him, as he read the glowing and fiery, or soft and sad, words of an inspired bard? Who has not suddenly heard a voice, from his very soul as it were, cry aloud as he read the stirring verses that he should be up and doing his best to alleviate the wrongs and sorrows of this world, to instil happiness in the heart that has known nought but sorrow and despair? Who has not been touched by some poet's gentle words, and at his bidding, vowed to amend his way of living for self only?—vows, some, alas! to be broken, but many to be carried out with benefit to numberless beings. And who has not at some period of his life, with bitter hatred in his heart against the world, its injustice, cruel coldness, and heartless indifference, been soothed and inspired by the poet's words? There are probably few who can read that have not been benefited by poetry.

Weighed down by sorrow, with heavy heart and drooping eyelid, how prone man is to think but of himself, to forget that if he has been visited with afflictions, others have also suffered. Poetry soothes his sorrows, lifts a corner of the veil that keeps him in gloom and darkness; it shows him that to give way entirely to sorrow is selfish: sorrow comes to chasten, to teach us to live for others as well as ourselves; and the poet, with his heart full of love for mankind, teaches the sorely afflicted that they may seek, ay, and find, solace in trying to help the poor and those who are in deeper gloom than themselves. Poetry teaches us that the only true and worthy sorrow is that which prompts one, after the first burst of anguish is over, to be gentle and forbearing, to strive to diffuse happiness

and quiet amongst those around us. Weary with hard toil, how delightful it is to come back to poetry, wherein we shall not be burdened with hard facts and dry statistics; on the contrary, lifted above the toil, the hard bread-winning toil of this life, and taught the beauties of the seasons, of animate and inanimate nature. It tells us of the sweet and gentle spring, the period when new life is beginning everywhere; of summer, with its grateful warmth and lovely verdure, when everything is in its prime; of autumn, with its dying splendours, when life is on the decline, when the leaves are turning brown and falling, the caterpillar weaving its shroud, whence it will arise, later on, in a purer and more beautiful form; of winter, bleak and cold, at times cruel and pitiless with its wind and sleet, at others beautiful and solemn under its canopy of snow; of youth, maturity, age, and death. Few occurrences in this varying world of ours but have some aspect which poetry can seize and ennoble; and thus it multiplies and refines our enjoyments.

Solitude with many of us is our hardest affliction; we cannot bear it; it seems to keep us away from our fellow-creatures, and therefore from the enjoyments of life. But solitude is useful and even necessary for all; it is only in solitude that we can pass our actions in review, when we can look our faults and mistakes in the face. To those who are obliged to endure enforced solitude, in exile, or when cast in prison for conscience' sake, poetry comes to them as a true deliverer; it relieves the brain from continual pressure, and leads on to dreams of happiness in store either on earth or in heaven. With subtle similes and soothing rhythm, it relieves the solitary man, and peoples his surroundings with the fairy beings of his imagination. Poetry teaches us all this—the benefits to be derived from frequent self-communion, the happiness of accustoming one's self to holy reflections, and thus to love and recognise the use of solitude. Death, too, in spite of its terrors as the gate to the awe-inspiring and vast unknown, poetry, with its gentle persuasive eloquence, brings us to look upon as a deliverance from trials and sorrows.

Poetry, again, teaches us not only to look at the outward appearance of people and things; it shows that often, under the most forbidding exteriors, lie hid true grandeur and virtue, that actions and deeds, not looks, are to be accounted as good and beautiful. The lion, with all its strength and majestic beauty, cannot compete with the homely looking cow in its utility to man; the one has done no good, the other has fed and comforted unnumbered thousands.

Poets in all ages and of all nations have pointed out with deep scorn and striven to show, the dangers that beset those who give way to the cankerous passions of malice and discontent, and sung with equal ardour of the happiness that all may attain who bravely shun evil and live in the constant practice of mercy and charity. Jealousy and envy are held up to our view, by the ever watchful bards, in their most hideous and degrading lights, and shown to us as ending by poisoning the happiness of those who harbour such passions; whilst contentment, quiet, and peace are the rewards of the hopeful and trustful.

All should look upon poetry with deep gratitude; its practical use is undeniable, relieving as it does the overworked brain, by leading its thoughts away from the work of every-day life to higher and nobler subjects. The true mission of poetry is to find its way through the tempered steel armour of formality, and to turn aside the buckler pride, with which we burden our souls, and make us find temperately enlivening enjoyment in our hours of recreation. Refreshed by the enthusiasm and loving charity of the bard, the busy man of the world, the plodding student, the thinking man of letters, each goes away to work all the more heartily for having, during a brief space, quitted the dusty track of daily life, to find an hour's enjoyment with the poets.

TO-MORROW.

'We will gather flowers to-morrow,
When the mist of rain is o'er,
When the air is warm and sunny,
And the tempest howls no more.'
But the flowers are parched and faded,
For the clouds have passed away,
And we leave them still ungathered,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

'We will climb the hills to-morrow,
In the morning cool and bright:
Who could scale these rugged mountains
In the noontide's scorching light?'
But the snow-wreaths clothe the summits,
And the mists hang chill and gray,
And we leave the slopes untrodden,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

'We will lend an ear to-morrow
To our fallen sisters' woes;
We can scarcely hear their voices
While the music comes and goes.'
But along the thorny highway
Still with weary feet they stray,
And we pass them by, unheeding,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

'We will leave our work to-morrow,
And with eager hands and strong,
We will lead the little children
Far away from paths of wrong.'
But our hands grow old and feeble,
And the work goes on for aye,
And the little children—perish,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

'We will raise our eyes to-morrow
To the cross on Calvary's brow;
At our feet the gold is sparkling,
So we cannot heed it now.'
But we clutch the glittering fragments,
'Mid the dust, and mire, and clay,
And we cannot raise our eyelids,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

BROWN ROBIN.

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OUR SERVANTS:

HOW THEY TREAT US, AND HOW WE TREAT THEM.

ONE common subject of discussion in the present day is the difficulty of getting and of keeping domestic servants; and there is no question that the difficulty is a real one, and one not likely to diminish till the subject has been more thoroughly ventilated in all its bearings, and not merely treated as a grievance to be endured or resented. Our grandmothers tell us that when they were young, the servants knew their places, were not afraid of work, and were satisfied with moderate wages. We listen, and vainly wish that we could tell the same tale, but perhaps do not recognise that a similar change has passed over ourselves—that our requirements have insensibly increased, and that, therefore, we have no right to suppose we can obtain hired service on the same terms as our forefathers did.

For example, take an ordinarily furnished bedroom or drawing-room in the present day, and contrast it with one belonging to people in a similar position in life fifty years ago. The furniture may not be better in quality; probably, indeed, not half so good; but there is more of it—a greater number of articles requiring skill, attention, and time, to keep them in order. Then as to food: what used to be considered luxuries, are now classed among the necessities of life. In most families there is something to be cooked for breakfast; and when late dinner is the rule of the house, there must be hot dishes for luncheon; or if dinner be the mid-day meal, something hot is required for supper. After-noon tea, too, is become a common institution, as well as, in many houses, morning tea carried to the bedrooms. Therefore, though perhaps we may not consume more food in the twenty-four hours than our forefathers did, yet the food is served up more frequently, with more elaborate appointments, and consequently with a great increase of trouble; for it is necessary to remember

that each of these small meals involves not only the washing-up of the plates, &c. used, but also of the pots and pans which their cooking involves; so that it is not too much to say that the change of fashion in the last fifty years has more than doubled the active work required in an ordinary household. It seems, therefore, that we are not reasonable in expecting a housemaid or a cook to do double work for the same amount of money; and that, after all, a great deal of the evil of which we complain lies at our own doors, in having allowed ourselves to drift into such luxurious ways of living as must involve much labour on the part of others, which labour must be paid for.

But more serious in its effects than the money part of the question, is the result which our lives of luxury and self-indulgence are having upon the servant class. Our servants, by living in our house, get an intimate acquaintance with our characters. They see in many houses what must appear to them—brought out of poor families as most of them are—lavish expenditure on trifles, selfish indulgence, and a general want of self-restraint; and the natural inference they draw is, 'Why should we have all the rough parts of life, and our employers all the sweet?' This is far indeed from being the case; and could they see behind the scenes, they would often be surprised to know how little of 'the sweet' falls to the lot of their employers; how the responsibilities and anxieties that must belong to the head of the family are far more heavy and wearing than the scrubbing and cooking that fall to their share. The servant knows nothing of these cares. It matters not to her whether the times are good or bad, whether prices are high or low: she is not stinted in her food, and the wages for which she bargained are paid her with regularity. The very fact of her having everything provided for her without any anxiety inclines her to a selfish indulgence; and if she has no higher principles put before her, one can scarcely wonder that she should yield to it. There is no sadder sight, and yet, alas! a very

common one, than to see a smartly dressed girl, fresh home from service, walking to church with her mother, who wears the same shabby bonnet and shawl that have served her for years. The girl has stepped suddenly out of poverty and privation at home into comfort and comparative luxury, and too often forgets the mother whose life of drudgery she so lately shared. One wonders if some of the trimming of the fashionably made dress might not have been spared, the feathers on the hat dispensed with, and the money thus saved devoted to a little brightening of the mother's dress, so that at any rate the contrast between mother and child might not be quite so great. Nay, we have heard of worse things, though we would fain believe it is not common. We have known of girls, brought up in the greatest poverty, so thoroughly immersed in the indulgence of their new life, that home becomes utterly distasteful, and they have preferred to send a small gift to their parents, rather than to deprive themselves, even for a short holiday, of the comforts and luxuries which have become to them a second nature. Surely, if these are the principles learnt at service, it were better for the womanhood of the servant class that they should never leave their own homes.

Indeed, we cannot but feel that the root of the mischief of which we complain lies in the homes from which many of our servant men and women are taken. And here we might naturally ask, what has been the home-training of the young people who enter our houses as domestic servants? In the majority of instances, the family have been living from hand to mouth; too often with little possibility of decency, much less of cultivating the higher principles of womanhood; and looking forward to the time when the boys and girls of the family will be going out and earning their own living. This often happens at the early age of fourteen, or even earlier; and from that time the family ties are more or less broken, and the girl begins life on her own responsibility. Her first place may indeed be chosen for her by the Squire's lady or the clergyman's wife; but once launched out into service, she feels free to keep or to change her place on her own authority, without any reference to her parents, and to get another situation how or where she can. Her mistress's knowledge of her, and power over her, is very limited—only extending to the range of her duties. Of the servant's family history and interests she often knows nothing, and perhaps does not care to know; and thus, though the same roof covers them, the lives of the mistress and the servant are often perfectly isolated the one from the other. Specially sad does this independent life of the servant become in the question of marriage, or rather of all the thoughts and feelings connected with it. At that crisis in a woman's life, when the best and tenderest part of her nature is called out, and when the germ of all that is pure and holy in wedded love ought to be implanted, she is too often left unprotected and alone. Any interference on the part of her mistress she resents. Her parents are far away from her, and knowing their powerlessness, do not care to trouble themselves about it; and the girl is left to make the best match she can.

The engagement, or rather acquaintance—for most persons in that class of life prefer the latter name for an indefinite time—is pursued under difficulties, often clandestinely, and at best under circumstances to which we should be very sorry to expose our own daughters.

True, indeed, it is that there is another side to the picture. There are many friendly helps held out to the servant in the present day by which she can better her condition. The Girls' Friendly Society has done a great work in this direction; and its sister, the Metropolitan Association for befriending young servants, has thrown its friendly shelter round many a poor lonely girl. If young servants are members of either of these Associations, they have no longer the excuse for the forced independence of their lives. But with all the good these Associations do, they, after all, are but outside agencies. They do not touch in any way the actual sympathy that ought to exist between mistress and servant. We might question whether half the Lady Associates whose names appear on the list of the Girls' Friendly Society know anything of the home-life of their housemaid or nursery-maid. The cooking and the scrubbing would be far better done if the maid felt that her mistress was interested in all that concerned her—that she would be glad to know the news from home—would not mind giving some advice about her winter dress—would encourage her to talk to her about her 'young man,' &c. An occasional half-hour's friendly chat would do far more towards breaking down the barrier that now divides mistresses and servants, than all the good little books that well-meaning people give their servants, thinking thereby they have done their duty.

In many large households, the under servants who file in every morning to family prayers, joining their masters and mistresses in the 'Our Father,' in which all acknowledge a common parentage, are not known by name, and sometimes even not by sight, to the heads of the family. And whilst on this subject, the thought suggests itself, why is it a custom that servants should go and pray in the same room as ourselves, and go out again without any salutations being exchanged? Surely the words 'Good-morning' and 'Good-night' passing between servants and their employers would have a very humanising influence on both parties, and it would only be reviving the Eastern politeness in the days of Boaz. And after all, when we consider how much we owe to a really conscientious faithful servant, the comfort and confidence that money cannot repay, we ought for our own sakes, as well as theirs, to cultivate a kindly spirit in our dealings with them, so that at any rate the service they render to us may have a chance of being one of love, and not merely of a hireling.

Though, as has been said, the life of a maid-servant in a properly ordered family is one of comfort and luxury compared with the poverty she often leaves at home, yet we must remember that our servants deserve a great deal of consideration; and if we expect them to serve us in the spirit of kindness, we must in our turn be watchful that we do not take advantage of them. For example, a little thought and self-denial on the part of the ladies and gentlemen of the

house might secure the servants from being unnecessarily disturbed at their meals; the children may be taught not to go with muddy boots up the freshly scrubbed stairs; the dogs may be kept in proper habits of order and cleanliness; by a little forethought, the bedroom bells need not be rung inconsiderately for trifles. We know, too, how we sometimes feel languid, and not disposed to exert ourselves; we rest at our pleasure, and work when we feel inclined. Are we not sometimes forgetful of the fact that servants *may* not always feel up to their work? And if it is done with less vigour and attention than usual, without wishing to excuse laziness and neglect, it will be kind and just to make at least the same allowance for them that we should for ourselves.

Another way of treating servants with consideration would be by putting within their reach innocent means of recreation. Books—not those written with the special object of doing them good, but those in which we ourselves and our own children take interest—might be put in the kitchen library, real pleasure-books, story-books. Servants *will* read novels, and what rule is there that they should not, unless novels be banished from the house? The far wiser course would be to provide them with a certain amount of good standard novels as well as other books, so that their taste may not be vitiated by the influx of the worse than rubbish of the sixpenny novels, and even the penny novelettes of the present day with which the railway bookstalls teem, and which are corrupting the taste and poisoning the minds of our young people. Vice represented in an interesting form, unfaithfulness in the marriage vow treated as a common occurrence of everyday life, to form the basis of an exciting tale—this is the type of a quantity of trash that finds its way into our kitchens. And it is folly to suppose that the evil is at all counteracted by a great many of those well-meaning though somewhat dull publications that many people think it right to take in for the sake of their servants. A shelf well stocked with the works of Dickens, Miss Mulock, and a selection from Captain Marryat, Miss Yonge, W. G. Kingston, all pure and good, and yet thoroughly interesting and amusing—will be far more likely to empty our houses of such pernicious rubbish as we have spoken of. And surely it would be no ill-spent hour of the mistress or the young ladies of the house if they could appoint some fixed time in the week for reading aloud some interesting book to the servants while at their needle-work.

Plenty of other harmless recreations might be mentioned, which would give a colour to the daily life of our servants, and make their labour for us far more intelligent and less machine-like. But enough has been said on this subject to show that we are not fulfilling our duties towards them if we simply act on the preventive against evil, and do not make positive efforts towards cultivating a higher life within them.

And one word more. If we sincerely desire to improve the race of 'our servants,' we must remember that in this case, as in others, example goes further than precept. If they see us leading lives of self-indulgent luxury, we must not be surprised if they follow in our wake. If they

know that selfishness and extravagance govern our actions, we may reasonably expect that they will be careless about our interests. If, on the other hand, they see their masters and mistresses living the only life worth living—the life for others—they will learn to see that in that life they also can bear a part.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XIII.—BURNT OUT.

JOSEPHINE staggered to the pavilion and threw herself on a bench in its shadow. She must get out of the moonlight, retire among the blackest of shadows to hide her humiliation. What had she done? What would the vicar and his son think of her? What a talk in the place would spring out of this! She could never hold up her head again, never look any one in the face. Was it possible that the story she had told would be received? Appearances were too strongly against her. For a moment the temptation came on her to open the gate again, run out, and throw herself into the sea.

What a fortunate thing for us if we could see the consequences of our acts before they took place. Then we should never wish to do, certainly never do, foolish things. Judgment comes late, after the act, as thunder follows lightning. We do not hear the growl till it is too late to recall the flash. Josephine was alive to her indiscretion, now that it was committed, and would have given half the fortune her father had cast away, to have had it undone. She was angry with herself for her want of forethought; angry with the children for liking crackers; angry with the vicar for pottering along the wall after midnight; angry with Cable for not jumping over the fence; and with the captain for jumping over it. Cable ought to have had the readiness of wit, at the first sound of the voices, to have relieved her from the situation at the cost of his hands; the captain ought not to have gone over the paling, for by so doing, he had let her see that he knew she was there clandestinely, and would be ashamed to go to the front door of the house to ask admission.

Every one was in fault, but she most of all. She resolved never to speak to Richard Cable again. He was guilty of insolence in echoing her song. She would take no more notice of his odious brats. She would never attempt to do a good-natured act again. It was all good-nature which had precipitated her into this predicament.

She returned slowly to the house without the lamp; she had left that on the table in the summer-house; that could be fetched to-morrow. She entered the drawing-room and groped for her candle with the matches by it, usually put on a side-table. She would light her candle, then close the shutters and exclude the moonlight. Her candle was indeed in the usual place, but not the box of lucifers. This was provoking, as she had none in her own room; her box there, she remembered, was exhausted. She considered a moment, and resolved to go into the kitchen, or into the pantry, where she

was sure to find what she required. She left the room with the window hasped, but not barricaded, and put off her thin shoes, so as to make no noise in the house, lest she should disturb and alarm any one. She had remained up much later than she had intended. Aunt Judith would be asleep, her father also, at this time.

When she softly opened the door into the hall, it struck her that the air was strongly impregnated with paraffin. A little light came in from the staircase window, and by that she was able to find her way to the pantry. She put down her candle on the hall table and went in, but stepped back at once. The floor was wet. Her feet were moistened; she had trodden in a pool of oil.

'How stupid—how like Anne! She has upset the can. I must not go in there for matches.'

She stepped towards the kitchen, very lightly, with inaudible tread. There she found fire still smouldering in the grate, and the oven door open, showing that it was filled with sticks. Moreover, there was wood on the hot plate of the stove.

'How careless cook is. She is drying the kindlers for to-morrow, and has not raked out the fire first.'

She stooped to remove some of the wood which lay on the ground, and which she felt as she walked without her shoes; and again was conscious of the smell of petroleum. She was surprised; but then recalled that she had stepped in the slopped oil in the pantry, and concluded that she smelt what she had brought away with her. Then she put her hand on the mantelshelf for the lucifers, and found the box. She had left her candlestick in the hall, so she returned to it in the dark, and was about to strike a light, when she thought she heard a sound as of some one stirring in the dining-room. She stood perfectly still, not daring to breathe, listening. Again, she heard the noise. There was certainly some one in the room. The first impulse was to cry; but she controlled herself, and considered what had better be done. The noise might proceed from a cat. She stepped very lightly to the door, which was ajar, touched it, and drove it open sufficiently to admit her, sidelong, and she looked in. The shutters, which had been fastened, were open, and the moonlight flowed into the room. Every trace of dinner had been cleared away from the table, which now had on its usual printed cover.

Josephine saw something, or—was it some one, on the floor, moving? The light through the French-window was so clear that she was left in doubt only a moment. She saw a profile against the window-pane, and recognised at once her father. He was on his knees, and was creeping about with a can, the oil-can, in his hand. She saw him decanting it on the carpet near the window curtains. He was in his dress suit, as she had last seen him, saying good-bye to his guests.

'Papa,' she said, 'what are you about?'

He started to his feet with an exclamation, either of terror or of surprise.

Josephine stepped fully into the room. 'What is it, papa? Have you lost something?—or—What are you doing?'

He stood back, against the window curtain, and put his hands behind him, with the can. The moonlight was strong, and his position was against it, so that his black silhouette was sharp, as if cut out of lamp-black paper. She saw the movement of his lips, and his tongue shot out, like a serpent's, then drawn in again. He said nothing.

'Papa, there is a very strong odour of petroleum; have you spilled the oil?'

He replied in a suppressed voice, vibrating with anger: 'What are you doing here? Spying on me, are you?—Yes, I have spilled a little oil here.'

'But why have you brought the can in here?'

'Because,' he answered in the same tone, 'that fool Anne upset the gravy from the roast duck on the carpet, and I am trying to get the grease out.'

'Is not that better done by day, papa?'

'I know best when it is to be done; I must apply the oil before the grease is trodden in.'

'You have no light.'

'Am I a madman to take a candle when I am using paraffin?'

'True, papa; I did not think of that. There is a pool of the oil in the pantry. I suppose you spilled that. It would have been better, I think, to have left the extraction of the grease till to-morrow.'

'I know what I am about.' She knew by the quiver of his voice that he was angry. 'Get to bed with you, and do not meddle with me.'

She was too much afraid of her father to disobey him. She returned to the hall, struck a match, lit her candle, and then—to her surprise saw a heap of wood, and a number of old newspapers that her father filed in his study, cast beneath the stairs. What was the meaning of this? Why had her father brought his newspapers there, and why had he also placed with them the sticks that had been cut and piled up for dahlia supports? She did not ask him; she went up the stairs to her own room, shut herself in, and undressed. Then the recollection of what had happened to herself returned, and displaced the thoughts of her father's strange proceedings.

When she was in bed, she could not sleep for some time, thinking of what had taken place, and blaming herself for her want of consideration. When at last she did fall into slumber, it was into a feverish, fantastic dream, in which she believed herself to be awake and struggling with sleep. She thought that she was arraigned before court for having stolen gilt crackers, and that her father wore a wig, and was counsel for the prosecution; and Richard Cable also wore a wig, and was counsel for the defence; and that the rector sat as judge; and under his seat was the captain, looking dreamily at her, with pen in hand, as clerk, waiting to take down the evidence for and against her. On the table stood the ruby lamp, and the entire court was irradiated by it. She was annoyed with the lamp because it diffused so red a glow that it made her look as if she were blushing. Besides, it diffused heat as well as light, and the air in the court became oppressive because of the lamp. Then she asked to have it turned down; and the captain put his

hand to the screw and turned it up, so that the flame shot out at the top above the chimney, and the redness in the court seemed to deepen, and the heat to become more intense. The rector's gown, instead of being black, was scarlet, like the habit of a criminal court judge, and his face was as red as his gown. Then he raised his hand and pointed to Josephine, and said: 'She blushes; she convicts herself;' and she was conscious of being suffused with colour and shame and anger. She could endure no longer the heat and the glitter of the eyes turned on her in that red light, and she cried out and started up in bed, and in a moment was aware of a smell of fire, and of unusual heat, and of a crackling sound. She saw a light strike along her floor from under the door, and knew that the house was in flames. She sprang from bed, slipped on her clothes, and opened her door. Then she saw that the lower part of the staircase was in a blaze, that flames were pouring through the doors of the dining-room and the pantry, where the petroleum had been upset. To descend to the hall was impossible.

She ran to her aunt's door, opened it, roused Judith Cornellis, and then hastened to her father. His door was locked. She knocked long at it before he answered; then he was some time before he had lighted a candle, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and unlocked.

'Papa,' she cried, 'do be quick; the house is in a blaze. We cannot go below. It is all flaming.'

'Indeed. How comes that about?'

'Papa, what is to be done?'

He smoothed his chin, and said: 'The gardener has been trimming the Ayrshire rose, and has left the ladder against the window on the landing. It is quite providential.'

She looked at him in surprise. He took the matter with singular coolness.

'Now,' he said, 'run and rouse the servants. If the back-stairs are on fire, we must all escape by the ladder.'

At the same moment a violent hammering at the front door and ringing of the bell were heard. The policeman in going his rounds had observed the fire, and had run up to rouse the house.

In a few minutes the whole of the inmates were awake and had scrambled into their clothes, and were gathered at the head of the stairs.

'Quick!' said Mr Cornellis.—'Josephine, Judith! save any of your trinkets and trifles. We must get out as quickly as we can.'

Then a spout of flame rushed up the stairs. The policeman and some one he had called to his aid had made their way in through the conservatory and drawing-room; and on opening the door, the air had fanned the fire into a blaze. Conscious of his mistake, the policeman hastily reclosed the door, went out, and ran round to the back kitchen. The flames were raging there also. The whole of the lower story, except the drawing-room and study, seemed to be on fire. It was extraordinary with what rapidity the conflagration had spread.

Mr Cornellis retained his composure. Miss Judith would have remained collecting the treasures in her bedroom, had not he precipitated her movements by snatching her bundle from her and throwing it out of the window. Then

he made her descend the ladder. All were speedily in safety on the grass in the garden, looking up at the burning house. Very little could be saved. A few pieces of furniture from the drawing-room, some pictures of no value, bedding, and the contents of some wardrobes—that was all. The fire gained hold of the house rapidly; the floors of the bedrooms were hot, smouldering, the smoke thick; and there was no fire-engine nearer than nine miles off. Nevertheless, a rider was at once despatched for the engine, which arrived when too late to save anything, but not too late to spoil with the water such things as had been spared by the fire.

Mr Cornellis flew about in his slippers and dressing-gown. He had not had time to dress himself completely. Indeed, no man could have been more taken by surprise; he had lost everything except a pair of trousers, slippers, a figured Turkish yellow dressing-gown, and his shirt. He did not lose his presence of mind. Some place of refuge must be found for his sister and daughter. He considered a moment, and then ran to the Hall and knocked up Mr Gotham, who, when brought to understand what had taken place, consented to receive the family under his roof. The servants of the Hall were roused; but, indeed, the whole village was awake and out, and the grounds of Rose Cottage and the road and seawall were crowded; the boatmen who appeared were prompt in their offers of assistance, and formed lines to pass buckets of water to the burning house, but desisted when they found that the pailfuls were unavailing; the fire had gained too great a hold on the house. The few goods that had been rescued were carried by them to the Hall, and then they drove their hands into their pockets and stood watching the progress of the flames.

The rector appeared without his hat. He caught sight of Josephine, grasped her wrist, and drew her aside. 'How comes this about?' he asked bluntly.

'The fire! Oh, Mr Sellwood, how can I tell?'

'Eh? Is it the result of your night-wanderings? After what I saw, I am not surprised at any act of thoughtlessness. You had a lamp in your hand. What did you do with it?'

'It was extinguished. I left it in the summer-house.'

'This is not the result of your inconsiderateness? Eh?'

'No, Mr Sellwood; indeed, it is not!'

'Then how came it about?'

'I do not know.'

'Is the house insured?'

'I do not know.'

'What are you going to do? Where are you going? You must not stay here.'

Then up came Mr Cornellis in his dressing-gown.

'I say, Cornellis,' said the rector, 'this is a bad job. How did it come about?—But no; no questions now. We must put the ladies under shelter. Poor Miss Judith looks ready to die. My vicarage is at your disposal.'

'You are too kind, rector. But I cannot take the generous offer. Gotham has invited us to the Hall, and I have accepted. We are relatives.'

'O well. You would have been welcome. I fear this will be a sad loss to you.'

'When Providence'—

'Yes; exactly. Insured?'

'Fortunately, I am.'

'Got your policies? Or are they burnt?'

'They are at the bank.'

'Insured well?'

'Middling.'

'And the furniture?'

'Insured also.'

'The books?'

'Also.'

'And the plate?'

'Yes.'

'And the wine?'

'Yes.'

'Then—anything not insured?'

'Not my clothes, unfortunately.'

'I am glad you were insured; the loss won't be ruinous.'

'The loss must be heavy, very heavy, almost crushing.'

'I'm glad you were insured.—Now, get the ladies under cover. They must not be out any longer.—I hope you were heavily insured?'

'Middling.'

'Insured long?'

'Only a twelvemonth for furniture and wines, and books and plate. The house was insured directly I bought it.'

'For how much?'

'About its value.'

'And your cellar of wines—all your fortunate purchases. By Jove! you may recover their value, but not the wines.'

'That is what I feel. Then there are my oriental books, my Hebrew Bible and Greek testament, full of marginal notes. I can never replace them. But Providence'—

'Exactly,' interrupted the vicar. He had an abhorrence of cant, and whenever he suspected any one with whom he was in conversation lapsing into it, he cut him short, and in so doing, sometimes acted unjustly, interrupting expressions of real feeling. But he was a blunt and downright man. 'I'm sorry for you—I am, with all my heart. How came it about?—But here is Gotham, looking out for you. The ladies must be taken under shelter. I am selfish detaining you. I am glad you are insured all round.'

(To be continued.)

LEGENDARY GRAVES IN HANOVER.

IN a central position in the churchyard surrounding the 'Garden Church' in Hanover—so called because, in earlier times, the worshippers in this little chapel belonged chiefly to the class of market-gardeners and cultivated their garden produce hard by—stands a very remarkable grave. Even the most casual visitor to the churchyard could not fail to notice it, for its peculiarities strike the eye and arrest the attention at once; and if at his first visit he had any doubts as to its position, he need only follow the beaten track which the feet of his countless predecessors have worn in the grass.

There he would see a large oblong block of sandstone, weather-stained and dark with age, draped over the top and one side with a black cloth, which almost covers an extinguished and still smoking torch; the block itself resting on a foundation, also made out of heavy sandstones, in the form of two steps. On the cloth is carved the name of the deceased, Caroline von Ruling, who was born in 1756, and died in 1782, 'after bearing three sons to heaven.' On the reverse side of the stone are the following lines, apparently the work of the sorrowing husband:

Parting is the fate of mortals;
How bitter to be left so soon!
The rest of life is nought but darkness;
But death will be the break of day,
To meet again eternal light.

But the most remarkable inscription stands on the lower step, and is to this effect: 'This burying-place, bought for Eternity, may never be opened.' As if, however, to demonstrate the futility of all human purposes, when opposed to those of a higher power, and as a rebuke to the presumption of the purchaser, the grave *has* been opened, though by no human hand, and in a most mysterious manner. Long years ago, the seed of a birch found its way into a cranny between the upper block and its supporting basis. In course of time this seed sprouted, took firm root, and grew, first thrusting its tender and apparently harmless shoots through the crack, but then gradually growing in size and strength, till at last, with slow but irresistible power, it forced and rent asunder in all directions the massive stones composing the grave; and now a tall and graceful birch-tree rears its head above the ruptured tomb, affording abundance of reflection to the thoughtful observer. So much can be gathered from the grave itself; but, naturally enough, on such a subject tradition has not been idle. One story runs that Caroline von Ruling was never married, and when on the point of death, induced her parents to promise that they would bury with her a chest containing some awful secret which she wished for ever to be hidden from the sight of men, and write on her tomb that on no account should it ever be opened. Her parents complied with her dying wishes, which the birch-seed, however, defeated; and some day not far distant her secret may be laid open to the light of day.

Another legend, much more elaborate, and probably of a later date, represents the occupant of the tomb and her three infant sons as all having been secretly poisoned by a malicious enemy. The murderess, who was an adept in the art of magic as well as poison, in order to perfect her diabolical revenge, bound the mother's soul within her body by means of dark spells, that it might remain in the grave and not fly up to heaven. But the spirit of one of the murdered sons was allowed to descend in the form of a birch-seed, which grew into a tree, and forced open the tomb. The mother's soul was freed, and rejoined those of her sons. According to this story, the work of the tree is already accomplished; while,

according to the first legend, the end is still to come. Even without these fantastic additions, the plain story as told by the grave itself is sufficiently remarkable, and is sure to attract attention as long as the churchyard remains.

But we have lingered long enough before this fascinating grave in the Marien Strasse; let us wander towards another part of the town, to the churchyard of the Neustadte Kirche. Right at one end, on either side of the path, stand two interesting tombstones, on each of which is carved a life-size likeness of the occupant. That on the left is of a young lady named Anna Borcherdings, who died in 1716. She is represented with a very high and carefully arranged coiffure, wide sleeves, deep flounces, and a ridiculously small waist, which cannot be more than fifteen or sixteen inches in circumference. This latter peculiarity has given rise to the story which is generally current, that this young lady died of tight-lacing; though the inscription on the back of the stone is merely a catalogue of her virtues, and contains nothing to bear out this assumption.

The tomb opposite, on the other side of the path, which is a good deal older, belonging to the middle of the seventeenth century, commemorates a giant, who, if his portrait as here depicted be genuine, must have been a veritable son of Anak. This man, Christopher Munster by name, died at Hanover in 1676, having attained the height of eight feet six inches, as the epitaph tells us. We had the curiosity to measure his stature, being just able to reach the top of his head by means of a longish walking-stick, and found it to have been correctly stated. He wears, indeed, high-heeled jack-boots, which would make a difference of about three inches; still, he must have been a giant indeed, and worthy of having his portrait handed down to posterity in this ingenious manner.

There is something very attractive in the study of these silent records of ages long gone by, and an idle hour may often be not unprofitably spent in unearthing strange inscriptions in some out-of-the-way graveyard whether at home or abroad.

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. VIII.—CONCLUSION.

WHEN I went back to my lonely chambers that night, I felt utterly crushed by the last overwhelming misfortune of Laura's loss of reason. Through all my useless striving for Ernest—as I saw my efforts to save him one by one defeated—I still cherished the one hope that when all other means had been tried in vain, at the very last Laura would confess her guilt. And now she was delirious, unconscious of Ernest's danger—unable to comprehend the necessity of confession—in such a state that her confession would only be set down to the condition of her mind, even if she were to make it; and, so far as human science could tell, it was impossible that she could recover until long after it was too late. I never dreamt of this; and the blow coming on me so suddenly and unexpectedly, I was quite unable to contend

or bear up against it. It is not until we have irrecoverably lost a last hope, that we really know how strong that hope has been.

The next morning, after passing a nearly sleepless night, I was sitting at my breakfast table—the breakfast untouched—and my thoughts, unbidden, reverted to the morning I had sat there when this tale opens. Then, I had no greater trouble than the uncertainty of how I should spend a holiday; now, I dared not trust myself to think of it. I could do nothing but endure with what Christian fortitude I could summon to my aid.

How the future sometimes falsifies our expectations! Now, when I believed Ernest to be beyond all human help, he was nearer to safety than he had been since his arrest. I had forced myself to swallow a few morsels of toast and a cup of coffee, and had taken up my hat with the intention of going to my mother and Amy, when a letter—or rather a small packet—was brought to me. It had been left by a young woman, whose face was covered by a veil, with instructions that it was to be given to me immediately, as it was of the utmost importance. Had it not been for this message, I think I should have thrown the packet on one side, to be opened at some other time; but as it was, I broke the seals and tore off the cover. There were several sheets of paper, closely written over in a neat foreign-looking hand, similar to the address, and which was strange to me. As most people do when they receive a letter from an unknown correspondent, I glanced first at the signature: 'Lena Petrovini.' Petrovini! I had never, to my knowledge, heard the name. Lena! Oh, of course; Laura's Italian maid. How foolish of me not to think of her at first; but what could she have written to me about, and at such length? This question passed through my mind as I turned to the commencement of the letter. It was written in English. It commenced: 'SIR—I can keep silent no longer—I am the assassin.'

Great heaven! was it possible? The letter dropped from my hand; my heart seemed to give a great leap; there came a rising lump in my throat. I buried my face in my hands and sobbed as if my heart were breaking. Yes; hearts will break with joy as well as sorrow. Joy had done for me now what sorrow had failed to do; the pent-up agony of weeks found its relief in a flood of tears. When I regained sufficient command over myself to think, the first feeling I experienced, after thankfulness to the Almighty, was one of compassion for Laura. Poor girl, how foully we had wronged her! How should we dare to face her, and beg for her forgiveness, when she recovered? When she recovered!—Would she ever recover? O yes! I would not doubt it!

How could Ernest have made such a fearful error? Oh, that the wretched girl had made her confession but one day sooner! Her letter would doubtless explain everything. I took it up and read it through. Lena had had a good education, and both spoke and wrote English well. The letter continued:

Yes; it is true. I did the deed for which Mr Carlton has been condemned to death, and of which you have dared to accuse my dear mistress.

Had it not been for the last, I should not have spoken. I do not repent of the deed. I would not have sacrificed myself to save Mr Carlton. My dear mistress would have sorrowed for him, but time would have brought its consolation. But when *she* is accused—she whom I love so much—my lips are unsealed, and I die to preserve her. But let me tell you all from the beginning. I tell it to you because it was you who accused her, and because you have had the conduct of the affair throughout.

I went to wait on Miss Laura when I was very young. She was so gentle, so kind to me, that I soon grew to love her; but when I came to England with her and got older, I yearned for another love. I did not love her less; but I saw that she and Mr Ernest were lovers, and I said to myself: 'Why should not I have a lover too?' I knew that I was beautiful, though not so beautiful as she. Well, one day when I was out walking in the fields near Bushford, I met a young man with a fair and handsome face, and in course of time we came to love each other. His name was Edward Martin. I daresay you know him. They said he was an idle, drunken, worthless vagabond, and a poacher—some even called him thief. How I hated them for it! He a thief! I knew him to be a poacher. But what of that? What less right had he to kill the wild birds and animals than gentlemen had? He killed them only for food; they killed them for sport.

Well, I met him by appointment now, whenever I could get out; and no one suspected it, till one day the vicar saw us together. He told me that Edward was a bad man, and would lead me to ruin, and warned me never to meet him again. But I did meet him, for I knew he was not bad; and I loved him. We only took greater precautions not to be seen. Notwithstanding, the vicar did see us, and this time spoke sternly to me. He said that if I did not renounce Edward at once, my mistress should be told; if he saw us together again, I should be sent away. Sent away from my young mistress! What right had he to talk to me like this? I was her servant, not his. I would not obey him; I would see Edward if I pleased; and I did; but we were still more cautious: we met in places where the vicar seldom went, and at times when he was seldom out.

I come now to the day when he was killed—the 17th of September. Mr Ernest was at the vicarage in the morning, but did not stop long, and went away in anger. Soon after, I found my dear mistress in tears. Was she to be deprived of her lover too? How my blood boiled when I thought of the tyrant vicar! He did not often go out in the afternoon, and when he did, it was only into the garden or the churchyard. I had an appointment with Edward, and I stole forth unseen to meet him. But the vicar did go out that day; he went into the town, and came back by the lane in which Edward and I were talking. We were just about to part, and he was kissing me, when we saw the vicar coming. We separated quickly, but it was too late—our enemy had seen us. He overtook me, and said he would overlook my conduct no longer; he would tell my mistress, and I should be sent away at once.—Leave my dear mistress, whom I had been with since we were both children? Never, if I could prevent

it. But could I prevent it? Would she send me away at her uncle's bidding? She loved me, though not as I loved her. I passed the rest of the day in torture; I thought every minute he was telling her. When she retired for the night, she said nothing, but was as kind to me as ever. I knew she had not been told as yet, but I knew also that she would be told. I knew him too well to think he would relent; when he once said he would do a thing, he did it.

As soon as my mistress was in bed, I passed into my own room. You know the two bedrooms, connected by a little dressing-room, which has doors opening into each. When I was undressed and had my nightgown on, I thought of some clean linen I wanted for the morning, and I opened a drawer to get it. As I turned the things in the drawer over, I came upon a stiletto which I had brought from Italy. The instant I saw it, the thought came into my mind: I will kill him, and then he cannot tell of me, and have me sent away. I did not stop to dress again; but I took my mistress's dressing-gown from the dressing-room where it was hanging—the door leading into my room had been left open—and I put it on over my night-dress. I turned the loose sleeve of the dressing-gown back, so that my right arm should be free to strike; and taking the stiletto in my hand, stole out on to the landing and down the stairs. My feet were bare, and made no noise. I knew that I should find him in the library, seated in the chair at the table, with his back towards the door. I entered silently, and got close behind the chair without disturbing him. Then he put down his pen and looked up at me. In an instant I plunged the stiletto into his breast, and he fell back in the chair without speaking. I reached my room again—as I thought—unseen, unheard. The sight of the blood on the stiletto and on my hand and the sleeve of my nightdress turned me sick. I took off the nightdress, and wrapping the stiletto up in it, hid it away in a box that I seldom opened. I have never dared to open it since. I was not sorry for what I had done; I would have done it again and again. I would do it again now, if I had it to do; but I could not bear to look on the blood. I had wiped my hand on the nightdress, so that the little blood that remained on it did not stain the water in which I washed enough to be noticed. The dressing-gown I replaced on its peg; there was no blood on that, as I had turned the sleeve up. I had no fear of detection. I gave no thought to that till the policeman came from London; then I did think of it. I was afraid he would search the house for the weapon; but he, poor fool! searched nowhere. He settled in his own mind that it was Mr Ernest who did it, and that was enough for him. When I heard the evidence against Mr Ernest, and that he refused to say where he was that night, I began to suspect that the footprints must have been his, and that he knew the truth. And yet, if so, why should he be silent? Why should he spare me? Then it occurred to me that he had mistaken me for my mistress. But what did it matter to me if he did suspect her, so long as he kept his suspicion to himself? Therefore, I listened whenever I could to hear if anything was said. I was listening at the door yesterday when you accused my mistress. Then, I knew I must confess, and save her; and

I resolved to confess at once, so as to save Mr Carlton as well. I care nothing about him; but my dear mistress loves him, and it matters not to me whether I confess sooner or later.

I watched beside my mistress's bed during the early part of the night. Your mother was to relieve me at three o'clock. When that time drew near, I passionately kissed the dear face I shall never see again, and I went to my room—not to rest, but to write this. When I have finished it, I shall leave the house secretly and bring it to you. Then I shall seek out that fool of a policeman and deliver myself up to him. I shall give him the key of the box where the stiletto and nightdress are hidden, and I shall tell him he would have found them there at the first, if he had had sufficient sense to look for them.

I have no more to say, except to ask you to beg my dear mistress, when she comes back to her senses, to forgive me.

LENA PETROVNI.

It was all clear now. No wonder Ernest had mistaken Lena for Laura. They were nearly of the same height, and their figures similar; the hair, too, of both was dark and long. Then the table-lamp, by which my uncle was accustomed to read and write, had a green shade over it, so that it shed little light beyond the small circle on the table. The door, too, being nearer to the window than the chair was, Lena's face must have been turned from Ernest as she approached her victim.

I had only finished reading the letter a few minutes, when I received a visit from Sergeant Mellish. The sergeant greeted me by saying: 'I see by your face, sir, you know all about it. It's a rummy go, ain't it?'

'Has the wretched girl given herself up?'

'Girl!' exclaimed the sergeant; 'she's a fiend!—O yes, sir; she came to Scotland Yard and asked for me, and said she did the murder; that Mr Carlton saw her do it, and thought she was Miss Cleveland. Then she gave me a key, which she said unlocked a box of hers where I should find the weapon and a blood-stained nightdress.'

'The box is at the house where my mother and the young ladies are lodging.'

'So she told me, sir,' responded the sergeant; 'but I thought you would like to go there with me, especially as I understand that Miss Cleveland is ill. You were rather hard on me at the trial, sir; but it was all in the way of business, and I bear no malice.'

I thanked the worthy sergeant for his consideration, and asked him if Lena had told him all the particulars.

'She didn't tell me very much, sir; in fact, I wouldn't wait to hear a long tale, because I wanted to catch you before you went out, and to get the articles from the box before I have her up at Bow Street.'

'Then, in that case, you may as well read the letter she sent me.'

Sergeant Mellish read the letter without change of countenance till he came to the passage where he was called a fool; then I saw his face lengthen, and he looked at me with a sort of rueful smile. When he had finished reading, he folded up the letter slowly and gave it to me, at the same time shaking his head solemnly, and saying: 'I say

again, sir, it's a rummy go.' Then we departed together.

My mother, like the sergeant, saw the change in my face. I drew her on one side, and in a few brief sentences told her what had happened. I gave her the letter to read, and asked her to break the good news to Amy, while I took Sergeant Mellish to Lena's room. Her absence had not been noticed.

Laura was no better.

We found the nightdress and the stiletto in Lena's box. The nightdress was marked with her name. The blood had rusted the bright blade of the stiletto. The marks on the nightdress where she had wiped her hand were clearly distinguishable from the deeper stains on the sleeve.

Sergeant Mellish and I now repaired to Bow Street. Lena, when brought before the magistrate, assumed a cold, hard, and defiant demeanour. The sergeant gave his evidence as to her surrender and confession, and also as to his finding the weapon and nightdress, which were produced.

Lena turned her head away when the latter was unfolded, and cried: 'It is all true—all true; but don't let me see the blood.'

I told how I had received the letter, and handed it in.

Lena on being asked if she acknowledged it as being in her handwriting, said: 'Yes, yes; I have told you that it is all true. What more do you want? Take me away.'

The magistrate remanded her for the production of the man Edward Martin; but on my seeing him afterwards in his private room, he said: 'You can, of course, make your mind easy about your cousin. His innocence is clearly established, and I will see that the necessary steps are taken for his release.'

After the examination was over, Sergeant Mellish said: 'I think I shall go down to Bushford this afternoon and look up this Edward Martin. Perhaps you'd like to go with me, sir?'

Having told the sergeant that I should certainly like to do so, he resumed: 'I don't quite see myself what we want with him; but I suppose it's as well to have all the corroborative evidence we can get; and as he is to be got at, we may as well get at him at once.'

I made an appointment to meet the sergeant at the station, and then hastened to assure my mother and Amy of Ernest's safety.

'Will he be here to-day, Harry?' Amy asked eagerly.

'He will not be free for a few days, my dear.'

'Why don't they release him at once? What right have they to keep him there, now that he is proved to be innocent?' she asked indignantly.

'There are some formalities to be gone through first, and the authorities won't be hurried.'

'Then, Harry, you know you were so take me to see him to-morrow: you'll take me all the same now, won't you?'

'I only promised to take you in case of the worst happening, Amy. There is no need for you to see him in that dismal place now. It will only be waiting for a very short time longer.'

Amy gave me one of her old pouting looks; sorrow had driven them from her face of late; it did my heart good to see them coming back again.

I kissed her, and said : 'Come, Amy, you must give way to me in this. I would not have your meeting take place with sadder surroundings than we can help. Besides, you ought not to leave poor Laura. She will have to wait longer than you, I fear, before she sees him—to know him, at least.'

Sergeant Mellish was waiting for me at the station, and together we proceeded towards Bushford. The sergeant was somewhat dull and silent during the early part of our journey. I saw that he was brooding over something not altogether of a pleasing nature. Suddenly a smile came into his face, and he said : 'After all, sir, you were as far out as I was.'

'To be sure I was ; and so was Mr Carlton.'

'Well, as for me,' continued the sergeant, 'I confess that I made a mess of the job ; and it's fortunate there's no more harm done than there is ; and I don't believe there's one of our men who would have managed it better.'

'Exactly so. It is not you who are to blame, but the system. It answers fairly well when you have only habitual criminals to deal with, whose habits and haunts are familiar to you ; but great crimes, such as this, are seldom committed by habitual criminals, and to discover the perpetrators of them requires a knowledge of men and the passions which actuate them that life training you go through does not give you.'

'No doubt you are right, sir. I've failed this time, and I hope I shall profit by the failure.'

We had not much difficulty in discovering Edward Martin, better known in Bushford as Ned Martin. We found him in one of the low public-houses in the town, neither quite drunk nor quite sober. He was a good-looking young fellow enough, though vice and dissipation were beginning to make their marks upon his face. He willingly related the history of his intimacy with Lena ; boasted of his influence over her, and evinced not the slightest feeling when we told him of her present situation. He was in no way averse to coming to London to give evidence, as his expenses would be paid. We left him, disgusted with his selfishness and want of heart.

Ernest's detention being now a mere matter of form, I found him on my next visit in a comfortable apartment, kindly placed at his disposal by the governor of the jail, and to which he had been removed from the condemned cell on the preceding day. Our hands were clasped in silence for some minutes after meeting—our hearts were too full for us to speak. As soon as we began to converse, I found that Ernest was ignorant of all that had taken place, with the exception of the simple fact that Lena had confessed to being the assassin. The incidents that led to her confession he had yet to learn, and also her motive for committing the crime. Laura's illness affected him deeply.

'Harry,' he said, when I had told him everything, 'I would rather be going to my death to-morrow, than have bought my safety by your telling Laura that I believed her such a guilty being.'

'You forget, Ernest, that you would have gone to your death still believing her that guilty being, and that she would have been suspected by me and Amy all our lives, while the real culprit

would have escaped the consequences of her crime.'

'That's true. It is better as it is. But how can I meet her, even should she recover? Will she ever forgive me for wronging her so cruelly?'

'She loves you, Ernest ; that is the best answer to your question. As to her recovery, the doctor gives every hope of that.'

I remained with him for some time longer, and when I left him, he was in a far more hopeful and cheerful state of mind.

The following morning, I was surprised at receiving another visit from Sergeant Mellish, whose countenance betokened important tidings.

'Is anything the matter, sergeant?'

'Well, sir, that Italian woman has cheated the law.'

'Cheated the law?'

'Yes, sir ; hanged herself to the window-bars of her cell.'

Ernest in due time was liberated from prison. Meanwhile, Laura wavered between life and death for many days ; but her strong constitution at length prevailed, and she was pronounced to be out of danger. When she first regained her senses, she had no recollection of the events which immediately preceded her illness ; and even her first interview with Ernest did not recall them to her mind. Of Ernest's trial and condemnation she had a vivid remembrance ; and in order to account for his freedom, we were obliged to tell her of Lena's confession ; but she knew nothing of having been herself suspected, and we hoped to be able to keep the fact from her knowledge. But, as her strength came back, her memory gradually revived, and little by little, though vaguely at first, the recollection of her interview with me seemed to be establishing itself in her mind. One day, when we happened to be alone together, she suddenly said : 'Harry, I know that the cause of my illness was something that you said when we were conversing as to Ernest's last chance of escape. What that something was, I cannot yet quite remember. I shall remember soon, but the effort to do so troubles me. Tell me of it.'

'My dear Laura, had you not better wait till you are stronger?'

'No, Harry. I know it is something that will pain me much to hear ; but the uncertainty pains me more than the full knowledge of the truth can do ; therefore, let me learn the worst at once.'

I felt that it was useless trying to evade her questioning, that sooner or later her memory would return ; hence I told her everything, but as gently as possible.

'And Ernest believed me capable of such a deed?'

'Think, Laura, what cause he had to believe it—think how like Lena must have been to you in the faint light from the lamp ; her height, figure, and hair almost identical with yours ; the dressing-gown he knew so well ; her face turned away!—'

'Ah, the face!' she interrupted ; 'he should not have believed it without seeing the face ; and even then he should have doubted. I should have doubted, had it been I who was watching him.'

'You must allow for the agitation of his mind,'

I urged; 'and you should not forget that he took what he supposed to be your crime on himself—that he would have suffered death for it rather than that you should be accused.'

'But I was accused.'

'Not by him. It was I.'

'He told you,' she persisted.

'Not till after I had myself become convinced of your guilt, not till I almost forced the tale from his lips.—Come, Laura, forgive him, if you cannot forgive me.'

'I can forgive *you*, Harry, for you have known and loved him from your childhood.'

'You will forgive him too, Laura. If I had not accused you, Lena would not have confessed, and he would not be alive now to want your forgiveness.'

She appeared to be touched by the last argument, and said: 'Well, I forgive him; but I can never be his wife now. If there be not full confidence between husband and wife, there can be no happiness, and he had not confidence in me.'

'But he will have for the future; this great trouble has, I am sure, made him a better man than he has ever been. Laura, you will not mar the happiness that seems to be coming back to us?'

Before she could answer, Ernest entered the room. I left them together; and his pleading, backed by her love for him, completed what I had begun. The subject of her having been suspected was never again mentioned by any of us.

Ernest, sobered by what he had gone through, associated no more with his former companions. He pursued his studies vigorously, passed his examination, and, with a portion of the money left him by our uncle, purchased a practice in the suburbs of London. A doctor's establishment is never complete without a wife; and Laura, having once consented to renew her engagement with him, sought not to postpone the happy day. The general sympathy that his case had inspired soon increased the number of his patients; and some cures that he effected of somewhat complicated cases, established his success. He is now one of the most celebrated surgeons in the metropolis.

So much for Ernest. As for myself, Amy and I have been happy together these many years.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WE understand that the Council of the Royal Meteorological Society have decided to hold an Exhibition in Westminster of Marine Instruments and apparatus pertaining to their branch of science. As the Committee wish the Exhibition to be as representative as possible, they will be glad of the loan of meteorological instruments or apparatus, provided that such have been invented or first constructed since March 1886. They will also be glad of photographs and drawings having any connection with meteorological science.

A new method of burning gas, and one which promises to cause a small revolution in gas apparatus, has lately been exhibited in London. This

is an incandescent burner, invented by Dr Auer von Welsbach. It consists of a so-called 'mantle' of muslin, which has been impregnated with certain incombustible oxides produced from the rare metals zirconium and lanthanum. This cap or mantle is supported by a platinum wire in the flame of a Bunsen burner, with the result that the delicate incombustible network is brought to a white-heat. The flame gives out an intensely white light, which is perfectly steady and of high value; for a light of twenty candles is obtained from burning only two and a half feet of gas per hour. We understand that the 'Welsbach Burner' will shortly be in the market; but it has been on sale in Vienna for some weeks past.

Incandescent gas-burners have been invented in previous years, and have been commented upon from time to time in these pages. Our readers will probably remember that there was one invented some five years ago under the name of the 'Lewis Incandescent Burner,' which consisted of a cap of platinum gauze, which was rendered white-hot by a gas flame. Another system which was also brought before the public about the same time was that of La Clamond. This last one resembled somewhat the Welsbach burner above described, in so far that it consisted of an incombustible mineral network, which was rendered white-hot by a gas flame. But in both the Lewis and the La Clamond systems, air under pressure was required before the incandescence could be effected. In the Welsbach burner, no air-pressure is necessary; the whole lamp is self-contained, and can be attached to any existing gas-fittings; hence its claim to be considered the best burner of the sort which has yet been invented.

Next autumn, there is to be held in London a National Congress of shorthand writers. The stenographic art is now of so much importance among all classes of the community, that this congress is sure to draw persons interested in the art from all districts.

The experiment of the culture of tobacco in this country, permitted by the Inland Revenue department last year, has been so far successful, that permission has been obtained to extend the experiments during the present year. We may add that the conditions under which these experiments can now be conducted have been so far relaxed that the culture is rendered free from many of the restrictions which surrounded it last year. Hence we may expect several growers to try their success with this new form of agricultural produce.

The actual condition of the interior of the earth has always been a question that has aroused the curiosity of mankind, and as our readers know, many different theories have from time to time been advocated to explain that which is hidden from us. By a Bill introduced in the American Congress, our knowledge upon the subject may perhaps soon be much extended. A sum of one hundred thousand dollars is to be expended in boring through the earth's crust, 'with a view of extending and enlarging our knowledge of the features and peculiarities of its formation and structure.' It has been determined in selecting land for this purpose that a

title shall be secured to all the district for a radius of four miles from the proposed subterranean opening.

One of the metropolitan public analysts has in his last quarterly Report called attention to the necessity of consuming tinned foods on the same day that they are opened. He points out that such foods rapidly decompose, especially in hot weather, and form poisonous products, which, to say the least, are most dangerous. In one case brought under the notice of this analyst, the consumption of a stale sample of tinned lobster had terminated fatally.

In a lecture recently delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, by Sir William Turner, Professor of Anatomy in the University of that city, much information was given concerning 'Whales, their Structure and Habits.' The professor discussed one question in connection with this interesting animal, which, so far as we can remember, has not been touched upon by previous inquirers. With the help of Mr John Henderson of Glasgow, the well-known ship-builder, he had calculated the horse-power which must be exercised by a large whale so as to enable the creature to acquire a speed of twelve miles an hour. For the purpose of this strange calculation, the case was taken of a whale which was stranded at Longniddry, in the county of Haddington, some years ago. This whale had a tail which measured nearly twenty feet from end to end of its flanges, the weight of the animal being seventy-four tons. Having these figures as data to go upon, it was calculated that a whale of such proportions, in order to attain the speed above mentioned, must exert a propelling force of no less than one hundred and forty-five horse-power.

A Conference has recently been meeting at the Fishmongers' Hall, London, having for its object a consideration of the state of our national sea-fisheries. In the course of this Conference, it seemed to be the general feeling of all the speakers that the railway Companies were paralysing the fishing industry by the high rates which they charged for the carriage of fish. In Scotland, for instance, whilst the price of herrings has gone down, the high railway rates have remained stationary, with the result that it is almost impossible for our northern fishermen to send away the bountiful harvest of the sea to the metropolitan market except at a loss. In consequence of this, many tons of fish which would otherwise be most serviceable and valuable for food, are thrown upon the land and used as manure. It is to be hoped that the result of this Conference will cause a revolution in railway rates, so far at least as concerns this precious article of food, and that the railway Companies will see that it is their own interest to attract, instead of driving away what should be to them a valuable source of income.

The *Industrial Review* publishes some particulars regarding the petroleum wells of Burmah, which are situated to the north of Minhla. It appears that these wells are of very ancient date, and are from two to three hundred feet deep. The petroleum collects in them during the night to the depth of two or three feet, and is then 'spooned' up in a very primitive fashion by the native workers. The owners of the wells now

propose to obtain machinery for collecting the oil by more modern methods; but the supply is comparatively so scanty, that the wells at Burmah can never compete with those from which our European supplies of petroleum are drawn.

It is reported that the next International Exhibition, to be held at Paris in 1889, is, like that of 1878, to be adorned with a captive balloon. It is to be of enormous size; and, as in 1878, the maximum altitude reached will be about three thousand two hundred and fifty feet. But whereas in M. Giffard's balloon only fifty passengers were taken up at one time, the projected aerostat will carry a hundred passengers. An engine of six hundred horse-power will be employed to pull the enormous mass back to mother-earth. It will be remembered that the balloon of 1878 was torn to pieces in a high wind, owing to the fact that it was not kept full of gas. In the new balloon, a special precaution is to be taken to preserve the tightness of the envelope, so that the wind can find in it no hollow or wrinkle. A smaller balloon, filled with atmospheric air, is to be placed inside the large one, and the volume of this smaller balloon can be increased or diminished by means of an air-pump worked by an electric engine in the car. By this means, variations of temperature, with the consequent alteration of bulk in the gas, can be compensated for.

The question has lately been raised, whether the sulphate of copper used as a preventive in certain diseases common to the grape-vine, is liable to exert any injurious action upon the wine produced from grapes so treated. An analysis of such wines has lately been made on behalf of the Académie des Sciences, which shows that the amount of copper present is so infinitesimal as to be not worth consideration.

The recent destruction of the beautiful Pink and White Terraces of New Zealand has given rise to a discussion as to the rate at which the silicate which formed them was deposited. One observer states that the pencil marks and dates, written after the manner of tourists in certain parts of the terraces, became coated with such a thin layer of the flinty material even in the course of twenty-five years, that the words and figures written looked as if freshly done. Mr Lant Carpenter, on the other hand, records the fact that the wing of a bird shot as it was flying over the terraces became so completely covered with the flinty material in the course of a fortnight that its form could not be recognised. Doubtless, both statements are true, and that while the names were written in a spot at which the silicate was deposited slowly, the wing of the bird happened to fall in a place more favourably situated. The same kind of discussion has often arisen concerning the deposit of stalagmite in the various bone-caves, with a view of settling the date of some of the bones and other things buried beneath. Calculations based upon such data must obviously be open to much chance of error.

Sir John Lubbock, who for some time has been making some interesting experiments as to the amount of intelligence possessed by one of the most intelligent of domestic animals, the dog, has lately been giving particulars of some of the results at which he has arrived. His first experiment was with a small terrier; but as this kind of

dog cannot always be made to fetch and carry, and as fetching and carrying was a part of the system of education which he meant to adopt, the dog was deposed in favour of a poodle. By employing two pieces of card, one of which was blank, and the other with the word 'Food' written upon it, he was able, after some trouble, to make the dog recognise the difference between the two. The card which bore the word 'Food' he constantly placed over a saucer of bread and milk; while the blank card was placed over an empty saucer. The poodle soon learnt to distinguish which card was the one its master called for. He also taught the dog to so recognise words placed on other cards that it would select the one called for from a number placed confusedly upon the floor. A collie who constantly stood by whilst these experiments were going on, and had every chance of observing that the poodle obtained his food by selecting a special card, learned nothing by these lessons. Experiments with different coloured cards had an altogether negative result; for although two lessons a day were given for three months, the dog never succeeded in distinguishing one colour from the other. Although we have been accustomed to regard the dog as an animal endowed with an unusual amount of intelligence, these experiments would indicate that it possesses, after all, a brain of very feeble power.

As an instance of the speed at which a tunnel can be driven in comparatively soft earth, we may mention that a subway under the river Thames near London Bridge has recently been completed in sixteen weeks. The distance bored is six hundred and sixty-seven feet.

Seldom has chemical analysis done better service than in a case reported lately in an American journal, in which a disputed claim was satisfactorily settled. Two barns were with their contents burnt to the ground. The owners of the property declared that at the time of the disaster the barns were full of unthrashed wheat. The Insurance Company refused to pay upon the fire policy which they had issued in respect to the property, on the ground of false pretence, inasmuch as the barns—they had been informed—only contained straw. Experts were engaged to inquire into the matter. They analysed some of the ashes contained in the barns, and found that they afforded a high percentage of phosphoric acid. Straw, compared with wheat, is so poor in the amount of this compound which it contains, that it at once became evident that the claim upon the Insurance Company was a just one.

Dr Brown-Sequard, in a communication made to the Société de Biologie, points out a method by which that common but uncomfortable experience known as 'catching a cold' may be avoided. He remarks that the parts of the human skin which are most sensitive to the action of cold are at the neck and at the feet, and these should be hardened and accustomed to withstand rapid changes of temperature with impunity. His treatment to attain this end consists in blowing upon the neck daily a stream of cold air from an elastic bag, and placing the feet in water, the temperature of which should be gradually reduced from day to day, until the coldest water is used. The *Medical Record* rightly points out that this treatment is merely a more rapid and elaborate form of cold bathing; and certainly those among

us who are robust enough to take their daily cold bath would not benefit in any way from the treatment described.

Our contemporary, *Nature*, gives some interesting particulars concerning the legion of rats which have invaded the Exhibition buildings at South Kensington since the necessary catering for thousands of sightseers daily brought such quantities of food into the place. During the continuance of the Exhibition, the creatures were far too well fed, or too wary to be attracted by the most temptingly baited trap. But now that the buildings are closed and the food-supply stopped, they are readily caught in all kinds of traps, and will devour all the bait before they seem to realise that they are prisoners. It is said that such is their state of hunger, the weaker ones are torn to pieces and devoured by their stronger brethren.

In a recent lecture upon the History of Wood-carving, Mr George Alfred Rogers, the son of a celebrated carver, observed that there was a feeling current that little good work was now done in this country, and that the art of wood-carving was dead, or declining. He believed that those who held such erroneous notions did so because the public have no opportunity of seeing the amount of excellent work which is being constantly done in the country. He advocates the establishment of a Hall of Wood-carving, where finished works may be exhibited for a short time before being sent to their owners. Such a course would, he believes, remove a false notion from the public mind in the course of a single month. The idea is a good one, and we trust that it may be carried out.

Grano-metallic stone is a compound of blast-furnace slag, granite, and Portland cement, mixed with an alkaline solution, which we noticed at the time of its introduction, some months ago, as an admirable substance for paving purposes. It has since been tried with success as a lining for cement kilns, where it has been exposed to a heat sufficient to melt cast-steel, and has undergone this ordeal without change. It may therefore be looked upon as a fireproof material for which many other uses may ultimately be found.

A Committee has been appointed by the Board of Trade to consider the desirability of establishing a general system of electrical communication between lightships and outlying lighthouses and the shore. They will inquire into the question whether the experience gained by the present cable to the *Sunk* lightship has proved of sufficient value to justify its cost; whether the system should be extended; and whether the places so brought into communication with the shore should be also used as signal-places for commercial purposes.

Some particulars have lately been published concerning the new Lorenz cartridge, which is being adopted by the European powers, and a factory for the manufacture of which in this country has been established at Millwall. The bullet is steel-plated, and the case of the cartridge is formed out of one piece of metal. The penetrative power of this new projectile is said to be most remarkable, and seems to be due to the fact that, unlike the old bullet, it retains its shape after impact. A bullet will pierce seven inches of hard beech, backed up with a dozen inch pine-

boards. It is a comfort to hear that the new bullet will not inflict such bad wounds as the one which it supplants, although, from its superior power, each bullet may probably find more than one billet.

A LAND-LEAGUE INCIDENT.

BY AN IRISH COUNTY MAGISTRATE.

On a fine afternoon in the month of September 1881, I was called from a game of lawn-tennis at my house in a midland county of Ireland, and told by a servant that my neighbour, Mr Bell, wished to see me. That gentleman was a small landowner who occupied a demesne farm, the remainder of the estate being let to tenants. They were not in bad circumstances; several of them were even wealthy, for their station in life, and much better off than their landlord, whose property was encumbered. But Mr Bell had been called on, nevertheless, to grant an abatement in the rents; this he refused to do, and he was therefore boycotted. The unwritten law of the Land League was enforced against him, and he suffered much petty persecution. On one occasion he sent pigs to be sold at a fair held in a market-town seven miles away; and as soon as the animals had been taken out of the cart and placed on the street, they were surrounded by a silent crowd and daubed with mud: that was the 'brand of the League.' No buyer would then even ask their price; they were effectually tabooed. The crowd dispersed as quickly and quietly as it had assembled; and the police could do nothing to help the unfortunate owner, who was forced to take the pigs back to his farm and incur the expense of sending them afterwards to a distant market.

One of my stable-men had also been visited with the vengeance of the League, on Mr Bell's account. Knowing that he was short of hands, and that my man was an expert in hayricking, I sent the latter to help my neighbour. His work was soon completed, and he was absent only a few hours; but he had transgressed against the League law and assisted a boycotted individual. A few nights afterwards he was assaulted on his way home; and for six months following, he was guarded by two policemen every night from my house to his father's house, which was about a mile distant. Later on, and after the incident I am about to relate, his father, who is a small farmer, was roused at night by the barking of the house-dog, and saw from his window a party of men throwing down the stacks of oats in his laggard (stackyard). The poor man was afraid to go out, afraid also to identify any of the guilty parties. But as the stacks had been evidently thrown down maliciously, the grand-jury of the county awarded him compensation; and the tax for payment of the sum granted fell on the district. In such cases, no doubt some innocent people are made to pay for the guilt of others; but very many persons, although not among the actual perpetrators of the outrages, have a guilty knowledge of them, or at least know more about them than they will admit.

The tale Mr Bell came to tell me was a strange one. A month previously, he sold a quantity of hay to a man who lived in the next parish

and kept a small roadside grocer's shop. The buyer paid in cash for the hay, and had stacked it for winter use at his own house. But a procession of carts six or eight in number had that afternoon brought the hay back, and the men who drove them unloaded the carts and left the hay in Mr Bell's field in a pile near the public road. It appeared that Mr Bell did not himself see the carts. He was told by one of his servants that the men in charge of them said that the hay was sent back 'by order of the League, for it was against the League laws to buy hay or anything else from a boycotted person.'

There was no demand made, either then or subsequently, for the money that had been paid for the hay. The unlucky shopkeeper bore his loss without open complaint. I took occasion to express to him my surprise that he should endure the tyranny of the League, and suffer both in pocket and in the estimation of all men who despised cowardice. But he replied that to act otherwise than he did would have been ruin to him. He had transgressed, and must pay the penalty.

I advised Mr Bell to serve a notice on the shopkeeper, stating that the hay could not be allowed to remain in the field, and that if it was not removed within a few days, he should consider it to be abandoned, and would dispose of it as he saw fit; and I added that he might properly use or sell the hay, if the notice produced no effect.

Nobody would meddle with the 'boycotted hay!' Even Mr Bell, who was a timid man, was influenced by the mysterious power of the League, and would not touch it. The hay remained in the field where it had been flung, during the winter, exposed to rain and storm; but none of it was carried off, although the poor owners of donkeys, and other cotters near, must often have looked wistfully at the tempting derelict pile of fodder.

The winter passed, and in spring Mr Bell ventured to gather the mass, now lessened in bulk and beginning to rot, into a large lump or shapeless stack. In that form it remained for two years longer, slowly decreasing in size as the fibre decayed, and an object of interest and curiosity to passers-by. There is a considerable traffic on the road, and the 'boycotted hay' became one of the lions of the county. Not until Mr Bell had been fortunate enough to sell his estate and transport himself and his family to Australia, did the diminished and now most unsightly heap disappear. The new owner carted what remained of it to the manure-pit, and the district lost what had long been a familiar object, and afforded a striking and tangible proof of the power of the Land League.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE PRESERVATION OF EGGS.

To any one interested in the preservation of eggs, it may be useful to know that in the competition for prizes offered for the best dozen of preserved eggs at the Birmingham Cattle Show, the prizes went to eggs preserved in simple lime and water, or packed in dry salt. The Hon. Mrs Calthorp, who took the first prize, thus describes her pro-

cess: 'Soak four pounds of lime in two gallons of water in an earthenware jar; stir occasionally for two days; the eggs are put to within three inches of the surface.' Mr Tegetmeier, who furnished the *Field* with an account of the competition, thinks that stirring the fresh slaked lime into water, and putting in the eggs as they are collected, is quite sufficient. Greasing the eggs was found not to have improved them. Of the eggs preserved by the dry process, those packed in common salt were the best, and no additions to the salt seem to have improved the result; greasing and oiling before putting them in not being advantageous. One set had been placed in a solution of borax six days before being packed in salt; these were much inferior to the others; the yolk adhered to the shell, and the white had a strong saline taste.

Many samples had been preserved by rubbing with melted suet, beeswax, and oil, or lard: all these were good. A set rubbed over with pure vaseline immediately they were laid, had become unusable. The latter result corresponds with some experiments made with paraffin by Mr Tegetmeier. 'It is very difficult to understand,' he says, 'why eggs greased with lard, suet, or beeswax and oil, should be well preserved from the beginning of August to the end of November, whilst those rubbed with vaseline were putrid; but nevertheless the fact is undoubted. No method, he says, appears so efficacious as the first noted, the one being to place the eggs in water in which fresh slaked lime has been stirred, the quantity not being material; the other, packing them in common table salt. Nothing whatever is gained by any addition to these means, and the appearance of the eggs is not improved by greasing.'

THE PINSK MARSHES.

There is in Russia a district as large as Ireland, known by the above title, and wholly impassable from the size and number of its morasses, in addition to which, it is covered with an impenetrable forest of undergrowth and tangled jungle, and consequently was utterly useless. To make this vast extent of land available for the purposes of pasturage and agriculture, all that was required, apparently, was a thorough system of draining and clearing, as the land itself, as land, was found good for the proposed purposes. Accordingly, the Russian government has gone to work with a will, and is now, and has been for some time past, energetically engaged in both these useful and important operations, and the work has been crowned with marked success. At present, four millions of acres have been reclaimed; and during next year, it is proposed that three hundred thousand more shall be taken in hand by means of one hundred and twenty miles of canals and dikes. It is farther reported that upwards of six hundred thousand acres of once useless bog are now good meadow-land, whilst two million acres of impenetrable jungle have been brought into cultivation. In addition to all this, the engineers have built one hundred and seventy-nine bridges, sunk five hundred and seventy-seven wells, and surveyed and mapped twenty thousand square miles of land. If such a scheme as this can be so successfully carried

out by Russia, why should not some such plan be tried in Ireland? A scientific contemporary, referring to this question, says: 'The amount of bog in Ireland would, of course, be child's-play to the Pinsk marshes, for somehow we are always confronted with bog as the chief source of Irish difficulties. If its annihilation will pay so well in Russia, it ought to do so equally in Ireland; nor should we forget that an undertaking of such magnitude would bring immediate and constant work from the very outset to half the able-bodied population of the country.' The suggestion is well worth the serious attention of all interested in the question of the prosperity of Ireland, and the profitable employment of her working population.

BUILDING FOR EARTHQUAKES.

A curious paper was read by Professor Milne at a meeting of the Seismological Society of Tokio, reporting results obtained from a seismic survey of the ground in the immediate neighbourhood of his house, with the view to discover, if possible, the best method of constructing houses or buildings capable of resisting earthquakes, so as to sustain the least damage in themselves. Three different ways appear to have been suggested, by which it was thought probable that the buildings would escape the effects of the motion produced by the earthquake wave. The first was to make a careful seismic survey of the ground, and after that, to select a spot where there would be relatively but little motion—though how this desirable result was to be obtained we are not informed. The second plan was to build in a deep pit, the walls not touching the sides of the pit; but by what means this was to save the house, it is difficult to see, as, if an earthwave passed over the place, the pit itself as well as the house would necessarily be affected. A third method is still proposed, and that is, where the ground is soft, a light, one-storied house should be constructed of either wood or iron, which should be rested on a layer of cast-iron shot—an idea, possibly, to allow the house to move over the shot from right to left or backwards and forwards, and so escape being overthrown. But still, a very heavy earthwave would upheave, not the house and its foundation only, but the whole space of the earth round about it; and if that was so, the house, shot, pit, and all, must surely be overthrown in a heap together. The theory, however, is both curious and interesting, and may be well worth the examination and consideration of the scientific world, in spite of the difficulties and doubts which appear to surround the question.

RELICS OF AN EXTINCT RACE

The island of Newfoundland, lying in the Gulf of St Lawrence, off the coast of Labrador, and belonging to England since 1583, was once inhabited by a race of aborigines, who have, however, become extinct ages ago. These have been known by the names of *Bethluks* or *Beothics*, and were undoubtedly red Indians, like the aborigines of the adjoining continent. Unfortunately, but few remains of this ancient people have been found. Some of these remains are in the hands of private

collectors, and the remainder are said to be deposited in the Newfoundland Museum. These include a skull and a skeleton; some arrow-heads, axes, and other implements—all of stone. And so the matter rested until some curious discoveries were recently made on Pilley's Island, Notre-Dame Bay. Here several graves were carefully opened, one of which was found to contain the skull of an adult in an excellent state of preservation. This exhibits all the peculiar characteristics of the skull of a savage; but for all that, the skull is so well shaped that it is difficult to suppose that the Bethuks were of a very low type of humanity; but decidedly the contrary opinion would be more readily formed, taking the intelligent contour of the head as evidence. In another grave was found a second skeleton, which is nearly perfect, with the exception of a few small bones. This skeleton from the size is apparently that of a person not arrived at maturity. The body was doubled together, wrapped in birch-bark, and laid on its side, and then covered with stones so as to form a cairn. Subsequently, the body was examined, and when the birch-bark was removed, was found to be perfectly preserved, almost as much so as that of a mummy. These appear to have been the only relics of humanity that have been discovered of this ancient tribe; but many specimens of beautifully finished stone arrow-heads, stone hatchets or axes, and many articles—made from birch-bark—which look like drinking-vessels, and, most singular of all, a model of a bark canoe. We should have supposed that the making of models of canoes or anything else was a comparatively modern idea, and should hardly have looked for anything of the kind in the graves of a people who lived so long, long ago. Besides these, some curious and oddly shaped articles, made of bone, were also brought to light, which have been supposed to be ornaments.

WELDING METALS BY ELECTRICITY.

The latest development of the power of electricity is that of welding broken metals by its application. This power was recently explained and demonstrated by Professor Thompson, at the Boston Institute of Technology, this being the first time that the process—which is in use at the Professor's works at Lynn, U.S.A.—has been made known. By this remarkable method of welding, a broken bar of metal can be easily reunited, or bars of different metals welded together; while those materials which previously resisted welding most strenuously are now joined with ease; and those previously easily welded remain the same. Differences in specific electrical and heat conductivity are the properties which are the most troublesome. The method consists in simply forcing the ends to be welded together tightly, and passing a sufficiently powerful current of electricity through the joint. The resistance raises the metal to a welding heat, and the pressure makes the joint. Professor Thompson enumerated some of the practical results obtained personally within a recent period. Iron, and copper wires of varying dimensions have been joined end to end. Steel or iron bars nearly an inch in diameter have been solidly welded together, and steel has also been joined to brass. A copper rod nearly

half an inch in diameter has been welded, requiring a current of twenty thousand amperes. One great gain from this process is that steel-pointed tools and knives may be made cheaply of inferior metal, and new points and cutting parts welded on as desired. The cost of the new process is—according to the *Scientific American*—undoubtedly less than by the old method of forge and hammer; while the time required is very short, and no heat is wasted. Professor Thompson stated that in welding a steel bar an inch and a half in diameter, a current of six thousand amperes in volume, and having an electro-motive force of one half a volt, was necessary. Another and more intelligible way of putting this fact is, that the force used is that of thirty-five horse-power for one minute. The new process is expected to have a most important future before it, more especially in the manufacture of cheap steel-edged goods.

RETURN OF THE SWALLOW.

Home again beneath my caves,
Never once regretting
Alien skies and alien flowers,
Thou hast sought our leafy bowers,
Primrose copses, April showers,
Vagrant joys forgetting.

Did some exile's eye grow dim
'Mid his flocks and fountains,
As thy light wing flitting by
Brought to him the memory,
Underneath a foreign sky,
Of his native mountains?

Hast thou looked on wondrous realms
Of barbaric splendour—
Coral reefs, Arcadian vales,
Lonely ships with storm-tost sails,
Rose-wreathed dells where nightingales
Warbled love-notes tender?

No sad longing haunts thy note
For bright hours departed;
Love, and trust, and sweet content
With thy happy twittering blent,
Seem a message heaven-sent
To the weary-hearted.

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THE PREDICTED ERA OF PEACE.

EUROPE is arming, and all the signs of the time point in the direction of another great international conflict. At such a moment, while the calm which precedes the storm still lasts, it may be interesting and not unprofitable to consider why it is that, in spite of the civilisation of which we are justly proud, in spite of the progress, both moral and material, which marks our age, we should still persist, as between nations, though no longer as between individual men, in keeping up the old, barbarous, bloody method of deciding our quarrels.

It seems at first sight as if the analogy between duelling and war was in all respects perfect, and that if the one is shown to be a barbarous and unchristian practice, the other must be so too. As matters now stand, however, there is one important distinction between the two cases—one point at which the analogy breaks down. Permanent tribunals exist for the settlement of individual quarrels, but none exist for the settlement of those which arise between nations; and if temporary tribunals have occasionally, as in the case of the Alabama claims, been created for the decision of international differences, their award has carried with it no sanction, so that, if the defeated party still preferred an appeal to arms, war became inevitable. Since, then, the non-existence of permanent international tribunals armed with power to enforce obedience to their decrees, is the only thing that makes a war between two nations a whit more justifiable than a duel between two men, it follows that if such tribunals were once created, the difference in a moral point of view which now exists between an international duel and a duel between individuals would disappear, and one nation would have no more excuse for disturbing the peace of the world than one individual has for breaking the peace of our Lady the Queen.

It seems to us that the vision, which some of our poets have seen, of an era of peace in which international disputes will be settled in the manner

we have indicated, is not a mere dream, or at least that it is a dream which there are strong reasons for supposing will one day come true. These reasons are partly of an economic character, and are partly founded upon moral and political considerations. It is quite certain that war is becoming every day more injurious, economically, to the interests not only of the belligerent, but also to those of neutral, powers. If we except the loss of life and the expense of withdrawing a number of men from peaceful industries and setting them to kill each other, a war in the middle ages cost the nations engaged in it comparatively little. The victorious army usually overran and devastated parts of the hostile territory; but as little or no fixed capital then existed, and as no devastation could interfere with the natural capabilities of the soil, the next year's harvest was as good as, or even better than, if cultivation had followed its usual course. War in a civilised country at the present day is attended with very different and far more disastrous consequences; its effect is felt not merely in the country which is the scene of operations, but is often perceptible to the very ends of the earth. Take, for example, the American civil war. One of its effects was to arrest for the time being the production of cotton, and to deprive Lancashire of the raw material of her industry, so that the Lancashire operative actually suffered more severely by reason of a transatlantic war than he might have done if England had sustained a succession of defeats in a war with Germany or France. The network of commerce is now so complicated and extensive, that it is impossible for one member of the family of nations to suffer without all or some of the others suffering with it; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say—as Lord Macaulay has done—that a civil war of a week on English ground would produce effects which would be felt at the end of many years in California and in China. Not only is the mass of wealth which now exists in the shape of fixed capital beyond comparison greater than at any former period, but the wealth which is represented by the stocks and shares of

public Companies—a kind of wealth of which, until lately, the world knew nothing—passes all calculation. Upon property of this latter description, depending as it does upon credit for its value, the effect of a war, or even the rumour of one, is peculiarly disastrous. A civil war at the present moment in America would be felt not in Lancashire alone, but in any part of England or of the world in which there lived a man who held a bond or owned a share in an American Company.

At the time of the American civil war, England, although depending on America for the raw material of one of her leading industries, did not to any very great extent depend upon that country for food. Now, on the contrary, we import from the United States a very large proportion of our annual supply of corn, and nearly one-third of our supply of meat. A war between the two countries would therefore reduce England to the brink of starvation, would deprive the American farmer of his best market, and would probably cause an amount of suffering tenfold greater than that caused by the cotton famine of 1862.

These considerations are enough to show that, even putting morality for the moment aside, the purely selfish interests of nations are becoming every day more deeply pledged to a policy of peace. Up to the commencement of that great industrial age in which we live, a civilised community was often so placed that it might hope to gain more by a successful war than it feared to lose by having its trade interrupted and its industry paralysed. We are now steadily approaching a time when the interests involved in the peaceful prosecution of industry and the regular operations of commerce will be so numerous and gigantic, that the civilised world will be only too glad to unite for the purpose of putting down any wanton disturber of the public peace.

In addition to the economic considerations to which we have referred, which make it probable that the policy of nations will be more peaceful in the future than it has been in the past, there are, as we have said, certain political and moral causes which are working in the same direction. Hitherto, the foreign policy of most countries has not really been directed by the people, but by the government. In an unenlightened age, this could not have been otherwise; the people possessed neither the knowledge nor the means of acquiring the knowledge which would have enabled them to form an opinion as to how far their rulers were justified, in any particular case, in adopting hostile measures. It is the people, and not the government, that loses and suffers most by a war, and hence it is that we have heard of a government, but never of a people, entering on a war 'with a light heart.' Carlyle has drawn a picture, at once ludicrous and sad, of a body of peaceful English peasants who are disciplined and drilled and dressed in red and sent away to Spain, and there placed opposite to an equal number of French peasants, also in uniform, and with guns in their hands. At the word of command, both parties fire, and thirty men on either side fall dead; 'and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury and anew shed

tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart, were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe there was even unconsciously by commerce some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! Their governors had fallen out; and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.'

Is not this, in a nutshell, the history of half the wars the world has seen? The governors have quarrelled, and the people have been made to believe the quarrel was their own; and is there not the strongest reason for supposing that as education spreads, as governments become more truly representative of the people whom they govern, and as the people come to understand more truly their real interests, wars of this kind at least, into which kings lead their subjects blindfold, will no more be heard of?

Lastly, there are various moral causes which are co-operating with those of an economic and political nature which we have touched on, and which are bringing us gradually nearer to an age of peace. If we compare the nineteenth with any previous century, we find that men's hearts are softer, their manners more gentle and refined, their sympathies and philanthropic instincts far more active than at any former time. Human life is more respected, human suffering more tenderly cared for, and we do more and more every day to soften for each other 'the asperities of human existence.' Not only this, but even the lives and sufferings of brutes—of dogs and horses, of hares and rabbits—are respected to a degree which our ancestors would have deemed absurd. The crueller forms of sport, cock-fighting, bear-baiting, bull-fighting, are now placed in the same category with the tournament and the gladiatorial show; and can any rational person doubt that just as we are in advance of our ancestors as regards these things, so our descendants will surpass us? And is it not certain that along with progress of this kind there must come a revolution in men's ideas about war?

What would now be thought if a great philosopher were to maintain, as the greatest of English philosophers once did, that war is to the body politic what exercise is to the natural body—a healthful and necessary recreation without which the life and vigour of a nation would decay? Even were this true, the question would still remain whether men or nations are justified in preserving their health at any cost to themselves and to the rest of mankind; but if it was ever true, it is true no longer that without war a nation would have no scope for its activity, no outlet for its energies, no training-ground for heroism. The armies of industry have now to fight as hard and more steadily; to face dangers and difficulties quite as great; to maintain a contest just as much calculated to call forth whatever of the heroic a man or a nation may have in them, as any war of which we read. Steady courage, prompt obedience, and a spirit of cheerful self-denial, are qualities which the true industrial soldier must possess; and that he usually does possess these and most other military virtues in a high degree is proved by the fact that peaceful industrial communities,

when forced to fight for their independence, have usually fought at least as well as those which have made war their trade.

Notwithstanding what has been said, it is much to be feared that from the time when war will entirely cease, many blood-filled trenches and contentious centuries—as Carlyle says—still divide us; but in the meantime, we may be permitted to take our stand, like Lord Bacon, on the Pisgah of speculation, and look forward to a time when men will live under better laws and will lead purer lives; an age in which wars, although they may not have ceased in all the world, will be banished from the civilised part of it, and in which international tribunals will sit to decide international differences, and will execute their decrees with the help of the armed and united forces of civilised society banded together to maintain the general peace.

RICHARD CABLE,
THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE TANGLE.

THE Cornellis family settled into the Hall, as if they had no intention of leaving it. At all events, neither Mr Cornellis nor his sister bestirred themselves to find other quarters. Mr Gotham did not care. So long as he was allowed to move about, and was flattered by Justin Cornellis, and was undisturbed in his study, he was content. Cornellis had made himself indispensable to him, and Gabriel clung to him. It was in his nature to cling, and just now his grapple of the ex-missionary was tenacious, and to another man would have been embarrassing. But Cornellis understood Gotham, or thought he did, and believed that by humouring his vanity and sloth, and by not standing in the way of his pleasures, he could twist him about to suit his own purposes. Mr Gotham now did, what he had said he had done, execute a will in his favour, leaving him his entire estate; making him executor and residuary legatee as well; but he gave him his private instructions, which he had made the ex-missionary solemnly promise to execute. It was in keeping with the miserable vanity of the man that he could not endure the prospect that even after death his conduct should be known; that people should be able to point to Bessie as his wife, whom he had basely deserted, after having deceived her; and to Richard, the lighthouseman, the vulgar sailor, as his son. He was conscious that he had behaved dishonourably, and he shrank from being found out, and having his cowardly action published, to be commented on by the world.

The destruction of Rose Cottage was complete. Nothing worth preservation remained. It had been cheaply built, the walls thin, and when the floors and roof fell in, the gray brick flanks collapsed as well. All that remained of it intact was the green boarded summer-house in the garden.

The agent of the insurance office came to Hanford and inspected the ruins. Mr Cornellis

showed him over the fallen walls, the charred beams, the trampled garden. He was frank. There had been a dinner-party that night. The servants had been hard-worked, and possibly there had been some neglect. Servants are careless. He confessed that he ought to have gone round the house that night after all had retired, and seen that the fires were extinguished and the house locked up. He had not done so, having a sick headache. His daughter had roused him about two o'clock—he could not tell the hour exactly, he had been too bewildered to look at his watch. When he came out on the stairhead, he saw that the staircase was on fire and flames rushing from the kitchen. He had spoken several times to the cook about putting the wood for the kindling of the fires in the oven and on the hot plate. He had forbidden it; but servants are not always obedient any more than they are prudent. As far as he was able to judge, the fire had originated in the kitchen, communicated with the pantry, where the paraffin oil was kept for the lamps, also a can of benzoline. When the oils had become ignited, such a volume of flame gushed forth that the stairs caught fire. This he suspected was the explanation of the conflagration; but he was in too great alarm and excitement when roused to take accurate observation; moreover, he had the women to look after and save. Every day, he felt more keenly his loss of a wife who would have kept the maids in order. A man cannot do that effectually, and a young girl like his daughter had not grown into the part of housekeeper. With great candour, he told the agent that it was after a disturbance with his maids relative to their reading novels in bed, and going to sleep with the benzoline light burning on the chair at the bed-head, close to the pillow, that he had doubled his insurance, and had taken the precaution to insure everything he possessed in the house.

The agent questioned the cook, who admitted having put the sticks into the oven and on the hot plate, because they were damp and would not ignite. Anne could not remember whether she had left her cans of oil in the pantry or in the kitchen, whether they were corked or not. It was true that master had spoken to her about reading in bed a year ago, when she had set fire to and burnt a hole in the sheet by going to sleep leaving the lamp alight, and turning over in bed and upsetting the lamp.

The insurance was allowed. There was no reason why it should not be. Not the smallest suspicion was aroused that the fire was occasioned by any other cause than the carelessness of the cook, who received her dismissal and a lecture on disobedience. Mr Cornellis refused her a month's wage on the ground of her having set fire to the house, and the woman was so concerned that it had been burnt down through her inadvertence, that she made no demur to the loss of wage.

Josephine was not present at the visit of the agent, but she heard about it, and heard the origin of the fire discussed. It was discussed by her father at table. She was uneasy. Not a word was said about his having been up and about after midnight. Only when she found that all the blame was laid on the cook and

Anne, did she interfere, and then she spoke to her father when they were alone.

'Papa, why is not a word said about your cleaning up the gravy with petroleum? If Anne did leave the can in the kitchen, you must know, as you used it in the dining-room. The oil was spilled in the pantry—there was quite a pond there. I trod in it.'

'Was there a pond in the pantry? Then the can leaked.'

'But you had the can, papa.'

'I had not. I employed turpentine. I did not go near the pantry.'

Josephine was not satisfied. She could not tell her father that she disbelieved what he said; she mistrusted him. When she heard the rector and Mr Gotham lament the loss of his wines, she opened her eyes. He had no wines—a few dozen only in the coal-hole cupboard; he had no cellar.

The fire had this effect, that it drew her mind away from the consideration of her own trouble. She knew it might also distract the rector, and thought that he would make no further allusion to it. But in this she was mistaken. He called at the Hall a few days after the fire, and as she was in the garden, went to her, and took her hand in his, in his kindly, fatherly way. 'I have a crow to pluck with you, Josephine. I have left the crow unpicked for some while, but he has been put aside, not buried.'

She knew at once what he meant, and coloured, and sharply withdrew her hand. If she had trusted him and told him the truth, he would have been satisfied. The rector was easily satisfied, because his heart went out to meet every one who had done wrong and frankly acknowledged the fault. But she took another course, a mistaken one, a course she would not have taken had she been in a condition to judge calmly. Her father's conduct on the night of the fire had been so suspicious, that she was unhappy and uncomfortable, thinking him guilty of a great act of dishonesty, and this made her peevish and jealous of interference. She dare not say what she thought; she dreaded lest her suspicions should betray themselves, were her confidence gained by the vicar. So she armed herself with reserve, bound her heart about with pride, and met his advance without cordiality.

'My dear Josephine,' he said, 'I am not satisfied about two matters—your being on the seawall at midnight, and the fire following so soon after. I cannot shake out of my mind the thought that the two incidents are connected.'

'I told you, rector, that they were not, when you made the same remark on the morning of the fire.'

'It is strange. You were the last person up.'

'Is it necessary for me to repeat the assertion, Mr Sellwood? I have already said that there is no connection between the two events.'

He shook his head. He disliked her tone. He looked in her face; he was displeased with the expression there. 'I see, I see, it is of no use my speaking to you. You are in an obstinate, defiant mood. I only sought your good.'

'You sought the good of the labourers when you gave them cows, and you landed them in jail.'

'Only one—only one. It is my duty to try to do good; though, God knows, I make sad bumbles in doing it. I must follow my nose, though it leads me to flounder in a bog. I can do no other.—All I wanted to say, Josephine, was, that if you had thrown down a match, or upset a lamp, or left a candle burning, so that the fire broke out, it is your duty to mention it. You were up after every one else was in bed. Have you told your father that? If the fire came from the kitchen, you would have smelt burning wood when you went into the hall. Not more than two hours after you retired, the house was in a blaze. Have you told your father you were up?'

'No.' She looked down. She could not say that he knew it, lest the rector should ask further questions.

'Then tell him.—Look here, Josephine. Follow, as I do, the nose. The nose does not go far into the future; it does not turn corners; it makes no convolutions. It always points straight at what is under the eyes. Do what is a plain duty, and don't consider what is far ahead. It seems to me that this is a simple and direct obligation. Tell your father.'

She was silent, unable to answer.

'Now, Josephine,' said the vicar, 'I know what you are considering, and that is, the question he will ask, why you were up at midnight. Tell him you had gone out into the garden, and through the gate to the seawall. Here I arrive at the chief bone I have to pick with you. If you had said to me on that night that you had come out to see the full tide flowing in the moonlight, I would have believed you. Your interview with Dick Cable would in my eyes have been accidental. But you did not say this. You told me that you came there—at midnight, remember, when every one else at Rose Cottage was in bed—to give Dick a box of gilt crackers for his children. You held out the box, to substantiate your story. Did you consider what this implied? It implied that you knew Cable was out at the gate at that time. You could only have known that by making an appointment with him to be there; and this—really, Josephine, with the respect I have always felt for you, and for Dicky Cable—this is a thought that troubles me a great deal.'

'I had made no appointment.'

'I am relieved to hear you say so. Then how did you know he was there?'

'Because I heard him whistling on the wall a tune—the mermaid's song in *Oberon*.'

'Really, Josephine!—God forgive me! I do not wish to entertain evil thoughts of any one, least of all of you. But this is most extraordinary. I have heard of housemaids arranging with their swains to whistle for them when they are outside the back-yard—and this looks much like the housemaid practice exalted to parlour tricks.'

'I am sorry you think so,' said the girl haughtily. 'I cannot help your thoughts, rector. It was, however, no such thing.'

'I believe you. Charity hopeth all things, charity believeth all things. But I am puzzled, nevertheless.'

'I will tell you how it came about,' said Josephine after a long pause. 'Mr Cable had learned

the tune from me when we were wrecked together. After you left us, and Aunt Judith had said good-night, instead of going to bed, I sat out in the summer-house, and whilst there, I heard Mr Cable whistle the air. Then I recollected I had put aside a box of crackers for his children, and I fetched them, and took them out to him.'

'It was most inconsiderate, Josephine.'

'No doubt it was; but I did not suppose you would have caught me.'

'Whether I caught you or not is beside the matter. You should not do such things. You should think.'

'I followed my nose,' said Josephine. 'I did not consider consequences. I acted on the impulse of the moment—a harmless one.'

'A most improper one.'

'What! To give sugar-plums to little children?'

'To go out in the dead of night to meet a single man, to whatever class of life he may belong. My dear, what a pity you have no mother!'

'Shall I ask my father to give me another?'

'Josephine, this is no joking matter. If you are not more considerate, you will compromise yourself past recovery. You may be thankful no one knew of this escapade except myself and Algernon.—Now, go and tell your father about it.'

'He knows I was up that night?'

'What! Does he know everything?'

'No—only that I was up.'

'Tell him all. Never seek to be other than open. I am glad you told him that. It will make it easier for you to tell him the whole truth—the rest that has been kept from him.'

'No, rector,' said Josephine impatiently; 'I will tell him nothing; I have told him nothing.'

'Yet you say he knows.'

'I do not say I told him. He may suspect. He may have seen me come in.'

'No, Josephine; he went to bed directly after Algy and I left, as he suffered from a bilious headache. I thought he was not himself that evening. So he was asleep long before you were on the seawall, and he did not wake till you roused him.'

'Who told you that?'

'Himself. I heard him say so several times—to the insurance agent, for one.'

'Then I will say nothing more,' exclaimed Josephine. 'Think what you will of me. I cannot clear myself.' She laughed bitterly. 'I have a maid-servant mind. I make appointments to meet my young man on the sly after midnight; I bid him whistle when he is at the trysting-place; I slink out and meet him. What a pity you came, rector, and interfered; we might have eloped together, and then been had up and charged with incendiarism, and sentenced to hard labour for seven years. What fun! I should have liked that amazingly—seven years taken care of, thought for, with no responsibilities, no enigmas to puzzle out, no society before which to wear a mask, no necessity laid on me for lies and dissimulation.'

'Josephine! Have you lost your head?'

'No, rector, except with excitement at the prospect of such blessedness as to be "in" for seven years. O rector! let me rob you of your watch

and get convicted. I should dearly like it. To think of knowing exactly where I was, of having a perfect conviction that the ground under my feet was solid, of having all one's world in sharply defined categories; these men are warders, and not criminals; these are criminals, myself included—I burn down houses, you say—and are not warders. And this man in a black coat, with whiskers and white tie, is not a criminal nor a warder, but a chaplain. Here, without, no one knows who is who, and what is what. You, dressed as a parson, may be my warder; and Richard Cable, disguised as a sailor, may be my chaplain; and my father, who carried the gospel to the dispersed Tribes, may be a lost Israelite, wanting the gospel more than the rest. Who can tell? What am I? I do not know—a true girl, a liar, honourable, deceitful—a lady, a maid-servant? I do not know myself what I am, much less do I know others.'

'Josephine,' said the rector gravely, 'you are talking in a random manner. I sought your confidence, and you have refused it me. I cannot allow you to act as recklessly as you talk. I shall be forced—what I wished to have avoided—to speak to Miss Judith about you.'

'As you will,' said Josephine with a sigh. 'I do not wish, dear rector, to reject your offer, but I cannot help myself. Do you understand how sometimes one may be puzzling with a tangled skein of silk or common twine, trying to undo the knots and to find the end; and how that then, if another comes up and offers to assist you, you decline the help, because you are sure the second set of fingers will complicate the tangle and unravel nothing?'

'What is the skein you are engaged in bringing to order?'

'I do not know—my life, my ideas—the whole of that vast complexity, social, moral, religious, in which I find myself.—Now, rector, do you understand me?'

He shook his head. 'My dear Josephine, it seems to me that instead of unravelling anything, you are involving yourself in a tangle. As for the moral and religious orders'—

'There is no order in them.'

'Pardon me—my office is to help'—

'Excuse me, dear Mr Sellwood. No one, not even you, can help me. I must work out my puzzle for myself. Say it is not a tangle, but a cat's-cradle.'

'That needs two to play at it.'

'Yes, but I must choose my own partner.'

'Let me say one word, dear Josephine, and that shall be my last, on this matter. You speak of a tangle. There always will be, there always must be complexity in life. At the same time, there is one little gold thread which, if you will hold and follow, will help you to unravel every loop, and unweave every knot, which will help to draw out every convolved thread, and establish complexity where you have supposed was confusion. Look for the golden thread, Josephine.—Good-bye.'

The corners of his mouth were working. He had a kind heart. He had known the girl from childhood. He pitied her, and he was in serious alarm for her.

'I have muddled even this,' said Josephine to herself. 'I have been rude and offended him,

and he is kind; but he also, with his kind intentions, is always doing wrong things. It seems to me as if I were set a task to write a copy of copperplate penmanship on a sheet of blotting-paper. Where I want to make hair-strokes, I make smudges; and every flourish I attempt resolves itself into a shapeless blot. Now, with every desire to do me good, the rector will make matters worse; he will tell Aunt Judith all, and she will speak to my father. So he complicates the tangle in which—how wrong he was!—there is no golden thread, only base twine and strands of dirty silk.'

THE KERMADECS.

ONE of the latest British annexations—indeed, with the exception of Socotra, the most recent—is that of the Kermadec group of islands, lying to the north-east of New Zealand, in the direct route to the Friendly or Tongan group, and about half-way to them. The principal of the group, Sunday Island, is about the same distance from Auckland, North Island, to the north-east as Norfolk Island lies to the north-west. The cluster is composed of three islands—Raoul or Sunday Island; the other two, Curtis and Macaulay.

The group derives its appellation from the French navigator Huon Kermadec, who first named it when on a cruise in search of La Perouse, in which task he was accompanied by another celebrated Frenchman whose name is attached to geographical discoveries—namely, Entrecasteaux. Kermadec did not take possession of them, regarding them as useless of themselves; but doubtless it is owing to their geographical position with regard to the British colony of New Zealand that our government wisely were induced to hoist the British flag there at last.

Sunday Island is the largest of the three, the only one inhabitable, or with any pretension to possessing an anchorage such as it is. The other two are merely huge black rocks, rising precipitously from deep water, against which the ocean swells are constantly dashing, rendering landing a perfect impossibility. Their formation is volcanic; and the position in which they are found marks the continuation of the very well-defined line of volcanic action, stretching all the way across the North and South Pacific, from the volcano covering the largest area in the world, 'Kilauea,' in the Hawaiian group, and passing through the Friendlies, reaches the group this paper describes, and thence is joined on to the system extending down the east coast of New Zealand, which was so very disastrously active some short time back.

Kilauea about two years ago became suddenly extinct; but it is very curious and interesting to notice how all the recent eruptions followed closely on to its ceasing activity. First of all, in November 1885, a submarine volcano made its appearance in the Friendlies, and was, when the writer of this was in those parts, very busy forming a new island, which from last reports has now attained some considerable importance. Shortly after this occurred, the terrible convulsions of nature in the Tauranga district of New Zealand, when old Tongariro once more broke forth, covering a large extent of beautiful country many yards

deep in boiling mud and ashes, and destroying two of the most valued sights of the world, the Pink and White Terraces of the Hot Lakes district. Following on to quite lately, we hear from the Friendly group, where the island of Nieuvefou without warning broke out into fire and flame, and almost destroyed the entire plain and its wretched inhabitants.

Curtis Island, one of the two smaller islands in the Kermadecs, is always smoking, or rather steaming through the fissures in its sides. Macaulay never has broken out; but Sunday, although possessing a name suggestive of rest, has several times made genuine efforts to resume its undoubted former activity.

This island measures about fourteen miles in circumference, and rises pretty regularly to a height of about seventeen hundred feet. On the summit is a lake, formed in what was formerly an active volcanic crater. The soil, composed of decomposed lava and decayed vegetable matter, is very rich, and in most places carries considerable rank vegetation. In some parts, on digging a few feet, the earth is found to be so warm that it can be made available for cooking food by simply wrapping it in leaves and burying it after the fashion of a native oven. It is quite available for settlement, and the great wonder is, that with so many adventurous colonists close by or continually passing, no one, until just before the flag was hoisted, attempted to claim it in fee-simple by occupation, when a speculator from Auckland in conjunction with a solitary beachcomber, who had been there a short time, landed some sheep and claimed the island.

It has, however, been inhabited at various times. In old days it was very much frequented by whalers, who made of it a sort of ocean post-office, leaving letters for one another in a certain agreed spot, or for a visitor to convey to the mainland.

The anchorage—if such it may be termed—is on the northern shore, and is protected in some small degree by a few detached islets. No skipper would ever make use of it but during the finest weather.

Its first reported occupiers were a party of three American whalers, who, for some reason or other, took up their abode there, accompanied by their dark-skinned wives, whom they had picked up at some of the adjacent groups. They were said to have thriven wonderfully, and raised large half-caste families of handsome appearance. Their occupation was growing fruit and vegetables for barter with the whalers and other visiting-ships, for whom also they would catch turtle, which visit the island in large numbers. These they would detain in large rocky tanks, feeding them until the opportunity arrived for their disposal to calling vessels in want of fresh provisions. They also used for the same purpose to cure fish and mutton-birds, immense quantities of the latter visiting in the breeding season. The small community got on very well for about ten years, when, in an unlucky moment, a Peruvian kidnapper who had been pursuing his trade among the islands to the north hove-to off this hitherto contented settlement. The ship carried a stolen cargo of some sixty unfortunate islanders, amongst whom some infectious disease had broken out. Seeing that they could never get

them home, to clear the ship for a new attempt, the wretched savages were remorselessly thrown on shore in a dying condition. Not one of these poor fellows survived; but the fatal progress of the epidemic was not arrested before more than two-thirds of the unhappy settlers had been swept off by its malignity. The remainder, fearing the place to be permanently infected, left in the next ship that afforded them the opportunity.

The next inhabitant was a Sydney man from Samoa, who was landed there with his Samoan wife. He had not been there long, before a sharp series of earthquakes and smoky manifestations from the adjacent Curtis Island frightened him so much that the next ship had him for a passenger.

This last was succeeded by a solitary beach-comber from Tonga, who also made but a very short stay. He, however, had more reason for alarm than his predecessor. He had scarcely made himself at home, before the seismic convulsions became chronic, and the lake began to boil, throwing up huge columns of steam. This unusual phenomenon for those parts attracted the notice of a passing vessel, which bore down to investigate the matter, and being signalled, took the lonely man off. The writer of this paper met this individual some time afterwards in the Pacific Islands, and received from him a somewhat comic account of what he had gone through on Sunday Island. In the gravest manner possible, he averred that for three whole months he was never able to keep his feet, owing to the incessant shocks of earthquake throwing him down each time he attempted to stand upright! Continuing the interesting narrative, he said that during that period he never cooked an ounce of food, but lived entirely upon the boiled fish thrown up on the beach at frequent intervals, done to a turn by the continuous submarine explosions! He wound up the above wonderful yarns by stating that his fowls—Cochin-Chinas—from, he thought, the enormous quantity of hot food at their disposal, developed such huge proportions, and became so weighty, that when walking, their footsteps made such a clatter that it was impossible to sleep until they had gone to roost.

The Kermadecs—speaking of their value from a national point of view—can never be of any importance more than they were previous to annexation. At the same time, their possession by a foreign power would have been an immense source of irritation to New Zealand, and this fact, no doubt, was the reason for their being brought within the folds of the union-jack.

THE BRANCHTOWN BALL.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'SOCIETY is so awfully mixed now, that it's really quite dreadful!' grumbled Mrs Armitage-Maxwell, with the righteous wrath of a lady who was herself a scion of a county family and the widow of a colonel in the hussars. 'You never know what horrid creatures you may meet!'

She had dined the preceding night at a house the owners of which she knew but slightly, and

had there met and been very civil to a strange couple, under the impression that they were related to a Cabinet minister of the same name. This morning she had had the mortification of learning that she had been mistaken, and that they were only 'something in the City.' The colonel's widow was suffocated with vexation, that she had gone out of her way to be civil to 'people in the City.' The army and the navy, the church and the bar, formed her social sphere, which found absolutely no room for commerce of any sort.

She had been cross ever since. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon, and she was sitting in her drawing-room, which was a singular compound of splendour and shabbiness, and told more of Mrs Armitage-Maxwell's character than the lady knew. As the widow of a half-pay officer, her means were sadly inadequate to her position in society; and between the state she endeavoured to keep up and the grinding pressure of poverty, she was often at her wits' end. The company present was select, though not numerous. It consisted of the widow's only daughter Eva, a sweet-faced, brown-eyed girl of twenty, who was stretched luxuriously in a basket-chair, reading.

From the two large windows, draped with rubbishy oriental curtains, could be seen the blue sea, sparkling in the winter sunshine. Branchtown was a pleasant watering-place on the south coast of England. It was one of the resorts where half-pay officers and spinsters of good family much do congregate; where exclusiveness is carried to the last pitch of refinement; where rents are moderate and houses good. In short, it was one of those places which seem to have been especially designed for such people as Mrs Armitage-Maxwell.

Branchtown did not boast a garrison; but six miles off, on the other side of the bay, was Mudport, a large naval station, where regiments were always quartered. Between the two services, the Branchtown young ladies had such facilities for flirtation as seldom fall to the lot of womankind in these islands. Pretty Eva especially availed herself of her opportunities to the utmost. The only drawback, as Mrs Armitage-Maxwell very candidly told her daughter, was that not one of her admirers had any money; and the widow had made up her mind that the girl should only marry a rich man. But how this was to be accomplished was somewhat of a problem. A London season might possibly have seen a coronet laid at Eva's feet; but her mother's means did not permit her to indulge in such a costly expedient. There was nothing for it but to plod on at stupid Branchtown and trust to the chapter of accidents.

'Eva,' began Mrs Armitage-Maxwell, with an air of resolution, 'I have been thinking that we ought to give a dance. You have been out a great deal this winter, and so far we have made no return.'

'A dance!' said the girl, eagerly putting down her book. 'O mother, do give one! I should like it so much!'

'Yes, it's all very well to say "Do give one!"', returned her mother peevishly, and not very reasonably, since it was her own suggestion. 'But a dance is an awful bother, and, what's worse, expense. You must have a good supper, and ices and champagne; and it's no use unless you get the very best of everything, because young men are so dreadfully particular nowadays, that they know at once what the champagne costs, and whether the sweets were made at home. I couldn't give a decent dance for less than twenty pounds, and I haven't got twenty pounds to spare.'

'Then why did you tantalise me by saying anything about it?' Eva returned, aggrieved.

'Listen!' said her mother impressively. 'I can't afford it myself; but I've been thinking that if I could get two or three more of our set to join me, we might give a dance at the Assembly Rooms at infinitely less expense than here.'

'I thought you hated those joint affairs, mother. You said, after you gave that picnic with the Trevelyans, that you never would do such a thing again.'

'I admit that was a failure. Mrs Trevelyan turned out most unpleasant when it came to the question of paying for the things. But this will be very different. I mean to have the thing properly managed, with stewards, like a public ball; and as the people will pay for their tickets, the supper will really cost me nothing.'

'But I thought you meant it to be an invitation affair?'

'So it will be. Trust me, Eva, I shall take care no outsiders get in. And I don't see why, if the first is a success, we shouldn't have a whole series of dances—half-a-dozen or so—before Lent.'

The Brunchtown ladies were very strict in their observance of Lent. They rested then from the fatigues of the winter season, wore out their shabby old dresses, and laid in a fresh stock of energy in preparation for the garden-parties and yachting excursions of the summer campaign.

Eva looked the picture of delight. 'O mother, how jolly that would be! The floor at the Assembly Rooms is splendid; and there are heaps of room for the supper and everything! And we can have a military band from Mudport. Oh, it will be delightful!'

'What will be delightful?' asked a masculine voice, as the housemaid opened the door and announced 'Mr Fleming.' The new-comer was a pleasant-looking young fellow of four-and-twenty, whom one would at the very first sight set down as a soldier. He was, indeed, a lieutenant in an infantry regiment stationed at Mudport. Bertie Fleming had managed to gain a secure footing in Mrs Armitage-Maxwell's house, and maintained it despite some discouragement from that lady. He was well born, but hopelessly poor; and as hopelessly in love with pretty Eva. But though he paid her marked attentions, her mother was always careful to explain that there was really

nothing between the young people; though now the girl's heightened colour and happy smile as Bertie came forward might have justified a different opinion.

The widow shook hands and proceeded to explain her scheme, which she knew would need masculine co-operation to be effectively carried out. He listened attentively, and expressed great approval. In truth, he was struck by the cleverness of the idea. 'What a sharp old match-maker she is!' he thought to himself. 'She will get her dance, and take care to exclude all but the right people, without any expense to herself at all. By Jove! what a mother-in-law I shall have!'

They talked the subject over in all its bearings. Mrs Armitage-Maxwell was much too knowing to embark in any enterprise of which she had not ascertained the cost to a fraction beforehand. In addition to the financial abilities of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, she also possessed a cleverness in getting other people to work for her for nothing, which was a priceless endowment for a widow of limited income. The lieutenant, after a long stay, rose to take leave, charged with a sufficient number of commissions to keep him busy for several days. He had no resource but to promise to 'see after' everything. His hostess kept her eagle eye on Eva as the young people shook hands, to preclude all possibility of a tender leave-taking, and, as the young officer left the room, Miss Armitage-Maxwell settled herself back in her creaking chair with a sigh.

The widow sat down to her davenport to write a note, with her back turned towards her daughter. Eva hesitated a moment, and then stole softly to the door. The sly little puss! The drawing-room was on the first floor; and it was odd how frequently Bertie Fleming happened to discover that he had mislaid his gloves or his stick, and had a long hunt for them in the hall; and it was also odd how often Eva, by the merest accident, happened to come down-stairs while he was so engaged, and find him there. To-day she had listened attentively as he descended without hearing the front door close; and she knew he was still in the hall, looking for—his gloves.

'Where are you going, Eva?' asked her mother sharply.

'To fetch my work.'

'Your work can wait,' was the scornful reply. 'I want you to look for my address-book; I can't find it.'

'I won't be a minute, mother,' Eva humbly pleaded, still holding the handle of the door.

But Mrs Armitage-Maxwell was deaf to the entreaty. 'Come here, and help me to find my address-book,' she reiterated in a voice her daughter did not dare to disobey. 'Do you think, Eva, I am too blind not to know what you want?'

'What I want, mother!' faltered the girl, turning crimson.

'Yes, what you want. Don't think, you silly child, that you can deceive me! I know perfectly well that if you had your way, you would be philandering with Bertie Fleming in the hall. I wonder how you can be so insane, when you know he has nothing but his pay!'

A few days later, Brunchtown society was thrown into quite a flutter of excitement by the

appearance of a limited number of circulars of the form given below :

A PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTION SOIREE
will be held at
THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BRANCHTOWN,
On Thursday, January 12, 18—.

LADY PATRONESSES.

Lady Borwick.
Mrs Armitage-Maxwell.
Mrs Meredith Neville.
Mrs Fitzgerald.
Mrs Owen Caxton.

STEWARDS.

Sir Percy Borwick, K.C.S.I.
Capt. Meredith Neville, 2 Bat. Fireaters.
Major Owen Caxton, Royal Reds.

Tickets, six shillings each, to be had at Brown's Library, the Parade, on production of a voucher from any Lady Patroness, on or before Wednesday, January 11; after which date they will be seven shillings. Officers of either service can pay at the door the lower rate, on producing their visiting-cards.

DANCING TO COMMENCE AT 9.30 P.M.

It is requested that Lady Patronesses should, as a rule, only issue vouchers to those people on their visiting-list, and also to those who have had circulars, a list of whom is provided to each Lady Patroness.

Carriages ordered at Two.

Mrs Armitage-Maxwell's grand idea had blossomed into fruition. The other local great ladies had cordially welcomed the suggestion of a series of dances, inexpensive yet exclusive. Arrangements were at once entered into, and everything betokened success.

The sending out of the circulars was a work of anxious deliberation; and the people in society who were *safe* derived great gratification from asking those just on the borderland, who were not safe, whether they had received circulars, well knowing they had had nothing of the kind. The lady patronesses were the recipients of innumerable calls from anxious mothers and their sweetly smiling daughters; for everybody who was anybody in Branchtown would be present, and exclusion from the charmed circle on that occasion would mean social annihilation. And when it became known that all the circulars were issued, and that there was no chance of admission for a good many people who had hitherto clung desperately to the hope that by great good-luck they might somehow get in, anathemas both loud and deep were heaped on the heads of the lady patronesses, and more than one young lady felt more desolate than ever did Mariana in the moated grange. The rule which ordains that, in order to render any public gathering thoroughly enjoyable, a number of people must first be excluded, and thereby made miserable, having been complied with, those who were eligible looked forward to the event with redoubled pleasure, from knowing that a great many of their acquaintances wanted to go and couldn't. Mrs Armitage-Maxwell had not had such an

opportunity of paying off old scores for many years, and she availed herself of it to the utmost. Nobody against whom she bore any grudge received a circular.

A few days before the all-important evening, Mrs Armitage-Maxwell returned home one afternoon from paying a round of calls. Eva had stayed indoors to nurse a slight cold.

'I have heard such a pleasant piece of news this afternoon!' announced the good lady, rustling into the drawing-room in her best black silk.

'Oh, have you? What is it?' was the eager answer.

'The Duke of Ambleside is staying here—at the *Pier Hotel*.'

'Oh, is that all?' asked Eva, her face falling with disappointment. 'I don't see what that has to do with us, mother.'

'Don't you? It will have a good deal to do with us, if we can get him to come to our dance.'

'Who told you he was here?'

'Mrs Fitzgerald. He came the day before yesterday—quite incognito; not even a servant with him. But of course it leaked out, as everything does here.'

'The Duke of Ambleside,' repeated Eva musingly. 'He's quite an old man, isn't he?'

'Old! No; he's quite young—not more than three or four and twenty. The old man was his uncle. He died about a year ago, and his nephew succeeded him. I will find it for you in the *Peerage*.'

Mrs Armitage-Maxwell lifted the revered volume from the table and opened it at the page headed 'Ambleside.' Everybody in Branchtown was connected more or less remotely with some titled family; and a knowledge of the *Peerage* was absolutely indispensable to all who wished to succeed in society there.

'Guy, Reginald, Peregrine de Courcy, born 1860,' read the widow, 'Duke of Ambleside, Marquis of Borrowdale, Baron Crossfell in the peerage of Great Britain. Unmarried. Residences, De Courcy Castle, Cumberland; Auchterlinn, Perthshire; Polpen House, Cornwall; and 12 Belgrave Square, London.'

'I have seen De Courcy Castle, Eva. It's a lovely old place.'

'Is it?' said her daughter carelessly. 'I wonder that, with all these places at his disposal, the duke should take the trouble to come to Branchtown out of the season. He must find it very dull.'

'So Mrs Fitzgerald said. And we thought it would be only kindness to invite him to our dance,' said Mrs Armitage-Maxwell, as if the happiness of other people were her one object in life.

'I don't suppose he would care to come, mother.'

'What nonsense, child! I intend he shall come, and see what Branchtown can boast in the way of beauty,' returned the widow, with a significant glance at her pretty daughter. 'And Eva, you must have a new dress; that one we decided would do again, is really not good enough. We will go to Madame Lloyd and see what she can do.'

'But, mother, Madame Lloyd is so awfully expensive!'

'Never mind that. There is no sacrifice I would not make for your good, Eva. All I ask in return is your obedience to my wishes.—I wonder what has become of Bertie Fleming?' went on the widow, after a pause. 'Now that he might be of some use, of course he stays away!'

'He said he might perhaps come in this afternoon,' murmured Eva, bending her head over her crewel-work.

Her mother eyed her searchingly. 'Now mind, Eva, if he comes, there is to be no flirting on the stairs!'

The girl's face turned scarlet.

'And I shall be very angry if you dance often with him on Thursday evening,' pursued the elder lady. 'I'm surprised at you allowing him to dangle after you, as you do. I'm sure I can't think what you see in him. He's wretchedly poor; he's not very handsome; he's not clever'—

'Mr Fleming, ma'am,' announced the maid; and the face of the mistress of the house wreathed itself into a charming smile.

'How do you do? So glad you've come. You're the very person I wanted to see,' she graciously informed him. And she went on to explain that she wished him to call upon the duke at his hotel, make his acquaintance, and, if possible, induce him to promise to come to the ball.

It must be confessed that the lieutenant did not feel charmed at the idea of thus touting for his hostess's benefit; but he did not dare to refuse his consent.

'It isn't often that we get the chance of seeing a fluke at Branchtown,' said Eva, with a sidelong glance at her lover. 'He will be quite the lion of the evening—if he comes.'

'He must come!' answered her mother, with her most fascinating smile. 'Positively, he must; and I look to you, Mr Fleming, to secure his promise. I am sure you will oblige me.'

When she put it in that way, of course there was no possibility of refusing. But Bertie's face was clouded as he went back to Mudport. He was not too young and guileless to see through the wily mother's schemes; and his heart misgave him lest the chance of a ducal coronet might make pretty Eva forget her suitor of less degree.

THE SPHINX.

By the ordinary traveller, the Sphinx has for long been looked upon as one of the wonders of the world; silently it has stood there chin-deep in sand, gazing with a far-away look in its eyes, as if it would probe the very depths of eternity. As one gazes up into its weather-beaten, time-worn face, one longs for it to be able to speak and tell us of its history, who formed it, and why. To-day, the energy of French engineers is endeavouring to solve, in part, the question. M. Grébaut, the present keeper of Antiquities at the Boulaq Museum, has been struggling valiantly to disinter it from the sand, which has buried it almost to the throat. All day long, Arabs are employed in loading trucks with the sand, which

they bring up in buckets to the tramway above them. This is not the first attempt which has been made to uncover this colossal monument of Egyptian antiquity. Thothmes IV. cleared away the sand; but by the fourteenth century B.C. it was buried to the chin; in 1817, Signor Caviglia brought to light the flight of stone steps, forty feet in width, described by Pliny; and in 1869, at the time of the opening of the Suez Canal, the great Sphinx was cleared of sand as far as the plateau upon which the paws rest. Excavations southward are in progress, the result of which will show whether the assumption, that the Sphinx stands in the middle of a huge amphitheatre hewn by man out of living rock, be true or not.

We go below the level of the present ground—for the steps lead down, not up to the Sphinx—to gaze at the battered monster, and are astonished at his proportions. The human-headed lion god, the impersonation of the sun at rest, is upwards of one hundred feet in height, and one hundred and ninety feet in length. From west to east he lies, in a straight line with Khafra's Pyramid, his face being towards the east. His enormous paws, partly hollow, have been restored in Roman times, and are well nigh covered with the scribbles of Greek travellers, who, like Tom Jones and John Brown of these nineteenth-century days, have felt it incumbent upon them to leave the memorials of their visit behind them. In the space between the paws, which is thirty-five feet long and ten feet wide, an altar stands; originally, there was a small sanctuary here, lined with votive tablets, but only the *stela* of Thothmes IV. now remains.

Three temples encompassed the Sphinx—one to the north, dedicated to Isis, which we know, from an inscription, was still used in the sixth century B.C., as one Psametik, who was son of Uzahor, the son of Noferabra, was then 'the prophet of Hormakhu,' and of Isis, queen of the Pyramids, and offered to them holy incense. A second stood upon the south side, wherein Osiris Sokar, the king of the under-world, was specially invoked by the pilgrims who flocked to his worship. The space all round here was once a vast necropolis, called in the hieratic writings 'Ro-set,' the door of the death-underworld, and many strange stories are told of this spirit-haunted, enchanted region. The third temple is dedicated to Hormakhu, the Sphinx himself.

The age of the Sphinx it seems impossible to know; but we gather that it was standing in the days of Khufu, from a memorial tablet which speaks of the temples; for there we learn that 'He, the living Hor, king of the upper and lower country—Khufu, he, the dispenser of life, found a sanctuary of the goddess Isis, the queen of the pyramid, besides the temple of the Sphinx, north-west from the temple and the city of Osiris, the lord of the abodes of the dead. He built his pyramid (that of the Lights) near the temple of that goddess; and he built a temple for the king's daughter Hontsen, near this temple.' It existed, then, at anyrate before the days of the Pyramids of Gizeh; and Maspéro thinks that if it is not actually prehistoric, it may, at all events, be looked upon as the oldest monument in 'ancient Egypt.'

Set into the breast of the Sphinx is the celebrated *stela* of Thothmes IV. of the twenty-third

dynasty. It is fourteen feet high, and contains a long inscription, recounting how the king owed his elevation to the throne to the interference of the god Hormakhu on his behalf. Bas-reliefs upon the tablet show us the king offering incense and pouring out a libation to the Sphinx, with a beard and other divine attributes. It also relates his dream, wherein the god bids him dig away the sand. The following translation is quoted from Brugsh Bey: "On one of these days it happened, when the king's son Thutmes had arrived on his journey about the time of mid-day, and had stretched himself to rest in the shade of this great god, that sleep overtook him. He dreamt in his slumber at the moment when the sun was at the zenith, and it seemed to him as though this great god spoke to him with his own mouth, just as a father speaks to his son; addressing him thus: "Behold me, look at me, thou, my son Thutmes. I am thy father Hormakhu, Khafra, Ra, Tum. The kingdom shall be given to thee . . . and thou shalt wear the white crown and the red crown" (that is, of Upper and Lower Egypt) "on the throne of the earth-god Seb, the youngest amongst the gods. The world shall be thine in its length and in its breadth, as far as the light of the eye of the lord of the universe shines. Plenty and riches shall be thine; the best from the interior of the land, and rich tributes from all nations. Long years shall be granted thee as thy term of life. My countenance is gracious towards thee, and my heart clings to thee. [I will give] thee the best of all things. The sand of the district in which I have my existence has covered me up. Promise me that you will do what I wish in my heart: then shall I know whether thou art my son, my help. Go forward; let me be united to thee. I am . . ."

"After this [Thutmes awoke, and he repeated all these speeches], and he understood (the meaning) of the words of the god, and laid them up in his heart, speaking thus to himself: "I see how the dwellers in the temple of the city honour this god with sacrificial gifts [without thinking of freeing from sand the work of the king] Khafra, the statue which was made to Tum-Hormakhu."

The rest of the inscription is destroyed; and Mr Flinders Petrie tells us that since the last time the tablet was uncovered, the word Khafra has scaled off from the stone. At anyrate we learn from the *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum* that the king uncovered the monster image of the god, exposing him entirely to view, and that the inhabitants of Pi-usiri—the city of Osiris—(Busiris) undertook to be the guides for the numbers of strangers who then, as now, flocked to see what was even at that period one of the marvels of antiquity.

A REMINISCENCE.

It was a bright sunny afternoon in July 1854, and the good ship *Himalaya*, not yet borne on the list of Her Majesty's navy, but transport Number Blank, taken up from the Peninsular and Oriental Company, in rivalry with whom no presumptuous line had yet dared to compete for a share of good things to be found in the gorgeous East, lay far down stream, towards the mouth of the Mersey. On either side, the opposing shores reflected the glinting sunbeams; while farther down the river, the diminutive fort at New Brighton kept watch

and ward, in all the pride of place, as though deeming itself at least a match for any Russian cruiser which might chance to come that way. But the ceaseless movement and general air of confusion on the decks of the gallant ship presented a marked contrast to the Sunday calm which reigned around, undisturbed save by the wash and ripple of the tide, fretting and chafing against the vessel's side, or the sound of distant chimes borne on the wings of the invisible and creeping wind from spire and steeple, light islets in a world of haze, on either hand.

Two squadrons of cavalry had embarked the previous afternoon; and as soon as the ship could be prepared for sea, she was to make the best of her way with her living freight to Varna, appointed rendezvous for the Eastern expedition. Meanwhile, a general stowing away of War Office stores—to use an expression sufficiently comprehensive—was going on: huge vats of saddlery, and cumbersome armchests addressed in gigantic capitals, were by degrees disappearing below; ammunition was being consigned to the comparative security of the magazine; while crates and cases of veterinary medicine, medical comforts, and—mute witnesses to war's sterner realities—bales of calico bandages, littered the decks, sorely marring the general air of smartness usually characterising the vessels of a fleet so world-renowned. Amid such scene of confusion—apparent rather than real, for there was an infinity of method about all that was going forward—rang out from time to time the sharp, quick words of command which soldiers so readily obey. In this condition of things, the deck was anything but a roomy or pleasant promenade, yet the officer in command contrived to pace to and fro with the quartermaster-general who had superintended the embarkation, and who glanced now and again at his watch, as though impatiently regarding the delay in clearing the ship, and cast a somewhat longing eye in the direction of the tug which lay puffing and panting alongside, and would by-and-by convey him from these associations with grim-visaged warfare to the comfort of his home ashore.

Two officers, whose tour of duty was completed earlier in the day, leaned lazily over the big ship's side, watching the blue smoke as it curled sluggishly upward from their cigars, and anon casting glances somewhat wistful in the direction of the Lancashire shore. Silence between them was ere long broken by the elder, whose tall lithe figure, set off to full advantage in jaunty, close-fitting stable jacket, betrayed the very beau idéal of a light dragoon. "One might almost fancy one heard the silvery chimes of Arcliffe Minster," said he, regarding somewhat narrowly the thoughtful countenance of his younger comrade, a subaltern, no small portion of whose service had been passed in the two years during which he had been quartered with his friend in a cathedral city some hundred miles away. They had marched, indeed, but few days previously, on receipt of the long-expected order directing them to join the combined host destined to beleaguer the stubborn Black Sea stronghold of the Czar; and not a few of the smartly turned-out, well set-up dragoons now thronging the *Himalaya's* decks, would leave their bones to bleach on the wind-swept heights, which this

same Sunday afternoon overlooked so peacefully the scene of the mighty struggle to ensue.

'What are they doing now at Graystoke, I wonder?' rejoined the younger of the two friends, unconsciously chiming in with the current of the other's thoughts. 'Can't you imagine the dear old place, Godolphin? Sir Henry likely enough indulging in forty winks in one of the big oaken chairs, beneath the banners and armour of departed heroes in the entrance hall; while Lady Edridge and the young ladies have taken shelter beneath the umbrageous chestnuts that sweep almost level with the smooth velvet of the well-kept lawn.—Stirring times in store for us, old fellow, ere again we see Sir Henry, so cheerily to the fore when hounds are in full cry—or the pretty little drawing-room at Nuneham either,' added he, while a shadow as of unavailing regret for happy hours passed away, or, perchance, some subtle, dimly revealed foreboding of the future swept lightly across a brow fair and open as ever gladdened fond mother's eye, or caused a tremor in young maiden's breast.

'Come now, Clavering, confess,' rejoined his companion in a tone of banter by no means wholly genuine—'what would you not give to walk down from your old quarters to service in the minster this bright afternoon, and afterward stroll across the Close to the Canon's, and receive your cup of tea from Miss Graham's fair hands, as you've done tolerably often these last two years, I'm thinking?—Never mind, my boy; there's a good time coming when we shall all,' continued the speaker, howbeit somewhat reckless in assertion, 'march back again to the tune of *See the conquering Hero comes*, our blushing honours thick upon us, and all that sort of thing, even more welcome than of yore at Graystoke, the old vicarage at Nuneham, and all the bright and cheery homes wherein so kindly a welcome has ever awaited us.'

Thus and thus chatted Captain Godolphin and his subaltern that Sunday afternoon, their hearts the while somewhat heavier than the light and airy converse which passed between them might betray. In no long time, some approach to order having been evolved out of chaos, and the ship's decks sufficiently cleared, the word to move slowly ahead was given; and so the land slipped away quickly and quicker still, and as Old England sank lower on the horizon, she flashed back, as though in mute farewell to her defenders, the golden glories of the declining sun.

Leaving the *Himalaya* to pursue her voyage, and her gallant freight to overcome as soon as may be the piteous results of rolling amid the restless waters of the ever troublous bay, let us briefly sketch some other scenes, widely differing, indeed, from those of a crowded troopship, in the midst of which the friends upon whose converse we have somewhat unceremoniously intruded, had passed the last two years. Arncliffe with its picturesque and narrow streets, quaintly venerable buildings, and winding river, was a quarter ever attractive to gay and gallant horsemen, who alone, in days whereof we write, were privileged to luxuriate in the manifold delights afforded to those whose lot was cast in such military elysium. Society in the city itself might possibly be nothing to boast of; but in the surrounding neighbourhood were north-country homes in

plenty, whose doors stood open to officers from the barracks—cheery mansions where hospitality was dispensed with no niggard hand to such as chose to avail themselves of a welcome ever genial.

The horsemen whose departure from their native shores we have just been permitted to witness, arrived at Arncliffe some two years previously, and with commendable rapidity made themselves popular among its denizens by mingling freely in every amusement which offered itself, themselves returning in amplest measure the hospitalities in which they so joyously participated. Each season had its appropriate diversion. In the bright and glowing summer-tide were there not picnics to ivy-mantled old abbeys in wild romantic glens, crewhile homes of the Cistercian, who beheld, as in rapt gaze he watched the waters bubbling and sparkling among the clefts of the rugged rocks, strange visions of the fountain of life and the crystal sea? Then, again—for tennis and garden-parties were not yet—there was the mimic warfare of the cricket-field; for others, boating amid all the fair leafage of June; and last, yet far from least, were there not the race-meetings, for which and for the glories of its unrivalled minster, the praises of Arncliffe resounded widely throughout the north country? Or was it the season of laden autumn, when the sweet incense of rich moist-smelling weeds filled the air, and the shade of foliage was fallen away, and the strong boughs alone remained to break the force of rude and wintry winds? Then, indeed, for those who loved the joyous chorus of hounds—and who was the horseman, dragoon or lancer, who did not?—here was a hunting quarter all unrivalled. As hoary winter drew on, and the round of outdoor sport and pleasure was invaded by the rigour of a northern Christmas, balls in the county rooms, and festive dances in country-houses were in turn reciprocated by the courteous hospitality of the regimental mess. These, be it remembered, were days when staff-college and garrison instructors as yet were not, but when mirth and jollity ever reigned—it may have been, we must unwillingly admit, to the detriment of those professional studies in pursuit of which the soldier of type more modern is by no means suffered to be slack.

Of all the houses in which the officers of Arncliffe garrison had been made welcome, few were more universally popular—none, surely, more attractive—than Graystoke Priory. Even externally, its pre-eminence was not unasserted. Encircled by a magnificent park, well stocked with game, the aisle-like avenue which formed the approach to the mansion was vaulted by noble chestnuts, very models of tree loveliness. Nor were the inmates unworthy such surroundings. Fresher and more hearty than many a man of fifty, Sir Henry Edridge, though within measurable distance of the allotted years of man, yet bore his age as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly. About Lady Edridge there was perhaps a something lacking of the winning graciousness one might have longed for, and a thought too much of stateliness, at times verging even upon hauteur, in the greeting wherewith you were made welcome to her home. Nor were such inherited characteristics by any means unrecognisable in the two fair daughters of the house, the hearty

frankness of the old baronet being as plainly reflected in the wild tongue and laughing loveliness of Mabel Edridge, as was her mother's more stately reserve in the severer demeanour of her elder sister. Now, we may as well confess at once, that when Captain Godolphin gazed so wistfully towards the shore from the deck of the outward-bound *Himalaya*, thoughts of Beatrice Edridge and of the great gulf—perchance never to be bridged over—which would shortly yawn between them, troubled a brow not usually clouded by care.

But another no less happy, if less pretentious home, lies invitingly open to our gaze, home of the type ecclesiastical, such as, with its inmates, Anthony Trollope was wont so exquisitely to depict. No palace, indeed, invading whose chief seat another Mrs Proudie arranged diocesan detail or discussed clerical delinquencies with obsequious chaplain, but a lowlier household, which tranquilly migrated according to season, passing and re-passing between the quaint old vicarage at Nuneham and the more dignified repose of the canon's house in the trim-kept close at Arncliffe. Nuneham vicarage lacked, as well it might, the green vistas of foliage which arched the approach to the adjacent priory, but for a garden which might rival Corisande's in old-fashioned beauty, and tempt even those who most love to stand idle into longing to dress and keep it—as for this, what could compare with its smooth lawn, long straight walks, and wealth of scented flowers? Yet lovelier even than such wilderness of sweets was fair Mary Graham, full of winsome, dainty grace, who, motherless, reigned sole mistress of her father's home, alike at Nuneham and in the residence beneath the hoary towers of Arncliffe Minster. Nor for nothing had young Willie Clavering gazed long and softly on vision so bright and fair; and three short days ere the route arrived, had told his love to no unwilling ear. And now, all bright hopes were dashed, and a parting comes—no sweet sorrow, pensive prelude of a morrow's joy, but sudden, perhaps even final—bitter as only such partings can be, leaving nought save dear fond remembrance behind. Thus had her lover passed forth from the broad daylight of her life, whence the bloom was vanished and the charm; and sad indeed was Mary Graham's loving heart what time the glittering squadrons marched beneath the ancient barrier leading out of Arncliffe by the western road; self-same which, long years before, Oglethorpe's dragoons had traversed as they pressed in hot pursuit of Prince Charlie's retreating host.

Not thus happy in his wooing, however, had been Arthur Godolphin, captain of Clavering's troop; and from the very day he joined, firm friend and trusty counsellor to his callow comrade. Wide, indeed, was the difference between sweet Mary Graham and Beatrice Edridge, proud and stately, as though she would die rather than yield the off-sought sign of affection. At times, even Godolphin, fondly as he gazed on her, would almost be tempted to murmur:

Fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument.

And then, as though chiding his own faint heart,

would he straightway redouble attentions which even in happiest vein the haughty beauty seemed but to tolerate. Driven well-nigh to despair, a short while ere the route for Varna came, Godolphin sought one day to draw from bright-eyed Mabel some sweet assurance of hope.

'Ah, Captain Godolphin,' laughed the lively little maiden, 'have you yet to learn that

all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent?'

A lesson, by the way, which it was more than suspected the young lady herself had already acquired, she and Jack Fanshawe, the senior cornet, having long been fast friends, wholly inseparable, in fact, on the few occasions when Lady Edridge could be persuaded to allow her youngest daughter to emerge from the seclusion of Graystoke.

Meanwhile, how had it fared with the light-hearted horsemen whose gay and rollicking guest-nights had, such a short while ago, roused midnight echoes in Arncliffe barrack square? One evening about a fortnight subsequent to the sailing of the *Himalaya*, two young cavalry officers gazed down from beneath the arches of the Baracca upon such a scene of busy life as, in days when yet the Suez Canal was not, the grand harbour of Valetta rarely enough offered to those few unlucky men, alternately baked and devoured by mosquitoes, whom duty at such season ordinarily chained to the spot. Huge steamers, laden with horse, foot, and artillery, lay alongside the quays; and hither and thither swiftly flitted brightly painted little boats, bearing from ship to shore those who, like our Arncliffe friends—for such they were—sought for letters from home, or, each after his kind, amusement wherewith to vary the unaccustomed monotony of life at sea.

'So you've actually heard from Mary Graham—lucky dog!' said Godolphin, as, seated on the low sill of one of the archways, he watched his younger comrade eagerly devouring the contents of a letter whose neatly formed, closely crossed handwriting sufficiently betrayed the sex of the fair correspondent. 'How awfully good of her not to forget the Marseille mail,' added he.—'She doesn't chance to say anything about the people at Graystoke?'—after a pause, inquiringly.

'All well,' replied the other.—'And listen to this, Godolphin; here's something intended, no doubt, for your special benefit: "Nor, I sincerely believe, is the weary burden of absent hours borne by me alone; I think, nay, am sure that Beatrice has already discovered that there's no living now if Bertram (in the shape of Captain Godolphin) be away."'

Cold comfort, after all; still, a straw, at which a drowning man with agonising grasp might clutch, and cherished accordingly.

Nor, indeed, had things gone merrily as aforetime with the two fair sisters at Graystoke, but all sweet sounds of life seemed somehow out of tune and jangled. That which ever present may be lightly esteemed, becomes oftentimes, in absence, as yellow, glittering, precious gold; and so had it proved to Beatrice Edridge; while to bright little Mab, without Jack Fanshawe to flout and coax by turns, the times seemed sorely out of

joint. Mary Graham was away with her father in residence at Arncliffe; and when dark thoughts, heavy faced and threatening in their presages, chanced to cross her mind, the old man would gently chide, reminding her how sure is death to all alike, to those that stay and those that roam; and so would she pray more earnestly for return of gentle peace and fair prosperous days.

Thus slowly summer passed away, and the golden harvest-time with its sunburnt sicklemen; and autumn was just commencing, when, from spire and steeple, joy-bells clashed a very babel of melodious sound, proclaiming how, on the ensanguined field of Balaklava, the thin red line had triumphed as of yore over serried hosts of Cossack and Russian. And, by-and-by, there came, as needs must, sad sequel to every victory, long rolls of killed and wounded; and the wrinkled front of war was grimly realised in many a sorrowing home, where friend or brother must henceforth be but some fond record on the table of the memory. And ere long there was bruited abroad a rumour, vague at first and hard to realise. It was impossible, men said, that the very flower of England's chivalry could have been launched in unavailing onslaught against outflanking tiers of hostile guns. Yet, alas! where now were those smart and rollicking dragoons who, but the other day passed full of life with stride so resonant, about the narrow old streets of Arncliffe, each one cynosure of many an admiring eye? And so, once more, fresh lists of killed and wounded, scanned with intensity of trembling anxiety, such as mere words might never describe, alike in the calm serenity of the close and amid the luxurious appointments of Graystoke Priory.

The worst at anyrate had not happened; the list of killed contained the names of none of their friends; but under the heading 'Wounded severely' were returned the names of both Captain Godolphin and Lieutenant Clavering. Sorely grieved was little Mab, for both were prime favourites with her; still, if truth be told, her heart gave a big bound when she found how Jack Fanshawe had ridden back safe and sound with the shattered remnant of the gallant Six Hundred. To Beatrice Edridge in this time of her tribulation, pride was but as the staff of a bruised reed on which to lean; and so in these days, oftener than ever, would she be found in the close, seeking such healing balm of sympathy as Mary Graham could spare in her own sore trouble. Ere long came tidings of the sufferers; and a few lines which poor Clavering managed to scrawl from the hospital at Scutari served somewhat to abate her sickening anxiety, assuring her how he was to be sent, as soon as he could be moved, to Malta, and so by easy stages home again once more. His captain, he said, had lost an arm, but otherwise was doing well. And no long time after, from Malta came tidings still more brightly written and hopeful, telling her of anticipated happiness in reunion, and how all his remembrance lay in Arncliffe with his joy. And then—a pause, and then a blow, swift, and wholly unexpected, a gourd in one moment blasted, a full cistern broken. A ruptured blood-vessel, the doctors said, had been the cause.

Long years roll between the Crimean war and

these days in which I write, and a new generation has grown up, sometimes marvelling for what purpose was made such waste of blood and treasure. Are not the White Czar's constant plans, men say, if they appear awhile to be laid aside, ever taken up again as opportunity offers, and carried on, just as some pattern in fair embroidery, wherein is inserted here a flower, there a leaf, ever following a pre-arranged and well-ordered design, is from time to time resumed? Nor are these the only changes which have accompanied the march of Time's inaudible foot, for Colonel and Mrs Godolphin now reign at Graystoke Priory, her husband having long ago left the army; and youthful voices ring once more among the timbers of the old Hall, and childish eyes gaze wonderingly at the gay pennons and strange men in armour who stand around; moreover, Beatrice is just now abundantly happy, in that her sister is close to her, for Colonel Fanshawe commands the regiment at present quartered in Arncliffe barracks.

Of all the Sisters in that far-away South African home, who bears with such infinite patience the manifold shortcomings and naughtinesses of the little black children, as Sister Mary? or who rewards their feeble endeavours to be good with such concord of sweet sounds that the very air becomes murmurous with melody? And yet sometimes, in spite of firm resolve, memories of the past rush in upon her like a flood, and stifled sorrow and yearnings after what might have been, are roused anew by the very outpouring of harmony; lingering echoes, perchance, of some anthem heard long ago in the happy days, the echoes of which still vibrate through the arches of Arncliffe Minster.

AMUSING METAPHORS.

AN Englishman once asked a son of Erin if the roads in Ireland were good. Pat replied: 'Yes; they are so fine, that I wonder you do not import some of them into England. Let me see—there's the road to love, strewed with roses; to matrimony, through nettles; to honour, through the camp; to prison, through the law; and to the undertaker's, through physic.'—'Have you any road to preferment?' asked the Englishman. 'Yes, faith, we have; but that is the dirtiest road in the kingdom.'

The answer of Apollonius to Vespasian is not without humour and instruction. Vespasian asked him: 'What caused Nero's overthrow?' He answered: 'Nero could touch and tune the harp well; but in government, sometimes he used to wind the pins too high, sometimes to let them down too low.' And certain it is that nothing destroys authority so much as the unequal and untimely interchange of power pressed too far and relaxed too much.

George Stephenson was once asked by a scientific lady what he considered the most powerful force in nature. 'Oh,' said he in a gallant spirit, 'I will soon answer that question: it is the eye of the woman for the man who loves her; for if a woman look with affection on a young man, and he should go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring

him back. There is no other force in nature that could do that.'

Equally ready with a similitude was the negro who, when giving evidence in court, was asked about the honesty of a neighbour. 'I know nothing against him,' was the reply; 'but if I was a chicken, I would roost high when he was hanging around.'

A thoughtful writer describes one-eyed travellers, who see a great deal of some particular class of objects and are blind to all others, and adds: 'The Irish jaunting car, in which the passengers sit back to back, is a sort of type of what befalls many tourists in Ireland. Each sees a great deal, and reports faithfully what he has seen on one side of the road, and the other on the other. One will have seen all that is *green*, and the other, all that is *orange*.'

'A cunning knave can form no notion of a nobler nature,' says the same writer. 'He is like the goats on Robinson Crusoe's island, which saw clearly everything *below* them, but very imperfectly what was above them; so that Robinson could never get at them from the valleys; but when he came upon them from the hilltop, he took them quite by surprise.'

Ridicule, says a German critic, is like a blow with the fist; wit, like the prick of a needle; irony, like the sting of a thorn; and humour, the plaster which heals all these wounds. All of these qualities may be found in some metaphors.

Man is said to be an animal that has a mania for getting up societies and making himself president. If the presidency has been already claimed, he contents himself with the position of treasurer. In a cynical old bachelor's opinion, ideas are like beards—men only get them when they are grown up, and women never have any. It was probably another old bachelor who said: 'Nature shudders when she sees a woman throw a stone; but when a woman attempts to split wood, nature covers her head and retires to a dark and mouldering cave in temporary despair.' A spinster says old bachelors are frozen-out old gardeners in the flower-bed of love.

To say that a coquette is a rosebush from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband, is not very complimentary. Compliments are the coin that people pay a man to his face; sarcasm, what they pay him out with behind his back.

A farmer said: 'One thing I don't like about city folks—they be either so stuck up that yer can't reach 'em with a haystack pole, or so blamed friendly that they forget to pay their board.'

A rural poet said of his lady-love: 'She is graceful as a water-lily, while her breath is like an armful of clover.' An American poet wrote a eulogy of Washington, whose glorious life should compose a volume as Alps immortal, spotless as its snows. The stars should be its types, its press the age, the earth its binding, and the sky its page. Truly, some American poets go in for marvels of metaphor.

The Chinese call overdoing a thing, a hunch-back making a bow. When a man values himself overmuch, they compare him to a rat falling into a scale and weighing itself.

A fanatical Sabbatarian writes: 'The Sunday newspaper is a crayfish in the dikes of misuse,

a crayfish that undermines the banks, behind which the racecourses, the theatres, the saloons, the gambling dens, &c., are roaring for exit.' Another newspaper described a fire by saying that the red flames danced in the heavens, and flung their fiery arms about like a black funeral pall, until Sam Jones got on the roof and doused them out with a pail of water.

Gordon Cumming likened an African jungle to a forest of fishhooks relieved by an occasional patch of penknives.

'You look,' said an Irishman to a pale haggard smoker, 'as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again.'

A schoolmaster describing a money-lender, says: 'He serves you in the present tense, he lends you in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjunctive, and ruins you in the future.' A close observer of human nature remarks: 'Time marches on with the slow, measured tread of the man working by the day.' A French author is charged with the prediction that France will throw herself into the arms of the liberating sword. This is not quite so bad as the Democrat's speech: 'We will burn our ships, and with every sail unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom!'

A clergyman on board a ship began a sermon in the following manner: 'Dear friends, I shall embark my exhortation on the barge of my lips, in order to cross the stormy ocean of your attention, and in hope of arriving safely at the port of your ears.'

A learned counsellor, in the middle of an affecting appeal in court on a slander suit, treated his hearers to the following flight of genius: 'Slander, gentlemen, like a boa-constrictor of gigantic size and immeasurable proportions, wraps the coil of its unwieldy body about its unfortunate victim, and heedless of the shrieks of agony that come from the uttermost depths of its victim's soul—loud and verberating as the night-thunder that rolls in the heavens—it finally breaks its unlucky neck upon the iron wheel of public opinion, forcing him first to desperation, then to madness, and finally crushing him in the hideous jaws of mortal death.'

A young American lawyer employed to defend a culprit charged with stealing a pig, resolved to convince the court that he was born to shine. Accordingly, he proceeded to deliver the following brilliant exordium: 'May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, while Europe is bathed in blood; while classic Greece is struggling for her rights and liberties, and trampling the unhallowed altars of the bearded Infidels to dust; while America shines forth the brightest orb in the political sky—I, with due diffidence, rise to defend the cause of this humble hog-thief.'

'Pray, my lord,' said a gentleman to a late respected and rather whimsical judge, 'what is the difference between law and equity courts?'—'Very little in the end,' replied his lordship; 'they only differ as far as time is concerned. At common law, you are done for at once; in equity, you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet, which is instantaneously and charmingly effective; the latter is an angler's hook, which plays with its victim before it kills it. The one is prussic acid, the other laudanum.'

A curious metaphor was used by the orator who proposed to grasp a ray of light from the great orb of day, spin it into threads of gold, and with them weave a shroud in which to wrap the whirlwind which dies upon the bosom of the west. A writer remarks, we are afraid the machinery will break down before the fabric can get through the loom.

But the following piece of soul-stirring eloquence equals anything in the way of amusing metaphors. Colonel Zell, at the time when Grant was up for the Presidency, and when the Democratic watchword was, 'Anything to beat Grant,' was addressing an enthusiastic meeting of Republicans, when a Democrat sung out: 'It's easy talkin', colonel; but we'll show you something next fall.' The colonel was a great admirer of Grant. He at once wheeled about, and with uplifted hands, hair bristling, and eyes flashing fire, cried out: 'Build a worm-fence round a winter supply of summer weather; catch a thunderbolt in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; hang out the ocean on a grape-vine to dry; but never, sir, never for a moment delude yourself with the idea that you can beat Grant.'

A 'TARIFF' OF THE FLEET PRISON.

The abuses which existed in the old Fleet Prison of London are known to most of us—the practice of horrible cruelties at first, and of gross extortions later on. A capital picture of the latter evils is sketched in a work published in 1749, entitled the *Humours of the Fleet*. The author was himself a debtor incarcerated in the prison, the aspect of which was, he tells us, uninviting enough to the newly arrived spendthrift, who had probably, till then, passed his life in the lap of luxury. Various officials stepped forward to greet him, and hint that a 'tip' would secure all necessary comforts; but after giving it, the new-comer quickly discovered that it would not produce all that was promised. For really 'comfortable apartments,' another 'fee' had to be given to this man and to that man, till, before settling down, the prisoner had parted with at least a five-pound note. Early in the seventeenth century, however, when the Star Chamber and other similar courts began to fill the Fleet with state prisoners, the fees to be paid by inmates and the provision to be made for them were ordered by government; and a very curious 'tariff' of the prison exists amongst the state papers for the reign of James I. The scale drawn up was variable according to the social status of the prisoner. 'At his first coming into prison,' a 'yeoman' paid to the warden, £1, 13s. 4d.; for his 'weeklie commons,' 5s.; and for his chamber, 2s. 4d. A gentleman on entering paid £3, 6s. 8d., and 10s. a week for his board. His chamber, 'lying two in a bedd, like prisoners,' 2s. 4d. A proviso with regard to this latter arrangement shows the root of the evil, which afterwards developed so prominently in the 'tip' system. 'If,' says the tariff, 'he will have a chaumber for himselfe alone, then he is to agree with the warden.' Of the better-class rooms, there were some at 3s. 4d., 5s., 6s., 8s., 10s., 12s., 13s. 4d., and 20s. a week. If the new arrival was a 'knight,' his entrance fee to the warden was £5, and the cost of his board

18s. a week. His chamber, 10s. a week, 'unlesse he agree with the warden.' A noble prisoner was a source of considerable profit to the officials: a baron's fee to the warden was £10, and an earl's £15; for 'commons,' the former paid 18s. 6d. a week, and the latter £2, 3s. 4d.—rather a large difference. The omission from the tariff of terms for dukes, marquises, and viscounts is singular. Surely the Fleet sometimes opened its doors to such grades of nobility. The meals provided lacked nothing in respect of quantity—as to quality of course we cannot now speak—but they only came twice a day—dinner and supper. Breakfast was presumably an 'extra.' For dinner, 'knightes and gentlemen all at a table' had boiled beef, boiled leg of mutton, roast beef, a joint of roast veal, a pullet, and a tart. For supper, 'neates feete,' sliced beef, roast mutton, a pullet, and a rabbit. So far as eating went, knights and gentlemen shared alike; but the superior rank of the former was respected in drinking; each knight had a pint of wine to a meal; whilst three gentlemen had to make that quantity do between them. Of the noblemen's *menu* we have no details.

HIC JACET AMOR.

I.

HARD by the spot it lies where all ways meet
That lead to happiness or misery,
Within the shadow of a cypress tree
Embowered in fragrant flowers, Death's cool retreat,
And all untrodden by the noisy feet
Of youths and maidens, who with careless glee
Trip o'er the green of life right merrily,
And dream not love's sweet dream, so sad and sweet!

For him they never knew, gay giddy throng,
And heedless of this tombstone, old and cold,
So deep in shadow, and o'ergrown with mould!
Warm was this shepherd's heart; sweet was his song—
It filled the woods with music all day long—
Who now lies here, and thus his tale is told.

II.

O mother Earth, to him who cradled lies
For ever on thy breast, be gentle now!
And breathe, ye winds, soft lullabies and low,
Yet wake no echoes with your mournful sighs!
And while the sorrow of the silent skies
Distils in dew upon Hate's fallen foe,
Go, mourn, ye maidens! noise abroad your woe,
And fill the empty fields with wailing cries.

For Love is dead! by cruel maidens slain,
Who took his glorious all, then, sated, threw
The gift away. He nought of vengeance knew,
Nor to his brother-shepherds did complain,
But grew more silent, slowly passed away,
And sleepeth here until the judgment day.

BERTRAM ROMILLY.

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L. S. D.

WHAT influence for good or ill these three symbols—perpetuating the *Libra*, *Solidus*, and *Denarius* of the ancient Romans, thus defying the changing hand of Time from centuries before Christ till now—have exerted, and still continue to exert, over the thoughts and actions of poor frail humanity all the world over!—for the Roman coins have been found in the Orkneys as well as in the most remote corners of the Old World.

Many of our maxims and aphorisms are decidedly contradictory; for instance, the example held out to us of the early bird is somewhat upset by the fact that 'the early worm gets eaten;' and our belief in 'anything well begun being half done' is rather rudely shaken by being told that 'a good beginning makes a bad end.' But we do not know of one maxim which gainsays the proverb that 'Money is the root of all evil.' And this does not imply that money is not the root of a great deal of good also. No proverb worthy the name was ever framed in a day, being, in short, the essence distilled from long-continued and attentive observation; but it may perhaps be necessary, in order to convince some of our readers that there is much truth in this particular one, to enumerate a few of the most crying evils for which money, if not entirely responsible, may at least be held conducive—avarice, envy, forgery, gambling, licentiousness, robbery, and even murder. Money we all must have, since our very life depends upon its possession. Without money, we must starve and die; and if we cannot obtain it by fair means, we sometimes adopt foul. After having obtained it, what numerous temptations to misuse it assail us on every side—the indulgence of selfish luxuries, enticing debaucheries, and all the fiery darts of the wicked one. Whereas a little trouble is involved, and we have to go somewhat out of our way to find the means of spending it profitably for ourselves or others.

It is difficult for persons who live in this enlightened age to realise the time when there

was no such thing as money, and to understand how the ordinary dealings could be carried on without such a convenient medium. But people in those days were no worse off than the untutored savages of to-day. Money, after all, is but a common measure or standard, according to which we estimate the value of other things; or, as it has been defined, 'any commodity that can be employed for the purpose of facilitating the interchange of what men possess for what they desire.' Homer tells us that Glaucus's golden armour was valued at one hundred oxen, showing that oxen in this case was the unit of measurement or comparison. Among the ancient Britons, we know that iron rings and tin plates were used for money, although they had a gold and bronze coinage long before the Romans came. In Italy it was originally cattle, whence comes the Latin word *pecunia*, money, derived from *pecus*, a flock; and this method of barter still obtains in uncivilised countries; for example, beads in Abyssinia, cowries or small shells in India and on the coasts of Africa, where about sixty shells represent the value of a halfpenny. Certain fruits have also at times been current for money: cacao and maize among the Mexicans, and almonds in parts of the East Indies where there were no cowries, forty being set against a halfpenny—in short, various substances have been used for a convenient standard in different ages; but in all nations where commerce has made any considerable progress, the precious metals, either in coins or ingots, or their representative value in paper, have finally been adopted as money. In this, however, as in all matters of progress, the development has been exceedingly gradual, and, unfortunately, history does not help us in tracing the different methods pursued previous to the adoption of the metals. First we find stamped money of wood and pieces of leather giving place to pieces of gold, silver, and copper or brass, signified by the three *As*, from the Latin *Aurum*, *Argentum*, and *Æs*, of no definite shape, and void of impressions, weight alone being the measure. Next followed various

impressions on these irregular pieces: the Jews imprinted on one side the shekel or golden pot, and on the other Aaron's rod; the Dardans, two cocks fighting; the Athenians, an owl or an ox; and so on through countless variations, exhibiting the religion and manners of the different peoples.

As time went on, the forms of the coins became more regular, though they are now by no means uniform; some being circular like our own and those of the Chinese, which have a square hole through the middle, to allow of their being slung, for the convenience of carriage or enumeration; others square or multangular; and others globular. But now—with the exception of the Turks and Mohammedans, who detest images, the precept of Mohammed forbidding the representation of any living creature, and who inscribe the name instead—all civilised nations impress one side of the coin with the image of the reigning sovereign. Nor is this a modern idea, since the coins of Alexander I., who began his reign about five hundred years before Christ, bear his portrait, as do also those of many kings and queens who held their sway in that and succeeding centuries.

There are few subjects more interesting than the study of the symbols found on ancient coins, and though such is outside the limits of this article, we may be pardoned for referring briefly to one of them which shows the origin of the Turkish crescent. When Philip of Macedon was proceeding to storm Byzantium—the ancient name of Constantinople—on a cloudy night, the moon suddenly shone out and discovered his approach, so that the inhabitants observed and repulsed him. The Turks, upon entering Constantinople, found this ancient badge in many places, and suspecting some magical power in it, assumed the symbol and its power to themselves, which we find to this day impressed on all their coins.

Copper coins appear generally to have been struck previous to silver, and silver previous to gold. In what may be called the modern period of England, the first gold coin was not struck until the reign of Henry III., in 1257, and was called 'a gold pennic,' equivalent in value to twenty pence—and this progress of metals seems to have kept pace with the increase of wealth and commerce. Iron, brass, and copper first answered the purposes of money; silver followed next, and, as property increased, gold succeeded; but the great increase of riches and trade in our day has rendered even gold insufficient as a circulating medium; therefore, paper has been substituted, as being exempt from most of the imperfections and disorders of coin, and greatly facilitating the intricate operations of commerce.

Having briefly sketched the growth of modern money to maturity, it may be well to lighten the mass by inserting a little leaven in the shape of a few entertaining narratives concerning its infancy.

The Norman penny, their only piece of money, was so deeply impressed with a cross that it might easily be parted; when broken in half, each piece was called a half-penny; and when

broken into quarters, each piece was called a *furthing* or farthing, a device that has lately been suggested for dividing our penny postage stamp by perforating it across the centre into two halfpenny ones, and which would be a great boon if granted by the Inland Revenue department. 'Milling,' the edge of our gold and silver coins, termed also 'graining' and 'crenating,' first employed in 1646, to prevent their being injured by wear, and more especially by being clipped by rogues, is a hint taken from the ancient Syrians and Romans, who treated their coins similarly and for like reasons, by cutting out regular notches round the border, so as to show the inside of the metal. But the old forgers were not to be so easily beaten, and made corresponding incisions in their copper imitations, plating them over with silver.

Up to the time of the Union (1707), the Scotch coins were quite distinct from the English, consisting of pistoles, marks, nobles, pounds, shillings, and pence, besides 'base money of Atkinsons or Achisons (eightpence), baubees, placks, and boddles. The Irish coins have always been made here and sent to that country, there being no mint in Ireland, and have borne the same names as our own; but their shilling or harper was only worth about elevenpence three-farthings, and their pound equal to eighteen shillings and fourpence-halfpenny English money.

The derivation of the names of some of our modern coins is interesting. Guineas were so termed from the Guinea gold out of which they were first struck; our florin, from a gold coin of Florence of that name, from the flower of the lily (*fiore*) upon it, struck in 1252. The shilling was at first a German appellation, *schelling*. Our word 'sterling' is derived as follows: In the time of King John, money coined in the east parts of Germany, where the inhabitants were called *Easterlings*, came into special request in England on account of its purity, and was called *Easterling money*; some of these people the king sent for, to bring the coin to perfection, which ever since has been called *sterling*, from *Easterling*.

The fashion of wearing coins as ornaments, as we do either as a charm on the watchchain, or when made into sleeve-links, necklaces, bracelets, &c., was also common among the ancients, especially the Greek girls, many of whose coins have been found pierced with holes, and sometimes with a small ring fastened. But perhaps the most curious purpose to which money has been applied was the superstitious practice of placing thin broad pieces of unstamped gold in the mouths of the Egyptian mummies, to pay the fare of Charon, the mythological ferryman, to row them across the river Styx.

Some of our readers may not know that there exists in France such an anomaly as imaginary money; we refer to the French centime, which has no real existence, being contrived for the sole purpose of simplifying accounts, a light in which some people, especially merchants in many of their transactions, regard all money—that is, merely as counters wherewith to reckon the different commodities that are mutually exchanged in the concerns of life.

One of the crimes we laid at money's door in the early part of this article was forgery, under

which head is included the fabrication of counterfeit money, the pursuit of which criminal art has lured many a clever man, besides the notorious Brunel, to his doom; and since many of the stratagems adopted are as ingenious as they are dishonest, it may be interesting to notice a few of them, together with the punishments that have at various times been meted out. The production of a counterfeit bank-note calls for such shrewdness and dexterity as are beyond the ken of unskilled persons. The coining of money being the special prerogative of the sovereign, who may also by proclamation legitimise foreign coin and make it current in his own country, or decree any coin of the kingdom and make it no longer current, renders the striking of money by an unqualified person unlawful. Clipping, filing, and sweating coins—that is, immersing them in some strong acid that will eat away the surface, thus causing them to lose their weight, and consequently their value—are amongst the clumsier dodges; whilst the plan of covering pieces of iron, lead, copper, or other metal, cut to the size and shape of the coin to be imitated, with a thin plate of gold or silver neatly stamped and soldered at the edges, which can only be detected by weight and sound, calls for a greater degree of skill and manipulation. By a law of the Emperor Constantine, false coiners were declared guilty of high-treason and condemned to be burnt alive; by the law of Athens, all counterfeiters, debasers, and diminishers of the current coin were subjected to capital punishment; and in our own country, these offences are deemed high-treason; and not only these, but the mere fact of buying, selling, concealing, or knowingly having in possession any implements or tools for the coinage of money. A curious statute was framed in the reign of George II. to the effect that ‘any offender shall be pardoned in case (being out of prison) he discovers and convicts two other offenders of the same kind.’ It is also contrary to law to consign money to the melting-pot, the punishment for which, in the reign of Charles II., was—‘(1) forfeiture of the same, and also the double value; (2) the offender, if a freeman of any town, to be disfranchised; if not, to suffer six months’ imprisonment.’ By a statute of William III., ‘any person buying or selling, or knowingly having in his custody, any clippings or filings of the coin of the realm, shall forfeit the same and five hundred pounds; one moiety to the king, and the other to the informer; and be branded on the cheek with the letter R.’ The counterfeiting of foreign coin is also considered a misdemeanour and breach of the peace, and liable to a punishment of one year’s imprisonment for the first offence, and seven years’ penal servitude for the second.

We may explain why it is that coins are struck and not cast. In their liquid state, some metals may be turned to almost any purpose and moulded to any shape; but gold, silver, and copper sustain a contraction in their transition from the liquid to the solid state, and cannot therefore be cast to the figure of a mould; consequently, all our coins receive their impression from a stamp. We may also pay a passing tribute of gratitude to the Arabians for the few characters their method of notation requires, for just fancy if we had to work out all our sums and calculations in Roman figures!

The coinage of a country is ever on the change, a new coin being produced while another is called in. In this country, the following coins have all disappeared: the groat (fourpence) and half-groat (twopence), introduced by Edward III.; the testoon by Henry VII., so called from the *teste* or *tête*, or head of the king upon it; Elizabeth’s three-halfpenny and three-farthing pieces; and the mark, noble, ryal, spur-ryal, angel, and angelet, as well as the tin halfpence and farthings coined by Charles II., with a stud of copper in their centre. Less than a century ago, five-guinea and double-guinea gold pieces, and twopenny pieces of copper, were in general circulation amongst us; guineas in time succumbed to the necessities of political economy; while crowns and fourpenny ‘bits’ have died out within our own recollection; but the symbols L. S. D. have outlived them all, and appear likely to endure far into the distant æons of futurity.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XV.—THE ‘JOSEPHINE.’

JOSEPHINE remained brooding where the rector had left her, with knitted brows and plaited fingers and set lips. ‘I wish I were out of this—living a simpler life, where I could see my way plain before me.’

Then she heard ‘Hist! hist!’ and looked about her, but discovered no one. Then again ‘Hist! hist!’ and looked up, and beheld the wan face of Mr Gabriel Gotham, with bleached eyes, and faded hair, and weak trembling lips, looking down on her from the balustrade of the terrace above. She had been pacing a walk below the terrace—the verberna walk—with the rector.

The shaking white hand of the squire was round the base of a plaster vase; she could see only his nodding head and his hand, the fingers of which worked on the vase as if he were practising on a piano.

‘Don’t come up,’ he said, as Josephine turned to the steps that led to the terrace; then he thrust his walking-stick between the pillars of the balustrade and indicated a spot below where she was to stand.

Josephine took up the position he required; and he spoke to her over the stone rail, with his chin resting on it and his hands hanging over it—a picture of imbecility. As his chin was on the stone, when he spoke the upper portion of his head moved, instead of the chin.

‘What is it? What have you been doing? What about Richard Cable?’

Josephine’s frown deepened. It was too vexatious to have had her conversation with the rector overheard. ‘Cousin,’ she said, ‘I have had a private talk with Mr Sellwood. I did not solicit it. He thrust it upon me. Neither he nor I desired that it should have taken place within the hearing of an eavesdropper.’

‘How rude you are to me.’

‘A privilege of relations.’

'I did not intend to listen. I was here, and you were beneath. I did not hear everything. I did not suppose that you and the rector had anything to say to each other which the world might not hear.'

'What did you hear?' asked Josephine shortly.

'I—I do not rightly understand. I think something was said of your meeting Richard Cable at night, without your father's knowledge, on the seawall. But I did not catch how long these private interviews had been going on.—Oh! how improper;' then he exploded in a cackling laugh.

Josephine coloured. 'You have just heard enough to let your fancy run away with you, Mr Gotham,' said she. 'It is true that I did go out through the gate at night to Mr Cable, because I had some bonbons for his children. It was a brilliant moonlight night, as light as day, and I never for a moment thought there was any harm in my doing so. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*'

'Did I hear that the hour was past midnight?' His blue eyes twinkled with cunning.

'Yes; it was past midnight. The vicar and Captain Sellwood had been dining with us. After dinner, I took the box down to Mr Cable.'

'How did you know he was there? Had you appointed that he should be in waiting to receive the box?'

'Cousin Gotham,' exclaimed Josephine angrily, but with tears of mortification rising into her eyes, 'why am I to be subjected to catechism by you as well as by the rector, and go over to you the same story, make to you the same self-exculpation?'

'Because, my dear, I have heard of the circumstances. You will have to explain them and exculpate yourself to every one who hears about this midnight meeting, the sweet tête-à-tête.'

'No one else will hear of it. It was an accident.—It was a bit of thoughtless imprudence on my part. I will not do it again.'

'A nine days' wonder to all the parish. How the old women will talk! and the sailors joke over their ale about it!'

'No one will know anything about it but yourself, who have surprised the secret—not that it is a secret. I meant nought by going out on the wall but what I have said, to carry a bonbon box to the children.—I declare!' Josephine burst forth angrily, 'I will never attempt to do a kind thing again. It is not often the fancy takes me. When I do a considerate act, I have to suffer for it. You are learning that, Cousin Gotham, also. You have housed us after the fire; and cannot shake us off.'

'I do not want to be rid of you, Josephine.'

'And Aunt Judith? Is the attachment so great that you cannot part with her?'

Mr Gotham laughed, his head wagging on the balustrade as though it were loose and rolled on it, and might at any moment roll off.

'Have you read of the Struldbugs, Cousin Gotham?'

'What—in *Gulliver's Travels*? The old people who never die?'

'Yes. Papa says that he cannot believe in Struldbugs, because they would have all their juices drawn out of them by their friends and acquaintances. Friends and acquaintances become to old people barnacles that adhere and perforate. They can be shaken off by those who are young, but not by the old, and they cover up and corrode the latter. I think we are barnacles stuck upon you.'

'Am I a Struldbug? or a drift-log? Did your father say that? Or is this a piece of your pertness?'

'Oh, he was not particularly alluding to you,' answered Josephine. 'At least, I do not remember that he was.'

Mr Gotham got up, and let Josephine see that he did not consist only of head and hands. 'Shall we go a little stroll together?' he said. 'Will you take my arm?'

'I shall be delighted,' answered Josephine, and waited, and held out her arm for him to take. That was what he meant by her taking his arm: she was to support him.

He came tottering down the steps. Josephine, tall and vigorous, full of the bloom of youth, formed a striking contrast to this mean, decrepit old man.

'Am I a Struldbug?' he asked, leering up in her face. 'What was your father talking about that he should come upon the Struldbugs?'

'I really do not remember.'

'Or old logs washed up, covered with barnacles?'

'No; he did not speak of you as a log, cousin.'

'I should not be surprised if he had been thinking of me. I suspect he speaks one thing to my face and another to my back. I may be esteemed a Struldbug or a log; but I am not one or other. I have eyes in the lobes of my ears, and can see more than some suspect.' Then he cackled. 'The barnacles may not find so much to suck out of me as they reckon upon.'

'Where shall we go, Cousin Gotham?'

'Oh, anywhere. I want a change.—On to the seawall,' he continued, laughing, shaking his sides and the hand that rested on Josephine's arm.

'That fire has been a terrible loss to your father,' he said, still laughing. 'His books—his wine—his plate! He will save something in housekeeping by living here, barnacled on me, as you call it. The insurance was heavy. I really should not have thought your father had such valuable furniture and wines and books. But it will not be paid for six months, I suppose?'

'I know nothing about it,' said Josephine abruptly.

'Why do you not call me Cousin Gabriel?' asked Mr Gotham. 'You know we are relations. Your father's mother was a Gotham, sister of my father, and of old Uncle Jeremy, who bought this place.'

'Which way shall we go?' asked Josephine, without answering his question.

He waved his stick in the direction he desired

to walk ; then he went on : 'Your father no doubt reckons on having the Hall when I am gone. Has he ever spoken of the changes he will be making in it? Trees he will cut down, rooms he will alter?' He peered up in her face craftily.

Mr Cornelis had done this. Josephine would not say he had not, so she diverted the attention of the old man to something else, a thing easily done. 'I suppose now I can bring the Cable children here any day, as you desired, to look for sugared almonds in the wren-nests?'

'Not for the world!' exclaimed Gabriel with a start. 'I would not have it done now, whilst your father is here. It might be thought a precedent, and he would not like it; he who is to inherit the place when that old Struldbrug, Gotham, is withered and cast away, when that old log is so barnacle-bored as to be worthless.'

'He could not object, if you wished it.'

'I wish it no longer.'

'I am sorry I mentioned the Struldbrugs to you. You continue referring to them, as though my father or I had associated you with them in idea, which is not the case.'

'I do not desire that the children should be brought to the garden now. It was another matter before. Then I had nothing to amuse me; now I have you.'

'I will do what I can for you, Cousin Gotham. I shall make you skip and wince with the stings of my sharp tongue.'

'I do not mind that; but I do object to be riddled by barnacles.'

They were near the willows and the cottage inhabited by the Cables. Gabriel looked uneasily about him, as though seeking something, yet fearing to find it. He started as, turning the corner of the wall, he came upon Richard.

Richard Cable removed his cap respectfully to him and to Josephine. The latter coloured and smiled.

'How are the little white mice?' she asked.

'All seven snug and neat and happy?'

'Thank you, miss; my children are well and happy, praised be God!'

'Mr Richard Cable,' said Gabriel Gotham with a faltering voice, 'would you do Miss Cornelis the favour of following us to Messrs Grimes and Newbold's dock?'

Josephine hastily turned and looked at the old man. She had forgotten all about the ship, in the excitement consequent on the fire. Gabriel had not again alluded to it; and she had concluded, if for a moment she had considered the proposal, that it had passed from his feeble memory. Now she was quite unable to pay for a ship, as her money was gone; and since that affair of the night of the fire, it would not be proper for her to give the vessel to Richard. She tried to catch Mr Gotham's eye, to show him that the suggested visit displeased her; but he studiously averted his face.

'Mr Cable,' said Josephine, 'do not come with us. Mr Gotham and I were engaged in conversation which we must finish. Follow us in a few minutes in the direction of the dock. First run in and kiss the little ones for me. By that time Mr Gotham and I will have finished our business together.'

Richard obeyed. He went over the plank-

bridge to his garden. Then Josephine, dropping Gabriel's arm, said hastily, eagerly: 'It won't do. It must not be. I thought you had forgotten all about the boat, or I would have spoken earlier.'

'Why not? The vessel is ready; she is painted, and named. The orders were given directly we had made the arrangement.'

'O Mr Gotham, what is to be done?' gasped Josephine. 'I cannot pay you, neither now nor in the future.'

'Cannot pay now; but you have your money coming in shortly.'

'Not at all. Papa—that is—there has been a bad investment. I do not know exactly how it is, but—papa has been unfortunate about my money. He put it where he thought he had the best security, and—the money is all gone.'

'Your mother's fortune gone?'

'All gone. I have nothing.'

Then he cackled. 'What an unfortunate fire that was at Rose Cottage!'

Josephine, in distress and annoyance, turned sharply away. 'You understand, Cousin Gotham, I cannot pay for the ship—now—never.'

'But it is bought and paid for in your name, and your name stands in gold letters on the bows. A pity we did not have a cast from your face for the figurehead.'

'O Mr Gotham!'—she clasped her hands—'why did you act with such precipitation?'

'Why did you not tell me in time that you were without means? You can sue your father, and make him indemnify you out of the insurance money.' He laughed.

'I cannot do that,' she said vehemently. 'Why do you laugh? This is no joke. You have brought me into great difficulties.'

'There; do not be so distressed. I have risked the money without taking a written authority from you. I have been incautious. I must bear the loss.'

'But I cannot take advantage of you in this way.'

'Let me take your arm again, and go on to the yard. Set your mind at rest. You and your father and aunt are my nearest kindred. If you cannot pay, it does not greatly matter. I must leave you something in my will. I will forgive you the debt in my last testament; you shall consider it as the present of Cousin Gabriel. That will set your conscience at rest. Eh?' He peered up at her.

Josephine was not satisfied. She was vexed with Mr Gotham, who was a man to talk, but not to act; and he had sprung a surprise upon her, which increased her difficulties. These unreliable men, she thought, always do the things which had better be left alone, and neglect what they ought to execute promptly. Who would have supposed he would take me at my word without further consultation? What will my father say?

As they reached the yard, Richard Cable caught them up, and walked respectfully behind.

'Come on, Mr Cable; don't lag,' said Gabriel. 'Miss Cornelis has come to see this smack that Messrs Grimes and Newbold have been building, and which she has bought—a yacht, you understand. She is so fond of the sea, had such a taste of it when she was out in the lightship,

that she wants more. She would like your opinion of the vessel, Mr Cable. I am no judge. I have nothing to do with it, except to act for her, as her agent in the matter. If she had ordered me to engage for her a Newfoundland dog, I would have done so.'

Josephine's face was dark with annoyance and shame. She would have protested, but saw that it would avail her nothing. The mischief was done, the ship was ordered and paid for in her name. It was hers whether she wished it or not; and of course she could not retain it herself. The little craft was one to charm a sailor's heart, trim and fresh, beautifully proportioned from stem to stern. She had plenty of floor, while her lines aft were delicately fine, and her long hoist and light draught promised fast sailing powers. Her builders, Messrs Grimes and Newbold, were proud of her; and the fishermen and sailors who studied her as they walked round her, like dealers about a horse, gave their opinion in her favour as a model combination of strength and speed. She was freshly painted, and her figurehead glittered with the new gilding put on it.

'Well, Mr Cable,' said Gabriel Gotham, 'what do you say to her?'

'She's a beauty,' answered Richard—'no mistake.'

'Ought to be a beauty,' sniggered the squire; 'named after Miss Cornellis. You see—she is the *Josephine*.'

'Yes,' said Richard. 'And not beautiful only. She is all spank with paint and gilding now, and that will be battered away with wind and wave, and worn with time; but she will be good and seaworthy, and obey her helm.'

'Should you like to be captain of the *Josephine*?' asked Gotham, looking slyly first at him, and then round at the builder and some of the workmen who stood by, and were listening.

'I've not the chance,' said Cable.

'If you had the chance?' asked the squire.

'I'd do my duty by her,' answered Cable.

'You would do your duty by any trust,' said Josephine, gathering up the courage to speak. She was afraid of what Mr Gotham might say; she did not like his tone—it chafed her. If the announcement must be made, it were better that it came from her.

'Mr Cable,' she said, and, as she spoke, she trembled with nervousness, 'you rendered me a great service when I might have been lost. I owe you my life. I have not sufficiently thanked you for your great kindness to me in my peril and distress.' She spoke so far with downcast eyes; but as she remembered the lightship and what had passed on it, his pity, his gentleness towards her, she looked up into his face. Her olive skin was suffused with colour; her large beautiful eyes trembled with timidity, and she continued: 'You will not be so unkind now, Mr Cable, as to refuse to accept from me this little acknowledgment of your goodness to a poor storm-tossed, shipwrecked girl. It would hurt me inexpressibly were you to do so. Will you—will you accept the *Josephine*, and be her captain and owner?'

She put out her hand—her heart was full, partly with fear, partly with warm feeling, and

laid it on Cable's arm. He caught her hand between his rough palms, and said: 'I thank you. I will not refuse. I cannot refuse. I will do my duty by her, miss.'

PARLIAMENT HILL.

NONE of the bits of country that promise to be rescued from bricks and mortar by the passing of the Hampstead Heath Enlargement Bill is more deserving of being preserved for posterity than Parliament Hill. One of the most famous of the northern heights of London, the Hill possesses other than superficial attractions. It is not merely the beauty of its grassy slopes, down which generations of the children of the people are, we hope, now destined to roll; nor the lovely views across the fields to Highgate and Ken Wood, or across the brickyards—soon to be an eyesore of the past—to Hampstead Heath, much as all these smile in contrast with the dreary wilderness of Kentish Town and Holloway, that are the only charms of Parliament Hill.

Here, according to tradition, the Parliamentary generals planted cannon for the defence of London, and hence the Hill takes its name. There is, it is true, nothing to prove the truth of the legend; and there is, likewise, good ground for believing that the Parliamentary fortifications were never advanced so far north; still, the story has run for some hundreds of years, and will certainly pass current as long as the Hill lasts. But even if this time-honoured tradition of the spot has to be given up, it possesses other and still more ancient associations. Here, it is said, the members for Middlesex were at one time elected; and the etymology is very possibly the true one. The county elections were, as a matter of fact, held at Hampstead until the hustings were removed to Brentford, an event which took place at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The precise spot seems to have been the high-road in front of Jack Straw's Castle. But it is very possible that the Hill itself was the scene of the ceremony at a still earlier date. Yet another legend belongs to the spot. Here, we are told, 'Guy Faux's comrades stood to see his match send Parliament House and parliament, and, if possible, King Jamie, into the air.' But, unfortunately for the reputation of popular tradition, it is an historical fact that the conspirators did not wait to see the explosion, but were at the time that it would have occurred making the best of their way out of London by sundry and divers roads. So the associations of Parliament Hill with Gunpowder Plot can only be commemorative celebrations of 'the 5th of November!'

But the happiest legend of all is that for which the stalwart custodian of the rights of the freeholder is responsible. This worthy, who has a knack of horrifying trespassers by telling them that they must pay a quarter of a million of money before they can walk over these sacred fields, will, upon persuasion, gravely relate how Parliament Hill is the place where a cannon was fixed with which to blow the Houses of Parliament to pieces. He will be found to be cautious in assigning a date to the episode. But you cannot shake him as to the fact. It would be hard to

find a better illustration of the fatal facility with which local traditions get mixed.

Mr Walter Besant and Professor Hales have lately thrown a new and vivid light upon the archaeology of the northern heights of London. North of Parliament Hill rises another eminence, which is of remarkable form. A regularly rounded cone, it is clearly of artificial origin, and this conclusion is fully borne out by the fact that a well-defined fosse runs round it. In this both Mr Walter Besant and Professor Hales recognise a British barrow, and the latter has expended much research in fixing its date. Howitt, he reminds us, relates how 'in very early times the inhabitants of St Albans, who aspired to make that town the capital of this part of England, finding London growing a vigorous rival, set out to attack and destroy it; but that the Londoners, turning out, met and defeated their enemies of St Albans on this spot, and that this mound contains the dust of the slain.' We must, the professor gravely points out, go back to very early times to fix a possible date for such a fray. In 55 B.C., when Cæsar invaded Britain, war was raging between Cassivelaunus, king of the Catuvelauni, whose capital was Verulam, the modern St Albans, and Imanuentius, king of the Trinobantes, one of whose chief towns was Londinium. The Catuvelauni seem to have had the best of it during the earlier part of this prolonged struggle, which did not end with Cæsar's coming. In one of the battles, Imanuentius was slain, and the Trinobantes threw themselves under Cæsar's protection. But hostilities were renewed on the departure of the Romans, and continued under the two succeeding kings of the Catuvelauni, Tasciovan and Cunobelin, the latter of whom was the Cymbeline of Shakspeare. This tumulus may, then, be the mound which covers the slain of one of these fierce fights, and Imanuentius may have himself been buried here.

But the suggestion that a British tumulus still exists intact within four miles of Charing Cross is sure to be received with incredulity. It will be pointed out that multitudes of people must have passed over these grassy slopes in nineteen centuries; and that if of British origin, the sides of the ditch must have become obliterated by wear and tear. It will be urged that antiquaries of past generations would have rifled such a heap of buried treasures as the grave of hundreds of British warriors. And these and the like objections will derive an added force from the local rumour, which seems to be well ascertained, though it does not appear to be supported by written authority, that this is none other than a plague-pit—a grim relic of the Great Plague. This, it is said, is the reason the mound has not only never been opened, but so long shunned that its outlines have remained as well defined as when it was first made. Rightly or wrongly, it is still commonly believed that even an interment of two hundred years is not enough to destroy the germs of the Plague; and with the cholera still threatening us, few will probably be found to be anxious to try the experiment even to set the archaeological question at rest. So it is to be feared that the mystery of the Hampstead tumulus will still go unexplained.

But even these do not exhaust the etymologies of Parliament Hill, for it shares with another

eminence in the grounds of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts the doubtful honour of having been the 'Traitors' Hill.' Of the two, however, Parliament Hill seems to have the better claim. This name is also attributed to the associations of the spot with Guy Faux and his friends, which we have already shown to rest upon only the scantiest foundation. But another curious derivation has been unearthed. In 1661, Thomas Venner, wine-cooper, headed an insurrection against King Charles. The episode has long been forgotten, and can scarcely be found in any of the more accessible histories; but it is none the less historical. After killing one or two persons, Venner, at the head of an insignificant rabble, took up his quarters in Caen Wood, and thence threatened London for three or four days. It says much for the nervousness of the age that the metropolis should have been reduced to a state of panic by a handful of silly bigots. Yet that this was the case sufficiently appears from the State Papers of the time. The number of the insurgents was absurdly exaggerated, and the wildest rumours were afloat as to the crowds that were flocking to the rebel standard. Short-lived as the rising was, it lasted long enough to fasten itself upon the popular imagination. It had a tragic ending. Venner and his crew no sooner ventured into London, than they were overpowered; while, a few days later, Venner and Hodgkins, another ringleader, were hanged, drawn, and quartered. And although these traitors met with such speedy and condign punishment, which shows that the authorities of the time understood the art of suppressing rebellions much better than we do, it is quite possible that they gave their names to both the Traitors' Hills of Hampstead. But however this may be, we have shown that these spots have a many-sided interest apart from their picturesque surroundings. Whether it be a plague-pit—which does not sound salubrious—or a veritable British barrow that crowns this hilltop, may be doubtful; but few probably will dispute the claims of the Hill and its fellows to be preserved.

THE BRANCHTOWN BALL.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

It is needless to say that in three days everybody in Branchtown and Mudport had called upon His Grace; some with the excuse of previous acquaintance with some member of his family; others with no excuse at all. The Admiral-Superintendent of the Mudport Dockyard, and the colonels commanding the regiments stationed there, were among the earliest to avail themselves of the presence of a distinguished member of the aristocracy in their midst; and upon their heels came the whole society of the two places.

The duke most graciously accepted a ticket for the ball, and promised to come early. The triumph of the lady patronesses was complete; and the young ladies were nearly mad with excitement at the prospect of exercising their fascinations upon a bachelor duke. The local *modistes* were distracted by the sudden demand for new and expensive toilets; and gloves and flowers sold with unprecedented rapidity.

The eventful night arrived, and by nine o'clock Eva and her mother were at the Assembly Rooms. Miss Armitage-Maxwell had never looked better in her life. From her pretty head, which was a triumph of the hairdresser's art, to her little satin shoes, she was a delightful object to contemplate. Her mother, splendidly arrayed in black satin, with gold ornaments, might have passed for a dowager countess at the very least. The other lady patronesses were likewise arrayed in their best bibs and tuckers; and although diamonds were rather scarce, the general effect was sufficiently imposing.

The rooms were tastefully decorated. The best military band in Mudport was stationed on a raised platform, the men's scarlet uniforms almost concealed by feathery palms and tree-ferns. A pyramid of ice in each corner of the room contributed a delicious coolness to the atmosphere. Ample rows of crimson-covered sofas were provided for the chaperons, who were not so numerous as to seriously interfere with the enjoyment of the younger people. And as more than enough tickets had been sold to defray all expenses, Mrs Armitage-Maxwell's satisfaction was complete.

Almost the first arrival was Bertie Fleming, who had arrived from Mudport to keep Eva to her promise to dance the first waltz with him. The rest of the regiment, being less enthusiastic, would put in an appearance later. Despite her mother's black looks, the lieutenant made his way at once to Eva's side and stayed there, while other people were wandering about aimlessly and consulting their programmes. The stewards, three grizzled veterans all somewhat the worse for wear, bustled about, introducing the few strangers present and talking affably to the dowagers; while the young ladies took mental notes of each other's dresses, and decided that everybody else was 'made up' or 'a fright.' When this sort of thing had gone on for about an hour, the younger people began to think that they had had enough of it, and suggested to the lady patronesses that it might be as well to commence. To which Mrs Armitage-Maxwell made answer, in her decided way, that she and her colleagues considered that it would be only common courtesy to defer commencing to dance until the duke arrived.

'Just as if he were a Royal personage!' grumbled the disaffected ones.

'What did you think of the duke?' Eva whispered to her lover.

'I thought him exceedingly proud and disagreeable,' was the frank answer. 'As our fellows would say, he puts too much side on by half!—Oh, by Jove! there he is!'

And in the doorway appeared the hero of the evening. He was a tall young man, with rather a good figure, and features not in any way remarkable. His hair was light, and his eyes pale blue. His walk was pompous, and it was evident that he was fully conscious of his dignity. The stewards went forward to greet him, and then introduced him to the lady patronesses, who smiled upon him sweetly as a matter of course. And then the welcome music struck up, and a set of Lancers was formed. The duke was asked to dance with Lady Borwick, and accordingly led her to the top of the room. The set

concluded, Sir Percy Borwick took the young nobleman under his wing, and introduced him to the chief of the Branchtown beauties. Pretty Miss Armitage-Maxwell was among the first; and to her mother's intense delight, he scrawled an illegible something, presumably his name, against the only two waltzes she had left vacant.

It was soon discovered that the duke danced very badly, which circumstance, however, was no obstacle in the way of his obtaining partners. He blundered through the programme, treading on people's toes and tearing the ladies' dresses, his shortcomings being overlooked on account of his rank; although most of the other men, and especially the officers from Mudport, waltzed to perfection. As the veterans remarked to each other, dismally wagging their gray heads, dancing was all young soldiers were fit for nowadays. They would waltz while the service and the country were going to the dogs.

Eva, however, felt much annoyed at being dragged hither and thither by a clumsy lad whose step never once came in with her own. Nothing exasperated her more than an awkward partner; nor did his small-talk afford any very high opinion of his conversational powers. But he was evidently favourably impressed by his pretty partner. His eyes followed her about the room, with approval so legibly written in them, that many people noticed it; and Mrs Armitage-Maxwell's heart beat high with hope. When the first of the three supper-dances was being played, and a general move took place among the chaperons, he came boldly up to Eva, who was standing by her mother's side, and asked to have the pleasure of taking her in. Now, this was an infringement of etiquette, for it had been taken for granted that he would escort Lady Borwick, the matron of highest rank in the room. The widow, however, was not to be balked by such a trifling obstacle, or the certainty that her daughter was already pledged to somebody else.

'Our dance, Miss Armitage-Maxwell,' said Bertie Fleming coming up with a radiant smile; for he had been looking forward all the evening to the pleasure of taking Eva in to supper. She rose and took his arm; but her mother interposed.

'Mr Fleming, you have danced so much with Eva that I'm sure you won't refuse to take pity on a poor forlorn chaperon instead. May I ask you to take me in to supper?'

'I should be delighted,' he began politely; 'but your daughter'—

'Oh, never mind about Eva,' answered her mother carelessly. 'If you knew how ferociously hungry I am, you would feel it a Christian act to take pity on me. The duke, I am sure, will look after Eva?'

'Delighted, I'm sure,' answered that noble youth, his face brightening as he spoke.

Bertie Fleming, inwardly raging, had to lead off the widow, feeling that he had been completely out-generalled by a clever woman. Eva, after one swift indignant glance at her mother, followed them; feeling so angry that she would have liked to pinch the arm the duke offered for her acceptance.

The supper-room was full, chiefly of dowagers and elderly men, eager to secure their fair share

of turkey and trifle and champagne. Bertie made for a seat near Lady Borwick, while the duke contrived to find places at a side-table. The waiters, taking their cue from their betters, came fussing assiduously about His Grace and executed his orders with praiseworthy promptitude. His manner to his inferiors, Eva could not help thinking, was unpleasantly haughty and contemptuous. Surely a little more courtesy, even to a waiter, would not have been derogatory to the dignity of one so far removed by his position from any fear of his politeness being misconstrued. The Branchtown people habitually practised the greatest courtesy in all their dealings with those socially beneath them. They considered it exceedingly 'bad form' to speak uncivilly to a poor man. But then, thought Eva to herself, perhaps dukes were different from other people; although she felt sure that if Bertie Fleming by any magic could be raised to a dukedom the next day, he would remain the same perfect gentleman in mind and manners he always had been.

'Have you always lived here?' asked His Grace, when Eva's wants and his own had been attended to.

'Ever since I was quite a little girl.'

'But you go up to town for the season, don't you?'

'O no,' was the simple answer. Eva was too honest to attempt to evade the truth.

'You don't mean to say that you can manage to exist in this slow hole all the year round?' asked the duke with undisguised astonishment.

'We generally go out in the summer for a month or two, but the rest of the year we live here. I like it. I am very fond of Branchtown, and don't find it at all slow.'

'Such a lot of half-pay officers all over the place!' he answered disparagingly and not very courteously.

'I'm sure you couldn't find better society anywhere than there is here,' said Miss Armitage-Maxwell with spirit. She always bristled up if anybody found fault with Branchtown. Had the proximity of Mudport anything to do with her devotion to the place?

'Good enough in its way, perhaps, if everybody only wasn't so confoundedly poor,' answered the duke slightly. 'But a man who is used to London naturally feels country society rather flat. One misses the theatres, and the clubs, and Hurlingham, and all that sort of thing.'

'I suppose so,' said Eva, trying in imagination to put herself into the place of a member of the aristocracy. 'But you don't stay in London after the season, do you?'

'I run down in the autumn for the shooting to my places in the country,' he answered carelessly; 'and in the winter I generally go off somewhere in my yacht. But I soon get tired of being away from town, and I go back again as soon as I can. People bother me so, you know, to go and stay at their country-houses, and it is such a horrid bore! I came here to get out of the way.'

'The pictures at De Courcy Castle are very beautiful, are they not?' asked Eva, for the sake of saying something.

'So they tell me. I don't pretend to care much for that sort of thing myself,' he answered loftily. 'The Rubenses and the Van Dycks, I believe, are

considered very good. A great many people go over the house every year when I'm not at home. The late duke began the custom, and I have to keep it up, although I'd rather not have a lot of Cockney tourists all over the place. I'm thinking of altering and enlarging the castle before I go and stay there again. The ballroom isn't half big enough for a proper dance. I don't, of course, mean a paltry little affair of two or three hundred people—I don't call *that* a dance—but a thousand guests or so at a time. My architect is preparing the plans now. Everybody says it will be an immense improvement. There's nothing so horrid as being cramped for space!' said His Grace, with the air of a man who has dwelt in marble halls all his life and is quite conscious of the fact.

'Oh, everybody acknowledges that large houses are much nicer than small ones,' said Eva brightly. 'Only, unfortunately, everybody can't afford to gratify their tastes in that respect. We must do as we can, not as we would.'

'Now, at Polpen,' went on the duke, as if he had not heard her, 'the ballroom is the best room in the house. It's a pity; for there's hardly any society for miles round—nothing but miners' huts. I can't stand the dullness of the place; and so I never go there.—Won't you have some more champagne?'

'No, thank you,' said Eva, drawing back her glass as he was about to refill it.

'Well, I won't urge you, because I think it is about the worst I ever tasted,' he remarked disdainfully. 'Cheap stuff, I suppose, supplied by some local confectioner?'

'Sir Percy Borwick ordered it,' said Eva, not very well pleased at his sneering tone.

'Oh, he's one of the stewards, isn't he? He called on me when I first came—said he knew my father and all that—and was very civil indeed, like all the people here. He told me about this dance, and wanted me to promise to come; but at first I wouldn't; for it's such a horrid bore to meet a roomful of strangers, don't you know? But a lot more fellows called on me, and gave me no peace until I said I'd look in for an hour or two in the course of the evening.'

'I'm sure it was very good of you to come,' said Eva demurely, as she began to draw on her gloves, wondering the while at the duke's want of breeding in showing so plainly what an immense condescension he considered it for him to mix in Branchtown society at all. He had come to the place of his own free-will, and had surely no reason to resent that he had been hospitably received.

They went back to the ballroom, the duke taking occasion to grumble at the steepness of the stairs, contrasting them very disadvantageously with those of his town-house in Belgrave Square; and his natural arrogance being probably augmented by the champagne, of which, despite its badness, he consumed a good deal, he made himself very disagreeable during the rest of the evening by his sneering depreciation of almost everything at Branchtown, and the implied, if not expressed, superiority of his own possessions. The younger men were much annoyed at his supercilious airs; but the ladies were inclined to judge him more leniently, and consider his arrogance rather in his favour than the reverse.

Mrs. Armitage-Maxwell, in particular, was

charmed with him. As she drove home with her daughter she was eloquent concerning His Grace's good looks, amiability, and so forth. The widow was one of those enviable people who cannot see anything they have made up their minds not to see.

'He was certainly very much struck with you, Eva. Everybody in the room noticed it. I heard Mrs Langton say you had made quite a conquest; and the Greens and the Travers girls were very cross about it. I know they got those absurdly overtrimmed dresses on purpose to fascinate the duke—poor silly things!'

'I'm sure as far as I'm concerned, they're welcome to fascinate him to any extent,' said Eva yawning, as the carriage stopped.

The next day the Duke of Ambleside called upon Mrs Armitage-Maxwell. He wore a bright blue necktie, and his features were not improved by the champagne consumed overnight. Bertie Fleming came in soon after, and two or three more of Eva's admirers. These youths soon found themselves relegated to the very remote background. The hostess had eyes and ears for nobody but the duke. The astute matron had discovered that His Grace was very accessible to flattery; and she determined to give him as much adulation as he could possibly desire. The young man was in rather an arrogant vein, and talked grandiloquently to what he no doubt believed to be an admiring circle of listeners. He described De Courcy Castle and his 'little place' in Scotland; and descanted upon yachting and grouse-shooting, which, he implied, were the only pursuits befitting a gentleman. He stayed more than an hour, talking in this delightful and instructive manner; while the other men tugged at the ends of their moustaches, and Eva yawned outright. But still, despite his silliness, his superiority was tacitly admitted. The great facts of his title, his estates, and his enormous rent-roll outweighed the actual littleness of the man.

There was a very melancholy look on Bertie Fleming's handsome face as a general move was made towards departure. 'Darling, you won't forsake me?' he murmured, as Mrs Armitage-Maxwell was shaking hands with her aristocratic guest and saying she hoped soon to have the pleasure of his company at dinner.

'I will, when I meet a better man!' Eva answered teasingly, but with a look in her brown eyes which he rightly interpreted to mean that she never expected to do so.

And so the Duke of Ambleside was fairly launched in Branchtown society, where he reigned absolutely without a rival. K.C.B.s and Admirals of the Fleet hid their diminished heads before the owner of De Courcy Castle. Mrs Armitage-Maxwell and those like-minded with herself vied with each other in attentions to him. Carpet-dances were got up to display his execrable waltzing; dinner-party succeeded dinner-party, and receptions 'to meet the Duke of Ambleside' became the rage. He was made an honorary member of the Branchtown Yacht Club; he dined on board the flagship and at the regimental messes; and the tradesmen of the town, whom he patronised largely, made great capital out of the articles of dress and luxury they had been privileged to supply to His Grace.

The girls of Branchtown lived in a continual state of excitement. The duke was their one thought. It was small wonder that they entered upon the chase with ardour; for never before had they had such a noble quarry in view. Hitherto, they had been obliged to exercise their fascinations upon curates without the remotest prospect of a living; subalterns who could hardly keep themselves, still less support a wife; and briefless barristers whose earnings were nil. So they were naturally prepared to rend heaven and earth for the sake of De Courcy Castle and a house in town.

About the only girl in Branchtown who did not try to attract the duke was Eva Armitage-Maxwell, who, curiously enough, was the object of his most marked attentions.

'It would be a wicked flying in the face of providence to slight his evident preference for you, Eva!' said her mother impressively, as the door closed behind the duke on one of the many occasions that he dined at her house. The widow, although she was charmed to have him, quite dreaded to think what she was spending in entrées and ice-puddings and champagne procured in his honour.

'A preference so highly flattering that it is a pity it should be all on one side!' was the caustic answer.

'That means that you have set your affections on that stupid Bertie Fleming, I suppose?' said the elder lady angrily. 'I wish we had never seen him!'

'I wish we had never seen the duke; everything has been at sixes and sevens since he came!' sighed poor Eva, yawning dismally as she lighted her candle. And before Mrs Armitage-Maxwell could utter an indignant rebuke, the girl had scuttled away to her room like a frightened rabbit.

His Grace called the next morning about eleven, when, as a matter of fact, he was horribly in the way, and sat and sat, and talked and talked, until his hostess had no resource but to ask him to stay to luncheon, having previously despatched a secret embassy to the kitchen. Mrs Armitage-Maxwell had already become accustomed to the duke's habit of calling at all hours and only going away when it suited him to do so. She said it was charming to see a young man in his position so free from the foolish shackles of conventionality; but perhaps in her secret heart she could have wished that he had had a little more regard for etiquette, now that there was nothing but cold mutton in the house, and the cook was under notice to leave, and therefore very uncivil.

'What do you say to a turn on the pier presently?' asked the young nobleman, as they returned from the dining-room, where he had committed fearful ravages on his hostess's fried soles, curried mutton, vanilla pudding, and sherry.

'Delightful!' answered the colonel's widow heroically. It was a bright day, but there was a keen east wind, which she knew would infallibly bring on her neuralgia; nevertheless, she nobly sacrificed herself for Eva, although the girl's face showed no pleasure at the proposal.

'Do you think you ought to go out in this cold wind, mother?' she asked with an apparent solicitude which was really rather selfish.

'What's the matter?' asked the duke in his blunt way.

'Mother is rather subject to neuralgia.'

'It's nothing,' said the widow, mentally resigning herself to a sleepless night. 'I dread the damp the most; and it is beautifully sunny and dry to-day.'

'You must not knock yourself up, and be unable to go to Mudport to-morrow,' remarked Eva.

'O dear, no,' said Mrs Armitage-Maxwell, whose ailments, like those of a great many people, depended very much on time, place, and circumstances. 'We must go to Mudport; it would never do to disappoint the admiral.'

'What a queer old fish he is, isn't he?' said the duke reflectively.

'I think he is delightful!' was Eva's rather indignant answer.

'It will be awfully jolly for us to go to Mudport together, won't it?' went on His Grace. 'I'll meet you at the station, and tell them to let us have a carriage to ourselves.'

'You are always so thoughtful for others!' said his hostess, with affected rapture.—'And now, Eva, if we are going, we must get ready.'

'Don't be more than an hour,' facetiously put in the duke, with a grin at his feeble joke, as his hostess turned to leave the room. Bertie Fleming would have opened the door for her; but he attempted nothing of the sort. He stood gawkily at the window with his hands in his pockets, and, almost before he was alone, began to whistle.

Eva watched her mother safely into her bedroom and then ran to find the housemaid. 'Jane, if Mr Fleming should call this afternoon, tell him we have gone on the pier.'

HOW COLONIES ARE FOUNDED.

I SUPPOSE that every one who reads this has read Dickens's humorous and not too flattering account of the flourishing city of Eden, and its agent, Mr Zephaniah Scadder, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Mr Scadder and his friends were doubtless smart men, and Mr Dickens seems to have portrayed them as none too honest. But did the pioneers of Western cities, at the time when Mr Dickens wrote, fully deserve to be set down as the common swindlers which he seems to have considered them? Mr Chuzzlewit is represented as much struck with the flourishing city of Eden as it appeared on the plan, and Mr Scadder was doubtless well within the truth when he stated that all the public buildings, &c. set forth on the plan were not completed. But was not Mr Chuzzlewit rather like too many English emigrants of the present time in expecting too much for his money? He paid one hundred and fifty dollars for a fifty-acre lot, which Mr Scadder pointed out—and we are not told that it was found to be untrue—as situated with a good river frontage near the centre of the (proposed) town. Now, there seems to be an idea amongst stay-at-home people that one may easily purchase lots of this sort, with buildings on them, &c. in good positions in towns, for sums of like amount—namely, about twelve shillings and sixpence per acre. This, however, is by no means the case, as central lots in Chicago or St Paul are worth quite

as much as similar situations in Birmingham or Leeds; in fact, a far-seeing capitalist would probably be willing to give more for them, because the American towns are capable of more development with the increase of population to be expected in a new country, than is the case in the old.

Let us accompany Mr Chuzzlewit and the ever cheerful Mark Tapley to the city of Eden and see what he found there, and what chances a shrewd man could have seen for the future development of a city. First of all, there was steam communication by water between the city and the Eastern States. Next, we find that the pioneer settlers were suffering from fever and ague. This is one of the drawbacks which a pioneer must be willing to face, given the desirable adjuncts of a warm climate and a good soil, with consequent luxurious vegetation; and this fever and ague doubtless gave way before cultivation, as a few drains and a little clearing of the land always have this effect. We are told that there was a good supply of timber there, for the steamers called to take in wood. Mr Chuzzlewit & 'Co.' arrived there, and found only a few settlers carrying on a miserable existence; and the senior partner, being a prejudiced European, seems to have been disheartened by this, and to have fallen in with the general idea and done nothing to improve things.

A good settler, with his head set right on his shoulders and a little capital to back him, may be supposed to have bought out Mr Chuzzlewit's lot for pretty nearly anything he chose to offer—say, fifty dollars. Instead of waiting for something in his particular line to turn up, he would have sat down and calculated what could be done with the resources at hand. An obvious opening at once is to start a sawmill; for this he requires a small outlay in a steam-engine, and about half-a-dozen hands to work it at first. He gets his steam-engine and hands from the East; they arrive; all turn into the log-house already on the place, and commence to clear a site for the mill, choosing high ground as near the river as possible for convenience of transport. By dint of hard work with pick and shovel, a site is soon ready; and while this has been going on, others have been engaged in felling logs for the mill building; and now the work becomes harder than ever, for these logs have to be brought down with skids, or, if obtainable, with the aid of a team of horses, to the site of the proposed mill. At length they are all there, and all the available neighbours come to assist at the 'raising.' A raising is very hard work for all concerned. Four of the best axe-men take the corners, and cut nicks in the logs, to bind them together, and cause them to lie as near together as possible, so as to leave less space between for the subsequent 'chinking;' while the rest of the men have to raise the logs—one end at a time—into their required position on the wall. The 'boss' of the sawmill will have taken care to have plenty of substantial food down for the occasion, and a goodly supply of whisky. This latter is only partaken of sparingly during the progress of the work. As the sun gets low on the eventful day, all work with a will to get the walls finished; and just as darkness is coming on, the last log goes up with a cheer; and all adjourn to the old log-hut for supper, and a

convivial evening after. A fiddle comes out, and dancing is kept up till the small-hours; while the whisky-can circulates far more freely than the Blue Ribbon people at home would consider proper. On the next day, the people engaged for the mill get on with putting the machinery in position; and by the end of the week it is all ready for work, the little details of roofing the mill, &c. being postponed until slabs are sawn by the machine-saws for the purpose. I have not made any mention of the fever during all this time, as the men employed have had a great safeguard against it in hard work with plenty of perspiration, and have hardly had time to think of such a thing.

Time goes on; the mill is finished, and a fair pile of sawn timber begins to grow round it; while close to the water's edge plenty of cordwood is standing ready for sale to passing steamers—cordwood which brings the vendor a considerable profit, as it is made from the crooked and smaller pieces of the trees, the better part of which have been sawn into boards. It is soon found inconvenient to load everything into the steamers from the mud-banks, and so the mill-owner makes a wooden quay, connected with wooden rails to the mill; and now they can lie alongside at their ease.

Let us now pass on to the next spring and view the settlement. Several neat framehouses now take the place of the old log-hut, which was found far too small for the workman except at the first start off. The settlers who were here before the mill started begin to wake up and do a little garden cultivation, to supply their busier brethren with necessaries. Some of the mill-hands have chosen locations for themselves, and begin actively to clear away the timber and start cultivation on their own account. An enterprising man has opened a general store to supply the local demands, which are rapidly increasing, and sells anything from tobacco to ready-made clothes. But alas for the mill-owner; the demand for lumber ceases in the more Eastern points, another mill having started nearer to their market; so a cessation of the work becomes necessary. It is a bad time for our speculator. The mill, on which he had reckoned for a good return this year, now represents only so much locked-up capital; but he does not abscond or commit suicide; he does what is more sensible—thinks what he *can* do. He comes to the conclusion to cultivate his fifty acres and put up houses on lots of ten acres each, constructing them of his surplus stock of lumber. This occupies him and his hands until the next winter, and by that time a fresh demand has arisen for lumber in a new market. Added to this, the farming community are doing well with the little crops which they have raised, and more settlers flock into the neighbourhood, who themselves create a demand for lumber, and cause the storekeeper to hug himself when he thinks of the increasing business which they bring him. Settlers with families begin to think that a school is necessary for their children; call a meeting of the inhabitants, and agree to build one—the contract going to the mill-owner. A travelling doctor comes on the place and thinks there is an opening for him. He hears almost with regret of the fever which used to infest the place, but is comforted by

finding that he has plenty of work in assisting new-comers into the world, a work for which he is well paid, though not always in money.

Last of all, they wake up to their spiritual needs, and are soon not content with having service from an occasional minister who may happen to come by, but they set to and erect a church, getting subscriptions from all, on the plea that it is to be undenominational; and as soon as it is built, the wily Methodists find out that the land must be 'deeded' to some one, and grab it for themselves. The Presbyterians are not going to be outdone, so build themselves another church; and the Episcopalians, waiting first to see if there is prospect of a permanent congregation and proper emoluments for a parson, cautiously erect a small church and parsonage for themselves. The area farmed increases all round the town, and new stores are opened up to meet the new demands. An hotel is built near the landing-place; and the town goes perseveringly on, with slack times now and again, but generally all the better for them in the end, as a lack of one kind of business causes other kinds to be started, and they are not often abandoned as soon as the original business gets better again.

Years go on, and the whole of the United States is shaken by the rebellion; Eden sends its quota of stalwart soldiers to preserve the Union and to free the slave; while 'the most remarkable men in the country' content themselves with holding meetings and advising others to go to the front and fight. During the rebellion, Eden, with many other frontier towns, remained at a standstill, but did not go back, as the women and children, accustomed to battle with difficulties, themselves turned to and harvested the crops, and did all the work which it was at all possible to do.

After the war up to the present time it partook of the real prosperity which has favoured the States generally, and now it is a town of hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, with several railways running to it, and putting it in communication with large and flourishing rural districts. Its river is churned by numerous steamboats, plying to the seaboard and around the great lake system, with which it is connected by canals. Large and handsome public buildings occupy the site of the old mill, and what was forty years ago a dismal swamp is now a handsome city.

This is no fancy sketch. At about the time when Dickens wrote his book, Chicago was nothing but a flat swamp on the side of a lake. The two cities of Council Bluffs and Omaha—on either side of the Missouri—were non-existent except as muddy wastes of brush and forest; St Paul and Minneapolis were frontier settlements, struggling with locusts and hostile Indians; St Louis had no existence; Rock Island, on the Mississippi, now the great arsenal of the States, was an island and nothing more; San Francisco was nothing but an insignificant Spanish mission; while the flourishing settlement of Salt Lake and the mineral wealth of its hills was undreamed of.

What has been the history of the Central States within this short space of time, will be the history of the British country of Central Canada within a short time, with the difference, that instead of the settlers there losing their

nationality and becoming citizens of the States, they will remain Englishmen, and eventually conduce to the support and strength of the mother-country to which they belong, and to which they remain attached. Let but the right sort of man go there now, either with a head and some capital, or with a head and strong hands accustomed to work, and he must succeed. Ups and downs there will be, and difficulties of many sorts to be overcome; but those who survive them will be the better fitted to enjoy prosperity from the very fact of having learnt to turn their hands to many things in seasons of adversity; and a new and prosperous England is now taking root there, which will endure for many years, whatever may be the fate of the old country.

ADVENTURE WITH PIRATES IN THE CHINA SEA.

TWENTY years ago, piracy was more common in the China seas than now, and every vessel leaving Hong-kong with opium as a part of her cargo—a fact duly intimated to the pirates on the coast, previous to the ship's sailing, by their agents at that port—ran a very good chance of being boarded by pirates within forty-eight hours of leaving harbour. In the case of such an attack, if the chests were handed over to the pirates, or they were allowed to help themselves to them unresisted, they would generally depart peaceably, or with perhaps merely a playful attempt to set the ship on fire. But in the event of any endeavour on the part of the poor captain to defend his ship and cargo, in most cases sanguinary scenes were enacted, and whole crews massacred, and ships scuttled or burnt.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, the writer, who had previously been chief-officer of an opium-receiving ship at Hong-kong, had subsequently joined the English government service as chief warder of the convict prison on the island, and in that capacity had seen a good deal of the seamy side of the Chinese character; the comparatively lenient punishments of *Fanqui* (barbarian or European) criminal law, as in force in a British colony, attracting the scum of the Chinese population of the mainland of Kwang-tung, making the island of Hong-kong a perfect Alsatia for Chinese thieves, pirates, and criminals of every description, who found the diet and treatment of an English convict prison a heavenly contrast to the drastic and Draconic remedies applied by the Chinese mandarins to the disease of criminality, the number and nature of their punishments exhausting human ingenuity for refinement and excess of torture, even for trivial offences.

Among the prisoners in the Hong-kong convict jail, there was an English able seaman named Kelly, who had been convicted of mutiny and murder of the captain on board an English ship. The captain, it appeared from the evidence of the loyal of the crew, was a great tyrant, and bullied and half-starved his men; and this fact being considered as somewhat extenuating his crime—

Kelly having not actually been the committer of the crime, but accessory before the fact, he keeping watch at the cabin door while his comrade drove a harpoon through the captain while lying asleep in his bunk—Kelly himself was respited when the rope was round his neck and he was on the scaffold, the extreme sentence of the law being carried out in the case of his guiltier comrade. Kelly's punishment was remitted, therefore, to penal servitude for life, and in this way he came under the writer's notice as one of the English convicts of Victoria Jail, Hong-kong.

This fearful experience seemed to have tamed down Kelly into a very quiet, willing, and useful prisoner, and he was accordingly well treated by the prison staff, and was placed, under an armed guard, in a small way of authority over a gang of Chinese prisoners, working on the roads, receiving the privilege of smoking tobacco, and earning a fair number of good-conduct marks towards the remission of a portion of his life-sentence. By his daily contact with Chinese, and being a quick fellow, he soon picked up the Cantonese dialect, and proved useful to the warders as an interpreter. These particulars of Kelly's history are important, as we shall meet him further on in this true narrative of events, taking an important part in its principal scene.

Having been ailing for some time, the duties of my post being very arduous, I procured three months' leave, which I proposed to spend in a trip to the north of China by sea. To this end, I was therefore looking out for a vessel to procure a passage to one of the northern treaty ports, and strolling down the Queen's Road, I came across the *shroff* or cashier of a Chinese friend of mine, a large merchant on the Praya or seafloor, whom I had been able to do several kindnesses to, in the shape of chartering suitable vessels for conveyance of his goods to the north, in return being a welcome guest at his house, and receiving the present of many valuable Chinese and Japanese *curios*. Tripping gingerly along with his snow-white jacket, full pantaloons, and handsome silk-embroidered paper-soled shoes, with a palm-leaf fan in one hand, and a dandy English silk umbrella over his head, the *shroff*, who was quite a Chinese exquisite in his way, greeted me: 'Ay yah, taiping [gentleman], I chin-chin you. My piecee master wantshee look see you too muchee; he wantshee one piecee number one ship six thousand piculs, go Tien-tsin side; chop-chop.' (In English): 'Oh, good-morning, sir. My master would much like to see you; he wants to charter a vessel of six thousand piculs' [a picul is one hundred and thirty-three pounds] 'capacity to go to Tien-tsin; load immediately.'

'All right, Cupid,' I replied. (Cupid was a nickname given the dandy cashier by one of the English captains frequenting his master's *hong* or warehouse.) 'We will take a chair [palanquin], and see him at once.'

We engaged a bamboo chair; and I soon completed the business to Akow's (the merchant's) satisfaction, by chartering for him a Hamburg barque called the *Etienné* at a reasonable figure; and in return, he arranged with the captain to give me a free passage to Tien-tsin and back.

The captain I found a hearty, good-tempered

Hamburger, looking a thorough sailor, and proving it, and, as I afterwards found, a plucky fellow to boot in our tussle with the pirates later on. I went on board with him to see my berth and have a glass of grog with him and the mate.

'Did Akow tell you that he had six chests of opium for you to take?' I asked the skipper, when we were seated under the poop awning refreshing ourselves.

'No,' said the captain, who spoke English fluently; 'he did not. I shall be sorry if I have to take it. You remember only last month the attack on the *Ferry Cross* in the Lye Moon Pass, and the poor captain shot before his wife's eyes?'

'Too well, I do, captain; and the gunboats haven't got the lorchas yet that did it, either, worse luck; but that lieutenant in the *Raccoon* is a splendid fellow, and has done a lot to thin them out. In fact, the Jews in the Queen's Road have been pretty near cleared out of watches, the *Raccoon's* men have had so much head-money to spend ashore.—But, captain,' I continued, 'the question is simply this: if we are attacked, is it to be fight, or give them the opium?'

'Fight! The insurance does not cover risk by pirates, and I must do my duty to my owners and charterer.'

'It is always wise to know one's mind; and you seem to have a fine crew,' I replied, glancing at the men rattling down the lower rigging.

'I have,' said Captain Hermann, 'a first-rate crew. Many of them have been with me in different ships for years. There are eighteen of them able seamen, two ordinary seamen, four stout apprentices, two mates; and a boatswain and myself make twenty-eight all told. I have that twelve-pounder carronade there, two dozen muskets and cutlasses; plenty of ammunition; grape, round-shot, and canister for the carronade; and a revolver each for myself and two officers. You see, my owners fitted our magazine for the China Sea.'

'And I have a short Enfield and two hundred rounds, and a Lefauchaux revolver with same amount of ammunition; and three hundred hard Mexican dollars in my cash-box, which latter I intend to take to Tien-tsin with me, if messieurs our friends the long-tails don't get the better of us. If we can carry a good working breeze up to and through Mire Bay, I think none of their craft are fast enough to overhaul you; but if we get becalmed, which I am Job's-comforter enough to say is very probable at this time of year, we shall very likely receive an uninvited visit of an unpleasant and somewhat exciting character. It is the stinkpots, as they are called, which are the worst feature of piratical attacks.'

Stinkpots are round earthenware pots with a lid, filled with a sort of Greek-fire, which, slung with small cords or lanyards, the pirates carry at the mastheads of their craft. When alongside the vessel they are attacking, they throw them on to the deck; the pots break, and a suffocating sulphurous liquid and vapour break forth, burning into the flesh if touching it, and suffocating all near it. After demoralising the crew of the vessel attacked by this contrivance, they board with spears and short swords, and endeavour to complete their work.

By this time it was five o'clock, the usual hour for the crew's supper; and the captain took the opportunity of mustering his men, and acquainting them with the fact of its being very probable that having opium on board, the ship might be attacked on her voyage, and asking them if they intended standing by him and his officers in such case. The men, through their spokesman the boatswain, said they of course would, and would like to have a brush with the pirates; but as regards those of the crew who were married, if any of them were killed, they hoped the owner would remember their wives and families. This was the only thing they had to ask.

The captain having fully satisfied them on this point, I called my *sampan* and went ashore.

Stepping from the boat on landing, I met Mr Farquhar, the governor of the prison, and my immediate superior there. 'Here's a case, M——,' said the governor. 'Kelly has escaped from the chain-gang in Wyndham Road, wrenched the musket from the sepoy guard's hands, shot him, and disabled the warder with a heavy blow from the butt, ran off, and is supposed to be in hiding somewhere on the island.'

'He speaks Chinese so well, and is such a clever fellow,' I replied, 'that I shouldn't be at all surprised if he isn't somewhere in Taipingshan' [a low quarter of the town], 'among some of his Chinese friends, old convicts, disguised as a Chinaman; if, indeed, he isn't already away in one of the Chinese passenger boats, to land somewhere among the islands and join a pirate lorchas. I expect we shall hear something more of Mr Kelly's exploits before long. He has been a naval-reserve man, and can handle big guns, and is likely to prove useful to some Macao pirate firm.'

'I wish Macao was blown out of the water,' said Mr Farquhar. 'It is a den of pirates and men-stealers, and costs this government thousands yearly in dealing with the criminals it manufactures and encourages.—Well! so you have got a ship,' continued he, when I had mentioned my having secured a passage. 'I wish you luck and recovery of your health. Keep clear of the *pilongs* [pirates] if you can, and get back safe.'

A few days afterwards the *Etienne* was loaded and ready for sea, with six chests of Benares opium in the after-cabin; some crates of fowls and ducks, sundry potted meats, and three casks of English bottled beer; and sent on board very thoughtfully by Akow for my and the captain's benefit.

With a fine leading wind, with royals and all plain sail set, as the *Etienne* passed Green Island on her northward voyage, Captain Hermann, rubbing his hands, said gleefully to me: 'It will puzzle any lorchas to catch her if she keeps this wind.—Heave the log, Mr Schmidt' (to the chief-mate, who was standing by), 'and see what she is doing.'

'Nine and a half, sir,' said the mate, when the glass had run out and he stopped the line. 'She is in capital trim, just four inches by the stern, and a lively cargo.'

The breeze held steadily all that day, during the night, and the forepart of the next; but shortly after mid-day the wind gradually dropped, and at five P.M. we were nearly becalmed, with

topmast and topgallant studding-sails and everything set that would draw, stealing along about a mile an hour only, with the dreaded Mirs Bay on our beam, distant about a mile. I had a very powerful pair of marine glasses on board with me, and I stood on the poop looking at some suspicious craft drawn up on the beach, with some dark circular objects at their mastheads, showing out clear under the bright evening skyline.

'They may be only trading craft,' I said to the captain, 'as they all carry guns and stinkpots for their own protection against pirates; and if what is alleged is true, when trade is dull and freights low, they turn pirates themselves on occasion, displaying a versatility and power of adaptation to circumstances peculiarly Chinese.'

Whilst I had been conversing with the captain, the wind had fallen entirely, and the *Etienne* lay 'like a painted ship on a painted ocean,' lifting lazily to a slight swell, her sails slatting against the masts, with the slow pitching of the vessel.

'By Jove!' I exclaimed, with my glass levelled again over the poop rail, and directed to the shore, where some vessels were lying, 'there is no mistake this time; we are in for it. That black patch you see between the craft and the huts up there consists of about a hundred Chinamen coming down to the beach. I can see what looks like spears and gingals in their hands, and parties of two are carrying long sweeps. They are going to sweep out to us, and we shall have all three of those vessels after us. They will attack us in their usual way—on both sides, and with one vessel in reserve. I hope one of the gunboats is not beyond the hearing of our carronade. You had better load it with a double charge of powder and a heavy wad and fire it.'

This was accordingly done, and the loud report rang out over the still water.

The captain, his mates, and myself now consulted together a plan of defence, whilst the men were getting up the ammunition for the carronade and small-arms, buckling on their cutlasses, and reloading the gun with grape-shot. It was decided that the carronade should be used directly the vessels came within range; and that, when nearly alongside, all hands should take to the fore, main, and mizzen tops, told off in divisions to each top—the second mate at the fore, the chief at the main, and the captain and myself in the mizzen, with the crew divided equally among the three tops.

I then got up from the after-hold the three casks of bottled beer sent on board by Akow, and started the beer from the bottles into the wash-deck tub, and smashing up the bottles, laid the broken glass in a large heap ready for a certain use described later on. The men were then ordered to put on their long sea-boots.

By this time the pirates had not been idle, and were perceived coming out to us with three lorchas, using their long sweeps or oars, and yelling so loudly we could hear them though half a mile off at least. Their next move was to let drive three shots at us from their broad-side guns, evidently fired with very bad powder, as they fell very short and were badly aimed.

The crew of the *Etienne* were ranged along the port bulwarks, that to which the pirates were approaching, and instructed to divide them-

selves, and half to man the starboard side at word of command.

As the pirates approached, they fired again with better luck, as a twelve-pounder shot struck the mainmast about twelve feet from the deck, but only slightly wounded it, the shot diverging, passing over to leeward. When at about a hundred yards distant, we fired our carronade with grape at the foremost pirate; and the effect was to make the splinters fly from their bulwarks, and make very apparent gaps in the crowd of Chinamen who literally thronged her decks. As they approached nearer, one of her consorts pulled out from under her stern, so as to cross our bows and board us simultaneously on both sides. Being now within musket-range, the crew were ordered to commence firing, which they did with good effect, my short Enfield doing considerable execution in picking off men who were at the long tiller steering the first lorch. The first lorch being now close alongside, the carronade was fired slap into her bows, the broken glass was strewed over the *Etienne's* decks, and 'All hands aloft!' was the order given. The deck was therefore left vacant; and the pirates perceiving we were all aloft, ran alongside without using their stinkpots, thinking they had an easy prey.

Now the scheme of the broken bottles proved its utility. The Chinamen jumped from their vessel's bulwarks on to the *Etienne's*, and in their fury and excitement, clean on to the broken glass with their bare feet, to stagger about with howls of anguish. The man in command of the lorch had been driving his men by voice and hand—the latter with a spear in it—to board us, as they seemed to hold back, after so many of them had gone down under our musket-fire; and he now headed a party who were evidently bent upon coming up the rigging and overpowering our party in the mizzen-top by numbers, the same stratagem evidently taking place at the fore and main. As the pirates came crowding up the ratlines, they were picked off by revolver and musket, and fell like over-ripe fruit from a tree; but, to my dismay, we were now attacked by another crowd coming up the starboard rigging from the second lorch. They seemed simply insensible to fear, and as one after another was shot down, two or more would take his place.

In spite of all our efforts to prevent them, the leader with two more got into the mizzen-top, and a hand-to-hand fight—cutlass versus China sword—took place. With my revolver in my left and cutlass in the right hand, I parried a cut at my head from the pirate leader, when, suddenly starting back, so that the grasp of his left hand on the rigging seemed almost gone, and he was in danger of falling backward, he exclaimed in good English: 'Good heavens, is it you, Mr M——?'

At a flash I recognised him: it was Kelly in Chinese dress.

'I will save your life, sir, if I can,' he said gaspingly, being apparently wounded in the throat; 'but the men must have the opium.'

'Never! Stand back! Shin down the backstay, or, as true as death, I'll shoot you, Kelly!' I cried.

Calling in Chinese to his men, he sprang on to the topmast backstay, and slid like lightning

to the deck, and disappeared down the cabin skylight, evidently to search for the opium.

'I wish one of the gunboats would come up!' I said hurriedly to the captain, as we were loading and firing our revolvers. 'This won't last long.'

I had hardly said this, when the sound of a heavy piece of ordnance fired at a distance came booming over the water; and shortly after, the peculiar sound which a high-pressure steamer makes when under steam was faintly heard, and round the point of land astern, steaming at full speed, came Her Majesty's gunboat *Raccoon*, with her men at quarters, and her sixty-eight pounder trained and manned. The pirates on this scrambled back into their craft, cast off the lashings, and pulled vigorously for the shore. As the *Raccoon* came under our stern in chase of them, she fired her long gun at one of the lorchas, smashing her stern into smithereens; and her commander hailed us: 'Many of you killed or hurt?'

'No!' I hailed back; 'none seriously.'

'Will come back to you by-and-by,' replied he, and steamed on after the lorchas.

The *Raccoon* succeeded in capturing the whole of the remaining crews of the three lorchas, and sending a party ashore, burnt their huts. One lorch was set fire to, the other two being towed to Hong-kong and condemned in the Vice-Admiralty Court. Kelly's wound proved fatal to him, when he was on his trial for the several crimes of murder, prison-breaking, and piracy, he having been taken back to Hong-kong in the *Raccoon*. The captain received a handsome gold chronometer watch and chain from the owners of the opium on board the *Etienne*, and a substantial present from the underwriters.

Some three months afterwards, the writer returned to his duties at Hong-kong, with his health re-established, and a vivid recollection of his 'Adventure in the China Sea.'

LITHOLINE.

The troubles occasioned by hardness in water are too well known and too widely felt to need any special comment. All are familiar with the 'furring' of kettles, kitchen boilers, and steam-pipes, caused by the precipitation of lime, when the carbonic acid is driven off by boiling. The inconvenience and expense attending the derangement of the domestic appliances for hot-water supply, will enable some idea to be formed of the troubles resulting from the employment of hard water in our large industrial establishments, where boiler-power is utilised on a very extended scale, hundreds of tons of coal being not unusually consumed in one work in a single day. No one who has ever witnessed the terrible chipping and hacking of boiler-plates to remove the deposit once formed, or who has had any experience of the constant annoyance, delays, and loss occasioned, will wonder that constant attempts are made to devise means of dealing with an evil so widely experienced.

With this object—namely, to check the formation of deposit—litholine has been produced and placed before the public by the Litholine Company, Park Road, Oldham. Litholine—whose composition forms a trade secret—is sold under

two forms—either as a viscous preparation, when required for the treatment of water containing mainly carbonate of lime; or in an anhydrous powder, when the water to be dealt with contains as solid matter principally sulphate of lime. Litholine may be applied either by treating with it the water-supply in a separate tank prior to its introduction into the boiler, or the compound may be injected directly into the boiler itself, there to act on the injurious substances. The fact that the new compound exercises no injurious corrosive action on boiler-plates either of iron or steel, whilst successfully preventing the formation of hard deposit, is rapidly commanding the attention of owners of steam-power who are troubled by hard water. Harmlessness, no less than effectuality, forms a desideratum in substances designed for the prevention of the incrustation of boilers. The quantity of litholine required is small; with water of average hardness, about one pint will amply suffice for a full-worked, full-sized Lancashire boiler.

In addition to its property as a strong anti-corrosive, litholine is also a powerful deodoriser and disinfectant, a point of some importance in dealing with foul waters. For locomotive boilers with narrow water-spaces, more readily choked by deposit, the substance now under consideration is of especial value.

With reference to the cost of litholine, it is reckoned at about three-halfpence per ton of coal consumed, an expenditure by no means excessive, when the advantages and economies resulting from its adoption are considered.

In conclusion, we have only to add that litholine has powerful advocates amongst influential members of the engineering profession; whilst the fact that its employment is recommended by six of the largest and most widely known boiler-insurance Companies—stern critics in a matter of such vital import to their business—forms evidence sufficient, without further comment, of the value of the invention.

'JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.'

PERCHANCE the friend who cheered thy early years

Has yielded to the tempter's power:

Yet why shrink back and draw away thy skirt,

As though her very touch would do thee hurt?

Wilt thou prove stronger in temptation's hour?

Perchance the one thou trustedst more than life

Has broken love's most sacred vow:

Yet judge him not—the victor in life's strife

Is he who beareth best the burden of life,

And leaveth God to judge, nor questions how.

Sing the great song of love to all, and not

The wailing anthem of thy woes;

So live thy life that thou mayst never feel

Afraid to say, as at His throne you kneel,

'Forgive me, God, as I forgive my foes.'

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ELOCUTION AND LECTURING.

ALTHOUGH the educational systems of to-day are somewhat too elaborate and all-embracing, yet a counter-current has of late set in, which current, or wave, has washed away much of the old school traditions, and brought in their stead far more practical ideas. The struggle for the survival of the fittest is growing yearly more and more pressing, and it is now recognised that the aim of our schoolmasters should be, as far as possible, to teach us such things as will be of most service to each individual in the inevitable battle of life. Hence it is that the Modern Sides of our schools, both great and small, are becoming of more importance every day. We give more attention to modern geography, the science of languages, and to the various divisions of natural science. But there is one branch of education, we may almost say of primary education, which has been, and even is now, unwisely neglected. Few schoolmasters give much attention to elocution. The vast numbers of boys and girls are merely expected to read their lessons, or repeat their verses, intelligibly—not intelligently; no art, no expression of feeling and interest, is looked for from them. They are not taught to read—to make a proper use of their voices; the ear is given no critical training; very poor opportunities are afforded to boy or girl to speak *al improvisatore*. Such elegances as these, we are told, the schoolmaster has no leisure to cultivate, or the scholar time to study; and the consequent neglect of such is the cause of much annoyance and bitterness in after-days. How few of us are there who can read aloud, and afford any real pleasure to ourselves or our audience, much less make a short and appropriate speech. A close observer will find the deficiency of training very marked in the ranks of the clergy. Most of our preachers will not trust to extemporary powers, but read their sermons, and even then frequently do so with unmarked grace. The reading of the Lessons and other parts of the Church service, also, is too frequently defective;

so much so, that when we hear the Lessons read with true feeling—with proper intonation of the voice, application of emphasis, and so on—we are pleased beyond measure, it is so novel and rare an experience.

As for the generality of Englishmen, when one of them gets on his feet—be it at a public meeting or dinner, at a family gathering or a wedding breakfast—he is lost. His neat speech, which he had been nervously concocting up to the very last moment, seems to slip from his memory and leave his mind a blank. Few persons in such circumstances have sufficient presence of mind to keep cool; they are miserable, mutter a few words, sentences almost totally unconnected, know not when or how to leave off, and at last sink back in their chairs crushed by a knowledge of their utter failure. We have all seen this sad spectacle repeated over and over again; many of us have experienced the humiliation and misery of such moments. A little determination and steady practice, boldly taking advantage of every opportunity afforded for extempore speech, will soon put an end to this painful awkwardness.

Of the utility and comfort of ready and polished speech, few can doubt; we need not, therefore, quote a mass of authorities—from Demosthenes and Cicero to Macaulay and Carlyle—in support of our arguments. We shall now briefly set forth a few practical hints.

Perhaps one of the gravest and most common faults of young beginners, and we here especially refer to reading and lecturing, is raising the voice to an excessively high pitch. This is both disagreeable to the audience and fatiguing to the performer; moreover, the latter is seldom able to keep on very long at the high pitch he started, but is forced to lower his voice. This produces an unevenness which is inartistic and inappropriate. Others go to the other extreme; they speak so low or so deeply, that when they have gone a certain length, they are obliged to lower their voices for artistic effect, and so become almost inaudible. The reader or lecturer should

conquer his diffidence when confronted by either a small or a large audience. He should speak firmly and distinctly, as though he were emphatically conversing with a circle of friends. The voice must be raised and lowered according to the emotions which the words should produce, or the stress which the lecturer wishes to lay on certain words or passages. Many amateur performers are guilty of reading either hurriedly or drawing out their sentences in an exasperatingly slow manner. Here it may be as well to say a few words on mannerism, for both slow and quick reading may often be classed under the effects of this vice. Readers are apt to think it advisable, if not essential, to adopt some particular style of delivery; and this is cultivated to such a pitch that the effect is annoying and distressing. The fact is we must follow nature as closely as possible, unless we are occupied with farce, when, of course, nature must be tabooed, and art, exaggerated and deformed, called to our aid. To the beginner we would say, be confident, and, above all things, show both animation and interest in what you are about, for without such interest, the most careful study of art principles will be of very little service. The great object should be to interest our audience; and if we are indifferent to the subject on which we have undertaken to dilate, we cannot expect to impart enthusiasm to the listeners.

With regard to the voice, we have already said that the reader should neither speak too loud nor too low, too quickly nor too slowly; the key adopted must differ according to circumstances—the size of the room, number of the audience, &c.; but that key, when once adopted, should be kept to throughout. It will be necessary to raise or lower the voice at different passages; but proportion should always be observed. The speaker should make judicious use of pauses, also observe the period, semicolon, and comma. The due observation of punctuation is the essential part of oratory. Each sign has a special meaning and a special value. With regard to the comma, this may be observed more or less according to the sense of the passage. Judicious readers often insert commas, as it were—make slight pauses—where none appears in the printed book, such being necessary in order to help the voice over long sentences. Pauses are also useful when the speaker or reader wishes to mark some solemn passage, or in comical sketches, lead up to and point out a joke. These pauses should be somewhat longer than those generally allowed for full stops, and the voice immediately before the pause either raised or lowered considerably.

The greatest difficulty which must be faced by those who wish to succeed as elocutionists is the proper placing of emphasis on the words—the kernel of the art lies here—nearly the whole effect of the lecture depends on this. A production must not be read in a monotonous sing-song kind of way—which, unfortunately, seems only too much in favour with some pedagogues—emphasis on words, sentences, and passages is absolutely requisite for good reading. Practice is necessary, and can never be too much cultivated, for sentences may bear various and contradictory meanings according to the placing of emphasis. Emphasis may be said to be divisible into two kinds: first, emphasis of sense, which determines

the meaning, but which, by changing the position, will vary the sense of the sentence; second, emphasis of feeling, which is applied and controlled by emotion. Readers cannot do without emphasis of sense; and though emphasis of feeling is not absolutely requisite, the expression of sentiment and beauty of the lecture entirely depend upon its proper use. These remarks may be applied to the stress on syllables. Careful study must be brought to bear here. To sum up, we may quote the following passage of Blair, who says: 'Follow nature, and consider how she teaches you to utter any sentiment or feeling of your heart' Do this with taste and discretion, and you cannot fail to produce a pleasing effect on any audience, educated or uneducated.

Oratory and elocution have now come to be looked upon as marketable accomplishments, and, indeed, almost as necessary acquirements of everyday life. It is a good sign to see with what steadiness the art of elocution is advancing in the favour of the educated classes. In the United States of America, lecturing is general and popular; the peripatetic professors are well patronised, and have a certain position in the economy of society. In England, lecturing has also, of comparatively late years, made great strides in popular estimation. Leaving aside the work of our university and collegiate professors, and the proceedings of learned and educational associations, we find that lecturers have multiplied exceedingly, and on the whole, we believe, manage to make a comfortable living. The great masters of our literary world have all had a turn on the platform—Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, and many others. But it is of the less known, who have taken up lecturing and public reading as a profession, that we wish to speak. There are many of them who travel about the provinces, holding forth in institutes, public halls, and schoolrooms, carrying knowledge of all kinds—religious, literary, scientific, and political—over the face of the country, and affording an evening's instruction or amusement to the somewhat sleepy inhabitants of some rural district or petty town. They are doing good work, and earning an honest livelihood in a not altogether disagreeable manner. In these days of hard struggle, many an educated man and woman, wrecked prematurely on the rocks of some domestic disaster, have sought refuge in the ranks of elocutionists, and a goodly number of them have found that in their drowning struggles they have not caught only a straw, but a good serviceable oar on which they can depend. Young writers have also taken to reading their productions, thus managing to get double or treble publicity for their writings. It is certain that if either man or woman, with a fairly good education, takes a little trouble in cultivating the art of elocution, and is careful to get hold of an interesting subject on which to dilate and expound with authority, he, or she, will be able to gather together interested audiences in many of our provincial districts. We know of the case of a lady who, left suddenly penniless, took to lecturing on Rational Dress, and managed to maintain not only herself but three children on the proceeds of her lecturing tours. In another instance, an energetic and versatile 'quill-driver,' with a certain humble literary connection,

annually combines business with pleasure, and pays for his summer outing by the delivery of a series of lectures in the smaller provincial towns. Many may go and do likewise. Here lies a path, not as yet overcrowded, along which persevering folk may launch themselves, with a fair prospect of earning a just reward for their exertions. But even putting aside the idea of qualifying as a professional lecturer, every one should pay some attention to elocution; it will benefit every educated creature, even if seldom employed, and we never know when our powers of speech may be called into use.

In conclusion, we append the following list of works for the use of those readers who wish to go more deeply into the subject: Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, probably the most complete and correct work ever written on the subject; Blair's *Rhetoric*, very full and useful; Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric*; Whately's *Elements of Rhetoric*, most judicious and appropriate for students; Serjeant Cox's *Art of Writing, Reading, and Speaking*, extremely interesting, for the use of more advanced students; Professor Hullah's *Cultivation of the Speaking Voice*, highly interesting and useful; Professor Plumptre's *Principles and Practice of Elocution considered in Reference to the Various Professions* (1861), practical and good; and also his *King's College Lectures on Elocution* (1883), which will be found to contain much practical advice. It is very complete, and gives many annotated selections in poetry and prose.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XVI.—IN DOCK, OUT NETTLE.

'HA!' said Mr Gotham, 'there is the rector.—Excuse me, Josephine; I must leave you here. I have business with Mr Sellwood, and shall be with him a little while. You must walk home alone, or—or get Mr Cable to escort you.' Then he hobbled, wheezing, to the rector, holding out his hand.

'If Miss Cornellis wishes an escort,' said the captain, who was with his father, 'I offer myself.'

'Thank you, Captain Sellwood; I accept it,' answered Josephine, and turned to go back to the Hall along the shore without another look or word for Richard Cable. It would not do for her further to favour him, after the gift of the vessel, especially in the presence of so many bystanders. She walked slowly along the shore beside the captain. On the right was the seawall for a little way, with a ditch behind it full of bulrushes, waving their red-brown heads. On the left, the flats of mud, with the tide running in the channels. Their feet were on the narrow strip of shingle, made up of flints, fragments of rolled chalk, and lumps of coral rag. A film of bleached seaweed and cast crab shells formed an almost unbroken fringe. A little further ahead was rising ground, broken banks covered with old oaks, under which, in spring, the bluebells abounded; they were now in flower, flushing with blue bloom the little slope. Here there was no seawall; there was no need for one. Beneath the bank was a long strip of coarse smooth grass, which went locally by the name

of the Bowling-green. This was only covered by high spring tides. It was perfectly level, and may at one time have been used in the way its name implied. It was not suitable for cricket, because it was narrow. Moreover, a spring oozed out of the bank, and became a swamp on the land side of the bowling-green. At the extremity of the green walk, this rill discharged itself into the sea; and there a few piles had been driven into the soft soil, on which the feet could rest whilst passing over to solid ground beyond. Then the sandy cliff—if cliff it can be called where no stone showed—ceased, dying away, and the seawall began again.

Captain Sellwood walked beside Josephine without saying much, and she was too much occupied with her thoughts to desire conversation. When, however, they came on the Bowling-green, the only picturesque bit of the coast, where utter flatness and mud did not force themselves on notice, Captain Sellwood worked himself up to converse.

'It is a fine day, to-day.'

'Yes; I perceive it is so.'

'I am sorry so many of the old oaks here have been cut down.'

'I also am sorry. We cannot afford, on this coast, to part with a single element of beauty. He who pollards a willow, or destroys an oak should be stoned to death.'

'We should have to send over to Kent for the stones, as we produce none on the spot.'

They walked on a little farther in silence; then the captain said: 'I may not have such another opportunity, Miss Cornellis, so I seize on this for a few private'—

'Oh, Captain Sellwood! in pity spare me. I have had two keelhauls already to-day; first by your father, and then by Mr Gotham.'

'I am not going to keelhaul you.'

'Then let us have no private and confidential communications. Do look at the bluebells, and admire the mixture of red-robin, also the occasional speckle of stellaria.'

'I must speak to you, Miss Cornellis. The happiness of my life depends on the answer'—

Again she interrupted him; she was nervous, annoyed. She suspected at once what he was about to say, and was unprepared for it. She had not thought of Algernon Sellwood except as a butt for her ridicule, the slow man who had nothing to say for himself, the Morbid Fly.

'Mr Sellwood,' she said hastily, 'we are old acquaintances, I may almost say friends. You are about to assume the privilege of a friend, and lecture me for my imprudence the other night. I have committed another imprudence to-day: I have made a present of the new boat Messrs Grimes and Newbold are building, to Richard Cable, because he saved my worthless life; and—here is the absurdity of the situation—I have not a penny wherewith to pay for the vessel. It was ordered when I thought myself rich, and I have woken up to the fact that I am a pauper. I am going out as a governess; no—I could not endure the children—as a seamstress or milliner, or something of the sort, to earn my bread.'

'Is this possible, Miss Josephine?'

'It is, certain, Captain Sellwood. My father

has had terrible losses; and *my* money—I mean what my mother left—that is all lost also; so that we are left as mere barnacles, clinging to Cousin Gotham.'

'Dear Miss Josephine, as this is so, it only makes me more resolved to proceed.'

'Do you know what it is to be a barnacle, Captain Sellwood? To have all the faculties of the mind concentrated on suction?—No; you do not. I have read in some book of natural history that the barnacle is a nautilus, provided with silver wings, to sail on the surface of the summer sea; but as it gets battered by winds and upset by waves, it draws in its glittering sails and sinks and attaches itself to a stump or a keel; absorbs its wings, or converts them into a proboscis or foot, or whatever it is by which it can adhere, and is degraded at once utterly and for ever from a nautilus to a barnacle. Well—we have furlled our wings, doffed our mother-of-pearl lustre, and have become scaly and purple, and begun to taste of copperas; we have lost all our independence, and are converted into parasites.'

'Dear Miss Josephine,' said the captain, 'you are throwing me off, trying at least to do so; but you shall not divert me from my purpose. I must speak.'

'What about? My folly the night of the fire? Oh, Captain Sellwood, I would not have believed it, unless convinced by my eyes, that you could in an emergency be so ready. How spiritedly you went over the pales! Was your light overcoat much torn? The wood bristles with hooks like a teasel. And your sense of *les convenances* was as much lacerated as your overcoat by my preposterous behaviour.'

'I beg your pardon, Miss Cornellis; you explained how you came on the wall, and that was enough. Neither my father nor I had the slightest right to ask an explanation. When you gave us one, we accepted it as final.'

'Not your father—he refused to receive it. He has done so again to-day.'

'I received it; I have not presumed to question it.'

'You are more charitable than even your father.'

'Towards you, there is no call for charity.'

'You think better of me than does either your father or my cousin Gotham.'

'I think the very best of you. I know that you are incapable of doing anything which could make me regard you otherwise than with respect, as I do—he paused, and then said in a low tone—'and with love.'

'With friendship,' corrected Josephine. 'I thank you for your kindly estimate; it is more generous than I deserve. Come—what do you think of my conduct of giving away a ship to Mr Cable when I have not the money to pay for it? Is not that a swindle?'

'I think, Miss Josephine, that your generosity outruns your judgment, whether in the matter of ships or of crackers.'

'I thank you for your kind opinion,' she said, touched at his consideration. She had laughed at him as silent and dull, yet now he spoke well and easily. She might possibly have yielded to a warmer feeling, had she not recalled her father's words, and remembered that he had schemed that she should take the captain. Her rebellious

temper at once rose, and she said: 'You only half know me. I am like the palings, full of hooks and spikes; those whom I catch I tear; those who rest a hand on me, I pierce with wounds.'

'Miss Josephine, when you were a child and played Blindman's Buff, when caught, you wriggled, and wrenched, and ducked till you had corkscrewed your way out of the grasp of the Blind Man. You are trying the same game with me now; but it will not succeed. I have come here determined to say what I have at heart and to know your answer.'

'I give you the answer at once, before you ask the question. It is conditional.—Does your father hold me in as high esteem as yourself?'

He hesitated. 'My father is the most kind of men.'

'And yet,' said Josephine, 'he thinks ill of me. He does not approve of your speaking to me to-day. I know he does not.—Say no more. Your father must think of me as you profess to think, before I listen to another word of what you have at heart.'

'You will not hear me out?'

'No; I have ducked and eluded your grasp. Yonder is the path to the rectory. I am going home, sir, and need no further escort.' Then she burst into a merry laugh.

'What is the joke?' asked the captain with a reproachful look in his great dark eyes. 'Is it a joke, Miss Cornellis, that a man should have laid his heart at your feet and you should have trodden on it?'

'How serious you are, Captain Sellwood!' she said, the laugh dying on her lips. 'Excuse me, if I see droll similitudes. You are generally so silent, and have so little to say when we talk on common matters, and now you are eloquent.'

'Because it is not a common matter on which we speak.'

'No; you are like the gannet. I had a tame one in the garden for some time. It could not fly because it was on level ground. It flapped its wings against the grass and waddled. One day I set the bird on the top of a high wall; at once it precipitated itself into the air, and away it flew, and soared, and was speedily out of sight. The solan goose is incapable of doing more than flap and waddle when on a level; it must be on high to be able to start for a flight. Is not that like yourself, Captain Sellwood? Have I hurt you? *Gare la cheville barbelée!* I warned you against the spikes and crooked nails.—There is your path, and this way lies mine.'

He obeyed her, and went along the path through the clover field she indicated. She looked after him, and at once regretted that she had spoken about the solan goose. It was not kind, after his deference to her. They had known each other for years, and she had often challenged him with her jokes, and laughed because he was slow to respond, or, to speak more truly, incapable of responding. She had carried her joke too far; she had indeed wounded the man when he had shown her a good and generous heart. As he opened it to her, she had struck it. Did she dislike him? No; she had a regard for him—not a keen one; he had never interested her; but as a member of a

worthy and well-to-do family she respected him ; as an old associate of childhood she liked him. That was all. Regard, respect, liking, went no further. Only to-day did she see that there was in him more than showed in common life. Only now did she perceive that in him was that which might convert negative regard into positive affection. She felt tempted to run after him and say : ' I am sorry, Captain Sellwood, that I spoke about the gannet and made fun of you. I was in a perverse mood.'

But her pride would not suffer her to do this. If she had done this, he would have forgiven her immediately, as she well knew, as also that he would immediately have pursued his advantage and proposed fully to her. She did not wish that. She did not know her own mind. It was true she did not love him, but she loved no one. If she must marry, Captain Sellwood was harmless ; and a husband who would not be exacting and promised docility might suit her better than another. She had made a mistake again. She had treated a serious offer with levity. She had met it in an improper spirit ; and she had insulted the man who had shown her the most generous trust, in spite of appearances to her disadvantage.

It was her fate to be always saying and doing the wrong things. Why was she so wayward in heart that she revolted against those who proposed to lead her and against anything suggested to her ? The reason she did not know. The reason was that from childhood she had seen only falseness, and had contracted suspicion against her father, her aunt, against every one and everything, so that the natural truthfulness of her nature was in a chronic condition of hedgehog with bristles erect. She was perverse because she wanted to go straight where all was crooked, and when she came among those who were sincere and honourable, she was unable at once to take her direction. There are conditions of the body in which the eyesight is disturbed, and sees the air full of floating black spots. The eye may look into the purest of skies, but the vision is blurred with these sailing stains, as clouds of midges. It is so with the mental vision ; when the spirit is not in good health, it also sees obscurely, and its vision is full of deceptive black spots. It was thus with Josephine. The moment the captain was gone, she knew that she had behaved badly ; she had seen only the ridiculous in him, and that she had thrown away a chance which she ought not to have cast aside unconsidered. When we are troubled with floating black specks, we know at once that we need a tonic or an alterative dose. We consult a doctor, and are uncomfortable till these irritating black spots clear from our sight, and we can look our neighbours in the face, or into the silver summer cloud, without seeing that disturbing drift. But we are not so anxious to correct the moral vision ; and we are content to look at all who surround us, and see these specks, and let them thicken and become multitudinous, without an effort to dispel them, and—here is the singularity of the case—we do not seem aware that the spots are not where we look, but in ourselves. It is our own disordered mind which sends them up as a cloud of midges from a stagnant pool.

Josephine was startled out of her brown-study by a hare that dashed over the seawall and ran splashing through the water athwart the mud-flats, towards the sea. Quite small matters sometimes divert our minds from great considerations, and it was so now with Josephine. She looked round, and saw that the captain in crossing the clover field had disturbed the hare, and the creature raced away towards the open sea.

'You poor fool,' she said, 'flying from an imaginary danger, you are running to your death.'

The captain had no gun. A race of water, now shallow, lay between the flats and the shore. Unless the hare returned immediately, the rising tide would intercept it before the flats were flooded.

She looked after the hare till she could see it no more. Then she walked on to the willows, and, feeling tired, not so much from walking as from worry of mind, she seated herself on the little plank bridge, with her feet hanging above the placid water of the dike. The dike was here broad and deep. Along the coast, a channel behind the seawall receives the drainage from the land, and at intervals discharges itself into the sea through sluices so contrived that the rising tide closes the doors. When, however, the sea has fallen, then the pressure of the fresh water behind opens the sluices, and the stream pours away down a channel it has cut for itself and also paved for itself with pebbles, lying between the clay banks. One such channel extended from the dike to the open sea at the end of Cable's garden. Up channels such as this, boats can approach the shore, and in such channels bathers disport themselves without fear of sinking in the mud, because of the pebbly floor. The tide was out, consequently there was movement in the moat ; all the blossoming, white, yellow-centred water-plantain was drifting one way with the current. By the margin, the pink flowering rush stooped in the same direction.

Josephine's head was throbbing and hot ; she removed her hat, and bending down to the water, gathered a couple of handfuls of plantain, and filled her hat with it and put it on her head. The cold wet leaves and flowers sent freshness into her heated brain ; the water ran down her cheeks, her hair, and over her forehead. She sat still, enjoying the coolness, resolving, when the leaves had spent their freshness, to replace them with others. Then Richard Cable came to the plank end and said : 'You here, miss ! What are you doing ?' Then seeing the moisture on her cheeks : 'Surely not crying ?'

'In dock, out nettle,' answered Josephine. 'I am drawing the fire out of my brain with water-plants.'

'Still troubled with bad thoughts, Miss Cornellis ?'

'Always. I cannot get rid of them—always stinging and burning ; and I am angry with myself to-day ; I have done so many foolish things.—There ; these plantains give me no more ease.' She took off her hat and threw out the crushed herbs.—'Am I in your path ? Do you want to go by, Mr Cable ?'

'No,' said he. 'Do not let me disturb you. Is your head very hot ?'

'Like a coal of fire.'

Then he put his rough sailor hand on her head ;

but though the hand was rough, the touch was gentle as if a plantain leaf had lighted on it.

'Hold your hand there,' said Josephine; 'it is better than the dripping leaves.'

'Do you remember what I said to you a little while ago?' he asked, still with his hand on her throbbing head.

'What?' she asked, without stirring.

'It was anent the ladder, miss. You will never have a cool head and walk with steady heart till you can do that.'

'Do what?' she asked again, and did not move her head.

'Please, miss,' he said, his rough voice lowered and becoming soft, 'when I was a little chap, I was sent up the shrouds in a gale of wind. When I was aloft, I looked down, and it seemed as if I was lost—the sea was like as if it was rising to swallow me, and the ship was heeling over, and I must fall and be drowned. My head went round like a tætotum, and my heart sank into my shoes. I should have let go and gone overboard, and there'd have been no Dicky Cable alive now; but the mate—he saw what was up, and he shouted to me: *Look aloft, lad—look aloft*; and I did, miss.—You'll excuse if I'm forward. No impertinence meant, miss.'

He withdrew his hand, and the fire came back into her brain.

'I cannot,' she said; 'indeed, I cannot. I have not the power.'

THE BLACK REPUBLIC.

THE statement that at the present day, in a presumably civilised and professedly Christian state, the horrible practice of cannibalism should be a matter of by no means rare occurrence, is, to say the least of it, rather startling. And besides, what adds to the greatness of the crime is the fact that it is not caused by any lack of food, but is practised purely as an accompaniment to one of the most degraded forms of 'fetich' worship.

The republic of Hayti, where these obnoxious rites are said to be freely observed, was till recent times comparatively a *terra incognita* to the majority of English readers. Thanks to Sir Spenser St John (*Hayti, or the Black Republic*, published by Smith, Elder, & Co.), the veil has now been lifted, and we are presented with a picture which, in its awful depth of depravity and superstition, is positively appalling. Hayti, once upon a time one of the fairest gems in the colonial empire of France, has, since the date of its independence, been steadily pursuing a retrograde path, and seems destined to lapse, in the not very remote future, into a condition of complete barbarism. The natural savage instinct of the African race is every year asserting itself with greater vigour; and the nineteenth century may yet possibly behold the melancholy spectacle of one of the finest islands in the West Indies becoming little better than one of the most demoralised heathen states in the dark continent of Africa. The frequent revolutions and protracted civil wars to which the republic is subject, are no doubt among the principal causes of this rapid decadence. Foreign capital and enterprise have been driven from the land.

Though blessed with a soil seldom equalled in fertility, agriculture is almost totally neglected. Frequent fires—often the work of incendiaries—devastate the towns, and the ravages of the conflagrations are seldom repaired. The fine public buildings and splendid town and country mansions of the planters, which were pretty numerous some years ago, are now things of the past. Dreadful massacres and the fanatical hatred of the blacks, have forced the white population to flee from the country and seek safer domiciles elsewhere. With the exception of the representatives of foreign powers, very few white persons are to be found living for any length of time in Hayti.

Another cause of this wretched state of decadence is the intense hatred existing between the black and coloured inhabitants. By the latter designation, the mulatto or mixed portion of the community is meant; but the former are in far the greatest numbers; and the mulattos, through intermarriage with those of purer African descent, are slowly but surely 'breeding back' to the original negro stock. For the mixed race there might have been some hope, as they occasionally developed some good characteristics, and showed themselves capable of attaining at least a certain degree of civilisation; but in the case of the pure blacks, who have now completely the upper hand in the management of affairs, the result seems hopeless.

There are many revelations in Sir Spenser St John's volume which are sufficiently alarming; but certainly the most startling of all is the account of the pagan practices of the negroes, accompanied, as they too often are, by the disgusting additions of human sacrifices and cannibalism. 'Vaudoux' worship—a species of heathen religion founded on the rites observed amongst the most degraded of African tribes—is carried on with unblushing openness over the whole country. Nominally a Christian state, this pagan practice pervades all classes of society; and the authorities seem to think it is not their business—or interest, rather—to put it down. There are laws against it; but these are rarely put in force; and this is scarcely to be wondered at when it is known that the great mass of the population are disciples of the Vaudoux. The highest government officials, from the President downwards, are frequently known to have been votaries of this degraded form of religion. Vaudoux worship, as usually observed, is not supposed to be accompanied by human sacrifices, and in the majority of cases is free from this crime. Nevertheless, the practice *does* take place; and many well-authenticated instances are given of its occurrence at recent celebrations, with the additional horror of cannibalism as part of the programme. These obscene rites are chiefly observed in the country districts, in some carefully selected spot, not likely to be discovered by profane eyes; and the greatest care is taken that none but the initiated should be present. The more common form of worship is celebrated quite openly, and the sacrifices confined to the slaying of a white cock or goat. It is only at the secret assemblies of the Vaudoux votaries that this harmless sacrifice is dispensed with, and a substitute provided in the shape of the 'goat without horns.' This latter expression is

the common phrase in use for designating a human victim.

In the time of the French occupation of the country, Vaudoux worship was quite common among the slaves; but the offering of human victims seems to have been unknown. This fact alone is only too significant of the terrible pace at which this fair isle of the West is degenerating into a savage condition, coupled with heathen observances of the most obnoxious kind. The worship of the Vaudoux is evidently a relic of former days in the African wilds, and has been handed down from one generation to another, until now it is a strange mixture of paganism adorned with portions of the ceremonials of the Romish Church. It is a form of serpent-worship, and a large species of harmless snake which abounds in Hayti is the supposed object of adoration. This reptile is confined in a sparr'd box, and carefully tended by a priest and priestess, who are variously known as King and Queen, Master and Mistress, or Papa and Mamma. The Vaudoux rites are always celebrated at dead of night and in profound secrecy. A room is prepared with a sort of altar at one end, under which is placed the box containing the sacred serpent, and of which those who wish can have a glimpse through the front bars of the cage. Fearful vows are taken or renewed by the worshippers; and after various preliminary ceremonies are gone through, each one who wishes can approach and request the aid of the Vaudoux for whatever purpose he most requires it. The answer to his request comes, of course, through the medium of the King or Queen, and is sometimes favourable, sometimes the reverse, and occasionally ambiguous, like all oracles. After this, there is generally a collection taken of the offerings of the votaries, no doubt to the King and his consort the most important part of the night's proceedings. New candidates are initiated into the mysteries, and dances of the most excited character engaged in. The victim is slain, and whether it be goat, fowl, or child, the warm blood is caught in bowls, and eagerly drunk by these wretched deluded creatures. Intoxicating liquor is freely circulated, and promiscuous dances kept up till all are utterly exhausted; and generally the whole affair winds up with a scene of indescribable debauchery. Such is a very faint and mild account of Vaudoux worship as observed in the republic of Hayti. Those who wish more information on the subject, or of other details concerning the present state of this semi-savage black community, will find their curiosity amply gratified in the volume before us. Numerous well-attested cases of cannibalism are given; and though the Haytians are loth to admit the accusation, the facts are too clear to admit of being doubted.

In several instances, parties have been brought to trial for participation in these cannibalistic orgies; but it is almost impossible to get the culprits convicted and condignly punished. And no wonder, considering the vast ramification through all classes of society of the Vaudoux creed. As before stated, from the highest to the lowest, Vaudouxism can claim its adherents. Possibly the very men trying the cases may be members themselves of the villainous association. The administration of the penal laws

in Hayti is a farce; and it is an exceedingly difficult thing to get a conviction against a black man or woman, unless some high official has a personal desire or reason that they should be punished. Crimes committed on white people are laughed at, and the killing of a white man is positively looked upon as an action worthy of emulation. President Salnave—who was at the head of affairs in 1867—in order to please the masses and regain his fading authority, went openly to consult a Vaudoux priest, and actually went through the ceremonies requisite to become an initiated member of the society. He was anointed with the blood of a goat, made handsome offerings to the priest, and then joined in the usual debauchery which almost invariably ends the performances. But the fates continuing adverse, and his cause rapidly declining, he again went to consult the oracle. He was then informed that all would go well with him if he went through the highest form of the sacred mysteries, and participated in the sacrifice of the 'goat without horns' and its horrible attendant orgies. Whether he consented or not is a disputed point; his enemies declare he did, and certainly a man who went the length he is known to have done, would not likely shrink from anything, however atrocious, if he thought he could bolster up his fast-fading authority and secure a victory over his opponents by so doing.

Several instances of white persons being present in disguise at Vaudoux celebrations are related, and the sacrifice of the 'goat without horns' witnessed. A child is usually kidnapped for the purpose, though instances have been known where it was suspected the parents themselves were cognisant of the murder. The widow of a missionary who, owing to civil war, was obliged to reside for a lengthened period in a remote part of the country, declares that to her personal knowledge, human sacrifices were frequent, and, what is scarcely credible, states that human flesh was openly sold in the village markets! The power held over the people by the Vaudoux priests is enormous, and no one would dare to disobey their commands, or even show the least opposition to their wishes. During the reign of the Emperor Soulouque, a priestess was arrested for performing a sacrifice *too openly*! On her way to prison, a foreigner remarked in her hearing that she would be sure to be executed. The woman laughed, and said: 'If I were to beat the sacred drum and march through the city, not one from the emperor downwards but would humbly follow me!' She was put in prison, but was never known to have undergone any punishment whatever, far less reaping a well-deserved fate by being shot, this being the mode in which the death sentence is carried out in all cases.

So much for Vaudoux worship and its attendant horrors, which has gained such a power in the Haytian republic, that the authorities are unable, and probably unwilling, to attempt its suppression. The state of affairs is fast becoming unbearable, and will likely end in one or other of the European or American powers stepping in and putting a stop to what is a disgrace to Christendom.

The Haytians are an intensely vain people, and the thing they most pride themselves on is

their army. Nothing will convince them that as a military power they are not vastly superior to any nation either in the Old or New World. Even those who have lived in European capitals are addicted to this extremely ridiculous 'balderdash'; but when the real facts are presented, the state of affairs disclosed is simply sublime in its absurdity. The Haytian army must present to European beholders a spectacle of grotesqueness, the equal of which it would be difficult to find anywhere either in fact or fiction. Imagine a battalion on parade consisting of thirteen privates, ten officers, and six drummers!—the rest of the men—as the author quaintly puts it—thinking it unnecessary to present themselves except on pay-day. The staff-officers are clad in the most gorgeous uniforms procurable; while the men are habited in a motley array of tatters. Some have coats wanting one arm, the collar, or the tail; the headgear may consist of a dilapidated shako, a straw-hat, wideawake, or in many cases merely a handkerchief tied round the head. The officers hold their swords in either hand as suits them; and the men march past in admirable confusion, each one carrying his musket in the position he finds most convenient. The populace look on with admiring looks, and gravely ask if finer troops can anywhere be found. The Haytian black, however, thoroughly detests military service, and consequently the sentries, lest they should be over-fatigued, are considerably provided with chairs!

Robbery of state funds and all other kinds of corruption are of course to be expected among all government officials, the main object of every one being to 'feather his nest' while he has the chance, as there may be a revolution any day and his opportunity gone. This common trait in the character of their authorities excites no surprise or indignation in the breasts of the easy-going Haytian blacks; and if any one who had the opportunity of becoming rich at the expense of the state were to neglect it, he would not rise one particle in the opinion of his countrymen. On the contrary, he would be considered a person of very small ability, and unanimously voted 'a fool for his pains.' A favourite saying in this republic of blacks is: 'Prendre l'argent de l'état, ce n'est pas volé' (To take government money is not robbery).

The Haytian creed of both political and personal morals is certainly not particularly strict in either profession or practice.

THE BRANCHTOWN BALL.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

EVA looked so exceedingly well in her fur cape and bright-winged hat, as her mother and she set forth, escorted by His Grace, that it was almost excusable in him to devote himself entirely to her, leaving her mother to entertain herself. A fine brisk breeze met them as they passed the turnstile, and stepped on the seemingly endless planking of the long pier. The sea was choppy, but beautifully blue. To the left lay Mudport, with its land and water forts, and the forest of masts in the harbour. A gunboat was anchored at a safe distance, and was firing

for practice at some unseen mark, the sullen boom of the cannon and puff of white smoke recurring ever and anon.

'There's an ironclad coming round the Point,' remarked Eva, as they reached the end of the pier. 'I wonder what she is? I heard the *Olio* was expected back to-day.'

'Oh, there are the Greenes!' exclaimed her mother in a vexed tone.—'Don't stop, Eva, if they speak to us. I don't want to have those girls foisted upon me for the rest of the afternoon.'

'If the *Olio* is in, that means good news for Bertie,' remarked her daughter with a significant smile. 'No; they don't see us. They are going away; I suppose they've had enough of this wind.'

'You ought to come to Branchtown in your yacht next summer, duke,' said Mrs Armitage-Maxwell, trying to keep her teeth from chattering.

'Yes, and enter her for some of the races,' said Eva gaily, her heart leaping at seeing a certain manly form coming swiftly down the pier. 'It would be such fun! Branchtown in race-week is very gay, and I'm always sorry when it's over.'

'Yes, you must come again, and renew your acquaintance with Branchtown,' said the widow, putting up her umbrella to keep off a little of the cutting wind. Just then a voice behind her said: 'How do you do?' and she turned to see Bertie Fleming.

It cannot be said that her greeting to him was very cordial, but the soft pressure of Eva's fingers was eloquence itself. The duke curtsy nodded to the young officer, and walked on with Eva, as if determined to keep his pretty companion to himself. Poor Bertie found himself compelled to make himself agreeable to Mrs Armitage-Maxwell, who purposely lagged behind, out of earshot. Eva looked round at them over her shoulder once or twice, as if to say: 'Why don't you walk faster?' but her mother was too knowing for that.

'Those two always have so much to say to each other!' she sweetly remarked to her companion.

'I was not aware that the duke possessed such very great conversational powers,' answered the lieutenant dryly, quickening his pace.

'How pretty the sea is this afternoon!' said the widow, standing still, so as to better appreciate the beauties of nature.—'May I ask you to be so good as to hold my umbrella for me? I am afraid of the wind for my neuralgia; and if I hold it myself, I cannot keep my hands in my muff.' And having thus cleverly insured his keeping pace with her, she strolled on serenely, her unwilling cavalier chafing at her side.

'I hear that you are talking of going over the dockyard to-morrow,' began Bertie, after a short silence.

'Yes, we are. The duke wishes to see it.'

'What time shall you go? I should like to join you, if I may.'

Her handsome face assumed a very forbidding expression. 'We are going by special invitation from Admiral Conway, Mr Fleming.'

'I met him in the train just now, and he

said that a party of you were coming over to-morrow to have luncheon at Government House, and see the dockyard afterwards; and if I or any of our fellows liked to come, he'd be very glad to see us,' answered Bertie a little defiantly. 'If you like, I'll meet you at the Mudport station with a cab, and we could all drive to the Admiral's together.'

'The duke is going with us; he will see to all that,' she answered stiffly. 'There is no occasion to trouble you.'

'It would be no trouble.—But perhaps you would rather I didn't come?'

She was not the woman to lose such an opportunity. 'Since you have asked the question, Mr Fleming, I candidly confess that I would rather you did not come—on Eva's account.'

'I suppose I should be in the way of the duke?'

'I think that as a man of honour you ought to cease from paying attentions to Eva which can only be to her disadvantage. The child has no fortune, and with your circumstances as they are, what use is it to think of marriage? You cannot blame me for being anxious to see my dear girl well settled in life.'

'Has the duke proposed to her, then?' he demanded hotly.

'Hush!—Not quite so loud, please. No; he has not proposed, but he may do so any day; and I think in the meantime he would rather you did not go with us to-morrow. Honestly, I don't think he likes you.'

'I can assure him the animosity is mutual,' he answered, grinding his teeth. 'Do you imagine he could ever make your daughter happy?'

'Of course he can! Why, she will have everything a woman can want. It is so miserable to be poor!'

'I'm sure I wish I were as rich as Cræsus, for her sake,' he answered passionately; 'but, as it seems that I am only in the way at present, I will promise to keep away until the duke takes his departure, and then perhaps matters may come back to their old footing.'

'Don't let us quarrel,' she said with angelic sweetness, prepared to give him a sugar-plum or two now that she had gained all she wanted—a clear course for His Grace. 'I should be very sorry to do that. What I have said is all for your good. It is no kindness to allow you to cherish false hopes.'

With a heavy heart the young officer walked mechanically with the widow to the turnstile, in the wake of the others; and then, with a mute, pitiful glance at Eva, he shook hands, muttered something about having a train to catch, and left them.

The next morning was gloriously bright and sunny, and in due course Eva and her mother and the duke arrived at Mudport. About a dozen guests were present at the luncheon at the Admiral's house. That distinguished officer entertained them genially, and recited all his best stories of the Crimea and the Chinese War for the duke's edification. Then, after sitting for a few minutes with Mrs Conway in the spacious drawing-room, crammed with curious mementos of voyages in many seas, they all adjourned to the dockyard, which was close by. The general public who wished to see it had to write their

names in a big ledger in a kind of office at the gate; and after being scrutinised by some twenty policemen, they were told off in batches under the guidance of a constable, who allowed them only a limited view of the wonders of the place. It was quite another thing to be ciceroned by the Admiral-Superintendent. A general touching of caps and extreme deference was accorded to the great man, and his party saw everything. First they visited a large workshop smelling delightfully of newly-cut wood, and witnessed the interesting process of block-making, by which square billets of wood were turned, grooved, pierced, and smoothed in an incredibly short time. They went to the masthouse, where were great stores of spare masts for half the ironclads in the fleet. Being of iron and hollow, many of them were so large that a man could have stood upright inside them. Another shed was filled with enormous anchors; and a little farther on was a dry dock, in which a colossal ironclad was building, with a most delightful sound of iron hammers ringing on her metal sides—surely the most exhilarating sound in the world. They visited a storehouse filled with Whitehead torpedoes—deadly monsters, in the shape of shining metal fish about six feet long, with sharply pointed snouts, and delicately formed tails—the queerest fish that ever swam the seas.

The ladies manifested much terror at these uncanny creatures, and backing towards the door, asked the Admiral if he was quite sure they wouldn't 'go off.' The genial old tar laughed at their fears, and led the way to the smithy—a vast, dimly-lighted, resounding building, where the glow of twenty huge furnaces, the flying sparks, the army of brawny smiths in leather aprons, and the great blocks of metal in every stage of manufacture, made up a picture worthy of Rembrandt. After a word or two with one of the men, the admiral informed his visitors that they were just in time to witness a most interesting sight—a monstrous mass of iron, intended for an immense anchor, being operated upon by a Nasmyth hammer. Drawing back to a safe distance, they saw the huge piece of metal, red-hot and glowing most brilliantly, lifted from a furnace by an enormous crane, and deposited on a gigantic anvil, above which the mighty hammer was poised in mid-air. Down came the Titanic implement, and struck the glowing mass with a thud, making the sparks fly. Again the hammer rose and prepared to descend. The duke, standing by the Admiral, was looking with open mouth, while the ladies peeped timidly over the shoulders of the gentlemen. The Admiral was explaining, in a voice loud enough to be heard in a typhoon, on account of the noise, the processes necessary for the completion of the anchor.

'When the metal is sufficiently cooled, duke, it is placed'—

He paused. A party of ordinary tourists, under the convoy of a policeman, had entered the smithy by another door at the same time as themselves, and were watching the same operation at a very respectful distance from the more distinguished visitors. They were quiet, inoffensive, well-dressed people, and the Admiral would not have noticed their presence, had not one of them, a young man of three or four and twenty, in a well-fitting suit of tweed, been gradually

nearing the official party, until now he stood quite close to the duke, and seemed evidently desirous of overhearing what was said.

Such bad manners irritated the old sailor exceedingly. In the dockyard, he was supreme, and he liked his authority to be properly recognised. So, thinking he had to deal with an 'Arry who did not know his proper place, and deserved a rebuke for his intrusiveness, he said wrathfully: 'I don't know if you are aware, sir, that I am the Admiral-Superintendent of the dockyard, and that these ladies and gentlemen are my personal friends. The policeman in charge of your party will give you any information you may require, and—and, in short, sir, your presence here is an intrusion.'

The policeman in charge of the party, perfectly aghast at the young man's audacity, had crossed over, and was standing just behind the intruder, ready to walk him back unceremoniously.

'Excuse me, Admiral,' said the new-comer, lifting his hat with courtly grace, and speaking with the polished intonation of a perfect gentleman, so that the choleric old sailor was mollified in spite of himself. 'I have no wish to intrude upon you and your friends; but I see an individual here whom I recognise, and on his account I must say a few words. May I ask you this—gentleman's—name?' As he spoke, he indicated the duke, who had shrunk back among the wondering ladies, as if he wished to get out of sight. The Admiral, glancing at his distinguished visitor, saw with astonishment that his face was of a ghastly whiteness.

'The Duke of Ambleside,' answered the old sailor in amazement.

The new-comer gave a merry, boyish laugh. 'I fancied I heard you call him "duke," although I could hardly believe my ears. This individual is no other than a very worthless valet of mine, dismissed from my service some weeks ago. I am the Duke of Ambleside.—So he has been passing himself off for me?'

'Yes, he has—the scoundrel!' said the admiral, turning upon the wretched jackdaw in peacock's plumes with a threatening gesture.

'Well, William Jeffreys, what have you to say for yourself?' went on the lawful owner of De Courcy Castle. It was noteworthy that, although they had only his bare assertion that he was the real Duke of Ambleside, nobody dreamed of doubting it, in spite of the presence of a previous claimant to that title. There could be no greater contrast than that between the two young men; the one, erect of bearing, easy-mannered, courteous, with the unmistakable air of a gentleman; the other, vulgar, craven, abject, the most pitiful of impostors.

With cowardly subservience, the sham duke actually flung himself at his master's feet and grovelled there on the stones. 'Oh, your Grace, have mercy on me! Don't, don't punish me!'

'Don't kneel to me, you pitiful hound!' was the answer, given with righteous scorn.—'Get up!' added the young nobleman imperiously.

'Forgive me, your Grace! Forgive me, and I'll never do so again!' whined the reptile, struggling to his feet.

'No, that I'll engage you never will!' returned the duke with curt decision.—'Take him in charge, policeman!' he added, turning to his guide, who

had all this time remained a passive spectator of the scene, his helmeted figure being no doubt an object of additional terror to the detected impostor.—'I forgave you, Jeffreys, when I caught you pawning my jewelry, and promised not to prosecute; but as you have abused my clemency in this way, you shall answer for everything, and to prison you go.—No; not another word! I won't hear it!' And he turned his back on the cringing valet, who, still begging frantically for mercy, was led off by the policeman.

'And now, Admiral,' said the young duke with a sunny smile, turning to the old sailor, 'allow me to apologise to you and these ladies for the very unpleasant scene I have been compelled to make. I felt as if I could not lose a moment in unmasking the rascal.'

'Rascal indeed!' said the Admiral angrily. 'To think of his imposing on us all, and passing himself off as a member of the aristocracy! He deserves stringing up at the yardarm!'

'How long has he been carrying on this game?' asked the duke, walking by the Admiral's side as the party left the smithy.

The old sailor in reply gave him an account of his valet's brief fashionable career; after which the duke explained how it happened that he made his appearance at that particular moment. 'When I dismissed that fellow from my service, I was about to start for the Mediterranean in a friend's yacht. Jeffreys was aware that I should probably not return for six months at least, as we intended to visit Algeria and Egypt; so I suppose he thought he might safely pass himself off for me in a neighbourhood where I was not known. But we had scarcely reached Lisbon, when my friend was taken very ill, and had to be landed there; and we all dispersed. I took a passage back in the mail-steamer for England, and arrived here this morning. I joined a party of my fellow-passengers who wished to see the dockyard, and was walking about with them, when I happened to catch sight of that fellow's face. I knew him directly, in spite of his fashionable get-up.'

So the British aristocracy vindicated itself in Eva's eyes. The real duke was just as unaffected, cultivated, and agreeable, as the counterfeit had been ignorant, conceited, and overbearing.

The excitement which the news caused at Branchtown defies description. The people were so enraged at having been duped by a vulgar impostor, that, had they had the power, they would have torn him limb from limb. The tradespeople were heavy losers, for he had obtained quantities of expensive things from them on credit. The private residents, also, had in many instances lent him small sums; for he had a habit of pretending that he had forgotten his purse, and had thus obtained a good deal of money from unsuspecting people, who were glad to oblige such a distinguished individual with the loan of five pounds or so.

Imagine poor Mrs Armitage-Maxwell's feelings! The hope of a brilliant marriage for Eva dashed to the ground; an expense incurred for which her means were quite inadequate; and herself the laughing-stock of the whole town, by reason of the slavish adulation she had bestowed upon an audacious trickster: it was little wonder that

she took to her bed, quite ill with disappointment and mortification. Lady Borwick and the rest of the leaders of Branchtown society were not less indignant and humiliated; and the result was that a second ball never took place, and Mrs Armitage-Maxwell's brilliant project of a series of dances at other people's expense proved an ignominious failure.

From that hour, pretty Eva was known as 'The Duchess of Ambleside' in Branchtown. It was so galling to her mother, that she could scarcely bear to stay in the place. Perhaps she would not have remained, had not Bertie Fleming come forward with the offer of his hand. A distant relative, whom he had never seen, had recently bequeathed him, not exactly a fortune, but quite enough to live comfortably upon, and Mrs Armitage-Maxwell did not offer a single objection. Perhaps her brief experience of the parvenu aristocrat made her better able to appreciate Bertie's real worth.

Mr William Jeffreys was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. He confessed that, having some money in his pocket when he was dismissed the duke's service, he decided to see a little of the world before seeking another situation. By the merest chance he came to Branchtown, and empty vanity induced him to pass himself off for his master during the day or two he intended to remain. His assumed title, however, created a far greater sensation than he had expected, and he found the adulation of the people so pleasant, that he was induced to prolong his stay. One thing led to another. He had not sufficient cleverness to make a very superior swindler, and he at first only proposed to get what he could from the local tradesmen while his credit lasted, and be off before he was detected. But a girl's pretty face, and his own vanity, beguiled him into carrying the game too far.

We think both swindlers and honest people might find a moral or two for their guidance in the unlooked-for results of the Branchtown Ball.

NOVEL USES OF PAPER.

THERE are few things that cannot now be made out of paper. Its adaptability is astonishing, and the wildest speculations as to its future are excusable when we reflect upon the present uses of this material. As the delicate substance can be made to serve for steel or iron, it is not difficult to understand how paper is for many purposes now taking the place of wood. Mention was before made of a new mill in Sweden for the manufacture of paper from moss. Paper of different thicknesses, and pasteboard made of the white moss, have already been shown, the latter even in sheets three-quarters of an inch thick. It is as hard as wood, and can be easily painted and polished. It has all the good qualities, but none of the defects of wood. The pasteboard can consequently be used for door and window frames, architectural ornaments, and all kinds of furniture.

Paper made from strong fibres, such as linen, can, in fact, be compressed into a substance so hard that it cannot almost be scratched. As houses have been made of this novel building

material, so almost everything requisite to complete and furnish a residence has since been manufactured of paper. After the Breslau fireproof chimney, it is quite possible, for instance, that cooking or heating stoves can be made of similar materials. These paper stoves are annealed—that is, painted over with a composition which becomes part of the paper, and is fireproof. It is said to be impossible to burn them out, and they are much cheaper than iron stoves. Bath-tubs and pots are made in the same manner by compressing the paper made of linen fibres, and annealing. The tubs, we are assured, will last for ever, and never leak. Placed on the fire, they will not burn up; and it is almost impossible to break or injure them. Our rooms can be floored with this wonderfully accommodating material, as proved by the Indianapolis skating-rink before referred to in this *Journal*. It may here be mentioned that cracks in floors, around the skirting-board or other parts of a room, may be neatly and permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water, and a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the cracks with a case-knife. It will harden like papier-mâché.

Doors, which one would think were polished mahogany but that they swing so lightly, and are free from swelling, cracking, or warping, are composed each of two thick paper boards, stamped and moulded into panels, and glued together with glue and potash, and then rolled through heavy rollers. These doors are first covered with a waterproof coating, then painted and varnished and hung in the ordinary way. Few persons can detect that they are not made of wood, particularly when used as sliding-doors.

Black walnut is said to be getting very scarce in this country; but picture-frames are now made of paper, and coloured like walnut, and are so perfect that no one could detect them without cutting them. Paper-pulp, glue, linseed oil, and carbonate of lime or whiting, are mixed together and heated into a thick cream, which on being allowed to cool is run into moulds and hardened.

Drawing-rooms can be set off by handsome pianos manufactured from paper—a French invention. A beautiful musical instrument of this kind has lately been an object of great curiosity to the connoisseurs and musical savants of Paris. The entire case is made of compressed paper, to which is given a hard surface and a cream-white brilliant polish. The legs and sides are ornamented with arabesques and floral designs. The exterior and as much of the interior as can be seen when the instrument is open, are covered with wreaths and medallions painted in miniature by some of the leading artists of Paris. The tone of this instrument is said to be of excellent quality, though not loud. The broken, alternating character of piano music is replaced by a rich, full, continuous roll of sound, resembling somewhat that of the organ. Only two of these instruments have been made. One is still on exhibition; the other has been sold to the Duke of Devonshire.

Our correspondence may be conducted through the medium of the latest novelties in note-paper.

We have had the 'ragged edge,' in imitation of the hand-made paper of long ago; and now we have the Palæographic, an exaggeration of the same idea. The edges are charred and torn, and the surface of the paper time-stained. A buyer might call it dirty, but it is only 'artistic.' There is also a dull red paper with silver and gold dots sprinkled over it, and another with stars, in imitation of certain wall-papers. A thin and rather pretty paper is 'the hammered silver' with water-marks representing the lines in hammered silver-work. The morocco, alligator, and calf papers, embossed to imitate the surface of those leathers, are also interesting as novelties.

Notes can be jotted down with the paper pencils made in Germany. The paper is steeped in an adhesive liquid, and rolled around the lead to the required thickness, then dried and coloured to resemble a cedar pencil.

Paper plates, introduced by an ingenious *restaurateur* of Berlin, can now be used. Bread and butter, cakes, and similar articles were served by him on a pretty papier-mâché plate, having a border in relief, and resembling porcelain. They are cheap and light, and not liable to be broken.

Even knives and forks may now, we are told, be made of compressed paper. They can be used for any practical purpose, like steel ones. The household cutlery, it may here be mentioned, can be well preserved if wrapped up in paper prepared from ozokerit. This waxed paper is largely used in New York for wrapping hardware. Candies, fish, and butter, and a score of other articles, are also thus wrapped, and saved from injury through damp.

To prepare paper for wrapping up silver, six parts of caustic soda are dissolved in water until the hydrometer shows twenty degrees B. To this solution are added four parts of oxide of zinc, and boiled until dissolved. Sufficient water must next be added to reduce the solution to ten degrees B. Next dip the paper into this solution, and dry. This wrapping will very effectually preserve silver articles from being blackened by sulphuretted hydrogen, which is contained in the atmosphere of large cities.

Our household may also be supplied with the paper bottles now made on a large scale in Germany and Austria. The paper is coated on both sides with a mixture of blood-albumen, lime, and alum. After drying, the leaves are placed over each other, and then put into heated moulds. These bottles are made in two pieces, which are afterwards joined. Neither water nor alcohol has any action on such bottles, and it is thought that they will prove of great value to travellers, as there is little fear of breakage.

Our sleeping apartments can be provided with paper bed-clothes, curtains, and bedsteads. The latter pieces of furniture look beautiful, and are declared to be everlasting. They are made of slips of paper, instead of paper rings, as in the case of railway wheels before mentioned in this *Journal*, which wheels can now run on rails of the same material, some new particulars of which have come to hand. These, it is stated, can be produced—by an American Company in Russia—at a third of the cost of steel rails, and are extremely durable. Being much lighter than metal, these rails may be carried and laid at far less cost, and they will

doubtless diminish oscillation and wear and tear of rolling-stock. They are to be made of greater lengths than ordinary rails, and therefore will have fewer joints. The success or failure of the project seems simply a question of durability.

Useful, no doubt, will be found the small house-truck on wheels used for wheeling loads around the house. The sides and bottom of this are very thin, but made of finely compressed paper, capable of bearing a very great weight. In short, so universal is the application of this extraordinary substance, that the time seems not far distant when we may be living in a paper house, clad in paper clothes, sitting on a paper chair, writing at a paper desk with a patent paper pen on some novel kind of paper.

Land vehicles will probably ere long figure as further triumphs of the paper-mill; and why not steamboats? Canoes and launches built of the ever useful material we call paper have been described in this *Journal*. A Frenchman recently made an interesting experimental trip in a paper boat from Paris to Marseille, and returned to his starting-point opposite the Tuileries Gardens. The hull of this curious little boat is said to be not much more than one-eighth of an inch thick. The voyage under the circumstances was not without danger. It extended over six hundred miles, and was full of adventure, particularly in going down the rapid Rhone. The voyage was undertaken with the intention of proving that paper boats can do good service, and that they can be made as well in France as in England and America.

We have before mentioned a plan for rendering paper so tough that it can be used in making boxes, combs, and even boots. The usefulness of toughened paper in a more scientific way has also been proved. Filter paper can be rendered tough and at the same time pervious to liquids by immersing it in nitric acid of relative density 1.42, then washing it in water. The product is different from parchment paper made with sulphuric acid, and it can be washed and rubbed like a piece of linen. It contracts in size under the treatment, and undergoes a slight decrease of weight, the nitrogen being removed and the ash diminished. The toughened paper can be used with a vacuum pump in ordinary funnels without extra support, and fits sufficiently close to prevent undue access of air, which is not the case with parchment paper. Toughened filter paper, it is thought, will be exceedingly useful not only to chemists, but to other scientists, both practical and theoretical.

Towels made of this wonderfully adaptable material are said to be used in the surgical dispensary of Philadelphia for drying wounds. Sponges are not easily perfectly cleansed after being once used, so they are never employed in the hospital. Ordinary cotton or linen towels are much preferable to sponges. The Japanese paper towels, however, answer the same purpose as cotton ones, and are so cheap that they can be thrown away after being used. The paper towels are hardly suitable for drying hands after washing, unless several towels be used at once, because a large amount of moisture on the hands soon saturates a single towel. For removing blood from wounds, a paper towel is crumpled up into a sort of ball and then used as a sponge. Such balls

absorb blood rapidly. The crude ornamental pictures on each of the towels are of no advantage, nor are they, so far as is known, any objection.

The *Photographic News* (United States) gives instructions how to make translucent paper. Take a negative on the paper and pin it, paper-side up, on a board. Apply butter (cold) all over it with the fingers; use plenty. Then hold the negative over a paraffin stove with the flame turned low. Keep the melting butter moving over the less greased portions till an even surface is obtained, which will be in about five minutes. Then lay, paper-side still up, on a board or cloth, and, while warm, rub off the surplus butter with tufts of cotton-wool; it will probably be necessary to remove the negative several times during the operation. Should any butter by chance get on the film-side of the negative, warm it and rub it with cotton-wool, and it will at once come off. Give a final rub with cotton-wool dipped in alcohol, and the negative is ready to print from, and has a fine ground-glass appearance.

Mention has before been made of waterproof luminous paper which will shine in the dark. According to a German authority, it is prepared from a mixture of forty parts paper stock, ten parts phosphorescent powder, ten parts water, one part gelatine, and one part bichromate of potash.

Several kinds of fireproof paper have already been noticed. An excellent one is now made by a combination of asbestos and infusorial earth. About forty parts, in bulk, of fine disintegrated asbestos fibre, and about sixty parts of what is known as 'infusorial earth,' are taken and placed in a dry state in an ordinary beating-engine, and then sufficient water is added while the machine is in operation to beat the mass into pulp just thin enough to form upon an ordinary cylinder. The web is taken from the cylinder and finished in the usual manner. This forms a flexible paper, which may be used wherever ordinary paper is employed, differing, however, from ordinary board in being fireproof.

Many and various materials from which paper is manufactured have been mentioned by us from time to time. The principal material used in Tonquin is said to be the *ke-yioh* or paper-tree. Its bark is macerated, and then rubbed in mortars so as to reduce it to a fine pulp. It is thus made with a certain quantity of water into a clear paste, which is sized with an infusion made from the shavings of the *gomao* tree. The paper is made sheet by sheet by women, by what now seems a primitive process, yet each worker is said to produce one thousand sheets a day.

Some interesting paper-making statistics are occasionally compiled, the accuracy, however, of which may be open to question, when we are told the exact number of pounds used up severally by newspapers, books, letters, &c. It is said that the paper-mills of Britain produce in a few weeks sufficient paper to carpet the whole of London. The United States produce a great deal of this material, but Europe double the amount. On the Continent, it has been computed that the average amount of paper used by individuals in different countries amounts

to eleven and a half pounds by an Englishman, ten and a quarter pounds by an American, eight pounds by a German, seven and a half pounds by a Frenchman, three and a half pounds by an Italian or Austrian, a pound and a half by a Spaniard, one pound by a Russian, and two pounds by a Mexican. If the consumption of paper is a gauge of civilisation, this table of averages is very flattering to our national conceit.

AN ORACLE.

AN INCIDENT ON THE TRANSVAAL GOLD-FIELDS.

GOLD has been found in various parts of the Transvaal for some years now; indeed, according to some authorities, the northern districts of that country supplied the greater portion of the gold with which Solomon adorned his wondrous Temple, and of which the fair Queen of Sheba made such lavish use. Whether this be so or not, matters little for the purpose of this relation; suffice it to know that gold has of late years been found in sufficient quantities to induce some hundreds of adventurers, in the first instance, to try their luck as gold-diggers, with the hope of gaining a prize sufficiently large to place them beyond necessity; but, as in so many thousands of other cases in the farther-off fields of Australasia and California, few ever approximated to their desires. A gold-field—from an Australian point of view—never has existed in South Africa, and probably never will, owing to a variety of circumstances, but mainly from the fact, that the country has suffered in ages past from successive eruptions, which have destroyed the original 'run' of the deposit, making the search for it altogether too risky for even the most hopeful of diggers. No doubt, men will always be found willing and content to 'prospect' on and on, with the chance of a nugget turning up to pay for all their outlay and the disadvantages of the life they are compelled to lead; but a gold-field such as we have been wont to visit, or read of, where thousands are supported in one way or another, will never be seen in Africa.

Nowadays, the gold-bearing district is in the hands of concessionaires, who work upon a principle that does away with the romance that usually hung around the life of a gold-digger in the old time. The incident about to be related took place ten years since; the exact locality it is unnecessary to fix upon. Should any of the diggers who were present on the occasion come across this relation, they will have no difficulty in bringing to mind the scene and the principal actor therein, and 'a right good sort' he was too.

Jasper Hillary had not been over-well treated by the fickle goddess at any period of his career, the last year or two of which had been spent upon the Diamond Fields in the neighbouring province of Griqualand; and although a hard and energetic worker, luck seemed to have made a dead set against him; so he had returned again to the scene of his earlier efforts as a digger; and with a shade of better luck pegged out his claim on Antbear Creek; and having successfully applied for water-rights, had brought in water from a distance of over two miles, and began work with a decided improvement in his prospects.

Most of the diggers were having a 'good time' of it in their claims, and few grumblers were to be found; and but for the doubtful character of one or two individuals, whose mysterious habits formed a constant topic for speculation among the diggers, all seemed to be going as merry as marriage-bells. The individuals alluded to were men of a decided nationality, sleek and well-fed in appearance, but with a tendency to commune with the native 'boys' (a term in general use in the South African colonies, signifying servant) that savoured of something other than the mere desire to learn the *lingo*, or study habits and customs. Wherever native labour is employed, it is generally looked upon as a suspicious circumstance to see Europeans haunting the huts and kraals where the employees live. So at least it was considered in this community of hard workers, who failed to understand how men could live for choice or pleasure among surroundings unconducive to comfort, were it not that a 'something' could be made out of it.

One day, Hillary, whose claim had been turning out a fairly level yield of gold, came up to the hotel—where some six or seven of us were lounging over our pipes, preparatory to 'turning to' again for the afternoon's spell of work—his face wearing a somewhat angry and puzzled look, and addressed us after the following strain: 'Look here! My luck's run out, or there is some thievery going on among my "boys."'

'What's up, old man? What's wrong?' asked Drake.

'Just this: I "cleaned-up" this morning, and I didn't get a bit of gold larger than a pea. Now, all along, as I worked *up* my ground, the gold has been getting heavier. It has been coarsish all through; but just where I expected to get the heaviest, it has dwindled down to dust, with a few shotty bits. There's something wrong, and I am going to puzzle it out. By-the-bye, I daresay you'll agree with me that it is a queer thing that those shiny gents'—here he pointed in the direction of the tent occupied by the men of decided nationality—'should be over at Hermit's—at the bank—paying in gold. Yes, that's so. Mike Bruty saw 'em; he told me so himself.'

'Have they got licenses?' asked Drake.

'O yes, I've found that's all right; they're 'cute enough for that.'

'What are you going to do, eh, Jasper?'

'Well, I'm going to watch my "boys" a bit first. There's one among 'em I am not very sweet upon. If I find him as tricky at his work this week as he has been, I'll lay a trap for him; and you fellows shall come up and see how it works next time I clean-up, which won't be before next week.'

Soon after this, it came to Hillary's knowledge that this 'boy' of his, of whom he had expressed himself so dubious, had been seen in the bush some little distance from the camp in close conversation with one of the shiny gentry; and this led Hillary to come to the conclusion that the 'boy' was playing him false; so he at once determined to put him to the test. On the Saturday following, the day on which he had arranged to clean-up his sluice-box, this doubtful 'boy' was set to work at the head of the box where the pay-dirt was

being shovelled in; and at this comparatively isolated work it was an easy matter to watch him. As soon as the pay-gravel is shovelled into a sluice-box, the water rushing through carries away all the stones and sand over the ripples at the lower end of the box, and whatever light gold is carried with it, sinks, and becomes lodged in between the ripples or stones with which the box is paved. All the coarser specks and nuggets remain at the head of the box where first dropped in with the gravel, the superior gravity of the metal preventing the weaker force of water from carrying it away. Thus, any one at the head of the box seeing anything like a stoppage in the smooth flow of water, becomes aware that a piece of heavy gold is at the bottom; and if the worker ceases to put in more gravel, the water soon becomes clear enough to enable him to see the gold. So, then, this doubtful 'boy' was set to the work of feeding the box; and towards the close of the operations, Hillary placed a nugget of about an ounce in such a position in the heap of gravel that the 'boy' was bound to see it. As Hillary expected, the native did see it; and looking cautiously around to see that no one was watching, he carefully appropriated the nugget, and placing it in the folds at the bottom of his trousers-leg, which, as usual, was rolled up—the garment in question being something too long for him—proceeded to finish up the heap of gravel.

Hillary had been carefully watching for this, and having seen the whole performance, came away satisfied that he had the culprit safe in his keeping.

After the cleaning-up was over, and the 'boys' had gone through the business of washing themselves and preparing for the rest usually accorded them after two o'clock on Saturdays, Hillary sent word to us to the effect that if we wanted to see the fun, we were to go round to his hut at once. We found him sitting on a rock with about a dozen 'boys' around him waiting to receive their week's wage.

After our arrival, Hillary addressed them in their own language, of which he was a fairly good master, telling them how his yield of gold had fallen off, and that there was no reason why it should have done so, as the 'white baas' ahead of him was finding well; that he was quite sure some one was robbing him, and that it must be one or more among themselves.

Of course their protestations to the contrary were both loud and vehement, vowing, as natives generally do, that he was too good a 'baas' to be robbed, and that they would assegai the man who could do so.

'Very well, then,' said Hillary; 'if you are all innocent, you will all consent to stand the trial which I shall give you.—Now, look here'—here he pulled a small pocket-compass out of his wallet, and showing it to them, explained that the Spirit that made the needle inside shake about, would presently become aware as to who the thief was; would then remain quite still, pointing to the guilty man.

This seemed to tickle their fancies, though we rather thought, other than its being likely to prove an amusement to them, they had but little faith in its power of divination.

Hillary then placed them in a circle round him, at distances of about two yards apart, taking care to place the man he knew to be guilty as due north as possible. Then telling them again that the Spirit never made a mistake, and that whoever the needle pointed to was to be shot, without any more palaver took his rifle, and then placing the compass on the ground in the centre of the group, stood on one side.

It was amusing to watch the varying expressions upon the faces of the 'boys' standing around—from the moment the compass was set on the ground, when the needle spun about with rapid vibrations, till the gradual and final decline to stationary—expressions of wonder, mirth, and incredulity gradually deepening into fear as the oscillations of the needle became weaker and weaker; and when it finally came to a stand, pointing to the guilty one, he, with a yell of dismay and an unnatural pallor upon him—I have seen a native go all but white—turned and fled, those remaining dropping to their haunches as Hillary with levelled rifle stood laughing at the success of his plan. Hillary had forgotten that he had eased the pull of his weapon a day or so before, and although he had no intention of taking life at the beginning, felt a kind of satisfaction as he drew the bead upon the retreating form. Be that as it may, the excitement had no doubt wrought upon his nervous system; the lightened trigger yielded under the trembling finger, a report followed, simultaneous with which, the flying Kaffir gave one spring into the air and fell dead on the hillside, along which he had been speeding but a moment before.

The authorities made it too warm for Hillary, who had to clear out. He eventually gave himself up, was placed in the *trunk*; and after being incarcerated in this building, made of wattles daubed with mud on the outside, minus a door, for a whole week, the diggers became impatient that one of their number should suffer such indignity 'all about a thief of a nigger.' They took upon themselves to effect his release; and escorting him over the border, parted from him full of regrets that the law of the land made it necessary for him to absent himself, at any rate for a time, from among them.

He got a rattling good price for his claim, and the purchaser did not lose on the bargain; but the lesson upon the 'boys' who were working on the creek wrought an immense amount of good; and what was better, the shiny gentry deemed it advisable to discontinue their evangelising among natives employed by diggers.

MEDICINE IN HEATHENDOM.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE uttered a truth the civilised world has been slow to grasp, when he said that 'preaching the gospel to the heathen includes much more than is implied in the usual picture of a missionary—a man going about with a Bible under his arm.' He showed in his explorations what he meant; for he made it his aim wherever he went to introduce humanising influences, and to bring into play all the forces of civilisation which could alleviate suffering.

We are glad to find Dr Lowe of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society emphasising this requirement, and strenuously advocating the benefits of medical missions in his recently published book, *Medical Missions: their Place and Power*.

In Heathendom the densest ignorance as to the cause, prevention, and cure of disease prevails. In India and Africa, a close connection is established between religion and medicine. Sickness is a punishment sent by the gods or by evil spirits; and it will be followed by death, if propitiation is not made to the offended deities. The Chinese are a little more enlightened. They have a medical literature of a kind; but they know nothing about even the elementary principles of anatomy and physiology. A Chinaman who wishes to become a doctor does not go through any training or spend money in buying a practice; he has only to purchase a pair of spectacles, and gather some herbs, a few spiders, and some snakes, which he places in bottles in the window of his shop. The bottles are his advertisement; they tell all who are in need of healing to come to him. His favourite prescription is a horrible pill, compounded of parts of snakes, wasps, centipedes, toads, and scorpions, ground small and mixed with honey. Another pill, supposed to be of extraordinary efficacy in cases of extreme weakness, is made of the bones of tigers. The belief in its merit is based on this strange piece of reasoning: 'The tiger is very strong; the bone is the strongest part of the strong animal—therefore, a pill of this must be pre-eminently strengthening.' These facts speak eloquently as to the state of medical science in China. The lamentable consequence is an excessive mortality. It is calculated that thirty-three thousand die daily, and this number is of course largely increased during an epidemic, which is no uncommon visitor.

The Siamese believe that the human body is composed of four elements—fire, earth, wind, and water. They divide the body into thirty-two parts, and teach that it is subject to ninety-six diseases, caused by the disturbance of the elements which enter into its composition. Fevers are traced to an undue proportion of fire. The wind is the fertile source of ailments. If you ask a native what is wrong with him, the chances are ten to one he will reply, 'Wind.'

In Southern India, festivals are observed at which sacrifices of sheep, goats, and fowls are offered to Siva to avert sickness. Another festival is held by convalescent invalids, who seek to fulfil the vows they made. It is attended by scenes disgusting beyond conception.

Some of the tribes in Central Africa have male and female doctors. The ladies play the largest part in the ministry of healing; the activity of the men is confined to the treatment of wounds and snake-bites. They handle a broken arm or leg in a curious fashion: if it is a simple fracture, the limb is pulled straight; if it is broken in pieces, some small cuts are made in the flesh, and as soon as the swelling

is reduced, if the limb cannot be straightened, the broken bones are pulled out and a powdered root is applied to the wound. The woman-doctor puts great faith in magic. When she goes to see a patient, she takes with her a basket containing what she is pleased to call a magic wand, but what is in reality a double tube, nearly a foot long. One tube is filled with small stones; the other is empty. She waves the wand over the sick person, to begin with; she then places it over the part in which pain is felt. After going through some manipulatory tricks, she professes to draw the disease out in a tangible form; but she is always cautious enough to conceal it from the patient.

If the natives of the Friendly Islands suffer from a spreading ulceration, they have the limb cut off with a sharp shell. The excruciating agony of such an operation can be better imagined than described. Should a man go mad, he is invariably buried alive. In the South Pacific Islands, a free incision is the panacea for all the ills flesh is heir to. Wherever pain is felt, a cut is made, as the natives simply put it, 'to let the pain out.'

Other specimens of the appalling ignorance of the doctors of Heathendom might easily be given; but those adduced will serve our purpose. They show the need for the introduction of European skill. That need should be in itself an eloquent appeal to the chivalry of young doctors. The best way to spend life is to spend it in the service of others; and surely no better service could be rendered than to lighten the darkness and alleviate the sufferings of the debased inhabitants of heathen lands.

A FEW PULPIT VAGARIES.

Whilst recognising the noble part the pulpit has taken in the reformation of the world and education of the people, it must be admitted that it has been occasionally the scene of humorous incidents, some of which, perhaps without irreverence, it may be permissible to recall.

Possibly the greatest number of pulpit recollections hang upon misquotations and misplacement of terms. Only recently, the writer heard a minister declare 'it was impossible for any man by thought to add one *stature to his cubit*'—a truth so important to his mind as to merit an impressive repetition. Another minister affirmed, on the authority of the Scriptures, 'Moses *pulled off his feet*, for the ground on which he stood was holy.'

The writer thinks it was a curate who informed us that 'immediately Peter crew, the cock went out and wept bitterly.' Another of his order certainly said: 'Till heaven and earth pass, one *tit* or one *jottle* shall in nowise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.' Another pulpit orator, quoting from Job, gave out: 'Skin for skin—as the old Patriarch said,' leading us to infer that Satan was the progenitor of a family, in addition to being the father of lies. A popular preacher speaking of Goldsmith's poor parson, told a crowded audience that 'children plucked the coats of that good man's tail to share his kindly smile.' These children must have been a contrast to some others spoken about by one who, illustrating moral depravity, said he had 'seen even

little children that could neither walk nor talk run about the streets blaspheming.'

A minister once commencing grandiloquently: 'Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of message,' paused, and thinking, somehow, it scarcely sounded right, he repeated: 'Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of message.' Still querying the correctness of his version, and anxious to make it correct, he said again rather more slowly: 'Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of message.' Seeing the puzzled and amused looks of his congregation, he hesitated once more, only to assume a determination that this time at anyrate there should be no mistake on this point, by saying very deliberately: 'My dear friends, some of you do not appear to sufficiently appreciate the full import of my quotation of a biblical fact; for the benefit of such, I will repeat it, and repeat it with emphasis—that "Jacob—sold his birthright—for a—pot—of—message."'

Of all scriptural characters to whom special attention has been paid, not one has received more unremitting favour than the retrospective spouse of Lot, and we can understand the feeling of a long-suffering hearer who had heard the same minister preach nine times upon 'Remember Lot's wife.'—'Remember Lot's wife!' cried the afflicted hearer; 'why, it is absolutely impossible for me ever to forget her.'

OUTSIDE THE GARDEN GATE.

Two little forms outside the gate,
Who hour by hour in patience wait;
Four wistful eyes as bright as stars
Peeping with wonder through the bars;
Four little hands that long to hold
Bright flowers, or apples red and gold;
Two shrill young voices that would say:
'Give us some flowers or fruit to-day!'
Only—what little tongue could dare
Ask such a boon from lady fair!

She comes! and down the velvet walk
Moves gently, and with silver talk
Beguiles the time; her comrades glide
In pleasant converse by her side.
They do not see the eager eyes
Who watch them with a glad surprise.
To rustic judgment, they must seem
Like white-robed angels in a dream,
So fair, so graceful, and so blest
In such sweet garden bowers to rest,
And no doubt plucking many a gem
Which seems so far away from them!

Alas! how oft our mortal fate
Keeps us outside the garden gate!
Almost we feel we might be there,
Wandering amid those scenes so fair;
Almost our fingers seem to clasp
Bright flowers, that still elude our grasp;
Some adverse fortune seems to say:
'Tis not for thee; so, go thy way!'

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CAMPING-OUT.

OF five years which I recently spent in India, some of the pleasantest reminiscences are those connected with camp-life. It is true that never having had the good fortune to go on active service, I cannot claim to have seen the most exciting description of existence under canvas; but of nearly every other kind of camping-out I have had, at anyrate so far as India is concerned, full and pleasant experience. Once, indeed, I was lucky enough to be placed in charge of a very large camp—that, namely, in which His Excellency the Commander-in-chief, accompanied by the principal officers and offices of the Army Headquarters Staff, made his winter tour some two or three years ago. That was a very grand affair, everything in the way of tentage, transport, and so forth being *double*, so as to allow an empty camp to be always ready for occupation one march ahead. This is the essence of comfort in marching, especially in India, where it is anything but pleasant, after a long ride or trudge, to have to wait perhaps hours in a blazing sun until one's tents come up from the last camping-ground. Then, again, all the tents belonged in this instance to a camp equipage specially kept up by the government of India for the commander-in-chief's use; everything was consequently on a most liberal scale. His Excellency himself was accommodated in a truly royal fashion, his camp equipage being very different from the English military officer's bell-shaped tabernacle, or from the flimsy structures which holiday-seekers consider sufficient accompaniments to a river-trip. At each camping-ground, he found waiting for him two enormous piles of canvas, connected by a passage, and fronted by an awning. Each of these two great tents, which were duly carpeted and furnished throughout, were divided into three good-sized apartments; and the canvas, poles, and ropes weighed about five tons. In rear was a space inclosed by canvas walls, in one corner of which was a kitchen tent; while outside was to be found a

stable tent, a luxury seldom met with even in India. This collection of canvas dwellings, duly guarded by sentries, stood at the head of a long street, on each side of which were ranged the tents of the staff, their offices, servants, &c. The entire central camp, again, was flanked by the smaller camps of a squadron of cavalry and a wing of infantry, forming His Excellency's escort.

The above could not, of course, be compared with a large standing camp such as that in which, last year, the Viceroy of India received the Amir of Afghanistan at Rawal Pindi; but for a flying-camp it was of highly respectable dimensions. Indeed—irrespective of the escort—some fifty elephants, two hundred camels, and a number of country carts were required to keep it in motion; while for pitching and striking the tents, we had quite a regiment of *khalassis*, a race of natives who live about Oudh and Fyzabad, and are particularly clever at this kind of work. In working the machinery of the camp, the chief difficulty was to dispose the tents day after day according to a 'sealed pattern,' deviations from which had to be avoided as far as was absolutely possible. The country traversed was somewhat a rough one, and the camping-grounds none of the best; but the *khalassis* were wonderfully skilful; and the regularity with which, sometimes almost in the jungle, this mass of canvas was run up in a few hours, with spaces correctly left and tent-pegs aligned with the utmost accuracy, amazed me greatly, even though I was so fully behind the scenes. As to the manner of marching between camps, every one besides the escort and myself and subordinates, seemed to take things very comfortably. A cup of tea in the early morning, a ride of perhaps a dozen miles, with generally some shooting *en route*, breakfast in the next camp, and then to the duties or pleasures of the day. I may mention that the camp was duly accompanied by a travelling post-office, so that, although we were going straight across country, there was a regular delivery of letters, and official work could be carried on just as easily

as in a station. As regards amusement, there was almost always shooting to be had, especially with small game; and in the evening, occasional lawn-tennis, a court being improvised during the day, to the music of a band which accompanied the escort. At large military stations, His Excellency held levees; and at several native towns he exchanged visits with local rajahs, the tatterdemalion escorts of the latter contrasting poorly with the trim, well-mounted troopers who pranced behind the chief.

For myself, of course, the *dolce far niente* was well-nigh impossible; but on the whole I had, as the Americans say, 'a very good time.' As officer in charge, I had daily to go on in advance, leaving the existing camp as a rule about two P.M., and having a pretty hot march in consequence. Arrived at the next camping-ground, I marked out, with the help of an advance-party detailed for that purpose, the new camp, arranging, if necessary, for a small road to connect the entrance with the main route. The supplies were then inspected; and as the tents came up, they were rapidly unloaded and pitched. The majority were generally ready in a few hours; but the commander-in-chief's tents took all night to erect and arrange. I usually waited until the *khalassis* had upreared the big poles, which they always did to the accompaniment of a tremendous *pavan*, and then I turned in, arising early next morning to see the finishing touches put, and always being careful to see the flagstaff properly set in front of His Excellency's tent, the flag to be run up the moment he entered the ground.

As a rule, the work went very smoothly, owing to the skill, experience, and energy of my subordinates; but of course there were hitches, which we took good care to keep well out of sight. On one occasion, the ridge-pole of a huge tent snapped in two on the march, and it was only by the most curious and elaborate splicing that the tent could be pitched at all that evening. Then, again, while swimming some elephants across a river, we nearly lost one foolish monster, which persisted in going down stream until the commissariat warrant officer and I, who were following him in a boat, quite gave him up as lost. We called him bad names; we even stuck spears into him, but to no purpose; the wretched brute seemed bent upon going down to the sea. Suddenly, to our relief, he turned, and reached the opposite bank, his flanks distended with the water he had swallowed, and his head lacerated with the blows which his driver had laid on with the *ankas*, the iron crook which mahouts, or elephant-drivers, have used since the days of Alexander. On a third occasion, the camping-ground was terribly lumpy, and it became necessary to level a hillock of quite a respectable altitude. This seemed at first a wild impossibility; but the local headman turned out the entire village, men, women, and children with shovels and baskets, and the thing

was managed somehow. I remember that camp very well, for on the same evening I received a note from one of the staff in the camp I had left, 'suggesting' that, as a scratch race-meeting would be very good fun, a racecourse should be prepared forthwith. Fancy preparing a racecourse in about four hours of daylight! Luckily, the ground was so manifestly unsuitable, that I escaped any very severe censure for my unseemly neglect of orders.

To cut a long story short—the march passed off very well; and as an instance of 'camping-out' in style, was a most interesting experience to a junior officer like myself. A curious contrast it was to marching with one's regiment, where one's sole accommodation is a 'Kabul' tent with little room in it for anything besides a camp-bed, the entire canvas, ropes, poles, and pegs weighing but eighty pounds. However, even in these circumstances a march has many pleasant features, if only as a relief to the weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable life of cantonments. The chief discomfort, perhaps, lies in the very early hour at which operations have to be commenced. The 'rouse' bugle as a rule is sounded about four A.M.; and shortly afterwards the sleepy officer is awakened by his servant bearing a lamp in one hand, and a cup of tea or cocoa in the other. At the time of year when regiments in India are marching in course of relief, it is bitterly cold, and dressing is not an inspiring process. About half-past four you issue shivering from your tent, and proceed to where the men of your company are loading elephants, camels, mules, or pack-bullocks with their camp equipage and kits. The scene is a busy and picturesque one, for all the light at this early hour is derived from torches and blazing fires, and the confusion seems indefinite. At about ten minutes to five, however, the loading is completed; the 'fall-in' is sounded; and punctually at five away goes the regiment as merrily as the darkness and the occasional eccentricities of the road will allow. After the first half-hour, a short halt is called; and thenceforward halts of five minutes in every hour, not including the long 'coffee halt,' usually at about six miles from the last camp. During the coffee halt, every one has coffee or tea and biscuits, the day having by this time broken; and when once more the regiment moves off, the band strikes up, and the brass instruments take turn about with the drums and fifes until the next camp is reached. Here the regiment finds the camp already marked out by the camp colour-party sent on the night before for that purpose. In a very short time the camp is fully pitched; a general toilet follows, and a most welcome breakfast; and then, possibly some shooting, lunch, a stroll, an early dinner in the big mess tent, a chat round a camp-fire, and bed. Not a very exciting existence, but a very sociable and eminently healthy one. For, although—except when the regiment is marching 'at attention,' or when carrying the colours—infantry officers are generally allowed to mount their ponies on the march, this privilege is seldom taken advantage of, and the daily trudge

of twelve or fifteen miles has a decidedly good effect.

Camping-out in the hills is a very pleasant method of spending at least part of the two months' leave to which every officer in India is, if he can be spared, entitled. The scenery on these trips is generally of the most magnificent order, and the vegetation occasionally luxuriant and extremely beautiful. At a height of perhaps eight thousand feet above the sea-level, grand forests of evergreen oak are to be found, and green glades which would do credit to an English park. The creepers and ferns often baffle description, the maiden-hair growing in almost rank profusion. But a march in the hills, to be enjoyed, must be made leisurely, and sufficient supplies have to be taken from the starting-place, to supplement the scanty provender obtainable from the rude villages of the hill-men. Transport-animals are, as a rule, inadmissible, owing to the rudimentary state of the footpaths; but human substitutes are always available, and generally trustworthy and efficient. But camping-out in the hills has been so admirably described by Mr Andrew Wilson in his *Abode of Snow*, a book too well known to require recommendation, that any personal reminiscences would probably fall very flat.

To many minds, the most delightful of all forms of camp-life, even putting the question of sport on one side, is an expedition into the jungle after big game at the end of the cold weather. For it must not be supposed that because the cantonment, with its dusty roads and heat-collecting walls, is at this time of year becoming almost intolerable, the jungle is equally so. In the deep silent recesses of the jungle it may not be actually cool; but with tents pitched in a bosky grove, and with the distraction of constant occupation when in the open, the heat can well be borne. At the beginning of the hot weather, too, many of the jungle trees are looking, if not their best, at anyrate passing well. The comprehensive banyan as depicted in many a child's picture-book; the grateful mango, the jungle fruit of which, however, savours too much of turpentine to be palatable; the *mlowva*, with its thick sun-resisting foliage, and heavily scented white blossoms, on the distilled essence of which myriads of natives are perpetually drunk; above all, the sacred pipal, with glossy leaves, finely pointed like those of the vine—all these, and many more, with flowers, some fruits, fantastic creepers, and overflowing undergrowth, put on bright dresses to welcome the refugee from the orderly-room and the court. Of animal life, at first sight, the presence is not so conspicuous; but when a beat takes place, the latent profusion speedily bursts forth; and from nooks and crannies, startled by the harsh cries and the resounding *aves* of the beaters, come forth sometimes enough birds and beasts to stock a menagerie. Usually the first to herald the commencement of a beat, skurries forth the peacock, followed, maybe, by a scampering gray boar, or a hare, or a fretful porcupine. Sometimes a great body is heard crashing through the thicket, and out trots a shaggy stag with branching antlers—the *sambhar*, from whose yellow-tanned hide indifferent good shooting-gaiters are to be made. He stands for a moment all but motionless, and

it would be easy to roll him over in his tracks. But if it be a beat for tiger, the finger must rest motionless on the trigger until the monarch himself appears, sullen at this ignoble disturbance of his siesta.

The routine of a shooting expedition in the Indian jungle has been often and well described by sporting littérateurs. But there is perhaps room still left for a series of loving sketches of the inner life of the jungle, with its countless wonders of flora and fauna, its strange sounds, its differences from any other form of existence. Sitting up even at night in the midst of some great forest, like that, for instance, which clothes a large part of the Central Provinces, and listening to the innumerable forest-voices all around—the chirrup of the cicala, the dull sonorous call of the tiger to his mate, with interruptions of a peculiarly resonant bird-note, the exact counterpart of the noise made by a stone flung along the ice—hearing all this in the jungle gloom, one sometimes thinks with fond audacity that it would be worth attempting a sympathetic description of this sequestered life. But as 'the vision of dawn is leisure,' and 'the truth of day is toil,' so the pleasures of camping-out fade in the return to the cares and distraction of work. From the little tent in the mango-grove, the sportsman returns to the office desk or the parade-ground. The poetry of the jungle is succeeded by the prose of evidence or drill, and the pen from which so much careful observation coupled with graceful fancy and romantic imagery should have flowed, is devoted to the production of sterner stuff, or lies idle and corroded, an inglorious companion of the dried-up inkpot.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XVII.—AS THE HARE RAN.

RICHARD CABLE entered his cottage quietly; his mother was engaged with the children, preparing them for bed. Six little white things sat side by side in their nightshirts, with their small feet hanging down, on the bedside, their yellow hair combed out, wet, and spread over their shoulders. Mrs Cable was washing the baby, who was quite naked; and she had a thick towel, and was rubbing the little head, and working the short hair into curls by doing so. The baby did not mind the water or the towel; but the towel had a fringe, and the tiny fingers tried to catch the fringe and pull it out, with a view, doubtless, to ultimately eating it.

Over the bed was cast a blue-and-white check coverlet; and the walls were whitewashed. There were white valance and curtains to the small window. Above the bed was a coloured chromolithograph of Christ blessing little children; and under that, a photograph of Polly, the mother of the seven.

'There is your father,' said Bessie Cable; 'say your prayers to him.—Now—not all of you at once off the bed.—Sit still, Effie and Jane; take care of 'Lettice and Susie; they will tumble.—

Mary first; only the twins shall say their prayers together, because they are twins.'

So Mary, as the eldest, descended from the bed and came over the floor, her little feet, still wet, printing themselves on the deal-boards. She knelt down at her father's knees as he sat on a low chair, and began her prayers. He removed his hat, and as the golden evening light poured into his face through the window, he put his hand over his eyes. Then, when Mary had done, she stood up, kissed her father, and scrambled on to the bed again; whilst Effie and Jane slid down and knelt, one at the right foot, the other at the left, of their father and closed their little hands on his knees.

When all had done but the baby, then there were six of the prettiest little heads laid on white pillows in one bed, three at head, and three at foot, all with twinkling blue eyes and smiling lips and golden hair. Then Richard, with his great rough hand, smoothed the sheet, turned down at top under all the little chins, and stood and looked at them.

'Do you know,' said he, 'that here on this flat Essex coast in spring the seabirds come and make their nests in the marshes and on the saltings? Now, if there were to be high tides then, the poor little fledglings would be drowned, and the parent birds would fly about screaming, broken-hearted, unable to do anything for their young. But God thinks of the seabirds, and in spring on this coast, He sends us the *bird-tides*—that is, very low tides—all the while the little ones are in the nests and unable to escape. When your father was in the storm, and his boat broke from her anchors and was swept away and wrecked, he was not drowned. God thought of the little birds in their downy nest, and spared him for their sakes. There are bird-tides to men as there are to feathered fowl.—Now, go to sleep.'

His mother said: 'Dick! do look how baby has torn out my gray hair!'

He took the child, and spread out the tiny hand in his own great palm and sat studying it. The infant was quite happy on her father's knee, feeling one strong arm about her.

'What is it, Dick?' asked Mrs Cable.

'Nothing,' he replied; 'only, I was looking at the little mite of a hand, and thinking if there were not bird-tides to us, these tiny fingers and delicate little bones would never come to be great and strong and hard as mine.'

'I wish you'd take the bath down for me,' said Mrs Cable. 'It's heavier than I can carry.'

'I'll give the soapy water to the young lettuce and broccoli—it will keep away the slugs,' said Richard.

Then he went down the few steps into the basement, holding the wooden tub, blue-painted, half-full of soapy water, in which his seven little children had been bathed. It was not easy to carry it down without spilling the contents in splashes on the stair; but Dick Cable was steady and sure-footed, as a sailor need be, and not a drop was upset. Then he went out with the tub into the garden and set it down near the bed of young plants that were to be soiled with

it. He returned to the kitchen for a bowl wherewith to ladle the water out, and found a tin one with a wooden handle. He knelt down by the tub and dipped the bowl. The sun was set—set to the garden; but some of the light still caught the willow trees, and the dancing leaves were as of gold against the blue sky. He scattered the soapy water over the bed of seedlings; then he paused, kneeling on one knee, resting the bowl on the ground, and lapsed into thought. His face was troubled; usually open as the day, a cloud was on it now, a cloud that would not disperse. From far away, the mutter of the sea could be heard as the waves broke upon the clay banks; it formed a pleasant murmur, a low bass tune, whilst in the wind the twinkling willow leaves whispered falsetto. He dipped the bowl again and distributed some more soapy water.

The evening was very still. A dog was barking on a farm, perhaps a couple of miles away. Mosquitoes began to hum about his ears. He paid them no heed; they would not molest him.

Presently his mother came out and surprised him, when he had not half emptied the tub. 'What, Dick! Not done this yet?'

'I must not pour it all at once on the bed, but let it sop in little by little.'

'Dick, what is the matter with you?'

'With me, mother?' He turned his head and looked up at her; he, still kneeling, she standing behind him.

'Yes, Dick. There is something. You've been more silent and thoughtful of late; and when you've taken the baby of nights, when fractious, and walked up and down trying to soothe it, you've not sung *There's Grog in the Captain's Cabin—Water down below*, as you always used, but another tune altogether, that has no words to it.'

'I suppose I tired of the old song,' he said, smiling.

'And—*In the Bay of Biscay*, O! you have not sung that,' she said.

'I'm tired of that also, perhaps.'

'But the new song has no words to it.—What is the matter with you, Dick?'

'Mother,' he answered gravely, 'I'll tell you straight out. For the first time in my life, I don't see my way plain before me. That is it.'

'What has come to obscure it, Dick?'

'Mother, do you know that Miss Cornellis has given me a ship—that which has been building of late in Grimes' yard; and she has called it after herself, the *Josephine*?'

'Well?' Mrs Cable asked with a catch in her breath.

'And I don't know whether I ought to have accepted her, and I don't see how I could have refused; and I'm puzzled altogether—I am.'

'Why do you think you ought not to have accepted the boat?' asked his mother, looking intently at him.

He hastily ladled out some more soapy water. 'That's not so easy to answer,' he said, and considered again.

'Dick, you've been thinking a good deal of late of this Miss Josephine.'

'Yes, mother, I have; I could not help it.'

'You should have fought against the thought.'

'I do not know that. She seems to me to be just as I seed her that night of the storm, tossing

and distracted, not knowing whither she is going, or how to row.'

'She's nothing to you. You are not her captain.'

He started; he remembered the words addressed to him when he was offered the boat. 'I'm troubled about her, mother.'

'But you can do nought for her.'

He did not answer at once; he threw out some more soapy water. 'If I could help her, and she called me to help her, I would be bound to do my best.—Mother, what would you think of the captain who in a gale o' wind saw another vessel in distress, signalling, and were to go on his course and give no heed? Nelson, when he was engaged in a naval battle, was told that his admiral had signalled to retreat. Then Nelson turned his blind eye in that direction, and vowed he could not see the summons to run away. But, mother, you would have me clap a blind eye to the quarter whence a poor little drifting, helmless, water-logged craft is appealing for help. 'Taint seamanship that, mother.' Then he laid aside the bowl, but remained kneeling, looking down into the tub of soapy water, where two bubbles were floating, and he watched these bubbles curiously, as though their course concerned him. One was a large bubble, the other small; the water was in vibration, and they swung from side to side; but also, as it had a circular motion, they floated near each other, and the little one drew towards the great bubble, and the great one seemed about to take the small one in tow—no—at one moment as if they would coalesce in one. He was wonderfully taken up with these soap-bubbles. His mother stood by looking at him, and he looked at these globes.

'My dear Dick,' said Mrs Cable, 'you're deceiving of your own self. You think you're acting out of pure charity, and it's no such thing. There's something more than charity in your heart—there is love.'

He made no answer; he was engrossed in the course of those bubbles; they were riding side by side, swinging round the tub.

'It is of no use, Dick. You've heard what the sailors tell of the spirit-ship; all white-painted, with white sails and gilded prow, crowding by in the moonlight. When she is hailed, she makes no answer; and when you are drawn on, all at once you are on a rock or a sandbank, and the spirit-ship has disappeared. She is this ship. She is very beautiful and strange, and an altogether unknown and un-understood craft to the likes of you. She belongs to another world to yours—and woe betide you if you follow her! She will lead you to your ruin. The sailors say that there are troubled souls in the spirit-ship that will find no rest till she is brought into port and to anchor. But what are you, to board her and take the helm and conduct her? That is not for you—for such as you. It won't do. The spirits must man and guide the spirit-ship, and the mortals keep their distance.'

Then Richard Cable, still following the bubbles, put his finger to them, to insist on their uniting; and instantly they burst, and no trace remained.

'Dick,' continued his mother, 'it is all folly. She is a born lady, with a fortune and education, and gentle belongings and tastes and cultivated thoughts; and you're nought but a common

sailor lad, with no money and no learning, and only a vulgar mother, and seven little children.'

He seized his mother's hand and kissed it, when she said—a vulgar mother. She took no notice, but went on: 'Seven little children, all exacting, and needing much forethought and patience to rear them aright.—Now, how can you think it possible that such a one as Miss Josephine Cornellis should stoop so low as to you?'

'I do not think it,' he said hastily; 'I never have dared to think it possible. I would not ask it. But I cannot help myself. I must do what I can for her when she comes in her pleading way to me. She has no thought of me, nor I of her, other than as one vessel at sea signals to another, and that other makes towards her. Mother, when that is so, there is no thought of lashing the two together.'

'If the two vessels were so lashed, what would happen?'

'If the sea were rough, they'd sink each other, of course.'

'They'd sink each other, of course,' repeated Mrs Cable. 'Remember that, Dick, and don't go too near her, nor let her come too near you. Keep a wide berth between you.'

'Mother,' said he, with his fingers in the soapy water, 'what am I to do about that boat she's given me?' Then he wrote, with his finger in the water, the name 'Josephine.'

'I do not know. I must consider. You will give up lightship work if you keep her.'

'Can I refuse her?'

'If you mind to stick to your present line of life, you can make that an excuse.'

'But I should hurt her, were I to refuse.'

'It may hurt her if you keep the boat. Folks will talk.'

'I might let the craft out and bide on in the Hanford port service myself as lightshipman.'

'It is a bad job either way. I wish you'd never come across Miss Cornellis.'

Richard shook his head. 'She was brought to me; I did not seek her. I was looking away to land over the dark frothing sea, to the belt of willows, thinking of my babes and of you, mother, when all at once I saw her, and that she needed help.'

'And she drew you away in thought from them and from me?'

Again he shook his head. 'They are never out of my heart. Mother, it's just like this house; sometimes the children are singing and laughing in it, and sometimes they're coiled up and asleep. If I'm still at any moment, I think I can hear them all seven breathing, deep in me; and whilst I wait, I see their eyes open and smile at me. They are always there, but not always chirping.'

'And now you've let a young cuckoo in who will kick your own out.'

'That is not possible,' answered Richard Cable. 'If the Lord bade the cuckoo egg be laid, and the young cuckoo be reared in the same nest with the yellowhammers, is it for the parent bird and nest-builder to kick out the egg? The one heart can warm them all.'

'I wish to heaven you'd never seen anything of her! I can't wish she were drowned, but anything short of that; and I wish you'd not been

called in to save her, and contract an acquaintance which will do you mischief, and no good.'

'I did not seek it. I keep away from her now as much as ever I can; but it comes over me that she is *sent* to me, or perhaps that I'm called to pilot her. I cannot help myself. I do my duty up to my light. In past times, there was no difficulty in seeing my way, and now there is—it begins to be not so plain. There's something disturbing the compass, and what that is, I cannot tell; but I'll get my bearings all right again shortly, never fear.'

'Dick,' said his mother, 'I've never spoken to you of your father, because it is no pleasure to either of us to think of him. He was a gentleman. I, a poor girl, an orphan. I was ignorant, and I thought, like you, that I could be a help and comfort to him. I found out my error too late. He was false and treacherous, and forsook me and you. All seemed to me right and simple before I took him: I could be of use to him in a thousand ways such as no lady could; and he was a man that needed me and all my little acquirements, homely as they were. But when we were married, then we found out that we did not agree together; he had his ways, and I mine; he was out of heart at once, and left me. You're making the same mistake that I did. Do you suppose that the ostrich and the eagle think alike and have the same tastes? Why, the eagle is all for flying, and the ostrich for running; and the latter hides his head in the sand, and the other looks the sun full in the face without blinking. They see differently, think differently, have different pursuits. No, no, Richard. Miss Cornellis is a soaring, bold, and beautiful eagle; and you're nothing but an ungainly ostrich. Though I'm your mother, I say it.'

Then Richard laughed and stood up, holding the tub in both hands, and as he laughed, the soapy water danced and splashed in the tub. He took it to the head of the sloping bed, and tilted it on one side, and allowed the water to run down the furrows between the young plants, not quickly, but slowly, that it might sink in.

The evening had closed, but there was light in the sky, that beautiful pearly twilight which makes the June nights an echo of the day. As he was thus tilting the bath, he heard a cry, upset the rest of the water, sprang up the bank, and looked in the direction whence he heard it. In another moment he was over the bank. He had seen some one—a girl—Josephine in the channel, running in the shallow water, seawards, with extended arms; then he saw her fall, then pick herself up and run on. He pursued her. In that pebble-floored channel, the water deepened, the cold wavelets ran in from the open sea; if any one went on far enough, that person would be soon out of depth, between the clay banks, up which there was no climbing. The water was already deep; it was above her knees; she could no longer run; she threw herself down in the waves, and was at once caught and drawn out and held up by Cable.

'Miss Cornellis—Miss Josephine!—what is it?'

She uttered another cry; she could not speak; but she put her arms round his neck and clung to him; and he carried her back, wading in

the water, till he came to the seawall; then he crossed his plank bridge, and bore her into the cottage. As the hare had run a few hours before—poor fool—so had she.

THE JACKAROO.

As many of our readers may be already aware, the above is the invariable local name, or rather nickname, given to those young men who are sent out to the Australian colonies from almost every part of the United Kingdom in order to learn sheep or cattle farming—generally the former—as carried on at the antipodes; in other words, to serve an apprenticeship to the remunerative business which has become, by a curious distortion of its original meaning, universally known as squatting. As might be expected, these consignments—for it is in that character that the majority arrive—from the mother-land vary widely in rank, education, and means. For instance, we have the scion of some wealthy and noble family who comes, not with any serious idea of acquiring knowledge of the business, but simply because he wants a change for a year or so—perhaps from the strain of fast London life, or it may be from over-study at school or college. More generally, though, the first of these reasons is the correct one; and after a few months of healthy bush-life, finding himself completely restored, the gilded youth begins to feel terribly dull, and departs.

Again, we have the sons of respectable middle-class people, mostly from the English counties, who come out accredited to good stock and station business houses, by whom they are, as opportunity offers, placed on stations as Jackaroos, or colonial-experience men, sometimes at a small premium, which, however, is almost always returned as wages. These young men—many of them scarcely out of their teens—have in many cases already tried their hand at something in England—as medical students, clerks, surveyors, &c.; and finding that it was either the old story of the square peg in the round hole over again, or thinking, perhaps, that they could do better at a new business in a new land, have prevailed upon their friends to give them a fresh start. Many of this class turn out good men. They find that bush-life agrees with them, take an interest in their occupation, and in time become overseers, managers, and eventually—aided of course by home friends—may own a station or two of their own.

As for the irretrievably scampish family disgrace, the black-sheep, whose relations seem to imagine that Australia, of all places, is the one fitted up by Providence specially for the reception of their incubus—he generally goes to the dogs there as fast as if he had remained at home, although a few instances have happened in which the expatriation of the *mauvais sujet* turned out for the best, spite of strenuous efforts to the contrary on his own side. A case of the kind once came under the writer's notice, and is well worthy of brief relation.

Some years ago, a young fellow, the only son of very well-to-do people in England, came out duly accredited to an unsuspecting and very wealthy uncle, a squatter, whose property was situated in what at that period was a far out

and unsettled district in Northern Queensland. At home, they had been able to do nothing with him. Fairly incorrigible, he broke his mother's heart, and was a source of enduring shame and vexation to his father and to his other relatives, till at last, in a lucky moment, they were enabled sternly and peremptorily to call upon him to make a choice between an enforced sojourn at Portland in one of Her Majesty's establishments, or to take a voluntary and prolonged trip to the antipodes.

His career in the colony was but a repetition of his English one; and finally, his uncle, tired out and disgusted, refused to have anything more to do with him, or to recognise their relationship any longer, at the same time writing to the young man's father strongly deprecating the remitting of any more money to his graceless son, whose name was fast becoming a byword for vice and dissipation from one end of Queensland to the other.

So time passed; and at length, finding supplies altogether stopped, young H.— completely threw off all semblance of civilisation, and joining a powerful tribe of aborigines, took unto himself a partner from amongst the dark daughters of the soil, and became in all respects as one of themselves. Two years elapsed, during which time the squatters' sheep and cattle had been repeatedly stolen and speared, and despite the vigilant watch of native troopers, the depredators had, with singular skill and audacity, succeeded in eluding capture. At length, one cool, gray, spring dawn, as the marauders were stealthily driving away a mob of choice fat bullocks, the troopers came upon them. Led by their chief, who carried firearms, and contrary to their usual custom, the thieves offered a desperate resistance to the furious onslaught of the black police, who, when engaged in the work of destroying their own kind, become very demons. Shot through the neck and chest, their leader at last fell, and the scant remnant of his men made the best of their way into the desert.

Mr —, who happened to be with the troopers, soon recognised, in the dark features of the apparent savage who lay bleeding to death on the thick salt bush, the face of his sister's son, and had him carried carefully to the station, where, after many weary months of illness, he arose from his sick-bed a changed man, one truly with 'a broken and a contrite heart;' served as manager with his uncle till the latter's death, many years afterwards; and then, inheriting all the great estates of which he had for so long been the general superintendent, he became the wealthiest as well as one of the most respected and popular landholders in the colony.

From two classes, or perhaps, more correctly, nationalities, are drawn chiefly the capable and intelligent men who fill these positions of trust, difficulty, and oftentimes great danger, in the 'Land of the Golden Fleece,' and of these, first in order comes the native-born Australasian, then the Scotchman. The former, most likely, if not himself related to pastoralists, has friends who are connected in some way with the paramount interest of the country, and from his earliest youth has been accustomed to hear that interest spoken of in some form or other—sheep, cattle, wool, hides, &c. Station-life, therefore, seems

to him his natural goal, and he takes to it kindly, feels an interest in everything he does, works hard amongst and for the animals themselves; and in time, with a little help from kindly pastoral relatives or friends, perhaps, but very rarely totally unaided, he passes the initiatory stages of jackaroo and overseer, to manager of a small station, at a salary of from one to two hundred pounds a year. If, however, he should be lucky enough to have both interest and ability, it is quite probable that he may very rapidly obtain the highest prize on the managerial list, worth, say, twelve hundred pounds per annum. Generally, though, the small station is the preliminary training for the more important post with its multifarious duties and responsibilities, and in which, especially in these days of almost aggressive free selection, an apparently immaterial error of judgment may in the long-run work nearly irreparable damage and loss. Of course it goes without saying that a man to be a successful manager of a pastoral property should know almost everything that there is to be known about stock, their capabilities, and those of the particular country under his charge. Of old, that was about sufficient; but nowadays, in addition, the modern manager must, if he aspire any higher than a four-mile block and five or six thousand sheep, be a bit of a lawyer, and a bit of a land-agent as well; he should have the Old and New Land Acts with all their amendments at his fingers' ends, and the Impounding Act by heart. An inkling, however slight, of the surveyor's craft will be wonderfully handy at times; and if he has a little practical knowledge of steam as applied to vertical and horizontal engines, he will find that its possession will make an appreciable difference in his salary. Irrigation and the construction of silos are subjects beginning to play an important part in station management, and the more a man knows practically about these things the higher value will his services command.

As for the young Scotchman, then, who has pastoral friends or relatives in some part or other of the Australias, he will find them willing to give him on his arrival a chance to show what he is made of; for they will probably pack him off 'up-country' as a 'colonial-experience,' giving him from thirty to thirty-five pounds a year to start with. The youngster rarely has much money in his pockets when he lands, and this is his one chance. As a rule, with characteristic plodding perseverance, he rises, differing from the colonial in that, when once at the top of the tree, he is even then not satisfied: he is managing a station only—he must own one; and, truth to say, he generally ends by so doing, sometimes half a dozen. Educational superiority will be found to lie with the new-chum; and for a time at least, practical experience with the native.

It is safe to say that in Australia proper, sixty per cent. of station-managers are either Scotchmen or natives, whilst in New Zealand, the former, both as managers and owners, exceed far and away every other nationality. Of course, the process of serving a pastoral apprenticeship varies greatly. There are, for instance, stations whose owners make a specialty of taking colonial-

experience men only on payment of a handsome premium, and who have nominally in their service at times as many as eight or ten young fellows, who have a large and handsomely furnished house to themselves, with a couple or three servants, grooms, &c. But these are mostly sons of wealthy people, and they do not go in for the thing in earnest, indeed have no necessity to do so, and simply pick up as much as is absolutely necessary for the possible absentee owner *in futuro* to know. They do pretty much as they like, come and go when they please, and are to all intents and purposes independent.

These, however, are exceptional establishments. The average jackaroo on the average station is a very different species. He lives certainly with a fair degree of comfort, but also without the slightest approach to luxury. His 'barracks' are as to the walls innocent of aught but whitewash; as to the floor, bare boards. A few stools, a rickety chair or two, and a table, constitute the furniture of this common dining and sitting room, out of which doors open into small bedrooms, furnished in accordance with the ideas of their several owners whose sanctums they are, the one place of all where the jackaroo can 'sport his oak' and bid defiance to intruders. On most stations, the 'bachelors' hall' or 'barracks' is a large cottage built of slabs or weatherboards; and here dwell perhaps four or five young men, who receive from thirty-five to forty pounds a year, with a stated allowance of rations—an allowance, however, generally so plentiful as to make the term, in a restricted sense at least, a misnomer.

If a new-comer, after the first twelve months' experience, shows himself of any use at all, he will probably find his salary raised to fifty-two pounds a year; though at that figure, unless he has influence or is very exceptionally smart, he may remain. If a vacancy occurs amongst the overseers, the manager naturally looks through his young aides to see if one of them is capable of taking the position, before going further afield for a successor; and generally the best man gets the billet, worth from eighty to eighty-five pounds per annum. The station finds the jackaroos' mess a cook, as it would be sheer loss of time and provisions to let them dress their own food. Many owners also allow a liberal quantity of 'extras' to find their way from the station store to the messroom table; others, but in very rare instances, allow nothing but 'dry rations,' namely, tea, flour, sugar, and meat—any little luxuries, such as jam, butter, &c. having to be paid for out of their own pockets.

Wonderfully hard do they work at certain seasons of the year, getting through at those times most of the active outdoor duties of a large sheep-station; up, in shearing-time, long before day-break, into the saddle as the first gray streak opens out over the eastern horizon, and by sunrise, miles away, mustering distant paddocks in the cool of early morning for the flocks which must be at the great shearing-shed ere nightfall. Should the sheep prove stubborn—and very often such is the case—or the weather uncommonly hot, it may be midnight before the weary jackaroo, hoarse with shouting, coated with dust and perspiration—himself and horse, in fact, knocked out of time

altogether—regains headquarters, and quite possibly he has to make a 'camp-out' of it all the night with his charges.

When there is no especial press of work, things of course ease off, and cricket, football, &c. receive a due share of attention, some stations boasting crack Elevens and Fifteens to do battle against those of neighbouring properties and townships; and in the long winter evenings there are many worse places than the 'barracks,' with its blazing fire of huge myall logs, as it oftentimes echoes to merry jest and laugh and song and the musical screech of the omnipresent concertina. The one of longest standing and experience, possibly in age the youngest amongst them, takes the lead, receiving his orders from the overseer, who has his from the manager himself. Overseers and colonial-experience men sometimes mess together; but in many cases, the former, together with the accountant, have separate quarters, and it is rarely that there is more than one overseer or at the most two overseers at the head station, the others being placed on outlying portions of the run.

We are, and have been, speaking of a holding, say, of three hundred thousand acres or so, and carrying one hundred and fifty thousand or more sheep. On smaller establishments, it is true a solitary jackaroo may perhaps be found; but, as a rule, it is only on the great properties, many of them with a world-wide reputation, that a number of young men are to be seen systematically going to work to obtain a thoroughly practical knowledge of the business.

A very noticeable and noteworthy feature of these small communities—and the writer has had no little experience of them—is an absence of all desire to torment or bully the new chum, be he ever so green, who joins their mess, granted, of course, that he behaves himself and does not put too much 'side' on, so as to make himself generally disagreeable. Take them as a whole, a more manly, generous, and kindhearted set of young fellows than are the jackaroos of Australia it would be impossible to find.

As to the relation in which the subject of our sketch stands to the rest of the station employees—after a time, and as he gradually gains experience, he is invested with a little authority—not much, certainly, but in such measure that he may, if he observe anything going wrong, or imagine that he does, take on himself to rectify it to the best of his ability, and in such a case can call upon others to do his bidding, and he will be obeyed without question. He sometimes makes mistakes, errors of judgment; but almost invariably, such are leniently dealt with by the powers that be, if even they, as at times happens, result in loss of property. 'I'd sooner see one of my youngsters attempt to use his own judgment in a pinch, even if it cost me money out of pocket every time he did so!' I once heard a well-known and popular manager of one of the largest stations in the colony exclaim.

The jackaroo, then, is treated with respect by the station hands, and is invariably addressed as Mr So-and-so. In his hours of leisure he has the entrée to what society there may be around; at neighbouring squatters, and the best houses of country townships, in which—doffing the dusty and often dilapidated moleskin pants,

cotton shirt, and shapeless felt sombrero of work-a-day wear; and laying aside for a while leggings, whip, and spurs—he, attired in the garments of sartorial civilisation, is ever a welcome guest; and although employed in all kinds of manual labour, at times both hard and eminently disagreeable, he never on that account, amongst the veriest snobs—and even in remote bush society are such to be found—loses his status of gentleman.

Although the new-comer may not guess it, the manager himself directs the manner of his 'breaking-in;' and although he may never be aware of it, his actions are watched, and the quantity and quality of his small work, when completed, are as closely inspected, and as duly reported upon at headquarters, as if of the uttermost importance. Not that this is done with any hostile feeling—far from it. The executive simply wish to find out what sort of material they have to deal with; they want to ascertain if it is stuff that is worth trouble to tend and cultivate, or whether it will pay them better to leave it alone and to waste neither time nor trouble over.

If the jackaroo is already able to ride, so much the better; he will simply have to shorten his stirrup-leathers, get accustomed to the rather clumsy-looking but most indispensable knee-pads of the colonial saddle, and perhaps cling tighter to the pig-skin than he could have imagined possible in the old English days, should at any time his evil star lead him to think that he is fit to tackle a 'buck-jumper.' If ignorant of horsemanship, he is after a while handed over to the head-stockman, who chooses him a quiet old horse, and soon has him able to canter—the trot is a pace abhorred by the average bush horseman, who calls it 'working a passage;' and his delight and exultation at mastering that accomplishment are generally so intense that they invariably induce him to give up his steady-going old hack in contempt, and, spite of all advice, take a fancy for something younger and 'flasher,' much to his subsequent discomfiture and frequent acquaintance with mother earth.

At the end of a couple of years or so, our new-comer has had, to use a colonialism, 'most of his rough knots smoothed off;' and he is, or should be, not only capable of doing work himself, but knowing when it is correctly done by others; he should be able to calculate the cubic contents of any excavation, say, a tank and roadway, no such easy matter, if, as sometimes happens, they are of very unequal dimensions—and one that his Colenso reminiscences will not help him much with; he should be able to 'race' a flock of sheep; superintend the erection of new lines of fencing, &c.; and above all, to feel a pleasure and interest in everything that concerns the prosperity of the establishment of which he forms part.

It may be thought that in this somewhat discursive paper rather too much stress has been laid on the necessity for possessing some sort of an introduction on the part of the intending jackaroo to pastoral society. Such, however, is really not the case. Certainly, if the experience-gainer be wealthy, or have the command of wealth, that alters affairs altogether; but it is not of that class that I have been writing, but

of young men of limited means; and these last will, without some such open sesame, however slight, find it curiously difficult to enter within the pale of 'jackaroodom.'

A RAILWAY JOURNEY AND ITS RESULTS.

SEVERAL years have passed away since I found myself set down, one summer evening, beneath the portico of the crowded and bustling terminus at King's Cross, an intending traveller by night-mail to Scotland, whither I was bound on a visit to my old friend Charlie Montgomerie, at the time commanding a regiment quartered in a northern barrack. Long years before, in days when the dawn of life still shone brightly, and the world lay, a distant and sun-gilt prospect, before us, we two had sworn firm friendship beneath the shadow of the old school buildings at Eton; nor, though we were early separated, had the compact then entered into been broken. Years, oceans, continents had often and long divided us; and though, soon after quitting Cambridge, I had been so fortunate as to pick up business at the bar, which by degrees increased so that, at the period of my northern visit, I was a hard-worked if not successful barrister, friendship between us had ever been maintained as cordially as widely severed paths in life permitted. One element, as the cynical may be disposed to think, was at anyrate in our favour, in that we were both unmarried; nor, so far at least as he had seen fit to confide in me, had my friend, though no misogynist, ever contemplated adding to his increasing responsibilities by taking to himself a wife.

The scene at the station that evening was sufficiently animated—motley and excited groups of English travellers hurrying hither and thither amid the hustle and bustle, rush and crush, of the train's approaching departure; for it was about the period of the great annual migration to the north. These were the dark days of the pre-smoking-carriage era; and unwilling to forego the accustomed solace of an after-dinner cigar, I secured, as I fondly hoped, though it were through the forbidden agency of a modest tip, the luxurious solitude of a first-class compartment. Having snugly ensconced myself in a corner of the carriage, I sat impatiently awaiting the shrill whistle of departure and the shout of 'Right away,' when I might safely light up. At that moment the door was suddenly flung open, and a lady rushed headlong, rather than stepped, into the carriage. Opportunity for adieus there was none; and the new arrival had barely time to beg her friends upon the platform to say 'Good-bye for her to Willie,' ere the train glided smoothly and swiftly from the station. Here, at anyrate, is an end to my carefully arranged plans, was the reflection with which I regretfully laid aside the now useless source of anticipated enjoyment on the narrow sill of the little window at my elbow, regarding the while as narrowly as I dared, yet stealthily withal, the living veto which had thus in a moment frustrated my selfish preparations. Nor was I able to deny that the result of my reconnaissance was such as to furnish a measure, at anyrate, of consolation for

the failure of my deep-laid schemes. My companion, no longer in the *première jeunesse*, it is true, was yet fair to look upon; and as we by-and-by drifted imperceptibly into conversation, I was no less quick to discover that a winsome charm of manner was added to more obvious attractions.

'Surely you had been intending to smoke,' she remarked after a while; 'if so, pray, do not allow my unceremonious intrusion to deprive you of the enjoyment of a cigar: you won't inconvenience me in the slightest degree; indeed, I generally join my brother and any friends who may be with us after dinner in the smoking-room.'

Permission thus graciously accorded, I lighted my cigar, and conversation by degrees dropped into grooves somewhat hackneyed: the beauties of the expiring season, the latest opera, anticipations of the forthcoming Goodwood, finally turning upon the probable designs of the French Emperor, whose then recent Italian campaign was by many viewed as a prelude to hostile demonstrations against ourselves.

'Have you seen much of the Continent?' I asked, prompted in my inquiry by the interest which my fair companion manifested in the warlike topics we had just been discussing.

'O yes,' was the reply. 'I've travelled a great deal, not merely over the beaten track of tourists, but having stayed with friends whose husbands have been quartered in the Mediterranean, I have visited both Malta and Gibraltar, enjoyed runs with the Calpe hounds, mingled fully in the joys of Valetta, danced at the convent at Gib., as well as at many a regimental ball in the magnificent old palaces of the Knights of Malta.'

'Oddly enough,' I remarked, 'I am just now on my way to visit my very oldest friend, who, some few years ago, shortly after the war, was quartered at both those stations'—

'And you,' hastily interrupted my companion, in seeming disregard of the object of my journey or its destination—'and you will surely wonder what brings me here, travelling by night alone, and intruding so unjustifiably upon your carefully prepared solitude.—The fact is, however,' she continued, 'I've been somewhat hastily summoned into Yorkshire. I live with my brother near Ascot; and it was during his absence from home, only late this afternoon, that I received a telegram from my sister begging me to lose not a moment in coming to her. I hurried as fast as I could to town—after all, barely catching the train for the north, as you just now saw.'

As night wore on, conversation between us grew more and more spasmodic, and I believe we had both succumbed to the influence of the drowsy god ere the train arrived at the station where my fair travelling acquaintance was to alight. As we drew up to the platform, I hastened to offer my services in the collection of her wraps and those manifold *impedimenta* without which no lady believes that she is thoroughly equipped for travelling, and we parted with kindly expressions of regret, begotten of an unexpected yet not wholly uncongenial companionship.

Left to myself, I fell to ruminating on the strange and unaccountable ways in which people

are sometimes thrown together, and as suddenly wrenched asunder, on their way through the world, and to speculating how chance acquaintance, with opportunity for development, might ripen into a warm friendship; and then it crossed my mind how accidental meetings, such as I had just chanced upon, resembled nothing so much as an exchange of numbers between passing vessels on the open ocean, each going her way and remembering the other no more.

The sun was some time risen upon the earth, when I awoke to find myself no great distance from the town in which my old friend was quartered, where I was speedily made welcome in the barracks of his regiment, and a participant in the genial hospitalities of its well-ordered mess. Amid the agreeable novelty of my surroundings, and in the enjoyment of Montgomerie's society, time passed only too rapidly away. There was indeed much to diversify the confined and monotonous existence of a hard-working barrister just emancipated from the musty atmosphere of law-courts and the study of interminable cases. The glorious panorama which the ramparts unfolded to my ever-admiring gaze—the picturesque Forth winding like the silvery folds of some gigantic serpent through the widespread and richly cultivated plain—was in itself enough to infuse new life and energy into a weary denizen of the dust-laden metropolis. Far away eastward, shrouded in the gray-green distance, lay the Pentlands and the Lammermoors; while mountain peaks and ranges towering heavenward in bewildering profusion, closed the western horizon. Nor was the constant and orderly revolution of the military machine, monotonous perchance to those more familiar with its daily pulsations, much less calculated to fascinate and delight a civilian's unaccustomed eye. But neither the charm of nature in her daintiest and most alluring garb, nor the brisk and animated soldier-society, in any measure rivalled the pleasure and gratification I derived from renewed association with Charlie Montgomerie. Nor was it long ere I imparted to him the circumstances of my unexpected adventure, by no means concealing the chagrin with which I at first regarded the invasion of my too assured solitude.

'Strange!' he remarked. 'You say the lady talked of having visited Malta and Gib. I wonder, how long ago? What was she like? Tall or short, blonde or brunette? Plain, you certainly said she was not; and her name you managed somehow or other not to discover. However,' added he, as though careless about pursuing the matter further, 'such lots of girls come out in the winter to stay with friends, especially at Gibraltar, that it would be no easy matter for me, who, as you know, have never been much of a hand with the fair, to identify her, especially as it is more than probable that I never set eyes on her at all.'

One evening, shortly before the day fixed for my departure, Montgomerie and I retired somewhat earlier than usual from mess, and having changed our clothes and disposed ourselves comfortably in the cosiest of easy-chairs in his quarters, prepared for a final gossip over our pipes before turning in. After discussing the probabilities of his obtaining leave to be present at my

intended marriage, which was to take place in town some time the ensuing spring, and respecting which I had at first endured a whole volley of good-natured chaff from the most confirmed of old bachelors, I determined, if possible, to gratify my curiosity on a subject which had never as yet been alluded to between us, and extract from Montgomerie the true version of a story, vague hints concerning which had some few years previously reached my ears.

'Charlie, old fellow,' said I, 'I wish you would tell me about that girl at Gib. some while ago—the girl, I mean, who bolted in a fellow's yacht when you were out there, and afterwards married him and went to India.'

'Why do you ask, Graham?' replied the colonel in tones more stern than was his wont. 'Who told you that the girl or her bolting was any concern of mine? Have any of my fellows been gossiping to you about my affairs?'

'Certainly not,' I was quick to reply, knowing Montgomerie to be, like all good commanding officers, a bit of a Tartar where those under him were concerned. 'The fact is, the story of Miss Trevennen's escapade came to my knowledge in connection with some business transactions in which the man she married—whose name has wholly escaped my memory—was interested; and as the facts struck me at the time as remarkable, I thought it probable you might remember something about them.'

'Remember something about them! I should rather think I did—have too much reason to, in fact,' rejoined my companion carefully relighting his pet meerschaum. 'So now, Graham, as you've asked the question, I'll make a clean breast of it, and give you the entire version of my only love-story.—You may bear in mind that when the army was broken up at Balaklava, the regiment—which old Tarleton then commanded—was ordered to Corfu. The Tarletons had always been great friends of mine; and when the colonel set up house again and Mrs Tarleton came out from England, our friendship was resumed, and I was often asked to dine. By-and-by we were moved to Malta, and there it was that my unfortunate acquaintance with Maud Trevennen commenced. She came out to stay with Mrs Tarleton, and naturally I saw a great deal of her. There were of course the usual objects of interest for a stranger to visit, provocative of riding-parties in the cool winter months; and ere long it became a sort of understood thing that my place was at Miss Trevennen's side, and that I should act cicerone in introducing to her the many lions of the island. Every evening, except Sunday and Friday, there was the opera, where I well remember how a youthful and ambitious prima-donna, dreaming of future triumphs and future gains at St Petersburg and Milan, would occasionally entrance an admiring audience by lilting old ballads in her charmingly broken English; and I became, as a matter of course, a regular visitor to the colonel's box. In addition to opportunities such as these, there were, of course, parties at Government House; afternoons on board ship, with music and dancing amid big guns, under canopies of bunting; and balls at the various messes; so that, in one way or another, it came about that hardly a day passed throughout the winter without our

meeting once, and sometimes oftener. Thus the cool season passed away, and it became time for all who would avoid the torrid heats and varied discomforts of Valetta to quit the isle where, according to classic fable, Calypso welcomed the son of Ulysses to her court, and betake themselves to the more salubrious climate of their native land'—

'But why on earth,' I interrupted impatiently, 'did you not propose to Miss Trevennen, Montgomerie, when, by your own showing, you had been constantly about her during the whole of a Malta season?'

'Now, don't go off at score, old fellow; be patient, and you shall hear the whole story. You appear to forget,' continued my friend, settling himself anew in his easy-chair, 'that my uncle was still living, so that at the time I had nothing beyond my captain's pay and the allowance he was ever so good as to make me, which, though amply sufficient to meet a bachelor's requirements, did not, as I considered, warrant me in proposing to a girl cradled in wealth and luxury, as I believed Maud Trevennen to have been. Well, at the commencement of the following winter, and, as I honestly believe, with a view to furthering what she deemed my best interests, Mrs Tarleton once more invited the young lady to visit her. Meantime, we had moved on to Gib., and among other changes, headquarters had been joined by one of our captains from the dépôt, for whom, I must honestly confess, I had never felt much warmth of friendship, Seymour by name'—

'Seymour!' I exclaimed. 'Why, that was the man's name I was just trying to remember.'

'Now, Seymour,' resumed Montgomerie, 'if not possessed of the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind, was nevertheless a very Croesus in the eyes of his brother-officers; and though a votary of too much, and games wherein success turned on the hazard of a die, bore impressed on surroundings, such as a luxuriously furnished sea-going yacht, and a stud of hunters fit to go with any reasonably accessible pack, the undeniable hallmark of much ready-money. From the moment of their introduction, it was evident to all beholders that Seymour would spare no pains to ingratiate himself with Miss Trevennen; and to me there appeared no honest course but to resign such pretensions as I might have had, in favour of my better endowed rival.

'So passed the winter and spring; and as summer approached, it was arranged that the young lady was to return to England, while Seymour applied for leave of absence to pursue the suit which—so ran the gossip of the Rock—he had even now not hopelessly urged. Such was the state of affairs, when, just as I had arranged to join a party about to start for a short tour on the Spanish side of the lines, I heard of my uncle's death and my alterea fortunes. Now my lips need no longer be sealed; free course might be yielded to long pent-up feelings; and, once returned, I meant to risk my fate. Judge, then, the speechless horror with which, on rejoining, I received the stunning intelligence that Maud Trevennen had left for England, as was supposed, with Seymour—whose leave was just granted—on board his yacht. Such details as I heard of the affair were told me by Mrs

Tarleton. Seymour and Miss Trevennen were married on arriving in England, where he effected an exchange into a regiment in India. For myself, I learned by degrees that

Gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Even on the Rock, a scandal so piquant at length dwarfed into a nine days' wonder; and as, shortly afterwards, Tarleton resigned the command, and the regiment was ordered to Ireland, I began to find, amid new scenes and associations, a relief from my thoughts.

So ended the Colonel's story. As for myself, something like a year and a half of steady and not wholly unrequited labour passed by ere I was destined once again to be brought in contact with the concerns of Mrs Seymour. It appeared, indeed, that her marriage had never been a happy one; nor, when the circumstances attending it are considered, is there ground to marvel at such a result. I learned in the course of certain investigations which it became necessary for me to make, that the lady had been beguiled on board his yacht by Captain Seymour, as one of an afternoon sailing-party, which, however, never came off; that under pretence of cruising on and off, awaiting the advent of Mrs Tarleton—who had been detained at home by a carefully planned scheme of Seymour's—the yacht's course was finally laid for home; and that, on arrival, little difficulty was found in persuading the lady's stepfather to agree to a speedy marriage. Whatever objections she herself might have raised—of which a previous attachment was stated to have been by no means the least—were overpowered by the unfortunate position into which she had been inveigled, and the lack of support accorded at the hands of her friends. The marriage accordingly took place, and the parties sailed for India. Seymour's gambling habits obtained a firmer hold upon him, and, after a while, he sold his commission, and took to tea-planting in the hills about Darjeeling. Meanwhile, Mrs Seymour's health obliged her to return to England; and the ill-assorted union was shortly afterwards dissolved by the unexpected death of the man to whose fiendish craft its accomplishment was originally due.

Here, then, beyond peradventure, was the heroine of Montgomerie's love-story. Prompted at least as much by curiosity as by zeal in the service of a client, I deemed it necessary that a personal interview with Mrs Seymour was essential to the more perfect understanding of the circumstances submitted for my opinion. Need I describe my unfeigned astonishment when, on the lady acceding to my request, the fair companion of my journey to Scotland was suddenly ushered into my presence! The sequel hangs well together. My wife lost little time in calling upon Mrs Seymour, who, consequent upon her brother's marriage, had quitted Ascot, and was living near at hand in South Kensington; nor was it long ere Montgomerie, who constantly looked us up when in town from Aldershot, and had heard the full details of her misfortune, happened to drop in and dine when the whilom lady of his love completed a *partie carrée*.

My wife has just assured me that anything more delicious than the harmonies in heliotrope, fancies in fawn, arrangements in azure, and miracles in mauve, comprised in the trousseau of Maud Seymour, it would be beyond her power to describe.

PRESERVED PROVISIONS.

BY AN ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.

IN time of war, or expected active military operations, there is always an extraordinary demand for this class of provisions, and the markets are thoroughly searched for that kind which possesses the properties of keeping for a great length of time, of occupying a small space, of being easily made eatable when required, and admitting of cheap and ready transport.

For many years, the manufacture of preserved meats has been an important branch of industry in the United States; and so largely are these meats used at the present time in that country, that the legislature felt bound to protect the consumers from dangers arising out of carelessness on the part of manufacturers. Within recent years, Australia and New Zealand have given special attention to the preparation of these meats; and colonial produce, on account of its excellence, is steadily ascending the ladder of public estimation. In this country, tinned meats are prepared on a small scale as compared with the countries above named.

Meat intended for preservation in tins should be of the very finest quality, and should not be, as is too often the practice of unscrupulous persons, of a kind that is not readily saleable in the home market. Any one who has an opportunity of examining a good sample of colonial produce will not fail to be struck with the high quality of the meat used. Preserved provisions are almost a necessity in our modern way of living. Men of the present day are not content to live as their forefathers have done; bigger tasks are undertaken, and comparative comfort is enjoyed in the matter of food by those whom circumstances force into places remote from the chastening touches of civilisation. Armed with a few tins of preserved food sufficient for a week's rations, the tourist or explorer hesitates not to climb the lone and uninhabited mountain, but cheerfully contemplates the prospect of having a dinner on the top; while on the smaller scale the busy City man bustles about all day with no time to spare for his dinner, relying for the necessary strength on possibly the small box of meat-lozenges which he carries in the pocket of his vest. Under circumstances such as these, preserved foods are invaluable, and almost indispensable; but it need scarcely be urged that where the same substances are readily obtainable in their natural condition, it is not advisable to have recourse to food in a preserved state.

The preserved foods now in the market consist of vegetables alone, meat alone, or a mixture of both, or fruit alone. It is well known to most persons that water is the chief constituent of vegetables in a natural state; that in a moist condition all substances decompose more rapidly, once decomposition begins; and that vegetables do not suffer much by the artificial abstraction

of water, but readily absorb it again when boiled with it. Now, as water is procurable in most parts of the globe, a great saving in carriage is effected by removing the seventy-five per cent. (or more) of water which vegetables contain. It was therefore a very natural and wise idea to desiccate vegetables and transport them in that condition. Almost all the common vegetables are now so treated—potatoes, carrots, turnips, and such like. We have recently examined samples of desiccated potato which were very carefully prepared, palatable when cooked, and nutritious. They contained not quite eight per cent. of water. A mixture of vegetables for use in making Julienne Soup is also prepared. We have recently examined samples of vegetables consisting of carrots, turnips, potatoes, &c., flavoured with dried herbs, which were really delicious when cooked, and in no way inferior to ordinary vegetables. In these mixtures it is desirable that there should be a large proportion of carrots, to neutralise the tendency to acidity of the potato and the turnip, and the whole of the vegetables cut small.

Preserved jams and marmalades are also important as an article of diet in this country. These are preserved in sugar, and in this way we are able to obtain a supply of fruit all the year round, as well as to partake of foreign fruits which otherwise could not reach this country in a state fit for food. These when carefully prepared with sufficient sugar and stored in glazed stoneware jars, will keep for any length of time.

Pickles are vegetables or fruits preserved in vinegar or other liquid. They seldom deteriorate if kept in jars or glass vessels; but if stored in wooden kegs are liable to blacken through the action of the acid on the iron of the hoops.

The most important of all these preserved foods is meat. We can obtain boiled or roast beef, boiled mutton, sausage, fowl, or corned beef. It is a fact worth mentioning that the latter does not keep so well as fresh beef boiled in the tins and sealed hermetically. As was above stated, our Australian and New Zealand meats cannot be surpassed by any in the market; but owing to the shape of the tins used by the colonists, the larger part of the Nile expedition order was given to America. Round tins cannot be so economically stored as four-sided ones; and it is to be hoped that our colonial friends will be better prepared in the future. No sound argument can be urged in favour of cylindrical tins, and it is probable that before long they will go out of use altogether.

Sausages cannot be recommended for keeping a long time.

There is scarcely one of these preparations which meets with such general favour as does extract of meat or essence of beef; but their value can only be determined by analysis; and it is hardly necessary to say that, like many other articles of food now sold, many comparatively worthless samples find their way into the market.

The lozenges above referred to consist of gelatine and extract of meat. They are invaluable to persons absent for any length of time from places where food is obtainable, as in the hunting-field, or at prolonged meetings, or such like. When *cuca* is more commonly known, it may,

owing to its extraordinary sustaining powers, prove a rival to meat-lozenges.

There is another class of provisions consisting of a mixture of meat and vegetables of many different kinds. Some consist of a mixture of beef, bacon, fat, carrots, turnips, potatoes, pickles, separately cooked; then placed in the tin and sealed, gravy being first poured over the contents. The intention of this mixture seems to be to provide a complete dinner in each tin. The preparation is, in our opinion, objectionable, for not only do such provisions not keep so well, but the large percentage of moisture they contain is an avoidable addition to the cost of carriage.

'Erbswurst' is another mixture of meat and vegetables consisting of peameal, fat, and occasionally a little extract of meat or meat-fibre. Packed in cylindrical tins about three inches long by an inch and a half in diameter, it makes a palatable and highly nutritious soup when boiled in water. The pea, however, is so heating, that it cannot be employed as the sole food for any great length of time.

'Edwards' Desiccated Soup' is another mixture of vegetables (potatoes) and meat. The potatoes are desiccated in a special manner, and are mixed with a small quantity of extract of meat. The preparation can be eaten in the dry state like biscuits, if water for cooking is not procurable. A one-pound tin is said to be sufficient food for a hard-worked man for two or three days. As an article of food it is, however, inferior to Erbswurst.

Most of these preparations are in a fairly compact form, but not sufficiently so for use in time of war, when they are most largely used. During the Franco-German war, a mixture of vegetables and meat, resembling Erbswurst, compressed into tablets was found very convenient and serviceable. Strange to say, such tablets are unknown in our markets, although they are possessed of so many advantages. These tablets occupy less room than any other form in which these preparations are now made in this country, and are particularly sought after whenever a demand for a large supply of preserved foods arises.

THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

In the hurry of speech, and often in our very anxiety to be polite, some of us are liable to occasional slips, which may have the ludicrous effect of putting an entirely different construction upon a sentence than that intended. For instance, upon arriving at your entertainer's house, you say: 'I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late;' and are met by your hostess with the words: 'My dear sir, no pardons are needed; you can never come too late.'

Take another case. At a grand dinner, a very heedless gentleman, who talked a great deal, forgot that his neighbour, a young lady, was unusually tall, and exclaimed: 'I do not like big women!' The lady bit her lip; and the speaker, seeing he had made a blunder, and trying to repair it as gallantly as possible, added: 'When they are young, madam!'

At an evening party in Cork, a lady said to her partner: 'Can you tell me who that exceedingly plain man is sitting opposite to us?'—'That is my brother.'—'Oh, I beg your pardon,' she replied, much confused; 'I had not noticed the resemblance.'

That was certainly putting one's foot in it, and yet was perhaps not so awkward as this. 'Do you see that gentleman over there, the handsome fellow twisting his moustache?' said one woman to another, to whom she had just been introduced. 'He has been watching me all the evening, and making eyes at me. I think he must be smitten. Do you know who he is?'—'Yes; he is my husband.'

In *Domby and Son*, Mr Toots's modest, 'It's of no consequence,' has its counterpart in real life. Said a gentleman to his friend on his leaving the house after paying his first visit: 'Well, good evening, Mr Blank; shall be very pleased to see you at any time.'—Mr Blank nervously: 'Oh, pray, don't mention it.'

After a certain concert, a well-known German cantatrice asked a gentleman to whom she had been introduced how he liked her duet. 'You sang charmingly, madame. But why did you select such a horrid piece of music?'—'Sir, that was written by my late husband!'—'Ah, yes, of course. I did not mean— But why did you select such a cow to sing with you?'—'Ach Himmel, that is my present husband!'

In an equally unenviable situation were some lady visitors going through a penitentiary under the escort of a superintendent. When they came to a room in which three women were sewing—'Dear me!' whispered one of the visitors, 'what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?'—'Because they have no other home. This is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters,' blandly answered the superintendent.

Mistakes of this kind often occur through people similarly jumping at conclusions. 'What a murderous-looking villain the prisoner is!' whispered an old lady in a courtroom to her husband; 'I'd be afraid to get near him.'—'Sh!' warned her husband; 'that isn't the prisoner; he hasn't been brought in yet.'—'It isn't? Who is it, then?'—'It's the Judge.'

Some people have such a pleasant way of putting things. 'Now, do let me propose you as a member,' says Smith.—'But suppose they blackball me?' replies Brown.—'Pooh! Absurd! Why, my dear fellow, there's not a man in the club that knows you even!'

A lady very desirous of concealing the awful fact that she is the same age as her husband, observed to a visitor: 'My husband is forty; there are just five years between us.'—'Is it possible?' was the unguarded reply of her friend. 'I give you my word, you look as young as he does.'

As unexpected must have been the reply of the husband whose wife said: 'You have never taken me to the cemetery.'—'No, dear,' he

answered; 'that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation.'

It is related of a portrait-painter that, having recently painted the portrait of a lady, a critic who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed: 'It is very nicely painted; but why do you take such an ugly model?'—'It is my mother,' calmly replied the artist.—'Oh, pardon, a thousand times!' from the critic, in great confusion. 'You are right; I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely.'

On a similar occasion, a facetious friend inspecting a portrait, said to the artist: 'And this is Tom Smith, is it? Dear, dear! And I remember him, such a handsome, jolly-looking chap a month ago. Dear, dear!'

A rather different meaning from the one conveyed was intended by the old lady who said to her friends: 'No man was better calculated to judge of pork than my poor husband was. He knew what good hogs were, for he had been brought up with 'em from his childhood.'

Much better unsaid would have been part of the address of a collector for charities, who raising his hat to a lady at the front door, began: 'Madam, I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor ragged vicious children like those at your gate, and our object is'—'Sir, those children are mine!' and the slamming of the door finished the sentence.

From the following, it would seem that the ceremonious orientals are not above marring their politeness by an occasional speech apropos of the subject in hand. Some European ladies passing through Constantinople, paid a visit to a certain high Turkish functionary. The host offered them refreshments, including a great variety of sweetmeats, always taking care to give one of the ladies double the quantity he gave to the others. Flattered by this marked attention, she put the question, through the interpreter: 'Why do you serve me more liberally than the rest?'—'Because you have a larger mouth,' was the straightforward reply.

What are called 'random shots' of speech often have a peculiar knack of hitting the mark. Not long since, a negro customer entered a barber's shop in Liverpool and said: 'I hope, gentlemen, you don't object to smoking?' The barber, without turning round from his occupation, replied: 'Go on; smoke till you are black in the face.'

A lady said something the other day at a friend's dinner that found mark the archer little meant. There were several strangers present, and in response to a remark made about a certain lady of a certain age, the fair guest in question exclaimed: 'Why, good gracious! she is as old as the hills!'—and could not imagine in the least what had caused the general consternation. She did a little later, however, when it was explained to her that two maiden sisters at the table, whose names she did not catch in the introduction, were called Hill, and were extremely sensitive on the subject of age.

An alderman's wife, overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, took refuge in a shop, and proceeded to make a few purchases. 'You seem very quiet to-day,' she said to a newly engaged shopman, who was very attentive and obliging. 'You are generally so very busy.'—'Oh, gracious,

madam,' was the reply, 'just look at the weather! What respectable lady would venture out of doors on a day like this?'

Similarly ambiguous are some of the speakers in the following incidents. A pompous physician said to a patient's wife: 'Why did you delay sending for me until he was out of his mind?'—'O doctor,' replied the wife, 'while he was in his right mind he wouldn't let me send for you.'

Another doctor said to his wife: 'You see, dear, I have pulled the patient through after all; a very critical case, I can tell you.'—'Yes, dear hubby,' was the answer; 'but then you are so clever in your profession. Ah, if I had only known you five years earlier! I feel certain my first husband—my poor Robert—would have been saved.'

To turn from doctors to clergymen. One Sunday, as a certain minister was returning homeward, he was accosted by an old woman, who said: 'O sir, well do I like the day that you preach.' The minister was aware that he was not very popular, and he answered: 'My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like when I preach?'—'O sir,' she replied, 'when you preach, I always get a good seat.'

A crooked compliment was paid a German young lady who said: 'Now, Herr Lieutenant, if you don't at once cease your flatteries, I shall have to hold both my ears shut.'—'My adorable Fraulein,' answered the officer, 'your pretty little hands are far too small for that.'

'Very sorry, sir,' said a young beauty at a ball; 'I am already engaged. I hope you are not *very* disappointed?'—'O dear no, miss; quite the contrary,' was the unexpected reply of the gentleman.

A case of mistaken gallantry occurred in Italy. 'O Signorina,' exclaimed a dandy, 'if it be true that man descends from the monkey, how beautiful that monkey must have been from whom you descend!'

'And what do you think of the engagement-ring I sent you, Jennie?' inquired a lover tenderly. Jennie answered in delighted tones: 'Oh, it is beautiful—in fact the handsomest one I ever had given me.'

At a wedding breakfast, the groom remarked to a little girl: 'You have a new brother now, you know.'—'Yeth,' responded the little one; 'ma seth it wath Lottie's lasth chance, so she'd better take it.'

'Now tell me, Ethel,' said a governess, 'what letter comes after h?'—'Please, Miss Parker, I don't know.'—'What have I got by the side of my nose?' asked the governess.—'A lot of powder,' was Miss Ethel's startling reply.

'Here, my dear husband,' said a loving wife, 'I have brought you a dear little silver pig for luck; it's a charm you know, dear, to bring happiness to a house.'—'Ah! how kind of you, darling! But why should I need a little pig to bring me luck, when I have you still!'

An awkward compliment recently rather disturbed the harmony of a wedding breakfast given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest being the bride. A neighbouring young farmer, who was honoured with an invitation, thinking, no doubt, he ought to say something

smart and complimentary upon the event, addressing the bridegroom said: 'Well, you have got the pick of the batch!' The countenances of the four unmarried ones may be imagined.

BLOCKADE-RUNNING.

IN the article on 'Blockades and Blockade-runners,' in our number for June 26, 1886, we alluded to the exploits of a gallant son of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in the recapture from the Federals of his vessel, the *Emily St Pierre*, by himself, his cook and steward. A correspondent, a relative of the hero, gives us some further particulars, gathered from his own lips. His name was William Wilson, and he came of a race of sea-loving ancestors, half farmers, and perhaps smugglers, and half seamen, in many cases owning wholly or partly the vessels they commanded. The exploit alluded to created a sensation at the time; and the merchants of Liverpool were so impressed with his daring, that they presented him with a valuable service of silver-plate, and entertained him at a banquet. The owners presented him with two thousand guineas, and his crew gave him a sextant. It is worthy of note that the remainder of the crew of the vessel had been sent to England by the British consul at New York, and were at the offices of the owners when Captain Wilson entered the door to report his safe return with the vessel they had intrusted to his care. The news of his return spread like wildfire in Liverpool, and somehow it became known that the prize crew, who had been under hatches during the voyage, would be disembarked the next day. Accordingly, amid the derisive cheers of the crowds who lined the quays, the lieutenant and his prizemaster and crew, clad in full uniform, were gracefully handed over the side into their own boat, and proceeded to the American consulate. It is but fair to add they expressed to their involuntary host their warm sense of the kindness with which they had been treated during their imprisonment, and for the special care with which one or two who had been wounded in the scuffle had been tended by the captain's own hand.

During the whole thirty days that elapsed between the recapture and the arrival in Liverpool, Captain Wilson informed the writer he had never closed his eyes for more than five minutes at a time, and when he arrived, his hands were so swollen and blistered with his constant exertions, that he could not sign his name. Altogether, he ran the blockade about fifteen times, and his vessels were never taken into a prize port.

Another strange adventure of his is worth recording. Not long before the incident of the *Emily St Pierre*, he was in command of a large blockade-runner which had safely entered one of the southern ports. He attempted to escape during a fog in the evening; the fog suddenly lifted, and he found he had nothing but a swift pair of heels to rely upon, for a Federal cruiser was within range of him. The Federal fired across his bows, but the captain took no notice beyond putting a little extra weight on the steam

safety-valve. His decks were piled high with cotton, which formed an excellent protection against small-arm fire. The Federal now opened the ball in good earnest, and shell after shell churned the water into foam around, but not one struck her. Just as she was getting out of range, however, a shell penetrated the side and lodged in the boiler, and the vessel was helpless. She had considerable way on her, so, though sinking, she was headed for shore. The Federal ceased firing, and watched the disabled vessel until at last she was beached, half full of water. Captain Wilson and his crew fled to shore, and saw the Federal send off a boat to inspect their capture. Satisfied that the vessel was completely disabled, the Federal steamed off to her station in the assured hope that she had settled Captain Wilson this time. The misfortune, however, did not daunt him. He made his way to a neighbouring plantation, obtained the assistance of a number of the hands, and as soon as the captor was out of sight and the tide had receded, unloaded the bulk of the cotton. With the assistance of a blacksmith, he repaired the hull by riveting iron plates inside and outside the shot-hole and filling the interspace with tar and cotton. The water in the boiler had put out the fuse of the shell; so, extracting his iron visitor, he riveted new plates over the hole, and made, with the assistance of his engineer, a strong if not very presentable repair. The cotton was re-shipped; and in the early gray of the morning, as the Federal captain appeared in the offing to take possession of his prize, he beheld her steaming away to England as if nothing had happened, while a contemptuous salute from Captain Wilson's single gun gave him a forcible idea of the resources of a 'canny Scot' in a corner.

Shortly after the close of the war, he retired to his native Kirkcudbrightshire. But the passion for the sea could not be restrained, and in a short time he was placed in command of a vessel in the Eastern trade. On his return voyage, fever struck him down; and now he sleeps in peace serene, with the salt waves of the Red Sea pealing in his ears the music he loved best of all.

AGNES BROWN.

[Died 14th January 1820, aged eighty-eight; buried in Bolton churchyard, near Haddington.]

The spring birds sing, nor care if no one listen,
The spring flowers open if the sun but shine,
The spring winds wander where the green buds glisten,
Through all the vale of Tyne.

And while, to music of the spring's returning,
Thy fair stream, Gifford, in the sunlight flows,
I, nursing tender thoughts, this sweet March morning,
Stand where the dead repose.

The snowdrop on the grass-green turf is blowing,
Its pure white chalice to the cold earth hung;
The crocus with its heart of fire is glowing
As when old Homer sung.

And round me are the quaint-hewn gravestones, giving,
With emblem rude, by generations read,
Their simple words of warning for the living,
Of promise for the dead.

But not that mausoleum, huge and hoary,
With elegiac marble, telling how
Its long-forgotten great ones died in glory,
Has drawn me hither now.

Ah, no!—With reverence meet, from these I turn:
They had what wealth could bring or love supply,
Like thousands such, who, born as they were born,
Live, have their day, and die.

Let peace be theirs! It is a fairer meed,
A more-enduring halo of renown,
That glorifies this grave, o'er which I read
The name of AGNES BROWN.

A peasant-name, befitting peasant-tongue:
How lives it longer than an autumn moon?
'Twas hers, the Mother of the Bard who sung
The banks and braes of Doon.

Here in this alien ground her ashes lie,
Far from her native haunts on Carrick shore,
Far from where first she felt a mother's joy
O'er the brave child she bore.

Ah, who can tell the thoughts that on her prest,
As o'er his cradle-bed she bent in bliss,
Or gave from the sweet fountains of her breast
The life that nourished his?

Perhaps in present vision came to her
Some shadowings of the day yet afar—
Of that fierce storm, whence rose, serene and clear,
Her never-setting star.

But dreamt she ever, as she sang to still
His infant heart in slumber sweet and long,
That he who silent lay the while, should fill
Half the round world with song?

Yet so he filled it; and she lived to see
The Singer, chapleted with laurel, stand,
Upon his lips that wondrous melody
Which thrilled his native land.

She saw, too, had passed the Singer's breath,
A nation's proud heart throbbing at his name,
Forgetting, in the pitying light of death,
Whatever was of blame.

Oh, may we hope she heard not, even afar,
The screamings of that vulture-brood who tear
The heart from out the dead, and meanly mar
The fame they may not share!

Who would not wish that her long day's decline
Had peacefullest setting, unsuffused with tears,
Who bore to Scotland him, our Bard divine,
Immortal as the years?

He sleeps among the eternal; nothing mars
His rest, nor ever pang to him returns:
Write, too, her epitaph among the stars,
MOTHER OF ROBERT BURNS!

JOHN RUSSELL.

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WALTON'S RIVER AND BOOK.

No river in England possesses so undying a charm for the angler as the Dove. In a country celebrated for the limpid clearness of its streams, the verdure of its valleys, and the loveliness of its wood-clad hills, the scenery which surrounds the little Derbyshire river may be said to bear the palm. The origin of the river's name has long been matter of conjecture. Some have derived the name from the British word *dwifr*, (water); others, such as Cotton, ascribe it to the purity or swiftness of the stream. Cotton's lines are well known:

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po.
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine
Are puddle-water all compared to thine,
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are,
With thine much purer to compare.
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority.
Tame and Isis when conjoin
And lay their trophies at thy feet.

But though there are few rivers—especially in these days of river-pollution—which can vie with the Dove in clearness and purity of current, that which distinguishes it from other rivers, even in Derbyshire, is the constant recurrence of miniature cascades or cataracts, which by their pleasant ripple lend enchantment to both eye and ear, and are singularly in harmony with the landscape around. On either bank, almost abruptly from the water's edge, rise limestone hills, clothed with the thickest foliage; the rocks here and there forming the most fantastic shapes—now a spire, now a tower, now a lion's head. It was in ascending the precipitous side of one of these hills that the Dean of Clogher lost his life in the last century. The Dean, who was on horseback, attempted to ride up the cliff, accompanied by a young lady belonging to his party, named La Roche. The same horse was to convey the rash equestrians up the ascent.

It proved unequal to its task, although a considerable elevation was gained. Both riders fell with the animal. The Dean expired a few days after, from the effects of the fall, and was buried in Ashbourne Church. Miss La Roche, however, was fortunately saved from destruction. Her hair had become entangled in a bramble-bush; and though she remained in a state of insensibility for two days after being disengaged, she eventually recovered. The horse, curiously enough, was but slightly injured.

Of the scenery of Dovedale we have no wish to speak further. It has frequently been described; but no pen can do it justice. For generations, its rocks and waters have been the delight of poet, angler, and tourist. Not a mile distant lies the lovely village of Ilam, nestling in a kind of natural amphitheatre of hills. Tradition considers this spot to be the Happy Valley described in Dr Johnson's *Rasselas*. However this may be, it is certain that few scenes breathe so perfectly the air of calm and peaceful loveliness. Four miles below, at Mayfield, lived the poet Moore. Here he wrote his *Lalla Rookh*; and the sound of the Evening Bells ringing in the ancient church of Ashbourne is said to have suggested to him that well-known melody.

But as the Dove is pre-eminently the angler's stream, owing to the excellence of the trout and the grayling which abound in its waters, so the memories which are chiefly connected with the dale are those of anglers. Hither, in the seventeenth century, came Walton, the 'Father of Anglers,' and his adopted son, Charles Cotton, both of whom are closely identified with the spot. Cotton's *Second Part of the Complete Angler, being Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream*, is associated with this river. Here we may see with our own eyes the fishing-house, with date 1674, where Walton and Cotton smoked their pipes and held many a pleasant conversation, and from which they surveyed the country round. Of the country, Walton in a note remarks: 'Some part of the fishing-house has been described; but the pleasant-

ness of the river, mountains, and meadows about it cannot, unless Sir Philip Sidney or Mr Cotton's father were alive again to do it.'

The trout-fishing in the Dove is at times very good, though, owing to the extreme clearness of the water, and the consequent shyness of the fish, it is now infinitely more difficult to obtain good sport than it could have been in the days of Cotton. In parts, however, good baskets may be made after rain; the writer, indeed, of this paper had some most successful trout-fishing only the day before penning these lines in the very water on which, two hundred years earlier, fell the primitive tackle of Walton and Cotton. Very different contrivances are now needed to delude the wary trout of the Dove than were necessary in the year 1675; and were Cotton once more alive in the year 1887, he would doubtless be astounded at the degree of refinement to which the gentle art has attained.

But who was Izaak Walton? What did he write? and why should his book, the *Complete Angler*, though written more than two hundred years ago, be held in honour by the anglers of the nineteenth century, notwithstanding that improvements in tackle and increased knowledge of fishing have rendered the instructions therein laid down chiefly out of date? Such are questions which must often occur to the ordinary tourist who visits Dovedale, and hears mention made so often of Walton, or of his adopted son, Charles Cotton.

We will begin by considering the last question first. We believe the high regard in which the *Complete Angler* is still held to be due to the fact that no other work has ever been written on angling which deals so admirably with the contemplative nature of the pursuit. It should be noticed that the full title of the treatise is *The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation*. Walton's book analyses, so to speak, those emotions which are specially called forth by the influences of fresh air, sunlight, and dashing streams. Without following too closely the arguments by which he attempts to prove the authority of Scripture for his favourite pastime, we may yet admire his acuteness as a special pleader on its behalf. To quote one passage as an example. After mentioning that four of the twelve apostles chosen by our Lord were simple fishermen, he goes on to say: 'He [that is, our Lord] never reproved these for their employment or calling, as He did Scribes and money-changers. And secondly, he found that the hearts of such men by nature were fitted for contemplation and quietness, men of mild and sweet and peaceable spirits, as indeed most anglers are; these men our blessed Saviour, who is observed to love to plant grace in good natures, chose to call from their irreprovable employment of fishing, and gave them grace, to be His disciples and to follow Him and do wonders.'

The allusion to the ancient canons of the Church which forbade hunting to churchmen, but permitted angling, as a 'recreation that invited them to contemplation and quietness,' is singularly apposite. Nor are Walton's examples of anglers, selected from men nearer to his own time, badly chosen, as instances of the contemplative spirit which he seems most to praise. Dr Nowell, Dean of St Paul's in the reign of Elizabeth,

and writer of a Church Catechism, is first mentioned. 'The tenth part of his time,' says Walton, 'was bestowed on angling; and the tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, was bestowed on the poor who dwelt near the rivers in which it was caught; and at his return to his house, he would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble, both harmlessly and in a recreation that became a churchman.' The picture of this worthy divine may be seen at Brasenose College, Oxford. He is there represented with his Bible and fishing-rod, and beneath, the inscription, that he 'died February 13, 1601, aged ninety-five years, forty-four of which he had been Dean of St Paul's Church; and that his age had neither impaired his hearing, nor dimmed his eyes, nor weakened his memory, nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless.' Walton remarks: 'Tis said that angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings; and I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.'

Walton himself outlived the allotted span of human life, dying at the age of ninety-one.

His next example is that of Sir Henry Wotton, the poet-provost of Eton, a man who had had a most brilliant and honourable career as a diplomatist in stirring times. Walton quotes a saying of Wotton's which will bear repeating: 'He [Wotton] would say of angling, "It was an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent; for angling was, after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness." Wotton's memory has been embalmed by his friend in Walton's *Lives*, which were published in 1670, being the lives of Hooker, Sanderson, Wotton, Donne, and George Herbert. Of these *Lives*, the poet Wordsworth has well said:

There are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an angel's wing.

The greater part of the *Complete Angler* is occupied with instructions as to how to capture the various kinds of fish, giving also a certain amount of natural history. With regard to the instructions to anglers, we need only remark that though many of Walton's precepts hold good even now, yet anglers are likely to pay more attention to the advanced treatises of Pennell, Francis, Foster, Stewart, and others. In his remarks on the natural history of fish and water-insects, he shows considerable knowledge, although he evinces too great an inclination to give credence to the absurd stories of the middle ages regarding the pike, carp, and eel. But we must remember that even in our own time little is known of the food and habits of the salmon, none being more ignorant than the professional fishermen themselves. A quaint humour mingles with his directions; thus, the angler when tying a frog on the hook, as a bait for pike, is 'to use him as if he loved him, that he may live the longer.' Or, to quote his address to a disciple of the angle: 'Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have

made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.'

The work is enlivened here and there with songs composed by Wotton, Walton himself, and others. All deal with the contentment of a country life, the freedom from worldly care, and some with the recreation of the angler. Originally a London tradesman, Walton had retired to a country house near Stafford when middle-aged. His second wife was the sister of Bishop Ken; to her he alludes in his poem of *The Angler's Wish*. The poems composed by Walton were sung by the melodious voice of his wife. At Dovedale, Walton was the guest of his adopted son, Cotton, who, though nearly forty years his junior, was united to him by the closest bonds of affection. The characteristic feature of the *Complete Angler* is, as we have said before, the spirit of contemplation which is therein expressed. Walton never wearies of insisting on the happiness which lies open to those who try to read the secrets of nature aright, and to enjoy the contentment which may be found by a quiet spirit in a calm and beautiful landscape. An instance of the soothing and tranquillising effect of this pursuit upon a mind overwrought well-nigh to madness will occur to readers of the biography of Mark Pattison, but lately published. At a terrible crisis of his life, it was a visit to his native streams of the north which at the time saved the late rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, from serious illness, if not from death.

We will close this sketch of Walton and his book with a few of its concluding words: 'Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eaten and drunk, and laughed and angled and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day and cast away care, and sung and laughed and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.'

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE YOUNG CUCKOO.

JOSEPHINE was wet, shivering, not unconscious, but as one distracted, unable to answer questions. A second time Richard Cable bore her in his arms; but before, she had been hot, with throbbing heart and heaving bosom; now, she was cold, trembling, and her breath coming in sobs. How she clung—with every finger as though it were a claw. Richard could feel each several finger through his jersey. Her gasping breath was on his cheek. She made no attempt to speak, to explain her conduct, to account for what she had been doing.

He did not ask anything after the first hasty query, but carried her in his strong arms as firmly, as evenly as he had carried the bath of soapy water previously. He took her up-stairs,

and placed her in his mother's chair in the same room with the seven little children. There were only two bedrooms in the cottage—that occupied by the babes and their grandmother, and his own; the latter a lean-to room, into which the stair opened, and where only on one side was it possible to stand upright. Mrs Cable followed him silently. The first thing to be done was to change the girl's clothes.

'I will run to the Hall for a dry suit,' said Richard.

Then Josephine started up and held out her hands with palms extended, quivering in remonstrance.

'Do you not wish it?' he asked gently. She shook her head. He saw that she tried to speak, opening her mouth; the lips were white, but she could not utter anything. 'Sit down again in the chair,' he said persuasively; 'my mother will lend you dry things.'

Then he went down-stairs and made up the fire. A second time Josephine had been in his arms, a second time he had saved her from a watery death, and this time she was seeking her death. What had happened at the Hall?

Richard Cable left the room below; he could not be quiet; a restless fit came on him, and he went into the garden. He walked about there, found the blue tub empty, and brought it indoors. He listened, but could not hear that Josephine was speaking. His mother was silently attending on her. He heard the heavy tread of the old woman on the boards.

Ought he to go at once to the Hall and communicate with Mr Cornellis? He did not know. Josephine evidently disliked the idea of his going there; but was it not his duty to go? He must wait a while till Josephine could explain what had occurred, and then he would know what course to adopt. He could not see the window of the bedroom from the garden; it looked out on the road; on the garden side was only roof. He went round into the highway and walked in the road, and looked up at the window. There was no light in it. No candle was needed; it looked north-west, and the northern sky was full of silvery light. Were all the children asleep? There was no little voice heard, not even that of the baby, who, as a privilege, was laid to sleep in its father's bed, and only taken into its grandmother's when she retired for the night. How shrewd little Bessie was! She would go to sleep in no other bed. In vain did her grandmother try to lull her to roost in her own room; the blue peepers would not shut. They looked dazed; and the heavy eyelids fell over them, then drew up again, and intelligence came into the eyes, and, alas, at the same time a peevish look, and whining began. Nothing would satisfy the tiny creature but to be put to sleep in the mean little lean-to room, on the small hard bed of the father, a bed he only occupied when off duty from the lightship. Of lightships, of duty,

nine-month-old Bessie knew nothing; but she knew the lean-to roof and the little bed; and, by some mysterious instinct, was aware that it was her father's, and that she could sleep better in it than elsewhere.

When Richard Cable came up-stairs for the night, the baby was gone, but in the pillow was a dint such as his fist might have made, and he knew it was the impress of Bessie's head.

He had spent thirteen contented years with his Polly; he had been much attached to Polly, whom he respected; but there had been no close union of souls in their marriage. Polly was a lusty lass when he married her, a hard-working girl, much engrossed in her daily tasks, and able to think and talk of nothing else. Richard was a meditative man; his mind was always engaged, though his hands were sometimes idle. His occupation on the lightship had fostered this habit. He did not open to many; he had few friends, but every one respected him. He had inherited from his mother the tendency to feel most interest in those who needed help, to love those who clung to him. His wife had been an independent woman, going her own eminently practical way, asking for no guidance and support, because she needed neither; but it was different, of course, with the babes; they all were helpless; they all depended on their father, and therefore they filled a greater part of his heart than Polly had done. It is the place of the elm to sustain the vine; it is the privilege of the vine to cling to and ramble over the elm.

Nature has made some plants creepers, and others sustainers. The creepers sometimes strangle their supports, if too embracing, contracting, exacting. A sustainer can hold up without hurt a vast amount of parasitic growth—honeysuckle wreaths, exhaling sweetness; evergreen, glistening ivy; crimson and gold clothed Virginian creeper. It is only when the clambering plant has thrown its tendrils over the head of the supporting tree, that the tree breaks down under its burden. It is wonderful, sometimes, what a glory a commonplace tree will acquire from the parasite that clings to it: in itself it is nothing; as a means of displaying its mate, it is beautiful. I have seen an old dead trunk wreathed about with wisteria, beautiful with the lilac chains that hung about it; surrounding it with an atmosphere of honeyed sweetness; and I have seen human wisterias clinging, trailing, embalming, adorning dead memories. Though what they envelop and beautify is dead, it matters not; it is something about which they can cast their arms and hang their chains of flowers, and breathe forth the incense of their innocent souls.

These same climbers deserve a chapter in the great gardening manual of human souls. How indifferent they are to what they lay hold of, if only they may have a support. How the delicate little pink hands of the *Ampelopsis* grapple a piece of granite, and hold it that you cannot tear them away, and riot over it, and

wave triumphant wreaths of victory and rejoicing. How the jessamine laces with ribbons of green round the rugged-barked pine, in preference to the smooth-skinned beech; and the pure *Devoniensis* holds to the common clay garden wall and laughs, leaning against it, with thousands of delicately blushing blooms, flowery whispers of happiness and love and pride; whereas it scarce shows a few blossoms, and the buds decay unburst, against the stately hewn-stone mansion wall. Why does the Bankshire prefer a cold and cheerless aspect to that which is hot with sun? Verily, the creepers deserve attention in the world-garden of humanity.

But, what are we about, rambling concerning ramblers? when our subject is the prop up which seven little climbers are throwing their tendrils, and, at this moment, an eighth, no seedling, has cast her arms and asked to be sustained, and lifted high out of the sordid soil?

Richard Cable saw the blind drawn in the lower cottage window, and then a flush of light over it; so he knew that his mother was below, and had kindled the lamp. Thereupon he went indoors, and found Josephine in his mother's Sunday dress, seated by the fire, in his mother's high-backed leather chair, a chair that had belonged to her father, who was drowned. Josephine was very pale and sallow; her hands rested on her lap; she was looking into the fire, and the flames reflected themselves in the large dark irises. She did not seem to observe Richard's entrance; she did not turn her head or raise her eyes.

Mrs Cable was engaged between the back and front kitchen, getting some of Josephine's wet clothes cleaned of the mud that adhered, wringing them out, and putting them on lines where they might drip and dry.

Richard Cable went to the fireplace, and leaned against the brick jamb, looking at the girl. In the wooden houses of the coast, the chimneys are built of brick, and there is a brick basement on which the wooden walls rest.

'Please, Miss Cornellis, I'm sorry to interfere; but I'm bound to ask—what is to be done?'

She folded her hands, slightly raised her chin, and then her head sank again, and the eyes remained staring at the fire.

He waited a minute, still observing her, and then he said again, in a low, gentle voice: 'I'm sorry to be disturbing you with asking of questions as may seem impertinent, miss; but I'm bound to repeat the same thing—what is to be done?'

Again she made a slight movement with her chin, and unclosed, then reclinched her hands; but she said nothing.

Presently little Bessie began to cry up-stairs, and Mrs Cable ran up. It was the child's hour for supper, and she was exact to her time in demanding her bread and milk.

A third time Cable asked the question, and then Josephine slightly shook her head.

He must extract an answer from her; he must do something. She could not remain in his house without his letting her father know. He took a step towards her, and laid his hand upon her head, as he had laid it that same afternoon, and now, as then, the dark hair was wet. 'Is the head burning?' he asked.

Then she looked up at him without moving

her head; her eyes were large, and had a strange far-away look in them.

'Now, Miss Cornellis, answer me—what is to be done?'

'I do not know,' she replied.

'But,' he said, 'I must be told. I must do something about this matter.'

'I leave it all to you.'

'May I take you back to the Hall? If you cannot walk, I will carry you.'

She held her head steady under his hand; she did not shake it, but said: 'No; I will not go back there. I will stay here, if you will take me in. If not, I will go back into the sea.'

'Miss Cornellis,' he said after a long silence, 'I do not understand what has happened.' Then he took away his hand from her head, which was not hot, but cold, and knelt down by the fire on one knee, and stirred up the logs, and threw on a few small sticks that crackled and blazed.

'I will not go home any more.'

'But the Hall is not your home; it belongs to Mr Gotham.'

'I will not go home to my father again.'

'Has there been a quarrel?'

'He has been angry. I will not go near him again.'

'Did he—did he strike you?'

'Strike me?—Oh, not with his hands. I should not mind that.'

'What did he do? I must ask. You leave me to decide what is to be settled about you; and I cannot decide without knowing the circumstances.'

'I am not going back to him.'

'Did he—excuse me—drive you out of the house?'

'I left, because I could not stay.'

'Why could you not stay?'

Her fingers in her lap worked nervously; she plaited and unplaited them; she twisted them on one hand, and then smoothed them with the other.

'I cannot tell you all. Would you take the lamp away? The light hurts my eyes.'

He complied with her wish, and placed the lamp in the back kitchen. Up-stairs was Mrs Cable getting the baby to sleep. Richard heard her singing:

'There's grog in the captain's cabin,
Water down below.'

He returned to the fireplace and stood against the jamb, opposite her, and said: 'Tell me everything, Miss Josephine. I am your friend. I will advise.'

'I know you are my friend,' she answered. 'I will tell you what I can; but my head spins, and I cannot think; I cannot recollect everything.' She was in no hurry; she knitted her brows, trying to recollect the chain of circumstances. Presently she said: 'It was the rector's fault; he told Aunt Judith, and she, of course, went at once to papa and told him.'

'Told what?'

'I had seen the rector this morning, and he took me to task about going on the wall to you the night of the fire.'

'It was an unwise thing.'

'You also are against me. I will say no more. Every one is turned against me. Everything I say works people up into hatred of me. I am a miserable, unhappy girl.'

'Miss Cornellis, I am not turned against you. I say what your own common-sense has told you, that you acted imprudently that night.—The rector spoke about it to Miss Judith?'

'And she, blundering, stupid old creature, went with it at once to papa. I was not in then. When he did speak to me, I saw he was angry. He does not turn red, but a greenish white, and he speaks slowly, but every word cuts like a razor; and not only so, but every word is dipped in venom, so that when it has cut you, the wound goes on festering for months, and perhaps never heals at all.'

'Your father!—Richard spoke in slow wonder —'a father hurt, poison the blood of his child.' It was to him inconceivable. He would have allowed his flesh to be torn off his bones with red-hot hooks and pincers, rather than wound or bruise one of these tender, fragile, little innocents that looked up to him in love and trust.

'My father as he speaks, when he is very angry, has a face like a dead man; but his eyes blink, and now and then he quivers, just as though he felt an electric shock; and then he is as if he would hurt with his hands; but he controls himself again, and stabs instead with his tongue.'

Richard Cable drew a long breath, and put his hand across his chest to the mantel-shelf.

'When my papa spoke to me, I knew at once, he was in one of his worst moods. And I—as I always do—was ready to fire up. I am not afraid of him; he does not cow me. He makes my heart boil and foam over.'

'Does he not take you to him, and put his arm round you, and speak low, and tell you that you have pained him, and that he loves you very, very dearly?'

'Never!' said Josephine decisively. She was recovering herself. As she thought over the scene she was describing, the heat returned to her heart and fired her veins.

'Then I acknowledged it all when he charged me; and when he sneered, I said that was not all. I told him that I had bought you the ship, given it my name, and that I should pay for it out of the insurance money for Rose Cottage.'

'What is that?' asked Cable.

She was excited now, and went on, disregarding his interruption. 'He was trustee for my little fortune left me by my mother, and he has made away with that—how, I do not know. I did not know it was gone when I ordered the vessel. Now that it is bought, I thought I should like to pay for it, though it does not really matter, as my cousin Gotham will advance —will give me the money. Yet, when my father took this line with me, I was angry, and said I would claim from him some of my money out of what he would get from the insurance Company. Then he stung me worse and worse; and just as a hornet will drive a horse mad, so did he make me forget everything but my pain and wrath—and I said something—about the fire'—She paused, hesitated. 'Even to you, I cannot repeat it.' She halted again. 'But I believe that what I said was true.' She stammered.

'Yet, I ought not to have said it. He is my father.' Then she drew her feet together, and put her hands on the elbows of the chair, and raised herself, and her face flamed crimson, and the very hair on her brow seemed to bristle with electric excitation, and sparks to shoot out of her eyes. 'It was then he used words to me that I shall never forget—never forgive!' She stood shivering with wrath, looking very tall in the long black dress of Mrs Cable, and in the dark room, with the firelight alone illumining her. 'After that, I would not stay.' She spoke slowly, and with intervals between her sentences, which came forth as the discharge of minute-guns at sea from a foundering vessel. 'I could not stay.' She shook so that she rattled the armchair which she touched with one hand. 'I had no home more.'

'But,' said Richard, 'though he angered you, he was your father, and a father'—

She did not allow him to conclude; she said harshly: 'Do you not understand? There are things which even a father may not say. As there is a blasphemy which has no forgiveness, neither in this world nor in the world to come, so is there an insult which cannot be endured nor be forgotten.' Her face was dark, and startled Cable with the rage and bitterness that was in it, lit with the glare from the fire.

'Why did you not go to the rector?' asked Richard.

'The rector!—after I had refused his son, and laughed at him?' She shook her head. 'There was no place to which I could go. Rose Cottage is burnt down. The Hall is no more a home. The rectory doors I have closed against myself. To this house I could not come.'

'Why not?'

She looked at him, then her eyes fell, and she looked into the fire. 'Because of what my father had said. There was no place for me—but the sea.' Then, unable to sustain herself longer on her feet, she sank back into the chair.

After considering a while, Richard Cable said: 'Miss Cornellis, it was God's doing that I was the means of saving you before in the lightship. It is God's doing that I have been the means of saving you this night. Therefore, what am I, to oppose His will? I will go at once to the Hall and tell Mr Cornellis that you are here and will remain here.'

'He will insult you.'

'I am not afraid of him or of his words. And when I've told him, miss, that you are here, then I'll get out my boat and row away to the new lightship, and stay there for ten days or a fortnight.'

Then, as he moved to go, she started to her feet again and caught his arm with both her hands, and quivering with excitement, said: 'Do not go—do not leave me helpless, friendless. I cannot bear it. There, there—I will kneel to you, if need be, and entreat you. Be Master, Captain, Pilot—everything to the *Josephine*.'

He took her hand between his own, and said very gravely: 'As I said before, I say again—I'll do my duty by her, so help me God!'

Then Bessie Cable came in, and a brilliant light from the lamp she carried fell over them, hand in hand.

'And now,' said he earnestly, 'I go with a

firm confidence to your father, for I have a right to speak in your defence and for you.'

But Mrs Cable looking on, put her hand to her brow and said: 'The young cuckoo is in the nest!'

(To be continued.)

BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.

I HAD agreed to relieve one of the observers at Ben Nevis Observatory for a fortnight in the month of June last. I decided to proceed to Greenock, and go the rest of the journey by steamer. After a journey of about fourteen hours, Fort-William is reached at eight p.m. Having engaged a bedroom at the *West End Hotel*, I proceeded to the post-office, and obtained permission to 'talk' to the observatory people by telegraph, to whom I intimated my arrival and my intention of making the ascent on the following morning. I was then introduced to the care-taker of the observatory road, who ascends nearly every day during the summer months with provisions and stores, and who was to act as my guide the next day. At eight o'clock next morning, as arranged, I found the guide and another man with two horses and a cart ready to start. We soon arrived at the base of the Ben, where the horses were unyoked, and the contents of the cart tied securely over their backs. I had been advised previously to walk on without waiting for this being done, as the horses would probably go too fast up hill for me to keep up with them. There was no fear of losing myself, for a while at least, as the road is well made, so I set out at a steady pace, determined to reach the top, if possible, before the horses.

The climbing was rather warm work. The first part of the road was pleasant; but by-and-by, as I went higher, the clouds began to make themselves felt, the air became cooler, and the place presented a strange, desolate appearance. I thought of Rip Van Winkle, and started once or twice as an unearthly-looking face peered over a huge stone at me. It was only a black-faced sheep, however, which scampered away at my approach. After going about two thousand feet high, I saw the clouds immediately above me, and very soon felt them as well. I was now completely enveloped in a wet mist. I was loth, however, to give way. 'Excelsior,' I muttered, and clutched my useless umbrella with determination. At last I had to stop. I had passed small patches of snow here and there on my way up; but now there was one great bank of snow which ascended as far as I could see. There was consequently nothing else for it but to wait for my guide, which I did as philosophically as possible. Not very long afterwards I heard the horses labouring up the hill, and was soon joined by them. I had now to follow up behind the best way I could, and very hard tiresome work it was, struggling and blundering on through the snow. Once or twice the horses had to be stopped, to allow me to overtake them. After half an hour of this work, we caught sight of the observatory, and almost immediately afterwards were welcomed by the Superintendent, Mr Omond, and the other observers who had come out to meet us. I was drenched to the skin, and unfortunately had not made provision for such

an emergency; but what I required was kindly provided. The next day I was clothed in the robes of office peculiar to the place and climate, of which more anon, and during my stay became so accustomed to oilskins and sea-boots, that I was almost sorry to relinquish them before descending.

The life of an observer on the summit of Ben Nevis can hardly be described as a happy one, yet in spite of the monotony of severely disagreeable weather and a seeming repetition of the previous day's existence, the devotees at the pinnacle of science do not pass an unpleasant time. This I am able to testify from the experience of a fortnight's voluntary exile at the observatory. It may be thought that my spirits were buoyed at the prospect of a release and a descent at the end of two weeks; but that does not account for the pleasant recollections which I retain of the observatory and its inmates. There were the instructive conversations on meteorology; the genial company of the observers; the cosy evening smokes round the kitchen stove; the whist parties; an occasional visit to tea at the 'hotel' on the summit; the unusual experience of appearing at those 'teas' attired in oilskins and sea-boots; the novelty of living among the clouds and seeing nothing but fog and snow from morning till night; the fun of going out in the morning to fill the buckets with snow for the day's water-supply; the melting of it previous to performing the morning's toilet; the reducing of it to liquid for domestic purposes; and the consuming of it in the shape of tea and coffee. There were also a goodly number of well-selected books with which any leisure time could be profitably spent.

But the 'natives' are not allowed to die of ennui at Ben Nevis Observatory. The amount of work to be performed puts that out of the question. Observations are made hourly, night and day; and it is not, as may be supposed, simply a matter of rising from your seat and looking at the barometer. Elaborate preparations have to be made. Punctually at five minutes before the hour, the observer proceeds to clothe himself in apparel suitable to face the outside elements. Sea-boots, thick worsted gloves, oilskins, and sou'-wester are donned as quickly as possible. The room is rather dark, as the snow still covers the windows, and in order to read the barometer a candle is required. After the candle has been lit, the clock is watched until it is precisely the hour, then the barometer reading is taken, after which the observer goes outside to make the other observations.

It is early in June, and there is still a considerable depth of snow on the summit of this, the loftiest mountain in Great Britain. The observer has to climb quite a small hill of it at the door ere he reaches the surface. Once there, what a glorious view could be had, were it not for that provoking fog. Day after day and week after week it envelops the top with a density and persistency that baffle all description. The most striking and extensive view in Scotland is by its means reduced to the most miserable and limited one of a few yards in circumference. What a strange quiet there is! Not a sign of life out-of-doors. The observer is, to all appearance, monarch of all he surveys; and as he trudges along through

the snow with his rain-gauge and spirit-level in hand, and considers that all he surveys is snow and fog, it is not surprising if he is unpatriotic enough to wish that his possessions would make themselves scarce. Although it is the month of June, the thermometer still registers several degrees of frost; and on one day during my brief sojourn in the clouds, four thousand feet above my friends below, about a foot of snow fell in less than twelve hours. It can be understood that no more time than is necessary is spent outside in conditions like these. His observations over, the observer hurries 'home' again and divests himself of his oilskins. He then 'corrects' his readings and enters them into several sheets. Besides this, a good deal of time is occupied in summing up the previous day's observations, calculating the averages, finding the humidity, vapour-tension, and dewpoint of each hourly observation; the same having to be performed for the weekly and monthly averages. If it should happen that he finds himself in possession of some spare time, the science of meteorology affords sufficient food for the digestion of his philosophical inquiries from one year's end to the other.

It speaks well for the observers' devotion to duty, that during the long boisterous winter months of last year, except on the occasion about to be referred to, not a single hourly observation was lost. For one whole week in February, every observation had to be taken by two observers roped together. Storms of this force are of frequent occurrence; but it is fortunately seldom that it blows with such force as to stop the observations even by this means. On one occasion, however, all outside observations were stopped for fifteen hours. Mr Omond, in referring to the matter, says: 'A terrific southerly gale blew with almost hurricane force, and stopped all outside observing for fifteen hours. It was impossible to stand or even to crawl to windward; while the most carefully shielded lantern was blown out at once. During the height of the gale, the air was full of snowdrift, intermixed with which were great lumps of hardened snow, that had been torn from the ground by the violence of the wind. One of these flying pieces broke the only window that was above the snow and exposed to the gale; and another smashed half-a-dozen louvres in the Stevenson's screen for the thermometers.'

In the winter months, unusual caution has to be exercised by the observers for their safety. The observatory house is entirely covered over with snow, with the exception of the tower. During the prevalence of thick fog, therefore, the observer has to feel his way to his outside instruments by means of a rope connected with them and the tower. He has to use the same guide in returning to the house, for although it is but a few yards off, the house is entirely hidden by the fog.

One of the observers tells of an experience that might have had serious results. He was on the 'nightwatch,' and the other two had retired to rest. The night was an ordinary Ben Nevis winter one—a good deal of wind, snow, frost, and fog. While shutting the tower door on the outside, the handle broke, and he was left standing in the storm with no means of admission.

The low-level door was entirely covered over, and there was nothing visible except the tower and the top of the chimney. After hammering at the tower door some time, he found that it was impossible either to force it open or to attract attention by its means. He then turned his attention to the chimney, and kicked and shouted into it until he was hoarse. There was only one thing left, and in desperation he made up his mind to it—that was, to attempt to reach Fort-William. Fortunately, his voice had aroused one of the sleepers within, who speedily admitted him, to the saving of his life.

The usual weather experienced on the Ben is a thick, wet, driving fog, or mist, with a temperature below freezing-point. More favourable conditions are so unusual, that there is considerable excitement when the top clears. After living in fog for a whole week, we were startled one night to hear from the 'nightwatch' that the top was clear. Instantly we rushed up through the tower and out on to the roof of the house. It was really true. The clouds that had rested on the top so long had fallen below, and left the sky above quite clear. It was a sight worth seeing. Huge cumulous clouds rolled over the tops of the lower hills, or rested in the valleys beneath. Sometimes a larger one would approach in a direct level with the top of the Ben and threaten to bury us again. But as it drew nearer, it also descended, and left us to enjoy what was really a magnificent piece of cloud and mountain scenery. By-and-by, as the night advanced, we had to retire, each hoping that the clouds would remain at their present low level.

The following morning, the clouds below and above had almost entirely disappeared; the horizon all round was clear, and so remained for two days. It is difficult to attempt a description of the delightful view from the top. As far as the eye can reach, on each side, hills and mountains of all shapes and sizes, some tipped with snow, are calmly resting, apparently enjoying the sunshine which has been so long a stranger. Here and there, as if purposely to enhance the picture, lies a loch or lake reposing between two gigantic mountains. Ben Lomond, Ben Muichdhuì, Ben Wyvis, and quite a host of others, are pointed out. To the north of the Ben, the Caledonian Canal can be traced through Loch Lochy, Loch Oich, and into Loch Ness, where it hides itself in a valley before approaching Inverness. Looking westward, the islands of Skye, Rum, Colonsay, Islay, and Jura are plainly seen with the naked eye; while with the assistance of the telescope the Irish coast becomes visible. Turning to the other side of the country, the eye passes over the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, Nairn, and Elgin, into the Moray Firth and the German Ocean. Thus, by performing a right-about turn, the German Ocean and the Atlantic can be seen in the same minute.

Nothing can surpass the gorgeous sunsets that are to be seen from the Ben. Besides enjoying the appearance of all the beautifully tinted clouds that show themselves in an ordinary sunset, here the sun sends forth a thousand beams, distributing them over the hilltops and into the valleys, and throwing into each a variety of light and colour the beauty of which is indescribable. There are other objects to be seen which, while also having

their origin in or from the sun, possess a non-material existence. They live quietly and unostentatiously, and glide imperceptibly to an end that is shrouded in the unexplored domain of mystery. They are never seen but on the silvery side of clouds, and are particularly fond of anti-cyclonic conditions of the atmosphere—conditions, by the way, that are not particularly fond of the Ben. Their existence is of a vapoury kind, and they may be conveniently classed under the heading of optical phenomena.

The 'glories' which are the most interesting of these mysterious visitors, are always seen when the top is clearing, and the sun shining on the fog or clouds below. There is a cliff to the north of the observatory which falls perpendicularly to a distance of two thousand feet, from the edge of which the 'glories' can be most favourably witnessed. Clouds frequently rest themselves in this gorge during their temporary absence from the top. When the sun is shining, it throws the shadow of the observer on the clouds, and forms round the shadow a series of beautifully coloured rings, the size varying with the sun's altitude. There is also the Ben Nevis 'spectre,' who haunts the top during the dark foggy nights of winter. He is not partial to summer weather, because in those regions darkness does not come. If meteorological conditions are favourable, the 'ghost' is easily brought into existence. All that is required is a lighted lantern and a person to show his shadow on the fog, and presto! his ghostship is complete. Like other ghosts, he can be seen, but not felt, for, as you approach, he retires at a corresponding rate. His size is abnormally large, and his covering, of the good, old, orthodox white. Unruly little children would grow peaceful under his influence.

Rainbows are very seldom seen, but when they do appear, they sometimes form a complete bow. Fogbows, on the other hand, both solar and lunar, are seen very often. Coronæ and halos also appear frequently, and with great beauty, when the top is clear. Occasionally, during anti-cyclones, the dryness of the atmosphere experienced at the observatory far surpasses anything to be met with at any low-level station in the country, and can only be compared to that of Arabia or the Soudan.

Tourists who experience this kind of weather on the Ben are fortunate. Those people, however, are generally very unlucky, and arrive at the top drenched, to see nothing but fog. They nevertheless put a cheerful face on matters, and try to look as if they enjoyed it. The pushing, self-assertive tourist is quite amazed to hear that he cannot enter the observatory, examine it, and go about peeping into every corner as he pleases. He seems to have left the foot of the mountain with the fixed idea that the observatory is a place specially erected to gratify the curiosity of travellers, and that the observers are individuals placed there to answer questions. It is with difficulty he grasps the idea of the observatory being erected only for scientific purposes. Of course each tourist must send a telegram from the top; his visit would not be complete without it; and he usually displays an alarming disregard for truth in estimating the depth of the snow. If we were to accept the testimony of these telegraphic witnesses, they would make us believe

that the snow varies from ten to fifty feet in depth. Notwithstanding the wet condition of the weather, the visitors occasionally manage to put a little humour into their telegrams.

The ascent from Fort-William can be made in three hours; but travellers generally take longer. The distance is a little over seven miles; and the road, although vastly improved by the observatory people, is yet very rough. Vegetation entirely disappears after attaining a height of about two thousand feet, after which there is nothing but large stones under foot until reaching the snow. Visitors can be supplied during the summer months with tea and coffee by an enterprising Fort-William hotel-keeper, who has erected refreshment rooms on the summit. Owing to the number of visitors who arrive at the top during the summer months, it is impossible to admit them to the observatory, as it would interfere with the work. Ordinary visitors need not, however, feel any great disappointment at this; there is nothing very interesting to the uninitiated in the various meteorological instruments in use. They can be described in a few words.

The Barometer is on Fortin's principle, that in which the surface of mercury is adjustable by means of a thumbscrew. There is the great Dry Bulb, which is seldom dry, and its fellow in harness, the Wet Bulb, with its hood of muslin and its tiers of cotton. The Rain-gauge, too, receives its hourly visit, when it is replaced by another, taken indoors, thawed, and its contents measured. Then there is the Black Bulb, which is used only to measure the heat of the sun's rays. There is also the Sunshine Recorder, which leads an idle life, and is usually left at home, because there is seldom any sunshine to record. It is a large glass ball placed in a sun-dial arrangement, which burns a black mark on a paper beneath, on which is inscribed the hour of the day. There is the Spectroscope, which is prosaically carried in the waistcoat pocket of one of the observers. Through it, the mysterious rain-band becomes visible. The Anemometer, which measures the velocity of the wind, is placed on the highest part of the observatory. Near it is the Weather Vane, which persists in keeping its head to the wind, and whose movements are carefully recorded inside by a clock-work instrument which is on the watch night and day. Lastly, there is the Stephanome, invented by Professor Tait, for measuring the dimensions of objects that have no bodily existence, such as rainbows, coronæ, halos, and the like.

The observatory itself is a one-story building, the inside being of wood, with an outside covering of rough stones from three to four feet in thickness. The inside comprises a kitchen and office, four bedrooms, storerooms, and other necessary compartments. The building is supplied with double doors and windows, and a tower, rising some fifteen feet above the roof of the observatory. During the winter months, the conveyance of any bulky article to the top is impossible; the observatory is consequently provisioned and coaled for nine months; and during the most of that time, the 'sky crofters' have to exist on tinned meats, biscuits, and fare of a similar kind. They are connected by telegraph to Fort-William, which office, when all other communication is cut off, keeps them informed of the doings of the lower

world. The observers are cheerful and enthusiastic, and sacrifice much in the cause of the science for which they are working; and if they cannot supply conditions of weather to suit the individual likings of the British public, as some people would have them, the recent publications of the Scottish Meteorological Society show that the Ben Nevis observations have been the means of throwing light upon a great deal of hitherto doubtful and unexplained phenomena. How soon and to what extent the country will feel the practical benefit of the work of the observers on Ben Nevis remains to be seen. In the meantime, all that can be done is being done, faithfully and well, by the three gentlemen stationed at the observatory; and it remains with the public to give the Scottish Meteorological Society the encouragement and financial support which it deserves.

SOME RAILWAY HUMOUR.

OUR most celebrated living art critic, Mr Ruskin, has a very strong objection to the railway being carried through any district where there is exceptionally beautiful scenery; and yet a railway and its stations do not of necessity disfigure the landscape; indeed, there are many pretty railway stations dotted here and there over the country. It may be, however, that most of the whole number are anything but pleasant places, and it may be concluded that very few of them are places calculated to give much amusement. Still, there is one which may be said to supply both of those requirements. A house near to it was advertised as an eligible summer residence, on both of the above-mentioned accounts. 'It commands,' said the advertisement, 'not only a view of the pretty little railway station, but also of the people who miss the trains.' Thus were insured combined beauty and amusement.

Railway plant is not very suggestive of humour. Such of the drollery as one comes across is almost as heavy and quite as lumbering as the greater part of the plant itself. Surely it must have been a serious travail of the mind to bring to light such a conundrum as the following: 'Why is a locomotive engine like a comet?—Because it has a head-light and carries a long train.' Of course there are worse jokes, even off the line, but one does not often meet with them. A New York paper is guilty of perpetrating the following: 'A Western railroad Company is seriously thinking of calling its main road "The Primogeniture Route," because it is the heir line.'

A very fair attempt at a joke of the lugubrious kind was once committed by a guard on one of the short midland lines. The Company was very small and very poor, and it was just a little more than they could do to make ends meet at the yearly day of reckoning. There were not many conveniences for the passengers, and indeed they were not quite so much cared for as the goods in the wagons that were mixed up with the carriages. As for the guard, at some of the stations on the line he was ticket-clerk, station-master, passenger-porter, and goods-porter all in one.

Just before leaving the junction on a certain day, a fussy passenger called him to the window. 'Look here, guard,' he said; 'why don't you have foot-warmers in these carriages? We shall get our death of cold.'

'Well, you see,' responded the guard, 'one of our directors is a doctor, another is a chemist, and another is a tombstone mason; and you know in this world people must live and let live. So, you see'—

'All right, guard; go ahead. You ought to have had another director a coffin-maker, and then we could have got up a special catastrophe for the benefit of the directorate.'

'We have a coffin-maker amongst them, sir; but I thought it would be too suggestive to mention him.'

'Ah, well, it is rather suggestive,' said the passenger. 'So, what do you think of an accident, for the express benefit of your mixed lot of directors?'

'Express, did you say?' asked the guard. 'Ah, you have not been on this line before, or you would not talk like that. Why, sir, we don't go fast enough to come to any harm, even if we ran off the lines; and as for a collision, that is an impossibility, for our only other engine is laid up with a twisted cylinder and a broken wheel.'

Charles Dickens wrote a very humorous homily upon railway refreshment inconveniences; indeed it was one huge joke at the expense of the Companies, and for the benefit of the public at large. Had he wanted a text at the time that should be exactly to the point of his *Boy at Mugby*, he might have found it in one of the prophetic books, where it says: 'And he shall snatch on the right hand, and be hungry; and he shall eat on the left hand, and they shall not be satisfied.' The story was literally true then of nearly all stations, while now it may only be said to be an accurate description of some here and there. Still, some approach was made to it at that refreshment room on the line before referred to in the earlier part of this account. The train stopped one day, and a famished passenger called a newsboy to the window and said: 'Here, boy, take these two pence and fetch me a penny bun, and get one for yourself with the remaining coin.'

The boy rushed off at double-quick speed. The passenger was on pins for fear the boy would not return in time. He did return eating; and as he swallowed the last bit, he handed one of the pennies in at the window, saying: 'Here's your penny, sir; there was only one bun left.'

Railway-men are not celebrated, like cabmen, for instance, for having much power in the way of repartee, but now and then they are the occasion of it in others. At a certain station a porter promptly offered assistance to a bishop, who was more often out of his diocese than his people liked. He was a humorist, loved continental trips, and carried a good deal of luggage with him.

'How many articles, your lordship?' asked the porter.

'Thirty-nine,' replied the bishop with a twinkle in his eye.

'That's too many, I'm afraid, your lordship,' said the man stolidly and in perfect good faith.

'Ah!' responded the bishop dryly, 'I perceive that you are a dissenter.' And the porter did not see the joke.

This density was well shown on the North London Railway not long since. A passenger remarked in the hearing of one of the Company's servants how easy it was to 'do,' as he called it, the Company. He declared that he had often taken them in. The servant was on the alert in a moment; thought he had got a case, and determined to make the most of it. He listened.

'I have often,' said the passenger to his companion, 'gone from Broad Street to Dalston Junction without a ticket. Any one can do it, easily; I did it myself yesterday.'

When he got out of the train, the servant of the Company followed after, and wanted to know how it was done. At first, the passenger would not give the information; but at last, for a little monetary consideration, he agreed. The money was paid.

'Now,' asked the official, 'how did you manage to get from Broad Street to Dalston Junction without a ticket?'

'Oh,' said the passenger with a smile, 'I simply walked the distance.'

That railway servant grimly saw the joke, but felt that he had paid for it rather dearly.

On the old Stockton and Darlington Railway, in the days when that Company took the preachers of the gospel at half-price like children, one of the ticket-clerks, when asked for a minister's ticket by a somewhat unclerical-looking man, expressed a doubt as to his profession. 'I'll read you one of my sermons, if you doubt my word,' said the minister. 'No, thank you,' said the ticket-clerk with a gloomy smile, and handed the ticket over without any further proof.

But if the railway-man is not ready in repartee, from an apparent desire not to talk, this desire having been the natural result of the demand made upon him to answer so many frivolous questions, he cannot be said to be unequal to an emergency. A ticket-inspector was chosen deacon of a church, and when it became his duty to take up the collection, he startled the congregation into rather indecorous smiles by blurring out his habitual and characteristic demand of 'Tickets, gentlemen!' and it is even averred that the collection was much larger than usual that day. It must have been the same man who one day, at a combined concert and public meeting, had a presentation made to him, and was consequently called upon to make a speech in response. For a time he shook his head; but at last relenting, he said: 'Well, I've only one speech.'

'All right; give us that!' several called out.

'Very well,' he assented; and looking round for a moment, he exclaimed, according to the order of the classes of passengers: 'Tickets, if you please, gentlemen; tickets, please; tickets!' and retired from the platform. It is said that the speech was so effective, that the band could not play for full ten minutes, and that the audience could not have listened to them even if they had played.

Still, there was once a railway-man who must have been a wag at heart. He was an engine-driver, and had been discharged for not exercising due care in the course of his duty. He

applied to be reinstated in his former occupation, when the following dialogue took place.

'You were dismissed,' said the superintendent austere, 'for letting your train come twice into collision. Once we could have overlooked, and we did so on your first occasion; but it is impossible for us to pass over a second offence, and you only waste your time in making such an application as you are now proceeding with.'

'Why,' said the engine-driver, interrupting him, 'that is the very reason why I ask to be restored to my work.'

'How so?,' asked the superintendent in astonishment.

'Because, sir,' replied the man, 'if I had any doubt on the first occasion as to whether two trains could pass each other on the same line, my doubt is now entirely removed. I am now completely satisfied. I have tried it twice, sir, and I find that it can't be done; and you may take my word for it that I shall not try the experiment again.'

And he did not, for they would not allow him the opportunity.

WITWATERSRAND:

THE NEW GOLDFIELDS OF THE TRANSVAAL.

WITWATERSRAND (white-waters-rand), so called by the Dutch settlers on account of its fountains of clear (or white) water, is a range of low hills running irregularly across the South African republic, and situated at a distance of thirty-six miles south of Pretoria. A tract of country extending longitudinally about fifty miles, and in varying but much smaller distances in a northerly and southerly direction, has been thrown open as a public goldfield, and frequent additions are being made to its already extensive area. Previous to the discovery of gold, and its consequent 'rush,' the district was pastoral and entirely in the hands of Boers, who occupied farms of from five to six thousand acres each, and who devoted their energies to the rearing of cattle and sheep, only very small patches of land being under cultivation, and these usually producing barely sufficient for the requirements of the Boer's family and stock. The *veldt*, as this pastoral land is called, is of an undulating and, except in swampy places and during the rainy season, of a parched and barren nature, devoid of trees and bush. It is an uninviting locality except for gold-digging. For some years, it has been thought that this was a gold-bearing district, and 'prospecting' of a desultory nature has been carried on; but it is only within the past few months that the area has been proclaimed auriferous, and the existence of payable gold indisputably proved. During this short time a population of more than two thousand has scattered itself over the 'Rand,' as Witwatersrand is colloquially termed, and a steady influx is daily augmenting the number. Camps have sprung up like mushrooms; the main camp, or, as it is called from its originator, 'Ferreira's Camp,' is a straggling collection of huts and tents, interspersed with a few houses of a more pretentious nature, which are constructed of corrugated iron and brick. There is a long main street, and a market square, with innumerable stores and canteens; but the general appearance of the camp

suggests its sudden growth, and probable equally sudden disappearance, leaving behind it only the debris and dirt which seem to be the natural concomitants of a mining camp. Ferreira's Camp, with its dirt and discomfort, its wretched hovels of reeds and mud, its gambling and drinking dens (literally dens), its dust and filth and glaring uncleanness, is the centre of commerce for the Fields, and a busy bustling place. Here are sold all the requirements of a mining community; here are conducted the various transactions in claims and shares which constitute part of the financial speculations of the Fields; and here are held those periodical sales of horses, cattle, vehicles, and general merchandise which are so dear to colonists, and such a marked trait in their characters, that wherever a few of them are gathered together, an auctioneer is an absolute necessity.

There are other camps, some of them approaching in size to a small canvas village, while many are dotted about the *veldt*, and consist in most instances of two or three tents and a wagon. The population of the Goldfields is of that miscellaneous and motley character which always seems to gravitate to mining camps. As yet, only a few Australian and Californian diggers have put in an appearance here, and they seem somewhat out of their element, the pronounced difference in the general formation and association of the precious metal to its existence on other Fields being quite at variance with their notions of the eternal fitness of things; yet they are very sanguine of the great future before the Fields, and they emphatically and repeatedly assert their confidence in language bristling with a species of decorative profanity peculiar to their class.

The Jews are very numerous, and active in speculation, buying and selling, and in a most disinterested manner; and at terrific risk and inconvenience providing sophisticated gold for the purpose of producing the crude article; but their untiring labours are always conditional, and they will reap their reward at who knows how much per cent. Speculators from the Diamond Fields, representatives of syndicates from all parts of South Africa, farmers, merchants, professional men, clerks, mechanics, ex-members of the Bechuanaland Field Force, and adventurers, jostle each other in the race. Honest citizens and escaped convicts, gentlemen and blacklegs, university men and the scum of racecourses, stand cheek by jowl, and metaphorically shake hands in the same ring; and yet it is a most peaceful and law-abiding community; robbery and violence are practically unknown; drunkenness is the common vice, but is in no way excessive; and gambling, the natural atmosphere of a portion of the community, is very prevalent.

Witwatersrand possesses an exceptionally healthy climate. Occasionally, the extremes of heat and cold which occur in the course of a day and night are very marked, but do not appear to produce more than trivial and temporary ill effects. A violent wind, which springs up suddenly, but is of short duration, sweeps with fearful force over the plain, carrying with it clouds of dust, and requiring all hands to 'stand by' the tent poles and guy ropes during its paroxysm, which is quickly exhausted, the storm subsiding as suddenly as it appeared. These

winds are of almost daily occurrence, and serve a sanitary purpose as the 'doctors' of the camp. The general health of the Fields is excellent, no serious cases of sickness being known.

Gold-digging on these Fields will be confined to quartz-mining, and loses many of the charms which are supposed to be associated with alluvial digging or diamond-digging in the early days. Expensive and complicated machinery must be used; the quartz must be crushed and washed on a gigantic scale, cheap labour procured, water-courses constructed, tramways laid for miles, to carry the quartz to the mills; and altogether, gold-mining will be an unromantic but steady and dividend-paying industry. The ideal digger with pan and cradle will have no existence in the future of these Fields, unless the at present apparently improbable discovery of payable alluvial gold should be made. Individual claim-holders who were fortunate enough to 'peg out' on good ground when it was first proclaimed, will be splendidly rewarded, by being able to sell out to the various Companies which are already formed or in course of formation; for if their claims are good, they will realise handsomely on them. As much as a thousand pounds has been paid for a single claim which only cost the holder—who had it for five months—the monthly rental of one pound, which is the sum required per claim in order to retain it and secure the protection of the government. There are many poor men who are original claim-holders, and are anxious to sell out, but ask too high a figure; and the Companies can be patient, whilst the hard-up holders must at last succumb and make the proverbial bad bargains of necessity.

The matrix in which the gold is found is a conglomerate, changing into quartzite and quartz reef—or, as some prefer to call it, a 'deposit,' and deny the existence of reefs at Witwatersrand. This is a dispute of very little practical importance. The name of reef has been generally adopted for the underground ridges of quartz and conglomerate in which the gold exists, and will no doubt always bear that name. The reefs are very numerous, and in some places crop out of the surface; they are all gold-bearing, and yield varying amounts of the precious metal, from a few grains to five ounces, and in exceptional cases, ten ounces, to the ton of quartz. The conglomerate, which forms a thick casing to the quartz reef, is a peculiar formation of almond-shaped pebbles, pressed into a solid mass in a bed of rock of an igneous nature, and is called 'Banket' on account of its resemblance to a favourite Dutch sweetmeat known in England as almond rock. The 'Banket' is also rich in gold. The reefs are very erratic in their formation, making sudden dips and striking off in unlooked-for directions; but in all cases where shafts have been sunk, they are proved to be of a permanent nature, and test-washings from any part of the reef or casing invariably give 'colour.'

Machinery is being fitted up from England, and, once in operation, will give a wonderful impetus to the Goldfields, as everything is now in a state of suspense, and mining has been confined to exposing and ascertaining the extent and direction of the reefs and proving their gold-bearing nature. This, with transactions in shares and speculations in claims, has necessarily been all that could be

done towards the development of the Fields; but nothing could be more satisfactorily proved than the existence of an unlimited quantity of payable gold; and the prospects of Witwatersrand are as bright and cheering as the most deeply interested investors ever anticipated. The South African Goldfields at present are decidedly not the place for poor men; the congested state of the labour market here has found an outlet in the Fields, and they are now overstocked with all descriptions of non-capitalists. This country will, however, provide a home for many thousands in the not far distant future.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE meeting of the British Association for the present year will take place at Manchester on August 31, under the Presidency of Sir H. Roscoe, M.P., F.R.S. The several sections will have as Presidents, Sir Robert S. Ball, Astronomer-royal for Ireland, for Mathematics and Physics; Dr Schunck for the Chemistry section; Dr Woodward for Geology; Professor Newton for Biology; General Sir Charles Warren for Geography; Dr Robert Giffen for Economic Science; and Professor Osborn Reynolds for Mechanical Science. With this concourse of good names, it is expected that the meeting of 1887 will be a memorable one.

An Order in Council has been issued declaring the following monuments to be 'ancient monuments' under the provisions of the Ancient Monuments Protection Act of 1882: Little Kit's Coty House, or the Countess Stones of Tottington, in the parish of Aylesford, Kent; the Chambered Tumulus at Buckholt, Gloucestershire; the Druids' Circle and Tumulus on Eyam Moor, Derbyshire; the Pictish Town of Carloway, Ross-shire; the Ruthwell Runic Cross, Dumfriesshire; and St Ninian's Cave at Glaserton, Wigtownshire. The Order will become law after lying for forty days on the tables of both Houses of Parliament.

A French paper publishes a new method of platinising metals, which is said to be not only effectual, but to be only one-tenth the cost of nickel-plating. The necessary operations are as follows: The object to be coated is first of all covered with a mixture of borate of lead and oxide of copper in turpentine, and submitted to a temperature sufficient to melt this deposit, and to cause it to spread over the metal in a uniform layer. Next, a second layer of the same composition is laid on; but in this case, oil of lavender takes the place of the turpentine used before. Finally, the article, thus doubly coated, is brushed over with a solution of chloride of platinum, and submitted to a heat of two hundred degrees. The platinum is said to adhere firmly to the surface, and to exhibit its characteristic brilliancy—a brilliancy which does not tarnish.

A scheme has been proposed by which the

town of Lanark, on the river Clyde, is to be lighted by electricity, the necessary motive-power for the generating machines being procured from the Stonebyres Fall. At a meeting recently held, the inhabitants of the district were most enthusiastic in their support of the project; and if terms can be arranged with the owners of property adjoining the site of the proposed works, the scheme will most probably be carried out at an early date.

Professor Macadam has lately given a description of a sample of talc obtained from New Jersey, which is very largely employed in paper-making in place of kaolin or china clay. It is of such a fibrous nature that it readily attaches itself to the smaller particles of paper, and causes them to be retained, instead of being washed away. It is said that the beautiful quality and smooth glaze of American papers are primarily due to the use of this mineral.

In a lecture upon Wrought Iron lately delivered by Mr J. S. Gardner at the Society of Arts, attention was directed to the great superiority of medieval ironwork to that of the present day. The lecturer was inclined to attribute this to the circumstance, that in the middle ages important work of this kind was intrusted only to men who had an aptitude for it. If the right man could not be had, the work was not executed except in a very simple form. But if a skilled workman were forthcoming, the design, or at anyrate its details were left to his own fancy. 'He was not fettered by estimates nor bound by time.' Yet, according to Mr Gardner, the work was more quickly done than it is now.

A very common error, and one which has again and again found its way into print, is that water when turned into ice is subjected to a kind of natural purification, by which it is at once rendered safe for potable purposes. That this theory is quite untenable has been more than once pointed out, but never more conclusively than by a Report lately made by the State Board of Health of New York. This Report contains the analysis of some ice taken from Onondaga Lake, into which lake is discharged the sewage of the city of Syracuse, amounting to five million gallons a day. Analysis proved that the ice contained about twelve per cent. of the sewage impurities dissolved in the same quantity of unfrozen water of the lake. The presence of bacteria in great abundance was also demonstrated, their growth being somewhat retarded, but by no means destroyed by the ice. There are numerous cases on record where dysentery and other diseases have been induced by the use of ice from impure water.

It was recently exemplified in the metropolis on the occasion of a suspected murderer being 'wanted' by the police, that the wide circulation of the man's photograph had no influence in procuring his arrest. Again, in France lately, a suspected man having come to the end of his money was compelled by hunger to enter a restaurant. In this house there happened to be sitting a policeman who had

in his pocket a portrait of the wretched man, and yet failed to recognise him. Do these failures indicate that the pictures were unlike those for whom they were intended?—or are the police of both countries very unintelligent members of the human family? We are inclined to think that the explanation of the problem may be found in an unexpected direction. The cheap photographs taken by itinerant operators 'while you wait' give a reversed image of the sitter. This he does not detect himself, for he is used to see his face thus reversed every time he looks in a mirror. But such a likeness—and such likenesses often form the original from which copies are multiplied for police use—conveys a very different idea to a stranger. We may add that the difficulty could easily be obviated by again reversing the image in the operation of copying the photograph.

A valuable application of photography, but one which is not used so much as might be wished, has been adopted by an American Company for the preservation of valuable manuscripts against loss by fire. The method has the merit of extreme compactness, so that trouble in storage and handling is reduced to a minimum. The method simply consists in copying the pages, with all the interlineations, corrections, &c. on a reduced scale of two inches per page. These leaflets are perfect, although, so small, and can easily be made legible when magnified. We may remind our readers that a similar expedient was adopted during the last siege of Paris, when the whole of a newspaper was reduced to such tiny dimensions that the copy could be contained in a quill. This quill was fastened to the tail feathers of a pigeon, the only kind of bird which could escape from the French capital at that time.

The United States Fish Commission print a very interesting Report on Hawaiian Fishing Implements and Methods of Fishing, which contains a curious account of the method adopted for securing the octopus. The smaller kinds are caught in shallow water by women, who accomplish the work with considerable skill; but the larger kinds of octopus are dealt with by the men. The bait is a cowrie, the shell of which must be of a particular shade of colour, to tempt the octopus from its hole. Arrived at the fishing-ground, the fisher, after chewing some candle-nut, ejects it from his mouth into the water, so that the oil will insure a glassy surface, through which the man can watch his prey. The line with cowrie attached is then dropped into the water, and seized by the octopus, which will generally closely hug it and coil itself all round it. The line is then drawn to the surface, and the octopus is killed by a blow from a club between the eyes. This blow has to be given with skill, or the creature may prove to be a very dangerous foe. It is stated in this Report that the amputation of one or more of the eight arms of this unattractive creature does not in the least affect the efficiency of the remainder.

According to the will of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth, those of the pictures he has collected which have been painted by Members or Associates of the Royal Academy, are, after the death of Lady Whitworth, to become the property of the Manchester Corporation.

The American government have recently sent to this country a large consignment of fish-ova, that of the Whitefish (*Coregonus albus*), which are destined for the hatchery at Delaford Park. It is believed that this valuable food-fish will thrive well in the waters of the United Kingdom, and more especially in the Scottish lakes, which are well adapted to the natural necessities of the fish in question. The experiment is one which will be watched with great interest, for, if it is successful, it will indicate a very important addition to our food-resources.

The Tobacco trades section of the London Chamber of Commerce, in order to encourage the culture of the 'weed' in the British possessions, offer two prizes of fifty guineas each, to be awarded respectively to the best specimen grown in the United Kingdom, and for that produced in India or the colonies.

A paper upon Tobacco-growing in England, which was lately read by Mr E. J. Beale before the Society of Arts (London), gave some valuable information regarding the experimental tobacco-culture which took place near the metropolis last year. In summing up the results obtained, he asserted that successful culture must depend upon the observation of rules laid down by English experimentalists rather than by following the methods employed by other nations. With regard to the cost of tobacco-cultivation, he puts it at twenty-five pounds seven shillings and eight-pence per acre; which, if the produce yields fourpence a pound, would show a net profit of from ten to twenty-four pounds per acre. In the discussion which followed the reading of this paper, the wish was expressed that many would be induced to cultivate a small patch of tobacco, which could be done with sixpennyworth of seed. The wide experience thus gained would be most useful in determining the possibility of making the culture pay on a larger scale. We may add that such experimental growing of tobacco can now be prosecuted without taxation by going through certain formalities prescribed by the Revenue department.

The earthquake shocks with their lamentable death-roll which occurred in Southern France and Italy in February have reminded a contemporary that some of the greatest earthquakes recorded in previous years have taken place in the same month. In 1531, Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake which buried thirty thousand persons in the ruins. In 1703, an earthquake at Aquila, in Italy, killed five thousand persons. Eighty years later, Italy and Sicily were shaken by an earthquake which destroyed many thousand lives. In 1797, an earthquake in Central America destroyed forty thousand persons in one brief second of time; and lastly, in 1835, an earthquake took place in Chili which was of a most disastrous character. All these catastrophes took place in the month of February.

We have heard so much lately about swords and cutlasses supplied to the British army which are little better in quality than old hoop-iron, that we begin to lose faith in the vaunted excellence of British cutlery. But it would seem that the best of cutlers in this hemisphere can learn a good deal from the sword-makers of Japan. According to *Iron*, these men turn out weapons of the most marvellous character, not to be

matched by the blades forged in Damascus and Toledo, which have figured in so many stories of our boyhood. It is stated, as a not uncommon feat, that a Japanese soldier can cut a pig in two at a single blow, and that he can similarly divide bars of lead, and even of iron, without notching or injuring his sword-blade. A sword is also mentioned of such excellent quality that a floating leaf drifting against it while the blade is held in a stream will be cut in two. If it be the fact that the Japanese understand the tempering of steel so much better than we do in this country, the sooner that a few skilled artisans are sent out there to learn the methods adopted the better it will be for Britain in general, and for our military authorities in particular.

A steamship is about to be built by the Arrow Steamship and Shipbuilding Company of New York, which it is believed will leave the swiftest ship afloat far behind in point of speed, and which will, it is said, mark an era in the trans-atlantic trade. This ship, which is already named the *Pocahontas*, is to be constructed on an entirely new principle. It will carry no heavy goods, and the speed it is calculated to attain will enable it to cross the Atlantic in four days! The length of this unique vessel will be five hundred and forty feet, with a beam of forty feet, and a draught of twenty-five feet. The engines will be of twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-six horse-power, and will be fed by twenty boilers.

A simple seismometer, or measurer of earthquake shocks, has recently been suggested. It consists of a cup with four equidistant lips, filled with mercury. These lips should be placed so as to correspond with the point of the compass. The intensity of the shock can be gauged by the amount of quicksilver displaced, while its direction is indicated by noting the particular lip from which the metal dropped. The instrument must be fixed on a firm base, free from vibration caused by mere local circumstances, such as the passing of a heavy wagon, and it is evident that means must be adopted to prevent the evaporation of the mercury.

Liquids which are liable to great expansion with any rise in temperature cannot be safely stored in wooden casks. To meet this difficulty, Messrs Hein, Lehmann, & Co. of Berlin have recently introduced casks made of corrugated and galvanised iron. It is said that while these casks are much lighter than wooden ones, they are much stronger, and will last much longer. The corrugations are parallel with the hoops, which are tubular. These casks are now used for the transport of oils, spirits, and even beer. They will withstand an internal pressure of thirty pounds to the square inch.

The scheme for constructing a ship-railway across the isthmus which joins North and South America together as by a slender thread, will most likely sink into oblivion now that Captain Eads, its promoter, is dead. The scheme, of which we gave a detailed account in this *Journal* for October 3, 1886, was indeed a bold one, and if it had been suggested by any one but a successful engineer, would never have been listened to. Captain Eads maintained that a broad railway could be made which could carry ships of

the largest size from the Pacific to the Atlantic, or *vice versa*, at a far cheaper rate for construction and maintenance than a canal.

The American consul in Honduras in a recent Report speaks of the Pita plant which could be usefully applied to many manufactures, but which has never been cultivated. In Honduras, it grows up in such wild luxuriance on the banks of every river and lagoon which happens to be situated anywhere below an altitude of two thousand feet, that it can be had in abundance for the mere cutting of it. The natives make of it thread for sewing boots and shoes, nets, fishing-lines, hammocks and cordage generally, and a thousand other things. It has also been manufactured into handkerchiefs, laces, and ribbons. There seems, however, to be some little difficulty in separating the fibre from the plant without rotting or injuring it.

Mr J. H. Fisher of Dunfermline recently read an interesting paper, before the North British branch of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, On the Action of Freezing Solutions on Ice-cream Solutions. In the course of this paper, he showed how the employment of certain freezing mixtures in conjunction with the metal zinc, of which the machines are now commonly made, would lead to the formation of poisonous compounds, as well as to the early destruction of the metal-work. There have been cases of poisoning by cheap ices which might possibly be traced to this source; and although the author of the paper was careful not to state definitely that this was the case, he said that the symptoms exhibited by the sufferers closely agreed with those which would be due to poisoning by chloride of zinc. From its extreme cheapness, zinc is now largely employed in the manufacture of all kinds of utensils, and something of its chemistry and the nature of the compounds which act upon it should be widely known, in order to prevent disastrous consequences from its careless use.

A correspondent of the *Scotsman* says that Canada is furnishing another explorer for the search for the north pole in the person of Mr Alexander Macarthur, a former employee of the Hudson Bay Company, who started out on his northward trip from Winnipeg on the 20th February with only one companion. Sleighing is to be used until Norway House is reached, and dog-trains thence, proceeding due north to Fort Churchill. From that point he will make divergence to Chesterfield Inlet to see a New Bedford whaler wintering there, from which he hopes to gain some useful information, and by which vessel, on its return, he will forward the only communication to the world he leaves behind, until his return, as once past that inlet the dreary polar wilderness has to be entered. By the middle of May, Mr Macarthur expects to reach Boothia Felix, where the magnetic pole is situated, whence he will push forward through Somerset and Devon Land, keeping west of the Greely route, and in an entirely unexplored country. Mr Macarthur has served a long apprenticeship to semi-arctic life, and a fellow-official of the Company, well known in arctic discovery, Dr Rae, is a personal friend. He is well supplied with instruments, and trinkets for Eskimo trading, and he takes provisions for two months, after which the two explorers will

have to depend on their rifles for food. He expects to be absent three years; and the result of his enterprise will be awaited with patriotic pride by his Canadian fellow-countrymen, who hail the enterprise as undertaken by one of themselves well adapted for its hardships.

Brunel's steamship, the *Great Eastern*, the largest vessel ever built, and the construction of which cost half a million of money, has been sold to the London and Australian Steamship Company for the small sum of twenty-six thousand pounds. This Company is forming a fleet of steamers to trade between this country and the antipodes, and the big ship is to take her place in this service. To fit her for the duty, her cumbrous paddles will be removed, and the whole of her machinery renewed in favour of more modern patterns. The work of renovation is in the hands of the Fairfield Ship-building Company of Glasgow, and the cost of the projected improvements is estimated at one hundred and sixty thousand pounds. It is expected that a speed of twenty knots will be attained by the vessel when these works have been carried out. If we remember rightly, her old speed was only fifteen knots, a rate of progress which much disappointed her gifted designer.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

UTILISATION OF NATURAL GAS.

An experiment of singular interest has just been brought to a successful issue in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., which may possibly in the near future cause a revolution in public economy in the coal districts of the United Kingdom. We refer to the practical utilisation of natural gas both for domestic and industrial requirements. Thus, in Pennsylvania the natural-gas region covers an area of about four hundred square miles; the gas lies immediately below the clay-beds, and a tapping of the reservoir is the only labour required to procure a steady supply of first-class gas. The pressure is generally found to be very great, something between five and six hundred pounds to the square inch; a serious drawback if it be wanted for immediate domestic use; but, on the other hand, this high pressure enables the gas to be conducted in eighteen-inch tubes great distances without any additional mechanical contrivance. Methods have also been found for aerating the gas with oxygen, in order to reduce its pressure and quality when necessary. The great centre of manufacture in this region, Pittsburgh, is now almost entirely supplied with this gas, even factories working with it, and thus economising their heavy outlay in coal. The operatives and inhabitants generally also benefit by this new discovery, every house being supplied with a practically unlimited supply of gas for lighting and cooking purposes at a merely nominal rate per annum; for the gas is so plentiful and easily got at, that public opinion would not tolerate its being sold by measure.

It is conjectured that these vast accumulations of natural gas are derived from the petroleum springs; but as the gas and petroleum districts are quite distinct, and some little distance apart, and, moreover, coal-mines—anthracite and

bituminous—are within or quite near the gas region, it is quite as likely that this natural gas is nothing more than after-damp, or a product of after-damp, which has escaped from the coal-beds and old unworked pits and galleries. Should this latter conjecture prove to be a correct solution of the as yet unsolved mystery, it will at once be seen that in England, Scotland, and Wales we may also possess vast natural gas regions. It would then only be necessary to discover the whereabouts of the subterranean gas deposits, when artesian wells could be sunk, and the gas brought to the surface ready for immediate use. The practical benefits of such a discovery would be immense; for not only would there be an enormous saving in fuel, but one of the great drawbacks of the manufacturing districts of our country, the stifling, life-destroying pall of smoke, would be greatly diminished, if not entirely done away with. This would be a great gain. But to counterbalance the boon, it would probably be found that after some length of time the consumption of the gas would produce more or less severe land depressions or subsidings, like those in our salt districts, and as they expect in the neighbourhood of Pittsburg. There is yet another drawback to the discovery of vast reservoirs of these gases in our country—such discoveries would be likely to be serious blows to the mining industries, as less coal would be consumed in the immediate neighbourhood of natural-gas tapings. However we must recollect that any serious revolution in industrial economy invariably brings a certain amount of hardship in its train; nevertheless, this should be no valid reason against practical steps being taken to ascertain whether we cannot imitate our transatlantic cousins.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR GUTTA-PERCHA.

The public will be gratified to learn, from a Report in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of British Guiana*, that an admirable substitute for gutta-percha has been found in the milk-like secretion, or juice, of the Bullet Tree (*Mimusops balata*). Dr H. Muller had submitted a sample of this curious tree to an india-rubber manufacturer, who said that he treated it as a superior kind of gutta-percha; but it appears that it is a distinct substance altogether, being much softer at ordinary temperatures, and not so rigid in cold. It also possesses the great advantage of not becoming brittle when exposed to light and air, whilst the property of insulating for electricity is said to be equal to gutta-percha. Balata has been known for the last twenty-five years, but never has gained any commercial importance until recently. In 1882, upwards of one hundred thousand pounds were brought to the English market, commanding a price of one shilling and threepence per pound. It is collected chiefly on the Canjé River, which falls into the Berbice River, between the Amazon and the Orinoco. The tree often reaches the height of one hundred and twenty feet, and grows with a fine spreading head. The trunk is sometimes sixty or seventy feet long, and four to five feet in diameter; but the majority are not nearly this size. Specimens of the tree seem to be plentiful throughout the region named.

A SHIP-CANAL FOR BRUSSELS—CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF PEREKOP.

Paris and Manchester having both resolved on a ship-canal, it now appears that Brussels is determined not to be behindhand, and therefore a proposal has been made to the municipality to construct a ship-canal to the Scheldt, having a depth of six and a half metres, with quays sufficiently capacious to allow twenty ships, of two thousand five hundred tons each, to unload or load; and the whole is to be connected with the great Belgian lines of railway. The scheme is a bold one; but the Company who will undertake it—if it is carried out—is an English one, and the contractors and workers will doubtless be English too.

Whilst on this subject, we may mention that such another scheme is about to be attempted in South Russia, by the cutting of a canal across the Isthmus of Perekop, to connect the Sea of Azov with the waters of the Black Sea. By this plan, a saving of one hundred miles of very rough sailing will be effected, and more especially the dangerous passage of Kertch, which in winter is constantly closed by ice. It is supposed that the making of this canal will greatly improve the coal and salt trades of Donetz and Odessa, which alone, in a commercial point of view, is a matter of the highest importance.

BOAST NOT OF TO-MORROW.

The Lark said: 'Lo! the winter has gone by;
Buds will be bursting; I shall greet the spring;
The snow has vanished, and bright days are nigh;
I soar into the blue, my song to sing.'
But ere he plumed his wings for happy flight,
Deep snow came down, and veiled the fields in white.

The Floweret said: 'In this warm, sheltered nook,
My blossom I will spread before the sun,
And he will smile on me with gladsome look.'
But the dear floweret, ere the day was done,
Shrivelled before the north wind's frosty breath,
Trembled, and closed her bright-blue eyes in death.

The Maiden said: 'My true love is away;
But soon his ship will come across the foam,
And life will then be lovely, bright, and gay,
And blessed days will gladden our fair home.'
But as she dreamt her happy dreams and smiled,
His barque went down at midnight dark and wild.

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THE QUEEN'S CORONATION.

THE most complete and graphic account of the coronation of our present gracious Queen is to be found in the special issue of *The Sun* newspaper of Thursday, June 28, 1838. This special issue reached at least a thirty-sixth edition, and continued to be reprinted and sold up to September, and perhaps later. Its first and fourth pages are printed in gold, and the first contains a medallion of Her Majesty twelve inches in diameter. The extraordinary circulation which this copy secured, and the commendation which it received from contemporary prints, show that it was considered at the period to have marked a notable advance in journalism. The thirty-sixth edition of a newspaper is perhaps unique; and a particular copy being reprinted from June to September is in itself a remarkable instance of newspaper longevity. The price of this copy of *The Sun* is not stated; but there is a notice to the effect that 'the immense expense we have incurred in preparing the present copy of *The Sun*, which we willingly give to our subscribers at the usual price, will prevent us from selling it to non-subscribers at the same rate. Its beauty, however, is so great, that we are sure the public who will be desirous of possessing such an extraordinary specimen of the art of printing will be willing to pay the sum which we shall find it necessary to demand to cover our expenses.'

The editor informs his readers that they may form some idea 'of the exertions and expense necessary to attain our object,' when it is stated that it has 'required the united labour of three large establishments, comprising between two and three hundred persons,' to produce this issue. At the same time, he is able to congratulate himself that the exertions of his staff were not in vain, for 'the very handsome manner in which three of our morning contemporaries have done us the honour to speak of the specimen we laid before them, is an earnest of the praise we hope to deserve from the public at large.'

In order not to interrupt the direct narrative,

it may be as well to refer here to the proceedings in the House of Commons on the morning of the coronation. The House met at seven. At nine o'clock the Speaker entered in his robes, the Serjeant carrying the mace, and wearing all his orders. At that time there were upwards of four hundred members present; and it never was our fortune to witness a finer or grander scene than when the members all rose to receive the Speaker as he proceeded to the chair. The intermixture of the various uniforms and court dresses formed as beautiful a *coup d'œil* as could possibly be witnessed.' The House of Lords is not mentioned on this occasion.

At seventeen minutes past three o'clock on the morning of the 28th of June, a royal salute of twenty-one guns awakened the citizens of London to the fact that 'the sun was then rising upon the joyous day when the crown of these great realms was to be placed upon the head of the most popular and beloved sovereign that has wielded the British sceptre since the days of Alfred.' By four o'clock, the streets were so thronged with passengers and pedestrians that they were in many places impassable, and the whole population seemed to have poured out in the direction of the Park and the Abbey. Even so early as six o'clock, the Green Park, the Mall, and the inclosure in St James's Park were filled with persons of all ranks, eager to scramble for places. Their efforts were premature; for the police and military made their appearance on the scene, and by degrees the crowds were compelled to retire within the inclosure and down the Mall. Squadrons of Life-guards, a troop of Lancers, and a company of infantry, with general officers and their brilliant staffs, occupied the open spaces. The roof of the northern projection of Buckingham Palace was covered with people; whilst on the top of the Triumphal Arch were stationed two sailors, 'of remarkably fine figure,' who were in charge of the flagstaff upon which the royal standard was to be hoisted on Her Majesty's departure from the palace. About eight o'clock, the band of the Life-guards struck up *God save the Queen*, and

played at intervals till the commencement of the procession. The carriages of those who were to take part in the cavalcade took their places according to the prescribed order, those of the foreign ambassadors in the south walk, and the royal carriages in the north walk of the Mall.

Of the foreign ambassadors, the most popular was Marshal Soult (Duke of Dalmatia), ambassador extraordinary from France. The marshal was loudly cheered as he passed along the line. His carriage created far more interest than that of any other ambassador. Its colour was a rich cobalt relieved with gold; the panels were superbly emblazoned with the marshal's arms. The carriage had side-lights, then considered unusual, and four elegant lamps, ornamented with the ducal coronet, of rich silver. The raised cornice was of silver, higher and more elaborately chased than that of any other vehicle in the cavalcade; and at each of the four corners was a ducal coronet of large dimensions. The lining of the interior was a rich nankeen satin, relieved with scarlet; the hammercloth was of blue broadcloth, trimmed with nankeen gimp and tassels. This elaborate structure was drawn by two horses. The liveries were of a drab colour, with a rich figured lace. The carriage of the Duke de Palmella was of a brilliant green relieved with silver; that of Count Gustave de Lowenhielm, of a rich lake; that of the Marquis de Brignole, of deep chocolate relieved with white. There was, therefore, no monotony of colour in these elaborate conveyances. Her Majesty's state carriage was covered with scarlet silk Genoa velvet embroidered with gold; the badges on each side and back, the fringes, ropes, and tassels, being of the same precious metal. 'We understand that it cost one thousand pounds,' says *The Sun*, and what foreign ambassador could come within a long distance of that?

The early morning was dark and gloomy. Some rain fell, 'which, though it damped the apparel, neither damped the spirit nor the expression of the loyalty of the vast assemblage.' By ten o'clock the clouds dispersed, and the sun shone out in full summer strength and radiance. At length the signal was given that Her Majesty had departed from the palace. At a quarter past ten, the royal standard was raised amidst enthusiastic shouting. At half-past ten the royal carriage passed Apsley House. Whilst passing through St James's Street, a short delay took place in consequence of one of the traces giving way, so that it was not till thirty-two minutes past eleven that Her Majesty reached Westminster Abbey.

The streets through which the procession passed were not only crowded, but every window was filled with spectators, and every housetop occupied. Huge platforms had been erected all along the line in front of the clubs and business premises for the accommodation of those fortunate enough to secure places. These were festooned, and branches of evergreens were interspersed, so as to give the whole a very pleasing appearance, which was much heightened when they were filled with beautiful and smiling happy faces. The largest structure was that erected opposite the Reform Club, which afforded room to no fewer than six hundred ladies and five hundred members and their friends. The Ox-

ford and Cambridge Club afforded seats to six hundred members; and the Carlton, a similar number. These establishments provided wines and refreshments during the day, which, we are told, 'were brought into requisition to a great extent; and many were the sincere aspirations breathed forth for the happiness, the long life, and prosperity of her who engrosses the attention of all Europe at the present moment.'

Within Westminster Abbey, the scene was striking and magnificent. The great body of the spectators were congregated in the nave, along the sides of which galleries were constructed, arranged in the form of an amphitheatre, with ten rows of benches, rising one above the other, and calculated to hold at least fifteen hundred persons. Very shortly after five o'clock, the hour at which the Abbey opened, these galleries began to fill, and by seven were crowded. Naval and military officers were there in their uniforms, clergymen in their canonicals, civilians in endless variety of apparel, the sombre black of the men being relieved by the countless hues which marked the dresses of the ladies. The patience of the spectators was severely tested by a six hours' waiting, relieved, however, by watching the progress of the more distinguished personages as they proceeded up the nave towards the choir, where they had their stations. Now, it was a judge; then, a peer arrayed in coronation robes of crimson velvet edged with ermine, and coronet in hand; again, it was a noble dame with splendid flowing train, followed by her daughters, whose charms needed not the aid of the gems that glittered upon their persons. Or perhaps it was some foreign ambassador, whose strange and costly dress attracted the attention of all gazers for a while. At half-past nine, a loud cheer was heard outside, and a few minutes after, the Duke of Wellington entered, to be greeted with enthusiastic applause.

When Her Majesty arrived at the west entrance of the Abbey, attended by the Princes and Princesses of the blood-royal, the party was received by the great officers of state, the noblemen bearing the regalia, and the bishops carrying the patina, the chalice, and the Bible. Her Majesty was led to the robing chamber, constructed on the right of the platform outside the entrance. At a quarter to twelve, the procession advanced up the nave, the choristers singing the anthem, 'I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord,' &c. The Prebendaries and Dean of Westminster led the way, followed by officers of the royal household, the Archbishops of Armagh and York, the Lord Chancellor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Then came the Princesses of the blood-royal, the noblemen appointed to carry the regalia, then the Princes of the blood-royal. Immediately preceding the sovereign were the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England; the Duke of Wellington, Lord High Constable of England; Viscount Melbourne, bearing the sword of state; the Duke of Richmond, bearing the sceptre with the dove; whilst the Duke of Hamilton, as Lord High Steward, bore the crown; and the orb was borne by the Duke of Somerset. Then followed the Bishops of Bangor, Winchester, and Lincoln.

The Queen walked between the Bishop of

Durham on the right, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells on the left, the train being borne by eight young ladies. Her Majesty proceeded up the aisle, and on being recognised, was hailed with a loud burst of applause, which was speedily repressed. The youthful sovereign displayed perfect self-possession, united to a dignity and gentleness that won all hearts.

In the centre of the Abbey there had been erected a platform, ascended by four steps, covered with claret-coloured drapery, on which were placed the chair of state, a litany chair with faldstool, and the throne or coronation chair, the well-known wooden chair preserved in King Edward's Chapel, with the Stone of Scone under the seat. The Queen ascended the platform and took her seat on the chair of state, the bishops standing on either side; the noblemen bearing the swords of state took up their position on the right hand, the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Lord High Constable on the left, the noblemen bearing the regalia standing near, the train-bearers being behind the throne.

Upon the conclusion of the anthem, the Archbishop of Canterbury, together with the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal, advanced to the east end of the platform, where the Archbishop made the recognition in the following words: 'Sirs—I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of the realm; wherefore, all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?' These words were repeated at the north, west, and south sides, during which Her Majesty remained standing by her chair, and turned towards the people in each direction at which the recognition was made, the people replying with loud acclamations of 'God save Queen Victoria;' and when this ceremony was concluded, the trumpets sounded and the drums beat. The Archbishop then proceeded to the altar and stood at the north side. The Queen, attended by those already mentioned, approached the communion rails, and kneeling, made her first offering of an altar-cloth of gold, which was placed on the altar, followed by an offering of an ingot of gold of one pound-weight, which was placed on the oblation basin.

After a short prayer, Her Majesty arose, and, attended as before, went to the chair of state. The regalia were then placed on the altar, and the Litany proceeded with. At the conclusion of the Litany, the Sanctus was sung, after which the Archbishop began the Communion Service, the Bishop of Rochester reading the Epistle, and the Bishop of Carlisle the Gospel. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, who took for his text 2 Chronicles xxxiv. 31. The sermon being concluded, the Archbishop advanced and ministered the questions to the sovereign prescribed by the service. These being answered, Her Majesty went to the altar, where, kneeling at the rails, and laying her right hand on a copy of the Gospels, she took the Coronation Oath, kissed the book, and set her sign-manual to a copy of the oath. The Queen then returned to the chair, and *Veni Creator Spiritus* was sung by the choir. At the conclusion of the hymn, the Archbishop read the prayer, 'O Lord, Holy

Father, who by anointing with oil didst of old make and consecrate kings, priests, and prophets, &c. Then the choir sang the anthem, *Zadok the Priest and Nathan the Prophet*, at the commencement of which the Queen rose from the chair, and advancing to the altar, laid aside her crimson robe, and proceeded to and sat down on the throne or St Edward's Chair, where the ceremony of anointing was performed. Four Knights of the Garter held over the Queen's head a rich pall of cloth of gold; the Dean of Westminster poured some of the consecrated oil from the *ampulla* into the anointing spoon, with which the Archbishop anointed Her Majesty on the head and hands in the form of a cross, pronouncing the words, 'Be thou anointed,' &c. The Archbishop then read the next of the appointed prayers, after which the Queen resumed her seat in St Edward's Chair.

The Lord Great Chamberlain receiving the spurs from the Dean, knelt down and presented them to Her Majesty, who returned them, to be laid again on the altar. Lord Melbourne, carrying the sword of state, now delivered it to the Lord Chamberlain, receiving another in a purple scabbard, which he delivered to the Archbishop, to be laid on the altar. An appropriate prayer having been said, the Archbishop, attended by all the other dignitaries of the Church, took the sword, and delivered it into Her Majesty's hands, by whom it was returned, to be laid on the altar. This sword was then redeemed by Lord Melbourne for one hundred shillings, and was carried unsheathed during the remainder of the ceremony. Her Majesty was then invested with the mantle of cloth of gold. The Archbishop presented the orb, which was returned, and laid on the altar; then placed the ruby ring on the fourth finger of the Queen's right hand. The Duke of Norfolk presented a glove for the right hand, embroidered with the Howard arms, which Her Majesty put on. The sceptre with the cross or royal sceptre, and the sceptre with the dove or rod of equity, were then delivered.

The Archbishop, then standing before the altar, took up St Edward's Crown, and blessing it with the prescribed prayer, advanced, attended by the dignitaries, and placed it on Her Majesty's head. The people shouted 'God save the Queen!' and immediately the peers and peeresses present put on their coronets; the bishops their caps; and the kings of arms their crowns; the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the Tower and Park guns were fired. When the plaudits had ceased, the Archbishop pronounced the exhortation, 'Be strong and of good courage,' &c.; and the choir sang the anthem, *The Queen shall rejoice*, &c.

The Archbishop then presented the Holy Bible and pronounced the benediction. The *Te Deum* was then sung, at the commencement of which the Queen removed to the chair on which she first sat, attended by the chief officers as before. At the conclusion of the *Te Deum*, the Queen was led to the throne by the Archbishop, and all the noblemen on the platform ranged themselves about the steps of the throne. After a short exhortation from the Archbishop, the Queen returned the sceptres to the two noblemen from whom she had received them, and then the ceremony called the Homage began. The Archbishop knelt before the Queen, accompanied by

the other prelates, and said the words of homage, the others repeating the same after him. The Archbishop and the Lords Spiritual then kissed Her Majesty's hand and retired. The Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge ascended the steps of the throne, and taking off their coronets, repeated the words of homage, then severally touched the crown and kissed Her Majesty's left cheek. The Dukes and other peers thereupon performed their homage, the senior of each degree pronouncing the words, and the rest of each degree saying after him; and each peer of the same degree successively touching Her Majesty's hand and then retiring. During this ceremony, the choir sang the anthem, *This is the Day the Lord hath made*, &c., and the Treasurer threw about the medals of the coronation.

The patina and chalice with the bread and wine were now placed on the altar, and the Queen laying aside the crown, made her second offering of a purse of gold. The holy communion was then celebrated, all the officiating clergy and Her Majesty partaking of the elements. During the conclusion of the service, Her Majesty remained seated on the throne, wearing her crown and holding the two sceptres. When the benediction was pronounced, marking the conclusion of the religious service, Her Majesty, attended as usual, repaired to St Edward's Chapel, and laying aside the scarlet coronation robe, was arrayed in the robe of purple velvet, and received the orb from the Archbishop. In the meantime the procession was being re-formed. Everything being ready, Her Majesty proceeded to the door by which she had entered, wearing her crown, and bearing in her right hand the royal sceptre, and in her left the orb. The four swords were carried before the Queen as before; in fact, the same order was preserved, only that now all the noblemen and clergy were covered.

The procession commenced to leave the Abbey at twenty minutes to four o'clock; but Her Majesty did not get to her carriage till twenty minutes to five. The same enthusiasm which marked the approach to the Abbey now showed no diminution all along the return route. When the Queen had passed, the vast crowds slowly dispersed, having witnessed a display the like of which but few are ever destined to gaze upon again.

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE 'WINDSTREW.'

GABRIEL GOTHAM returned somewhat late to the Hall; he was exhausted; it was not often that he took so much exercise, and was away from his house so long; but he was pleased with himself; he chuckled and rubbed his left hand over the back of the right, which held the walking-stick. As he came in at his gates, he met Mr Cornellis, hardly recovered from his agitation caused by the interview with his daughter.

'Where is Josephine? I want her,' said Gabriel.

'I do not know where she is. I have had

a talk with her. I am incensed. I have had to reprimand her pretty sharply. She is inconsiderate, aggravating.'

'Come with me to the Platt. I must have some Curacao or Chartreuse, or cherry-brandy. I am fagged.—You look pale as well.'

The Platt was a square platform about seven feet high, built of brick, with a concreted top, to which a flight of steps led from the garden. It was said to have been originally a winnowing-floor, when wheat was grown where now lay the Hall gardens. Here, advantage was taken of the breeze from off the water to clear the corn of the husk. Such platforms still exist in different parts of England, and in the west are called Windstrews. They occupy a high situation, exposed to every breeze. Here, it was near the sea, because the air always stirred there, even when, at a rifle-shot inland, it was calm. This windstrew would probably have been broken down, and the bricks used for other purposes, had not the proprietors of the Hall considered it a pleasant spot on which to sit when the weather was hot, and enjoy the cool air off the water, and see the boats coming in or going out with the tide. It went now by the name of the Platt, whatever its former designation had been, Platt being perhaps a contraction for platform. It adjoined the garden wall, and occupied an angle in it, the wall rising just high enough above the platform to serve as a back to benches. On the garden side it was unrailed. The steps ran up the side of the wall to it. At the bottom of the steps was the garden wicket-gate, almost invariably fastened.

'Where is Josephine? I want to speak to Josephine,' said Gotham again.

'I do not know where she is. She has left me in one of her tantrums. I had to speak decidedly; and she dislikes dictation: she is wayward as an unbroken filly.'

'Go into the house, Justin,' said the Squire; 'tell one of the servants to bring us glasses and the liqueurs to the Platt. I cannot bear up much longer. I am too hot to go indoors. If you see Josephine, send her to me.'

Mr Cornellis bit his lip, and obeyed. He did not like being ordered about by Mr Gotham; but he dared not show that he was annoyed. At this time, he was much ruffled. His interview with his daughter had disturbed him more than he showed. He was a man who hated opposition, and above opposition, a will as strong as his own, and a mind above being humbugged. He knew that he could not delude his daughter into submission, and now he was discovering that he could not browbeat her. Accustomed to the easy natures of his sister Judith and his cousin Gotham, he was provoked at encountering opposition in his own child. He had made his plans, and these plans were disturbed by the rebelliousness of Josephine. He wanted her to marry Captain Sellwood, partly because he desired to be free from the encumbrance of his child, and partly because he could rely on Captain Sellwood not troubling him about Josephine's fortune, which he had spent. An energetic and greedy son-in-law might make matters unpleasant for him. The Sellwoods were too comfortably off to care for a small jointure, and too gentlemanly and well connected to have

recourse to law, and so expose his conduct to public notice. If they found he had behaved badly, they would hush up the matter in the family interest. His plan was, as soon as Josephine was settled, to saddle her with Judith, and himself depart, and do the best he could for himself with what money he got out of the Insurance Company, till Gabriel Gotham's death put him in possession of the Hanford estate. This event could not be far distant; the wretched Squire was failing rapidly, and as he failed, drank more, and dosed himself with larger portions of narcotics. He was now half imbecile, and his brain would certainly soften, and paralysis ensue very speedily. For a while, Mr Cornellis had been uneasy because Gabriel would speak of the past, and revert, especially in his maudlin moods, to the wrong he had done to Bessie and her son.

'Pshaw!' said Cornellis. 'If every one of us took to heart the faults of his youth, as you do, none of us would come to gray hairs. Your father and uncle made the woman a good offer; she refused it, and with that the matter came to an end. You are quit.'

But this did not wholly satisfy Gabriel. The recollection of his treachery haunted him, and he took to liqueur-drinking and opiates, as much to still the voice of self-reproach as to lull the nervous pains he felt.

If Bessie Cable had not lived in the same place, it would have been better for him. The occasional sight of her and of her son renewed in him the stings of conscience. But though he felt these stings, he was too cowardly and weak to redress the old wrong.

Bessie had stood in the way of his marrying. At one time, he had visited a neighbouring Squire and paid attention to his daughter—one of his daughters; and because the Squire had five sons and six daughters, and his estate was heavily burdened, he would have been glad to dispose of one of the girls to the owner of Hanford. Miss Wakeham also, knowing herself to be slenderly provided for, would have accepted him. Gabriel rode over twice a week to Woodley Park, and walked and flirted with Miss Wakeham; but just as every one supposed he was about to declare himself, Bessie Cable reappeared in Hanford, and Gotham became frightened. He expected that she would repeat the story of his conduct to her, if he proceeded; and he hung back, ceased to visit Woodley, and remained an old bachelor.

Would Bessie have interfered? He never knew. She, perhaps, herself was undecided how to act. But he resolved not to risk the unpleasantness such a disclosure would cause. He was certain that the Wakehams would refuse the connection, if it came to their ears; they were a somewhat pinched, but a proud family.

The conduct of Gabriel to Miss Fanny Wakeham was commented on, and was the occasion of some coldness between the Wakehams and him; but when she, after a twelvemonth, married a Baronet, and became Lady Brentwood, this coldness disappeared; the Wakehams were even grateful to Mr Gotham that he had withdrawn his pretensions. The vanity of the man was enhanced by the marriage of Miss Fanny, and he liked to boast to Cornellis and other inti-

mates of his old flame, Lady Brentwood, by whom, by George! he was nearly caught; but hearing that she had a deuce of a temper, he had been wise enough to cry Hands off.

Justin Cornellis had gained his power over Gabriel Gotham at first by his knowledge of the secret which imbibed the life of the latter. He knew it, because it was a family secret; consequently, Judith also knew about it. But Cornellis did not know that there was a son, and that mother and son lived in Hanford, till he came there and took and inhabited Rose Cottage. When the Cornellis family came to Hanford, Gotham was disturbed in mind lest the story should get out by their indiscretion. He was just then desirous of being made a Deputy-Lieutenant for the county, and a Justice of Peace; and he knew that it would be fatal to his chance, were the scandal to get wind; so he cringed to Cornellis, and offered him a loan of money, were he in want of temporary accommodation, as many a man is when buying a house and fitting it up. Cornellis soon got the upper hand of the Squire, and maintained such a hold on him, that, as Justin supposed, Gotham was unable to act in any way without him. He did not refrain from jesting about the boatman's lass Bessie, the very old girl who had taken advantage of the inexperience of the young Squire; and to sneer at the lout of a son, and his marriage with the servant from the rectory. Cornellis did not see that he was overshooting his mark. His contemptuous jests about the Cables recoiled on and hurt Gotham. If Bessie were such a despicable creature, what a fool Gabriel himself must have been to take up with her; if the son were such a booby, the father must have been a poor creature. Gotham did not like the jokes of Cornellis; they galled him, and wrought in him great bitterness against his cousin; and sometimes, when he was alone, it boiled up, and he clenched his fists and gnashed his teeth at the thought of the man who had become indispensable to him, but whom he hated. Cornellis did not consider that a weak man is a man on whom you can never lean; he is always devising some meanness whereby he can deceive those upon whom he fawns and to whom he clings. In playing a game with a stupid man, the faculties become lulled; we think we know exactly what moves he will make, and we are beforehand ready to countermove. But it sometimes happens that stupidity simulates genius, because it sinks to depths beyond calculation, and surprises us by a step for which we were quite unprepared. Mr Cornellis over-estimated his own power, and undervalued the parts of the Squire. He had no suspicion that Gabriel regarded him with mistrust.

Mr Gotham seated himself on the seat, with his back to the wall, on the raised windstrew, took off his hat, and removing slowly his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his head with a shaking hand. His weak eyes were watering, his narrow forehead was covered with moisture. The evening was warm, and he was tired. He looked about him, at his garden and groves and terraces. What a pretty place it was! Yet he hardly enjoyed it. He had a conservatory, and bought for it rare plants, not that he cared for them,

but that he might boast of the sum he had paid for this new orchid or that rare lily. He had a good stable, two hunters; but he rarely rode them, never hunted with them; all the pleasure he had from them was to talk about them and what they cost him. Some of his neighbours humoured him, but laughed at him in their sleeves. They humoured him for the sake of his subscriptions to the hunt and the balls, and because he gave good dinners. He was mean in some things, extravagant in others, as often happens with weak men.

Now, as he looked about him, he felt uncomfortable. The idea glimmered in his cloudy mind that he must before very long leave this pretty place, his greenhouses, his pines, his hunters, his cellars, his china. All would pass from him to another. He could see the church tower behind the trees. His walled garden adjoined the graveyard, and was believed to have been taken out of it; certainly, bones were dug up on the north side of it; but the strawberries along that bed were splendid. 'I wish the Chartreuse would come,' he grumbled. 'What is that fellow Justin about?—So; he has been talking of the changes he will make when I am dead, calculating on the improvements he will effect. My grapes—my muscatel house; I have been particular to have the muscat vines all together; you can't have the proper flavour where they are mixed. He'll be eating my pines when the worms are eating me! Shall he—shall he!' He uttered these last words aloud.

'Shall he!—Shall who?' asked Cornellis, ascending the steps, and taking his place on the other seat, at right angles to that occupied by Gotham. He had his back to the sea. He asked the question with indifference; he had no idea that it concerned himself.

'I—I have been unwell to-day; I have been thinking that my health is breaking up.'

'Pshaw! You are in low spirits. Breaking up! when you have been trotting about all the afternoon like a boy of sixteen. It is I, not you, who have cause to be in the dumps. I have been irritated past endurance by that daughter of mine. —Thank you, I will have green Chartreuse.'

'What has she been doing?'

'Doing! Will you believe it? She has refused Captain Sellwood!'

Mr Gotham's mouth opened, and he stared at Cornellis with feeble astonishment, mixed with amusement.

Cornellis remarked the latter, and said somewhat testily: 'There is nothing so funny about this. To me it is indescribably mortifying. He will have eventually fifteen thousand.'

'And she has, from her mother, about five hundred pounds in all,' said Gotham with a chuckle.

'Not so much; no—hardly four.'

'You have been very careful of it,' said Gabriel, crouching with his hands on his stick. His glass of Chartreuse was so full, and his hands so shaking, that he did not venture to raise the glass to his lips; he stooped to the table and put his mouth to the glass and sucked the brimming contents. He looked so mean and wretched as thus bent, with his bleary eyes on Cornellis, that the latter had difficulty in checking the

expression of contempt that began to curl his lips.

'Yes,' he answered; 'I have been a careful trustee.'

'So Josephine told me,' said Gabriel.

Mr Cornellis started, and the colour went out of his brow, which turned deadly white. The movement was so sudden, that Gabriel was frightened, and upset the glass with his nose or chin.

'There!' said he; 'I have spilt my glass before I have half drunk it. It cost me twelve shillings a bottle, and a bottle don't hold much; it is soon gone.'

Mr Cornellis considered whether he should ask what Josephine had said. He thought it best not to pursue the subject.

'Pour me out a little more,' said Gotham; 'my hand is unsteady.'

Whilst Mr. Cornellis complied, Gabriel said to him: 'So, Josephine has refused Captain Sellwood.'

'She told me so herself. It is monstrous!'

'There must be a prior attachment.'

Now, the hand of Justin Cornellis shook, and he spilled some drops on the little table. 'Prior attachment! Of course not. To whom could she be attached? Pooh! It is absurd.'

'What was that I heard about a meeting on the night of the fire?'

'Meeting! I know nothing about one.'

'Do you know what I have been doing to-day, Justin?'

'No, Squire.'

'I have been to Grimes and Newbold's dock, to see the vessel Josephine has bought, called after her name, and given to Richard.'

'Josephine cannot buy a boat. She has not the money; and I will see her at Jericho before I advance the requisite sum.'

'I have advanced it, Justin. You—you can repay me at your leisure out of Josephine's money.'

'You!' Mr Cornellis looked at him with astonishment. This mean little man had meddled to make mischief. 'Do you know what you have done?'

'I think I do know,' chuckled Gotham.

'I think you do not,' said Cornellis angrily. His face was becoming pale, and the lines in it hard, as if cut with a gouge in stone. 'I do not think you are aware that you have compromised my daughter's character. It was bad enough that she was on the lightship alone with that fellow; but this is worse. She gives him a vessel which she calls after her own name, and you help her, you encourage her to do so.'

'Why should she not?'

'I say, because she makes the tongues wag about her. Ever since that confounded affair of the lightship, she has been running in and out of the man's cottage.'

'And,' said Gabriel, 'she has met him at night on the seawall.'

'People will talk. There will be plenty of scandal floating. And do you expect me to put up with it?'

'Let them talk. Something may come of it, that would please me well.'

'What is that, Gabriel?' Mr Cornellis' cheeks

blanched, and his hands closed. He was very angry.

'Why should she not take him?' said Gabriel. 'She likes him well; of that I am sure, and that would satisfy me.'

'It would not suit me,' said Cornellis in a husky voice.

'It would suit me excellently, Justin, as you may see, for then I could leave what little I have to Josephine, and so Richard would get it. That would be a great satisfaction to my conscience, and—do not look at me in that strange way; I do not like it, Justin—I say it would just fit in with my wishes; no one would know who he was, and my conscience would be clear.'

'Is that what you intend?' exclaimed Cornellis, starting up, and leaning forward, his face livid, his lips drawn back, showing his white teeth. 'Is that it?—That you shall never do!'

Gotham staggered to his feet also, and shrank back; he was frightened at the ghastly face and malignant expression of Justin Cornellis.

'You dare to utter this to me!' said the missionary, and with his elbows drawn back, he took a step towards Gotham. 'I'll throttle you first.'

Gotham, trembling, let fall his glass of Char-treuse, and backed before the angry father, who suddenly thrust forth both his hands to grip him.

At that moment, up the steps of the windstrew came Richard Cable.

Gabriel Gotham uttered a feeble cry, whether of terror at the approach of Cornellis, or of surprise at the apparition of Cable, neither knew, and in a moment he fell headlong from the Platt upon the garden walk below.

THE DEATH-ROLL OF SNOWDON.

WE have lately had articles on the Death-roll of Mont Blanc (No. 137) and of the Matterhorn (No. 148). A few notes on the death-roll of Snowdon will show that life and limb can be risked and lost without going above the snow-line. The list of fatal accidents on the great Welsh mountain is not a long one, but we fear it is incomplete. A death on some world-famed Alp is telegraphed all over Europe, and finds permanent record in the literature of mountaineering. An accident on Snowdon is only noticed in a paragraph in the corner of a newspaper, and is soon forgotten. The Alps and the exploits of the Alpine Club have by comparison all but made our Welsh and Scottish mountains into molehills; and to talk of adventures among the *cwm*s and *bwlics* of Snowdon in those days, when mountaineers talk chiefly of *arêtes* and *crevasses*, *coulloirs* and *Bergschrunda*, is like writing about the deeds of pygmies in an age of giants. But the wild precipices and deep *cwm*s of Snowdon have had their tragedies, no less than the glaciers and rocks of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. Here are some of them.

The first on our list dates from forty years ago. The ascent of Snowdon was then looked upon as rather a serious affair, for it was before the age of Alpine Clubs. One wintry day in 1846, a clergyman—the Rev. H. Starr of Northampton—attempted the ascent from the side of Llyn-Cwellyn. His track lay along the bold rocky

spur of Clogwyn Ddu'r Arddu, to the north of the way now known as the 'Beddgelert ascent.' The day was dark and misty, and the local guides strongly urged him not to ascend. He appears to have gone up alone. He did not return; and next day, his friends, who were staying in the neighbourhood, had the mountain searched by parties of guides, but to no purpose. No trace was found of him till months afterwards. A man who was making the ascent saw his body lying on the rocks far down one of the bold rugged slopes of Clogwyn. The foxes had partly stripped the bones of flesh. This was clearly a case of an accident due to choosing a bad day and a track that is not easy to follow. Probably the unfortunate clergyman also increased the risk by venturing up alone. Even on such comparatively safe places as a Welsh hillside, two heads and two pair of eyes are better than one, when it is a question of picking out a track along the rocks in mist and darkness.

In 1859, there was another death on this same spur of Snowdon. A Mr Frodsham lost his way after dark on the track along the Clogwyn, fell over the rocks, and was killed. Another life was lost on the mountain in 1859, and a cairn of rough stones, near the Beddgelert path, on the hillside above the farm of Hafod Uchaf, still marks the scene of the sad event. A Mr Cox made the ascent of the mountain on a cold wintry day, when there was enough snow on summit and slope to justify its name. He appears to have gone up from the Llanberis side, accompanied by a single guide. He had evidently miscalculated his strength; very possibly he was in bad health, to begin with; but however this may be, as he came down the slope of the Llechog, he became exhausted with cold and fatigue. At last he told the guide he could go no farther, and sat down on the snow. The guide hurried down to the farm near which the path enters the road from Carnarvon to Beddgelert. There he got some food and drink, and carried them back to the place where he had left the tourist. But he found him dead. He had probably died in that state of sleep that comes on with terrible rapidity when a tired or exhausted man sits down unsheltered in the snow.

We find no further record of deaths on Snowdon for fifteen years, though this may be only the result of our search being incomplete. In 1874, a Mr Wilton lost his life on the bold northern face of the mountain. He fell down the rocks while attempting to ascend from Cwm-Glas to the ridge between Crib-Goch and the main summit. He was apparently trying to make out a new line of ascent for himself; but whether this was the result of ignorance or enterprise, we cannot say. Even on the Welsh hills, to leave the recognised tracks and attempt to make new ones will often lead the climber into dangerous positions. Even some of the lower hills have precipitous faces that have never yet been climbed, and probably never will be. The narrow summit ridge known as Crib-Goch has a bad name as a dangerous place, and the guidebooks say terrible things about it; but we can find no case of an accident actually occurring on this part of Snowdon, perhaps because most tourists avoid it. We have heard of some narrow escapes on the pass where the Beddgelert path runs for nearly

a quarter of a mile along a ridge between two precipitous slopes. In one case, when a lady was riding up the path on a Snowdon pony, led by a guide, the pony slipped. It held the ground with its forefeet for a moment, the guide helping it by seizing the bridle, while with his other hand he pulled the lady from the saddle on to the rocks. The next moment, the poor beast had lost its footing, and was rolling down the precipice into the great hollow below. But we have heard of no loss of human life on this narrow path, which is yearly traversed by hundreds of tourists. Nearly all the accidents seem to have occurred in comparatively easy places.

This was not the case, however, with the death of Mr Haseler in 1879. On the 26th of January, he left Pen-y-gwryd with a party of four other Birmingham gentlemen. All were good climbers; one or more were members of the Alpine Club, and they carried alpenstocks, ice-axes, and other helps to mountaineering. They ascended by the ridge of the Lliwedd, which is connected by a narrow rocky neck known as Bwlch-y-Saethau with the main mass of the mountain. From the Lliwedd the ridge descends rapidly to the Bwlch, or narrow pass; and beyond it the rocks rise very steeply to the summit of the mountain. At first sight, the place looks inaccessible; but even ladies have made the descent by this route. The north side of the Lliwedd and of Bwlch-y-Saethau is a sheer wall of rock some five or six hundred feet high, and in climbing to the summit from the Bwlch, one has on the right the bold precipice which overhangs the lake of Glaslyn. The party lunched on the Bwlch about one p.m., and then began the stiff climb to the summit. A narrative which was published in the *Times* by one of Mr Haseler's friends tells what followed: 'After a few yards, they reached a comparatively flat spot, where the question for discussion arose whether to the right or the left, when Mr Cox [apparently the leader of the party], an experienced Alpine climber, replied that there was really no choice in the matter but to go to the left, which course they all took, except the deceased, who went to the right. That was the last seen of him alive; but he was spoken with afterwards, for, in reply to an inquiry how he was getting on, he said: "I shall be with you directly." These were the last words he was heard to speak. The deceased was twenty-three years of age, had had some experience of Welsh and Scotch mountain-climbing; nevertheless, it is to be feared that he was too venturesome, as a short time previous to his disappearance he had been cautioned by Mr Bennett, himself an experienced Alpine climber, in words to this effect: "There is only one thing, Mr Haseler, to make you a good mountaineer, and that is, caution."'

His friends not knowing he had fallen over the precipice, completed the ascent, expecting to meet him on the summit. They descended on the Beddgelert side, a little anxious, but hoping to find he had got back to Pen-y-gwryd before them by the shorter route. When they did not find him at the hotel, a search was organised. All night long the search continued by lantern-light; but it was not till half-past nine next morning that one of the search-parties, below the great precipice that towers over Glaslyn lake, 'saw, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, that large patches of snow had

been discoloured by what proved afterwards to be blood; and as they drew nearer, they found the body of the deceased lying on the right side, dead and stiffened. His cap was a little distance from him; his knapsack was still at his back, with the straps loosened; his watch, without the case, dangling at his side, attached to a gold chain; and he had upwards of six pounds in his purse. The deceased had evidently fallen a distance of between five and six hundred feet, and must have been killed instantaneously.' His ice-axe was not found. It probably remained somewhere on the rocks above.

The accident is a terrible warning against dividing a party in a difficult place. The best policy for the leader of a party, when any one separates himself from it in such a position, is to halt, call the straggler back, and if he hesitates, tell him firmly that the party will not proceed till he rejoins it. For a man climbing by himself on a difficult slope, so slight an accident as a sprained ankle may lead to either a subsequent fatal fall, or a night of exposure and suffering. The first rule for mountaineers is, 'Keep together.'

The last fatal accident on our list can hardly be called a mountaineering accident, for it is of a kind much more common on the plain. On Sunday, September 23, 1884, a party of tourists from London and Lancashire, ladies and gentlemen, ascended Snowdon successfully. Whilst they were on the hill, clouds gathered, and a very severe thunderstorm broke over the summit. They took refuge in one of the huts on the mountain, but had hardly entered it when the lightning struck it, killing on the spot one of the party, Mr Livesey of Ashton-in-Mackerfield. The body was terribly burned. Perils of this kind seem to be very rare on our higher mountains. We do not recollect any other case of a climber being killed by lightning.

THE OLD MANSION.

For many years, at very uncertain intervals, the same dream came to me, with always the same curious haunting consciousness, when I awoke, that some day I should act over in reality in my waking life the scenes I pass through in the dream. I often wondered if such a thing could happen, long before I thought of, or understood, the curious subtle conditions of mind that oftentimes brought about such a result. The prosaic monotonous life I led made me doubt such a possibility, and also a nature that has little sympathy with the common forms of superstition. Yet, in spite of myself, the impression grew so strong and persistent at every recurrence of the dream, that I could not easily shake it off.

When quite young, I dreamt about the old mansion many times, without paying any particular attention to the fact, except to say to myself when waking: 'I have seen that old mansion several times before in my dreams;' or, 'There is my old house again.' Then months would pass, sometimes a year or two, without a return of the dream, and I would forget all about it; when suddenly I would have the same dream again, and each time with increasing vividness,

till I could sketch every door and window, and describe every room, staircase, and corridor, as if it existed in real life, instead of being a mansion in dreamland or a veritable castle in the air.

I dream I am walking up some rough steep steps by the side of a cornfield; the way is difficult and stony, but very beautiful, and I seem to smell the honey-sweet scent of red clover, and to hear the rustling of the wheat as the soft summer breeze passes over it; and I feel the warm sunshine as I walk slowly onwards. Suddenly, three steps are gone or broken; but looking upwards, I see they begin again, higher up. With a slight effort I spring forward, holding by the roots of a tree. I reach the steps, but feel myself sliding over again, when a man catches me and sets me on my feet. I turn to thank him; but he has gone so far off, I cannot follow in time. I mount to the top of the steps, and come upon a rising ground; and a few yards off stands the old mansion. Every window glitters in the sun, and there appear many of them. The mansion is of brown stone, one story high, with pointed gables, and great stacks of twisted chimneys, and sloping red roofs. The windows are heavily mullioned, with small diamond-shaped panes; and on every corner and projection are carved grotesque heads, and figures both of human beings and animals, strangely mixed with masonic symbols, cherubim's heads, and dancing demons. Several steps lead up to a pointed archway with quaint twisted pillars, ornamented with fantastic tracery. I seem to scan with ever-increasing interest the various carvings, and remember where to look for some particularly familiar face or figure that has taken my fancy. The door stands open; and before I go inside, I turn and look at the glorious country stretched before me, and ever the same objects meet my gaze—a soft sweep of turf, a deep hallow, and wide stretch of golden gorse in full bloom. The warm, soft perfume seems to reach me as the afternoon sunshine pours down. Around, on every side, are hills and woodland, and in the dim blue distance shines the sea.

As I stand, I think: 'Surely, from the upper windows I can see farther;' and I go through the doorway into a dusky old hall, and up a wide stone staircase with heavy twisted balustrades. I pass many doors that stand open; but the rooms are all empty, save for the warm dancing sunbeams that glint through the diamond-paned windows and cast curious shadows on the floors. Then I open a door at the end of a lofty corridor, and go into a long empty room with many windows; and I notice the soft glowing tones of colour that are cast on the walls and floor from the coloured glass, with which curious monograms are worked in the diamond-paned casements. I walk to one of the windows and open the casement, and sit down on the broad seat, and look out on the smiling country—the golden gorse, the rich woodland, and the glittering sea, where, as I watch, I see vessels passing to and fro. I am conscious of waiting for some one, and of that some one being long in coming; but I feel no impatience, only the intense peace and loveliness of the scene fill my mind. Then a distant door opens, and a tall girl in a straight black gown walks towards me. She has intense black eyes; and a long fleece of pale golden hair, tied with

a ribbon, flows over her shoulders. 'Have you found the boy?' she asks me in eager tone. I answer: 'No—not yet;' and with a sudden despair on her face, she turns round and leaves the room. Then I quit the house, and going down the steps again by the waving cornfield, suddenly awake.

Two months pass away, and again I dream I am wandering through the old mansion with a bright lamp in my hand. I go into all the rooms, and hunt in every closet and cupboard through all the wide corridors, and into the deserted kitchen and larders, down into underground vaulted passages and damp cellars; and finally come out in a long avenue of pine-trees, through which the night-winds sigh and sigh, and the moonlight gleams white and ghostly. Here I again meet the girl with the fleece of golden hair and strange black eyes, and again she asks me: 'Have you found the boy?' and again I answer: 'No—not yet.' And with a gesture of despair she walks away; and putting out the lamp, I awake.

For some days afterwards I had the curious feeling of waiting for something; then the work and worry of everyday life supervened, and the dream faded from memory.

Fifteen months afterwards I was on a visit to a friend in a busy bustling town. It was a large household, with a number of boys and girls from school, of ages varying from eight to sixteen, and cheerful active life constantly going forward—certainly nothing to induce any morbid condition of mind. But on the fourth night of my visit I was again at the old mansion. This time, I had approached it through a number of mean low streets, and passages full of stones and debris of various sorts. Rough men with picks and shovels stood aside for me to pass, and one told me to go up a dark staircase. I opened a door at the top, and again stood in the long room of the old mansion. The light was dim and faint that came through the diamond-paned windows, and I was deafened by the roar of machinery. In the growing dusk I could just discern hundreds of wheels of all sizes revolving in all directions, and so close did they seem, that I stood still, near to the door, lest I should be drawn into the midst and torn to pieces. I seemed to hear the whir and click of machinery quite distinctly. Suddenly, the whole room was ablaze with light, and the girl in black stood before me and said: 'Have you found the boy?' I answered: 'No—not yet.' Her hand fell on mine; and she led me through all the machinery, down the broad stone staircase, and out of the door; and before me was stretched the fair open sweep of country, the golden gorse, and the distant sea. I turned and looked at the quaint figures on the twisted pillars, the grinning apes and masonic symbols, the angels' heads and dancing demons, and as I said to myself, 'Here I am at the old mansion again,' I awoke.

It was a perfectly still dark night, or rather morning, for a distant clock struck three, and I heard the faint musical chime of the old English air, *Life let us cherish*. I turned over, and fell asleep again. It seemed but a minute or so, and back I was at the old mansion again; and standing in the door-porch was the girl in black. Fixing her strange eyes on me, she said: 'The

door is shut; but the boy is there; I saw him go in.—Hark! Do you not hear?' She laid her hand on my arm and listened; and there came inside the far-off laugh of a child and the babble of an old nursery rhyme; and pattering footsteps seemed to echo along the upper corridors and dance down the stone staircase, and stop.

The shining black eyes of the girl looked into mine, and again she said: 'The boy is there. You hear him? I am not mad!'

I answered: 'Yes, I hear; but we shall not find him yet.'

Then we both went into the hall, and searched through the rooms and corridors in every nook and cranny, even up on to the gutters of the sloping roof. The girl was always just a step behind me, and I seemed to feel her warm panting breath as she hurried along. As we neared the head of the great staircase, a door stood open that was quite new to me, and a long narrow passage with many windows was before me. Bright sunshine flooded the entire length; and dancing in the sunbeams was a slim, fair-haired boy, with bare feet, and quaint-cut velvet tunic, that might have belonged to a child of three instead of six or seven, as he appeared to be. I turned to the girl and said: 'Quick! There is the boy!' directing her attention towards him, when in a second the whole scene vanished, and nothing but the wall and staircase was there. In my vain endeavour to find the door again, I awoke. I sat up in bed and listened intently. It was still and dark—the stillness and darkness that precede the earliest dawning hour, and not the faintest indication of waking human life in the air. But I felt curiously tired and worn out, and ready to sleep again. It was with a sensation of relief I heard first one little sound of life, then another—the crow of a rooster, the clap of a distant gate, the bark of a dog, and finally, the servants moving about the house. I fell asleep again for some hours, and woke in broad daylight, refreshed. The recollection of the dream I had was still vivid; but morning sunlight had dispelled all the strange eerie feeling of early dawn. I had slept late, and came down with a ravenous appetite for breakfast; and in the talk and laughter of the young people, the effects of the dream wore off. Nor did it return till a year and seven months had passed, when a circumstance occurred that stamped it indelibly on my memory, and the first feeling of fear connected with it took possession of me.

I was staying at a quiet village farmhouse a few miles from the south coast. I had brought down a niece, who had been suffering from typhoid fever, a child of eight years old, not with any real hope of cure, but as a last resource of lengthening out the frail life a few months. For several days the child, Avis, seemed to improve and gain strength; then there was a sudden relapse. Soon fever set in, and it was plainly seen her days were numbered. I need not go through the details of the sorrowful period, but only relate the curious thing that occurred four days before our little Avis died. She was very restless, and it was with great difficulty sleep could be induced by natural means. It was a very hot night in July, still and breathless. My sister had been

with Avis for the greater part of the night; but between two and three she called me up, as the child wanted me to sing to her. For nearly an hour I lay by her side, with her little hands in mine, crooning over hymns, songs, anything I could remember. Then the languid blue eyes closed, and she slept quietly; and after watching the thin white face and short uneven breathing for some time I also fell asleep and—dreamed. I was again walking up the broken steps by the cornfield, in the warm sunshine, till I was standing in front of the door of the old mansion, and looking over the sweep of golden gorse, the lovely country, and the distant sea. I looked at the masonic symbols and curious heads round the doorway, before I went inside; then I ascended the old staircase. At the top stood the black-eyed girl. She said to me: 'You are come to help me to find the boy?' I answered: 'Yes, I have come.'

Together we seemed to go all over the house, in all the sunny rooms, and down the long corridors, and came back to the large room with diamond-paned windows, where the soft hues of the coloured glass in the casements gleamed on the floor in the sunshine; then at the top of the staircase, the girl cried out suddenly: 'There he is—there is the boy! Look! Oh, come!' And down the narrow passage comes the boy with yellow hair, dancing in the sunshine. Another moment, and it was all gone. There is only a blank wall in front of me, and the girl is tearing madly at the carved projections—and I awake, with a strange fear at my heart.

Little Avis is still sleeping, but flushed and restless; and as I watch her, she opens her eyes. There is a curious sharp ring in her voice as she says: 'Aunt, the little boy is shut up in the long passage; he is playing all by himself—dancing up and down. He has yellow hair, and no shoes on; and such a funny jacket. The tall lady can't find him, aunt. You must help her to find him, aunt. Won't you?' The eager blue eyes looked into mine so strangely, I was quite startled and unnerved at the singular coincidence of the dying child having had her mind and brain so curiously influenced by what I had just been dreaming.

I soothed Avis as best I could, and she again dropped into a doze, while I sat at the window and watched the sun rising over the hills, and thought strange things—grief for the waning life before me, sorrow for the parents, and an intense, eager longing for a better understanding of those strange glimpses we get of the border-land between sleeping and waking. Tennyson has expressed this feeling in one of his exquisite sonnets:

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in some confused dream
To states of mystical similitude.

Four days after, blue-eyed Avis fell asleep for the last time. She lies buried in the quiet churchyard of the village.

At the end of the month, my sister and her husband returned to London, leaving me a few days longer to finish some business details. I spent most of my evenings rambling about the pretty bypaths and lanes round the village, and

enjoying the lovely weather. Two or three days I went short railway journeys to the different places near. The day before I left, I intended to go down early to the little seaside town for the day, and started accordingly about ten in the morning; but, by curious mischance, mistook the train at the junction, and found myself quite in another direction, with no train back for two hours, when it would be too late for my destination. I felt vexed at first; but decided upon exploring the country where I was and making the best of the matter. The station was a mile from the nearest village, and the old guard on duty said: 'It was a nice old-fashioned village; and the Priory on Harne Hill was a queer ramshackle place that artist-folks came to paint every summer; maybe I should like to see it. There was another train back at six in the evening.'

I determined at once upon spending the day there; it did not much matter, as long as I was in the fresh air. I strolled leisurely along the mile of country road to the village, and found it just one of the loveliest, quaintest old places possible. Built on the side of a hill, its one long irregular street had almost all the cottages on one side, and on the other was a charming stretch of hill and valley. The curious little church stood on a rising ground, with the churchyard sloping on all sides. It was nearly surrounded by magnificent beech-trees, and was well cared for, and full of lovely flowers, roses in particular. I lingered in the church some time, examining the curious carvings and monuments. A grave-faced woman was busy sweeping and dusting; but she did not speak to me until I was leaving the building, when she asked respectfully if I had seen the inner chapel.

I had not noticed it; and she turned back with me, and passing by the choir stalls, opened an iron gate near the organ. 'It's the burial-place of the Harnes, ma'am,' she said as I entered.

Pure white marble monuments on every side, with delicately carved scrollwork and graceful flowers wreathed around them. The last new one struck me as singular and beautiful. It was in memory of 'ISOBEL HARNE, aged 22; and RUPERT HARNE, aged 8. "In death they were not divided."

Looking closely at the lovely wreath of carved flowers that decorated the marble cross, I found them to represent the gorse in blossom. In a flash came to me the remembrance of the haunting dream. Startled and trembling, I sat down on one of the tombs. The grave-faced woman said sadly: 'It's a pitiful tale about the poor young things buried there. The last of the Harnes they were.'

'Tell me about it,' I said eagerly; and the woman related the following story.

Twenty-eight years ago it is since Sir Rupert Harne took his wife, Lady Isobel, to Italy for the benefit of her health, which had been ailing since the baby Isobel was born. She never came back, but died at Florence. Not two years after, Sir Rupert married an Italian lady. There were several children of this marriage; but all died infants, till Miss Isobel was fourteen, when a son was born that cost the mother her life. Four years after, Sir Rupert Harne died, making his

daughter solemnly promise to take the boy to England and Harne Priory, and bring him up as an English gentleman.

In the meantime, a distant cousin, who was next heir, had been living at Harne Priory; and hearing all that was to be done in relation to the boy Rupert, suddenly shut up the house and disappeared, leaving only a man and his wife as caretakers.

Miss Harne and the little heir were expected every day, and every one wondered the Priory had not been made ready for them. One stormy March night, a lady and elderly woman with wild scared faces came driving up to the *Lion*; and the woman said it was Miss Harne from Italy—that they wanted some rooms; and in a terrible way with fright and grief they seemed. When their story was told, great was the commotion caused in the village. They had driven from the nearest station to the Priory, the young heir with them, and were much surprised to find no preparation or lights at the house. The boy's nurse got out of the fly and rang the bell and knocked many times. Then Miss Harne, getting impatient, also got out, and leaving the sleeping boy on the seat, went to the door and rang and knocked. The man in charge opened the door with a light in his hand, and he utterly refused to let them in or know anything about them. In vain Miss Harne protested and the nurse stormed. He shut the door in their faces, and locked and barred it after them. They returned to the fly, and determined to go to the village for the night; when they found, to their horror, that the boy was gone from the carriage. It was impossible to see without lights. The man was half asleep, and had seen or heard no one, and no cry or scream was heard from the child. Miss Harne was nearly frantic; the nurse could hardly hold her in the house out of the drenching rain.

The news spread like wildfire through the village, and very soon all the men and boys turned out to look for the missing boy. For nearly a week the country was searched in every direction without effect. The Priory was likewise searched, to no purpose; and the mystery only deepened as time went on. Then the next heir came back to the Priory, and hearing the tale, laughed it to scorn, saying there never was a boy brought from Italy, and that it was all a made-up story about him being lost—a planned job—coming just in the storm too—done on purpose to get possession of the estate.

People listened. Some believed. Some did not like John Harne, and disbelieved; but things dropped through. Miss Harne fell ill with raging fever. When she recovered her health, her mind was a complete blank, and all the words she ever uttered were: 'Have you found the boy?'

John Harne sold the Priory to a man named Salter; but he died before taking possession, and no one has lived in it since. Miss Harne used to go up and wander about the old rooms as long as she was able to walk. She went in at a little side-door, of which the old nurse had a key, and the old man and woman still were kept on as care-takers.

Then a strange thing happened. One afternoon Miss Harne was in the Priory, and a dreadful thunderstorm came on. The lightning struck one of the great chimney-stacks, and it

crashed through on to the head of the great staircase, breaking in the woodwork and wainscoting. When the nurse came and ventured to look for the young lady, she was found in a long narrow passage, with a poor half-starved idiot boy in her arms, who clung to her with shrieks and idiotic babble. But every one could see it was the lost child—lost for nearly four years, and, as it turned out, hid away by the wretches who lived on the premises.

The heir was an idiot, and Miss Harne was mad. The poor things were taken every care of; but disease and neglect had done their work, and in a month they were both dead. John Harne was never heard of again; and the old couple ran away.

When the woman had finished her narrative, I asked the way to the Priory, and was directed through a little copse behind the church. I had not gone many yards before I came to the steep steps by the cornfield; and when I reached the top and came out on the sweep of turf, the old house of my dream stood before me; and as I walked to the front of the house and looked over the deep hahs, the sunshine poured down on the golden gorse, the fair smiling country of hill and woodland; and far away, beyond the purple distance, glittered the shining sea. I drew a deep breath of the honey-sweet air, and turned to look at the old house. It was all the same—the stacks of twisted chimneys, the sloping red roof and pointed gables, the many diamond-paned windows, the quaint cornices and projections; angels' heads and dancing demons mingled with masonic and solar symbols—all the same, save where a yawning chasm had been made by the fall of the chimney-stack. As I went toward the entrance, four or five men and two ladies came out; they had sketch-books and camp-stools, and were busily engaged examining the ornamented doorway.

I asked permission, and entered; and then in reality—as ofttimes in my dreams—I ascended the stone stairs, and came out in the large room with the many windows, where the coloured glass threw soft glowing tints of crimson, purple, and amber upon the floor. I went through all the rooms, warm and empty, and long corridors. Nothing was wanting, save the tall girl in the black dress and fleece of yellow hair, to come and ask me: 'Have you found the boy?'

I wandered about the rooms and passages, and looked from the sunny windows, and puzzled my brains much upon the strange coincidence of that day that had brought me, through no volition on my own part, to realise the scene of my haunting dream.

Why should these scenes be pictured in my imagination years before they came to pass, while all the actors therein were hundreds of miles away, never heard of, or ever seen? What caused the tragic incident of the boy-heir to be projected, as it were from my brain into that of the dying child Avis with such sharp distinctness? Science cannot account for such things; we can only leave the subject as one that no finite brain can understand.

The startling effect on my mind was not of the most pleasing character, and for weeks, I could not banish the tragical story from my

waking thoughts, and yet, as a curious anomaly, I have never had the dream since. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

OUR UNPAID MAGISTRACY.

WHATEVER may have been the period of its original institution, the first statutory provision to be found relating to the office of a Justice of the Peace was made in the first year of the reign of King Edward III. Justices of the peace are defined by Dalton 'to be judges of record, appointed by the king to be justices within certain limits for the conservation of the peace.' We find Sir William Blackstone in his celebrated *Commentaries* lamenting, that in consequence of the multifarious duties heaped upon justices of the peace, few cared to undertake, and fewer to understand the functions of the office; and he very properly added, that they were of such vast importance to the public as to make the country obliged to any worthy magistrate who, without sinister views of his own, would engage in the troublesome office. Their powers, which were at first very limited, were gradually extended, as the necessities of the times prompted; and at the present day, the powers and duties of this honourable office, particularly regarding the county magistrates, have been most extensively and are yearly enlarged. And as they have become more arduous and responsible, and require greater talent and more matured habits of business for their proper and efficient discharge, it is pleasing to think that high-minded and well-informed gentlemen have not been found wanting to perform them, and at the same time to sustain the dignity of their station, and command respect for the laws by their honest and impartial administration.

The several descriptions of justices of the peace in England and Wales are those for counties, ridings, or divisions, and boroughs and cities, besides the salaried police magistrates of the metropolis and our large provincial towns, and the lord mayor, recorder, and aldermen of the city of London. The mayor for the time being of every borough is by virtue of his office a justice of the peace for such borough, and continues to be so during the year succeeding, unless disqualified, and during his mayoralty has precedence in all places within the borough. There is no general or special disqualification as regards the status in society of a person to be appointed a justice of the peace. They are appointed by the Crown through the Lord Chancellor, and usually upon the recommendation of the Lord Lieutenant or other influential parties. The qualification for a county justice is either by the possession of a certain amount of property, or by the occupancy of a dwelling-house of a certain annual value. If the qualification is of the former kind, it is requisite that the person should have in his possession a freehold estate in lands or tenements lying in England or Wales of the clear yearly value of one hundred pounds. If the qualification is derived from the occupation of a dwelling-house, then it is necessary that he has, during the

two years preceding his appointment, been the occupier of a dwelling-house of the annual value of one hundred pounds. Borough justices of the peace are not required to possess any pecuniary qualification; but they must reside in the borough or within seven miles of it; or be the occupier of some premises in the borough. Before a gentleman appointed to the office can act, he must take three oaths: the first is that of qualification, by which he swears that he is *bond fide* possessed of the necessary estate; or, where the qualification is one of residence, the same oath is taken, modified accordingly. The second and third oaths are the oath of allegiance and the judicial oath. They are as follows:

Oath of Allegiance.—I, _____, do swear that I will be faithful, and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors, according to law. So help me God.

Judicial Oath.—I, _____, do swear that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria in the office of _____; and I will do right to all manner of people after the laws and usages of this realm, without fear or favour, affection or ill-will. So help me God.

The authority of justices of the peace is either ministerial or judicial. The ministerial functions of justices consist of receiving informations or complaints for indictable offences (triable at quarter-sessions or assizes), and also for offences determinable in a summary way—causing the party charged to appear and answer either by summons or warrant, and taking the examinations, and committing or bailing the prisoner for trial; also appointing parish officers, and allowing rates, &c. Their judicial functions consist in the trial of offenders at quarter-sessions (borough justices do not possess this function), and hearing and adjudicating upon complaints made for the non-payment of wages, parochial rates, &c.; disputes between masters and servants in certain trades; landlords and tenants; as to the fairness of parochial rates; and many others of a similar nature; the latter being of a civil, while the former partake of a criminal nature. All justices of the peace are by virtue of their office *ex officio* guardians of the poor, and they have also an *ex officio* authority in several other smaller matters.

If any person acting as a justice of the peace has the misfortune to be adjudged bankrupt, or makes any arrangement or composition with his creditors, he is rendered incapable of holding office until he has been again appointed by those in authority.

In conclusion, and now that we have had laid before us the many and intricate duties fulfilled by these gentlemen, who gratuitously, and with so much zeal and ability, administer justice in their respective divisions, we can well imagine the great service they render to their country by their untiring efforts; for when we come to think of the 'seven hundred and twenty' petty sessional divisions existing in England and Wales, and then of the fact that the fourteen metropolitan police courts cause a yearly outlay of fifty thousand pounds to be borne by the London ratepayers, we see at once the immense advantage we derive by this honourable office being filled by individuals who disregard both time and expense in meting out justice to their fellows. It has been

well said by Paley that 'a vigilant magistracy, an accurate police, and an undeviating partiality in carrying the laws into execution, contribute more to the restraint and suppression of crime than any excessive severity of punishment.'

'PATRON DAYS,' OR IRISH RELIQUES.

'Old times are changed, old manners gone;' and gone are the national observances of Ireland. The time-honoured customs and institutions of early days, hallowed by the reverence in which they once were held, and inseparably associated as they were with the bright memories of early youth, have passed into the twilight of far-off lore. The 'Patron Day'—to some the occasion of pious exercises, to others the opportunity of very different observances—shed a halo over every season of the year. The Maypole Day, when festoons and garlands, and wild-flowers and deep-green foliage, were lighted up with the morning rays of the first summer's sun, has waned into the mere remembrance of things that were. St John's Fire, in the bright glow of which village maids and village swains, with light hearts and affections pure, rejoiced, smoulders far away in the remote and quiet places of rural life. The mystical mummeries of Hallow Eve, the traditional absurdities of Twelfth Night, and many other anniversaries of minor importance—the memory of which is still preserved in the recollections of a lifelong career, and in some districts still cherished fondly as dear reliques of the past—are too quaint, are too old-fashioned for this fastidious age.

The Patron Day was the most distinguished in popular imagination, and the most gladly welcomed of all the anniversaries. It was a trace of the religious institutions of Ireland; it became interwoven with the sentimental traditions of the people; and its celebration was honoured with a degree of romantic piety peculiar to the high religious and poetic tone of the Celtic temperament. The Rev. Joseph Saynds, a Protestant writer, thus speaks of the rise and decline of Patron Days. 'The first institution of Patron Days in Ireland was an anniversary commemoration of those days on which parish churches had been dedicated to the respective saints whose tutelary guardianship the people annually implored as their mediators and advocates with the Almighty. The same custom prevailed also in England, where such annual meetings are denominated *wakes*, and which in both countries used to be celebrated for one or more days after the next Sunday or Saint's day to whom the parish church had been dedicated. These institutions seem to have been very ancient in Ireland. It would appear that the clergy and laity of each parish annually assembled at their respective churches on those solemn occasions, not only to implore the future tutelage of their patron saint, but also to offer prayers and distribute alms for their departed friends, from whose tombs they cleared the rank weeds, and then decorated them with the gayest flowers—renewing at the same time the funeral dirge, in which, as on the day of interment, they recounted every worthy action of the deceased and his relatives. Thence it became necessary to erect booths or temporary lodgings in the neighbour-

hood of the churches, and to procure provisions for the poor, which were distributed to them in charity by the pious of every denomination. It was also necessary to find refreshment for strangers whose devotion brought them from very remote places on those occasions. Such, doubtless, was the first institution of Patron Days, and such it continued for ages. The people, ever tenacious of the religion of their fathers, assembled on each anniversary day; but in course of time, owing to various causes, and chiefly to the Reformation, they were at length become as a flock without a shepherd, and exercises of devotion at such meetings gradually gave place to profane amusements. The pious and devout having in a great measure forsaken those degenerate assemblies, a total relaxation of discipline and good order prevailed among the ungoverned multitude; drunkenness and riot became familiar, and those days originally devoted to the honour of God seemed now wholly set apart to celebrate the orgies of the Prince of Darkness.

The Patron Days were originally all holidays, either of obligation or devotion; but in modern times, when these days do not fall on a Sunday or a holiday, the observances are transferred to the Sunday immediately following, or to that within the octave.

After the Anglo-Norman invasion, no general changes were made in the pre-existing ecclesiastical topography of the country, except in the neighbourhood of the manorial seats of the Anglo-Irish barons. In such places we generally find traces of comparatively modern plans and arrangements in the foundation and structure of churches. Sometimes they were constructed with a view to the requirements of secular priests, but oftener for regular clergy, and not unfrequently for collegiate purposes. And here it may be worth while to remember that not rarely those same barons 'robbed Peter to pay Paul;' in other words, they frequently built churches with the spoils of a rich old abbey. And even in religious concerns we find plenty of proof of the spirit of hostility which kept the native devotees from mingling their pious practices with the devotions of the successful invader. Scarcely in any instance do we find a church founded by the English—no matter to what saint dedicated—honoured by the people after its suppression, by the observances of the Patron feast. Obscure sites have been remembered; while the ruins of many a splendid edifice have been shunned as dark, cold, and undevotional. This general disregard, this aversion, was not the outcome of mere racial preference or prejudice—it was the effect of the distrust, the different sympathies and different interests which had always separated the clergy and people of the country from the clergy and people of the Pale. The clergy of the Pale were for the most part strangers, and of course devoted to the Anglo-Irish interest; the clergy of the country were as naturally devoted to the interests of the native septs and chiefs. Jerpoint, a large conventual establishment, though founded by an Irish prince, fell into the control of clergy of English extraction, and in consequence, closed its doors against the admission of the 'meer Irish' postulants. Patron festivals and Patron honours were the outward expression of national faith by a people who saw their counties,

their estates, their homes, and themselves rudely and forcibly handed over to a stranger, whom they might fear, but whom they certainly could not learn to love in a week or a month.

'The churches that were not honoured after their suppression with a Patron-day festival were either English in origin, in interests, in sympathies, or in rules.' Their histories had never been entwined with the sentimental lore of the native race; and consequently, after their suppression, they could not lay claim to the deep traditional feelings of the people. They might mourn over their ruins, but they could not 'adore at the places' where the feet of the stranger stood. The subdued grandeur of their ruins invests with a high degree of interest the ground on which they stand, yet never have the people assembled at their sites to honour their patron saints, or commemorate the day of their original dedication.

The residence of the Irish *urrie*, and afterwards of the Anglo-Irish baron, the territorial lord, constituted the ancient *bally* or township, which was peopled by his family and numerous retainers. Each such residence had its own church, its own patron saint and annual festival. Most of those antique social centres are now far removed from our modern highways, and are approached only by old byroads. Not unfrequently hidden in fields, we discover interesting localities with traces of ancient boundaries and primitive plantations, their rich green swards and leafy abundance at once indicating their fertility and venerable age. And where the progress of modern civilisation has not effaced the landmarks of bygone generations, the peculiar formalities and outlines of those places mark them out as scenes of former life and importance. Here we usually find an insignificant inclosure that has been revered for ages as 'holy ground;' here, on the appointed day, the Patron was held; in the old churchyard near, the graves were cleared of the rank weeds and were embellished with flowers; the funeral dirge was renewed, and the worthy qualities of the dead re-told. Here, too, we find a 'holy well,' still retaining the name of the ancient patron saint of the locality. Here are performed the *stations* held on the Patron Day. Yon scattered stones are now the only remains of the local church; yon naked stumps and withered trunks the only relics of the spreading beech, the stately ash, the gnarled oak, beneath whose dense foliage the village boys and the rosy-faced country girls, dressed in the quaint fashions of that remote period, blushing and smiling, and unburdened with life's cares, timed with light foot and lighter heart their favourite reel or jig or country-dance. Here, in the 'shade for talking age and whispering lovers made,' were formed friendships that developed into lifelong unions. Here, alas! too, profligacy and the strife of faction have left their sad memories.

In 1846, with the first great failure of the potato crop, may be said to have commenced a social revolution in the ways, the manners, and condition of the Irish peasantry. Under the pressure of famine and famine-fever, many of the Irish farmers and villagers fled to America. Many clung to their old homesteads until they were forced to seek a refuge in the nearest work-house. Many of the old proprietors, who were

strongly attached to social sports and customs, were forced to sell their farms and houses in the Encumbered Estates Court; and then new masters came in who had no claim on 'times that were,' no sympathies with the people or their traditional observances. Village outlines were deranged, landmarks were removed, festal anniversaries had no patrons and no votaries; 'holy wells' and traditions had none to pay the attention which a people even less imaginative than the Celtic race might bestow on ruined shrines and the memories of the past.

THE WATER SPIDER.

'WILL you come for a hunt after water spiders?' said a friend to me one day.

'With all my heart,' I replied. 'That is an invitation, to a lover of nature, not to be refused.'

So, when a bright sunny day appeared, a party of four naturalists set off for the moor, armed with bottles large and small, not forgetting the principal weapon of all, a huge alpenstock.

A few words as to the nature and habits of the water spider (*Argyroneta aquatica*) will make the subject intelligible at the outset; as, although many of the inhabitants of our ponds and ditches are far more familiar now, owing to the number of aquaria kept, and the commoner use of the microscope, yet the water spider is one least known, especially in Scotland, as it is only within a few years that it has been discovered to be a native of its northern ditches and peat-mosses. The water spider is certainly one of the most interesting of the Arachnida. About the size of an ordinary house spider when full grown, though of a much more slight and elegant shape, it leads an active and wonderful existence; for although really a terrestrial creature, requiring to breathe atmospheric air, yet it passes its life in the water quite submerged below the surface, except when ascending to breathe. Like the pirate spider, the *Argyroneta* has its whole body covered with hairs, which serve to entangle a large amount of air; but it far surpasses the pirate in other ways, as it has the power of diving below the surface, carrying with it a large bubble of air, which is held in its place by the hind-legs; and in spite of this obstacle, it passes through the water with great speed. The question, then, comes to be, how does the spider secure enough of air to live comfortably below the water? At some little depth, the female spins a kind of dome-shaped cell, of the most delicate silken fibre, attaching it to the stem of some water-plant. The opening of this cell she leaves on the under side; and after it is completed, she ascends to the surface, and there charges her whole coat with air, arranging the hind-legs in such a manner that her large bubble of air cannot escape. She then dives into the water, proceeds to her home, and discharges the bubble of air into it. A quantity of water is thus displaced, and the top of the dome filled with air instead; and this she repeats till the cell is completely filled; and in this beautiful and delicate mansion the spider lives, surrounded with the atmosphere she requires, and carrying on

all her domestic duties diligently, for in this dome she spins a silken cocoon in which to lay her hundred eggs, so that the young spiders never know that they are near water, or in a floating habitation, till they emerge from the nest. When hatched, they are pure white, and they begin at once to live and build as their mother does.

Our day on the moor was very successful. I need not say how many dozens of spiders, as well as their nests, we secured; and the excitement of the chase, added to the beautiful scenery by which we were surrounded, made it a very pleasant excursion. Lying deep and silent in the peat and heather were some very large pools, the surfaces of which were almost covered with water-weeds, the well-known sphagnum moss being the most apparent. At the sunny side of these pools we camped, and our work began. The alpenstock was plunged into the sphagnum—a thick bunch of it adroitly brought to land and laid upon the heather, when we immediately searched it; and not in vain, for here were the spiders trying to escape in all directions, besides a number of their silken domes containing either the eggs or the young. So thick were the nests in the pool, that we could see them lying like so many cradles near the surface. Our bottles were soon filled with the spiders' nests and weed.

Now I have a bell-glass well stocked with them, and can watch the wonderful habits and feats of the inmates with perfect ease. Two of my nests hatched their young. They entered their aquatic existence on a Sunday morning, much to the amusement of the household, as a hundred snowy-looking mites emerged from their cradle. I had immediately to wage war with a couple of water beetles that were in the glass, as they hovered round these unfortunate and inexperienced infants with the evident intention of devouring them. The beetles were ejected; and after some time the hundred little spiders made domes for themselves in the sphagnum weed. It is almost necessary to have some water weed, such as valesneria or anacharis in the glass; on the anacharis especially the spiders find multitudes of infusoria, which serve as food; but a plentiful supply of flies can be put on the water, which the spiders at once seize, and carry down to their dome by means of a delicate thread spun in the water, and there in their house they suck the juices of the prey. My bell-glass is sometimes very lively, as the spiders rush up and down on slender threads, which shine in the water like silk; and in every conceivable corner of the sphagnum weed a dome can be discovered with its inmate.

When going through the water, the spider has the appearance of quicksilver, owing to the bubble of air around the lower part of the body; and I notice that when they come to the surface for more air, it is that part of the body that is turned to the top for a new supply, so that the spider's head is literally turned downwards when a fresh amount of air is secured. The coat of the spider is never wet, owing to the mass of little air-bells that envelop it; so that it skims through the water as dry as if on land. It is thought that *Argyroneta* hibernates during winter. There are three stations in Scotland where they have been taken: one in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen; a second in a deep cut and silent pool in Luffness Common, Haddingtonshire; and the third in the peat-mosses

of the Pentland Hills near Edinburgh. They are commoner in England, especially in the neighbourhood of Oxford, where the ditches used to be well stocked with them; but there was such a demand for them in the London market as inhabitants of the aquarium, that in many places they are now almost extinct. They are interesting and hardy subjects for study; and a glass filled with them and their native weeds is quite an ornament in any window, where they can be studied with perfect ease.

ASBESTOS AND ITS USES.

ASBESTOS is remarkable as an example of a substance, long regarded as economically valueless, suddenly taking its place amongst minerals of commercial importance, and rapidly coming into use, until its production ranks as a staple branch in the industries of this country.

Asbestos is a fibrous variety of the mineral actinolite, and consists essentially of oxide of iron, alumina, magnesia, silica, and water; and in appearance has a silky, vitreous lustre; whilst its indestructibility by fire forms the leading characteristic on which is based the commercial and utilitarian value of the substance under consideration. The mineral is widely distributed, the two principal sources of commercial importance being Italy and Canada; that derived from the former country being the most valuable, and being distinguished from other varieties by its brownish tint, a fact that should be borne in mind by intending purchasers, when manufacturers are quoting, at considerably reduced rates, goods similar in design to those more highly priced, but composed of an inferior quality of asbestos. Italian asbestos, both in length and strength of fibre, also in chemical purity, surpasses all other varieties.

The process in vogue for the manufacture of raw asbestos into the various articles for which it is now employed may be briefly summarised. Arrived in bags weighing from one to two hundredweight, the lumps of crude asbestos are put through an ingenious crushing machine, whose rollers have a parallel motion, in addition to their rolling action over each other. This action effectually opens out the fibres, which are then boiled in large tanks. The shorter fibres having been ground down and reduced to a pulp, are converted into asbestos millboard by manipulation on gauze netting—a process familiar to all persons who have visited paper-mills and witnessed the manufacture of ordinary paper. Asbestos millboard forms a valuable 'packing' for engines, whilst its non-conducting properties render it serviceable in electrical work. The longer fibres on leaving the crushing machine are woven into yarn and cloth in looms, similar in action and principle, though necessarily differing somewhat in detail for adaptation to the material under treatment, to the well-known cloth looms.

The valuable property of asbestos—its resistance to fire—has been utilised in the preparation of paint. A striking proof of the protection thus afforded was witnessed in the recent Health Exhibition held in London, when woodwork thus coated escaped uninjured in an outbreak of fire.

A bare enumeration of the many purposes to which asbestos is now devoted would form a formidable list. 'Packing' for all classes of machinery, ropes, fire-escapes, and firemen's clothing, furnacemen's gloves, fireproof putty, sheeting, boiler and steampipe covering, millboard for every purpose, cloth for filtering acids and other similar uses; for covering rollers in printworks where aniline dyes are employed, and it is necessary to resist heat and the action of the acids; for flooring and wall-felt, more especially in timber-built houses; as a lubricant for every class of engine, portable fireproof safes, lamp-shades, and a variety of other articles, in which the fire and heat resisting properties of the substance under consideration render it of especial value.

The asbestos trade may be said to be yet in its infancy; every day some new development, some new adaptation, presents itself; and viewing the advance that has been made in the short time that has elapsed since its introduction as an article of commerce, there can be little doubt that asbestos will form a still more important branch of our home industries at no very distant date.

IN VANITY FAIR.

THROUGH Vanity Fair, in days of old,
There passed a maiden with locks of gold,
And a pedlar opened his tempting pack,
Crying: 'O my pretty lass! wha' d'ye lack?
Here 's many a ware
Costly and rare.
Come, buy—oh, come, buy!
In Vanity Fair.'

'Silks and satins are not for me;
Lace is for damsels of high degree;
The lads would laugh in our country town
If I came clad in a brodered gown;
But yet there 's a ware,
Precious and rare,
I fain would buy me
In Vanity Fair.'

'Pray, sell me, sir, from your motley store,
A heart that will love me for evermore,
That, whether the world shall praise or blame,
Through sorrow or joy will be still the same.
'Tis the only ware
For which I care,
Mid all the treasures
In Vanity Fair.'

'Much it grieves me, O lassie dear,
The pedlar said; 'but I greatly fear
The hearts that loved in the old sweet way
Have been out of fashion this many a day;
And gilded care
Is all the ware
You will get for your money
In Vanity Fair.'

FLORENCE TYLER.

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BY THE SOUND OF MULL.

ABOUT an hour and a half's sail from Oban is the little village of Lochaline, in the district of Morven, by the Sound of Mull. During the summer months, Lochaline is honoured every week-day by the calls of sundry steamers, and an occasional commercial traveller finds himself benighted there on his way to more important localities; but Lochaline is as unvisited of the ordinary tourist as St Kilda itself. Yet, in the matter of scenery, one might certainly travel much farther and fare much worse. Moreover, with the exception of Iona, there is no district in the west of Scotland about which history and legend have more to say than the coasts of Morven. Authorities will have it that this is not the genuine 'woody Morven' of Ossian. The district, at all events, is lucky in its name; and the reader of Ossian need look for no fitter scenes than the shores of the Sound of Mull to associate with Fingal and his heroes. Finally, these shores have had the supreme good fortune of stirring the enthusiasm of two of Scotland's greatest men of letters—Sir Walter Scott and Professor Wilson. It is perhaps to be regretted that Dr Johnson in his visit to the Hebrides did not set foot in Morven, since his visit to any spot in these regions seems always to lend it its crowning interest. And, in truth, his apparition in the Western Islands is one of the most singular events in their checkered enough history. The whole enterprise was so strangely at odds with all his known habits and prepossessions, that it strikes us rather as the imaginary voyages of Gulliver and Astolpho than even the most romantic adventures of the ordinary traveller.

Lochaline is the most important place in Morven; but how much this means will be understood when it is said that in the whole of Morven there are but four schools, with an average attendance of some fifteen pupils. Nowhere can be more distinctly marked than in Morven the complete change that has taken place in the social condition of the Highlands

during the present century. Twenty years ago, the coasts of Morven and Mull were thickly sown with crofts; at present, hardly one is to be seen on either shore. The result is that the present population of Morven is not a third of what it was at the beginning of the century. It is curious to hear the different opinions of the various classes of the country as to this changed state of things. To listen to the older representatives of the crofters, you would fancy that half a century ago Morven was a land flowing with milk and honey, where men lived as easily as the grass by the roadside. On the other hand, their younger descendants are equally positive that a man with his eighteen shillings a week is in an infinitely better way than the average crofter could possibly have been.

The strife of tongues in Morven is at its deadliest. But the Gaelic is dying fast; and there are few even of the oldest inhabitants who 'have not the English,' though with some intricacy of idiom. 'Dr M'Leod,' said an old crofter to us one day—'Dr M'Leod was speaking many languages, and he was saying from the pulpit that there was no language in which they praised the Lord so sweet as in the Gaelic.' The strife of interest and sentiment in the breast of the Highlander with regard to his native language is sometimes oddly enough illustrated when he is taken off his guard. If he be the father of a family of sons, he may be convinced in the abstract that Gaelic is the finest and oldest language in the world, and should therefore be the language of the British empire. But in his own practice he meekly yields to the stress of circumstance, and ignores his mother-tongue in his own household.

When Wordsworth visited these parts, he seems to have been much shocked by the sinister suggestions of many of the local names. But Lochaline is a happy exception. According to some authorities, it means 'the loch of the sun;' according to others, 'the beautiful or charming loch.' And, indeed, a more delightful sheet of water than Lochaline at full tide one need never

wish to see. Its great charm is in its happy union of the attractions of the fresh and the salt water loch. By its contracted opening and its well-fringed shores, it has something of the snugness and peace of the former; and the sparkling life and depth of colour of its waters tell unmistakably its kinship with the ocean. And to crown its graces, it abounds with fish.

The interior of Morven is simply a wilderness of heather-clad hills, not one of which has any pretensions to dignity or impressiveness. For the ordinary visitor, therefore, the interest of the country is strictly limited to the coast. The most impressive sight to be seen from Lochaline and its neighbourhood is the island of Mull. Just at this point, Mull presents a broad ridge, extending for several miles parallel with its seaboard. The height of this ridge is not great, yet quite sufficiently so to make it a somewhat dubious neighbour to the inhabitants of Morven; for if, on the one hand, with its kindred hills, it forms a mighty bulwark against the violence of the Atlantic; on the other, it seems as if all the clouds of heaven were as irresistibly attracted to this particular ridge as moths to a candle. In the brightest summer days, a tiny fleck will suddenly float in the most innocent manner over one particular corner, which the visitor is not long in identifying as the most hateful point in his horizon. In a few minutes, this innocent-looking fleck will have become the shroud of the entire Mull coast; and in ten minutes more, the rain will be falling in torrents on 'streamy' Morven.

Nevertheless, not even the memory of numberless unexpected duckings, and the collapse of the best-laid plans, can close the eyes to the extreme beauty of this sinister ridge. To the casual voyager through the Sound of Mull, these hills are apt to seem noteworthy neither by their contour nor elevation. To the lounge on the opposite shore, however, these hills of Mull present a veritable *tableau vivant*. Their aspect is never the same for two hours together. In cloudless moments—rare, indeed, at all times of the year—the shadows of their own inequalities are seen with curious distinctness against the general glossy brown of their surface, and in this phase, the blue sky above and the sparkling waters of the Sound below gloriously contrast with the dark centre-piece of the picture. But it is on a bright, breezy day, when clouds are moving freely about the heaven, that these hills wear their best looks. They are then only to be compared to the screen in a magic-lantern illustration; for the play of lights and shadows along their slopes is then fairly endless in its life and variety. Seen from the Morven coast, these sombre hills of Mull then take on a positively cheerful expression, which goes far to reconcile us even with their malign interferences with the weather. But if at times they are capable of an amiable expression, they will also on occasion put on a frown that is truly diabolic. This frown is at its fiercest on summer evenings just before sunset, when, amid the general brightness of all the world besides, a legion of clouds will suddenly muster without the faintest warning of their intention. These clouds will then steal slowly down the slopes, gathering an intenser frown as they descend, till about

half-way to the sea. At this moment, cloud and hill together form one concentrated scowl, which cannot fail to suggest the curious fancy in the Ossianic poems, that the clouds are the homes of ghosts, who give expression to their various moods by the changing forms and hues of these easy vestures.

The Sound of Mull itself is seldom without some object that may serve to interest an idle man. From the point of view of which we are speaking, it might itself pass very well in quiet weather for an inland loch; but when the wind is up, you can have little doubt of its true character, as the very straitness and length of its passage would seem to intensify the disturbance of its waters. During our stay, we found an object of lively interest in the doings of a whale that took up his abode in the Sound for several weeks. It is not often, we believe, that one of such a size finds its way to these waters, as was sufficiently proved, indeed, by the general interest taken in his movements. He must have been between thirty and forty feet long; and his blowing was heard quite distinctly when he was close by the opposite shore—at a distance, that is to say, of about three miles. He made his appearance invariably between twelve and one o'clock; and during his period of activity, the Sound was in such a lively state of commotion, that one could see he was the cause of universal excitement. His appearance was always heralded by a shoal of mackerel, desperately floundering on the surface of the water. But these unfortunate fish found themselves literally between the devil and the deep sea. For if one chance gull happened to be at hand when they appeared, in a moment, from every point of the compass, a legion of gulls would muster; and then a butchery would ensue amid a yelling and screeching that made day hideous. In a few moments after the disappearance of the mackerel, the whale would emerge with a blast that silenced every sound beside. After a quick succession of reappearances, each attended by the same tremendous shout, though with diminished volume at each emergence, there would be silence for the space of half an hour; and then, in another part of the Sound, the same drama would be enacted. For a full month, these doings went on daily before our eyes. As the shores of the Sound of Mull are very steep, he could, in spite of his vast bulk, come quite close to the land with perfect safety. On one occasion, indeed, he came within less than ten yards of us. As a rule, the gulls took exceeding care to give their benefactor a wide berth; but once, while they were in their usual frenzy over a shoal of mackerel, we saw him bob up fairly in the midst of them, and then such a screaming arose as must have given him some curious ideas as to the inhabitants of this upper world.

While on the subject of natural history, it may be worth while to mention an instance we saw of the voracity of the seagull. Walking on Lochaline pier one day, one of us saw a large gull suddenly swoop on the railing of the pier, and then make off with some object in his maw. It was a large rat, which the piermaster had placed there that morning! But the story should be capped by what the piermaster told us of the rat itself. He had found it that morning

in his henhouse, evidently killed by a weasel, which had come upon him there, probably on a similar errand with himself. Upon examination, the rat was found to be in a condition that put him at sad odds with his formidable enemy. Of his natural four legs, he had but the off hind one remaining; and round his neck he carried a piece of netting, clearly the memorial of another and distinct adventure. Truly, as the piermaster remarked, this rat might have told a strange story. But he had evidently been doomed to an unusual fate. It was not enough that in his lifetime he should lose three legs and run the risk of hanging. In his death, he had to be borne to mid-heaven in the maw of a seagull.

Still on the same subject, I may mention an interview I myself had, which is but seldom enjoyed. I had one day lain down on the rocks for about half an hour, and, as the sun was hot, I had put up my umbrella. Suddenly looking from under it, I saw two eyes gazing at me with the serious intentness of a man of science examining a new specimen. The eyes were not four yards from me; and it would be difficult to say which of us eyed the other with the greater bewilderment. To tell the very truth, the eyes fixed on me had such an expression of mild intelligence, that for some moments I was in doubt whether we might not pass some civilities. After a full minute's mutual scrutiny, an unlucky movement of my umbrella put a sudden end to our interview, for the head abruptly bobbed, and I saw it no more. I then knew who had been making these approaches. It was a seal, which, from the distance, had doubtless mistaken my umbrella for a companion sunning himself on the rocks.

RICHARD CABLE,
THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XX.—THE FLOWERING OF FORGIVENESS.

JOSEPHINE was still before the fire in the cottage, when Richard Cable returned. He came in quietly. Though a solidly built man, he walked lightly, and his step as he entered the kitchen was so little audible that Josephine did not hear it. She was busied in her own thoughts.

But Mrs Cable saw and heard her son, and at once perceived that something had happened. 'What is it?' she asked; but Richard, instead of answering her, went to the fireplace, took Josephine by the hand, and raised her.

'Look at me, miss,' he said. 'You have given me a right to exercise some sort of authority over you, for you have thrown yourself on my protection and chosen me as your adviser. I give you my opinion now, and tell you what I wish you to do, what I am sure you ought to do.'

She looked steadily into his face. He was very grave, even pale. She also saw that something had happened.

'There has been an accident at the Hall. You must return to it at once.'

Her lips began to move in protest, and a flicker came into her eyes of reviving opposition.

'Listen to me, Miss Josephine. I would not advise this unless I were sure it was right. It is right all round—right for yourself, right for your father, right for your poor cousin, right for me.'

'My cousin?'

'There has been an accident. When I came to the garden gate, I found it unhasped, and'—

'Yes; I came out that way, and may not have fastened it behind me.'

'And as I heard your father's voice close by, I opened the gate and went in. I did not wish to see him in the house; I preferred meeting him in the garden.'

'I can understand that,' said Josephine.—'Was he alone?'

'No; he was on that raised place at the bottom of the garden, once used, they say, for winnowing corn.'

'Yes, the Platt.'

'He was there with Mr Gotham.'

Mrs Cable drew near, a great fear rising in her heart.

'I came up the steps. I do not quite know what happened. It seemed to me there was an altercation going on; but I cannot say. I came in quickly through the gate and up the steps, and did not listen to what they were saying, nor see them till I was right on them. Mr Cornellis was leaning forward with his hand toward Mr Gotham, who stood inwards, so to speak, with his back to the garden, where there is no wall; and I cannot say how it came about, whether he was surprised at my sudden appearance, or whether he lost his balance stepping back from Mr Cornellis. I say, I cannot tell how it came about, but he fell backwards off the Platt, headlong into the garden.'

Bessie Cable uttered a cry, and stood with her eyes distended with terror, looking at her son, her hands clenched, her arms stiff, stretched out at her sides.

'Mr Cornellis and I ran down to his aid at once. I raised him in my arms. He was not conscious. I sent your father to the house, and when help came, he was removed to his bedroom, and the doctor sent for.'

'Cousin Gabriel!' exclaimed Josephine, the tears rising in her eyes. 'O poor Cousin Gabriel!—What did the doctor say?'

'I did not wait to hear.'

'Is he—very seriously hurt?'

'I fear so. He did not speak. The gardener has pots and other things in the corner where he fell, and I am afraid he struck his head on some hard substance. He was not conscious. He did not know that he was being moved, and I suspect his spine is also injured.'

'You think he will die!' cried Josephine in terror. She had not realised at first the seriousness of the accident.

'I do not doubt it.'

Josephine stood in hesitation. She put her knuckles to her lips. 'What am I to do? What ought I to do?'

'I have told you,' said Richard Cable. 'You must go to the Hall.'

Then Mrs Cable closed her strong hand about Josephine's wrist; she did not speak, but she drew her with her. She did not wait to put anything over her head; she went forth as she

was, and Josephine unresistingly went with her.

The house was in commotion. Aunt Judith was useless. She had retired to her own room and rang for sherry, as she felt faint. The servants had lost their heads, and were ordering each other about to do impossible or useless things. No one attended to Miss Judith's bell, which rang violently every few minutes.

Mrs Cable and Josephine entered unnoticed, and proceeded at once to the room where the unfortunate man lay. As they entered, Mr Cornellis who was there, started. He had been overhauling Gotham's *secrétaire*. He knew the will was there; but he wished to satisfy himself that it had not been destroyed. It was there, with the date on the envelope when it was made.

Gabriel Gotham had not been undressed; he lay on the bed just as he had been placed there, and his condition remained unaltered. His eyes were dull, like those of a man drunk with sleep, and his breathing was stertorous. There was certainly pressure on the brain. The pillow was stained with blood that flowed from a wound in the back of his head.

Mr Cornellis took no notice of his daughter. He had not the smallest suspicion that she had attempted her life, and been saved by Cable. He looked hard at her dress—she was in a gown of Mrs Cable's, that did not fit her—but he asked no question. He supposed his daughter had been playing some new vagary, which did not greatly concern him, and about which he need not inquire. He said to Bessie Cable: 'Your son startled Mr Gotham. He came in on him unexpectedly. Why Mr Gotham should have been so surprised by seeing him, I cannot tell; he sprang back as if he had seen a ghost, and though I put out my hand to save him, I was too late: he fell off the windstrew, and I fear has met with a fatal injury.—What do you want?' This was addressed to a servant-girl who hovered at the bedroom door with a frightened face.

'Please, sir,' said the girl, 'do you know where the key of the cellarette is? Miss Cornellis seed the master being took up-stairs, and it has upset her so bad that she wants some sherry, and we don't know where the key is.'

'It is in your master's pocket,' said Mr Cornellis. 'She must wait till it can be taken from him—till he is undressed.'

Steps were heard on the stairs. The surgeon had come.

'I have not ventured to have him touched till you could see him,' said Mr Cornellis to the medical man. 'Poor fellow! poor fellow!' He was agitated; his voice shook, he turned his face away that his emotion might not be seen. 'The whole thing was done so suddenly. It is a fearful shock to us all.' Then he repeated the account of how Gabriel fell, as he had given it to Bessie, only adding, whilst his eye was fixed on her: 'Why he started was no doubt this—he was astonished at the intrusion. My cousin was very tenacious of his privacy. How the man got in, I do not know.'

'By the gate,' said Josephine. 'I left it open.'

'Or what he wanted, I cannot conjecture,' added Mr Cornellis.

'I cannot examine him till he is undressed,' said the surgeon. 'We must have a nurse.'

'I am here,' said Bessie. 'Let Mr and Miss Cornellis leave the room.'

The ex-missionary hesitated a moment, and then complied. As he went through the door, he saw the maid again, who asked: 'Please, sir, have you got the key?'

'Key. What key?'

'Please, sir, Miss Cornellis has the hysterics for want of sherry. There goes her bell again.'

'Bother her sherry!—Stand out of the way.'

Half an hour later, Mr Cornellis was summoned.

The surgeon was a plain blunt man. 'I've overhauled him,' he said. 'It is of no use giving you false hopes. He can live only a few hours.'

Mr Cornellis nodded; he was sure of this before the doctor came.

'Can you stay?' he asked.

'I will call again later. I can do no good. If I could, I would stay.—Let Mrs Cable remain with him; he must not be left alone.' Then he gave a few perfunctory directions and departed.

Cornellis looked at Bessie Cable with a sarcastic smile: 'Too late, my good woman.'

'Too late for what?' she asked, turning slowly, haughtily towards him. Poor and ignorant woman though she was, she had a certain stateliness in all her actions, a dignity in all she did.

'Merely, dear Mrs Cable, that you are too late to get anything from him. He will not recover consciousness.'

'Too late to get?' she asked gravely, raising her tall form and looking coldly at the ex-missionary. 'To get what? I want nothing of him.'

'O no, my good woman; of course not. I know your story. You might, had you been in time, have secured something; but—you are too late. He will never move hand or tongue again.'

'I—I take anything of him? I ask anything of him?' She shook her head. 'You may know my story, but you do not know me. I came, not to get, but to give.'

'To give what?'

'What you would neither understand nor value. Leave me alone with him.'

He did not care to remain. He went over to the *secrétaire*, locked it, and took away the key.

'You will call me if he is worse, if there is any change,' he said in a tone of indifference. He did not care to keep up appearances before Bessie Cable, who could injure or benefit him in no way. She slightly bowed her head. Then, twirling the key on his forefinger, he went out.

'Please, sir,' said the maid, 'is that the key? Miss Cornellis has pulled down the bellrope; she do want her sherry—awful!'

When Bessie Cable was alone in the room with Gabriel Gotham, she took the lamp, and with steady hand carried it to the bedside and held it up, that the light might fall full on him. He lay before her a poor broken wretch, with a bandage round his head, the back of which was crushed in, and with an injured spine. Had

the skull alone been fractured, the surgeon would have operated; with the broken spine it was useless. His eyelids were half closed; the glitter of the white of the eyes could be seen beneath them. His breathing was noisy, showing pressure on the brain. The weak mouth was half open, showing the teeth. There was no beauty, no nobility in the face, nothing to attract love.

Bessie had not so steadily and for long looked at him since he had betrayed and left her. Now, as she studied him, in the bright circle of light cast by the lamp, she thought how wonderful it was that after their long separation, she should be with him again, that he should be without a loving hand to smooth his pillow, a tearful eye to watch for his last breath.

In that very room, many, many years ago, she had watched him when he was ill with scarlet fever. Then she had insisted on being his nurse, and she had attended him faithfully, till she herself took the fever. When she was ill, he did not come near her in the lodge.

She looked round the room. Old times came back. She tried to trace the features of the sick boy, laid on that same bed, in the face of the dying man. The face was much changed, and yet it was the same: the face is the hieroglyph of the soul, the picture that gives expression to the idea. Here, all through life had been a cowardly, selfish, ignoble mind; and it had written its characters in every line and curve of the commonplace face.

As Bessie looked at him, her eyes were dry, a sternness was in them, and her brows were set, as were her lips. When she knew he was injured and dying, she went to him. Who had such a right as she? In the time of his prosperity, she kept away; but when he was cast down and broken, she came to him, as was natural.

As she stood, considering his face, her mind ranged over the time they were together, their childhood, the protection she had extended to the feeble lad, and the love and pity, the love that had sprung out of the pity wherewith she had regarded him. She had loved him. She had loved none but him, and it seemed strange to herself now that this could have been.

Then she thought of the short happiness of their married life, and then the agony of her disenchantment. Now the hand that held the lamp began to tremble, and the lights and shadows about the sick man's face to dance; her hand trembled with wrath at the recollection of the injustice done her—done her by this man, lying before her.

The hand of God had sought and found him, and punished him. She believed Cornellis' story. What more probable than that the sudden apparition of his son should make Gabriel Gotham spring back, oblivious of the gap behind him? Could he have seen him appear and remain seated, unmoved? Her heart was filled with conflicting emotions—wrath at her wrong, pity for his condition.

'That is true which I said to him,' she muttered; 'the plant Forgiveness is hard to strike, and difficult to get to flower.'

He had imbibed, he had ruined her whole life. She who had been so strong and confident, had lost her hope in life after her betrayal. Without any fault of her own, her character

had been blasted; and a stain rested on her son. She had scarce mentioned his father to Richard, and Richard had refrained from asking about him. He feared to know all. She was a dishonoured woman in the eyes of her son; this wretched man on the bed had put a barrier of suspicion between her son and her. Richard could not regard her with that holy reverence that a son should have for a mother whose name is without a spot.

She had had a hard battle to fight for some years to maintain herself and her child, too proud to accept assistance from the Gotham family. She, who might have been an honest man's wife, ruling her house, surrounded by her children, had been for long alone, poor, unhappy. Indeed, she had a great debt of wrong written up in her heart against this man she was now looking on.

In physics, all forces are correlated; heat and light are but different phases of the same force, which manifests itself now in one way, then in another; and heat translates itself into light, and light relapses into mere heat. It is the same in psychics. The various passions are correlated, various manifestations of the same energy. Love becomes momentarily hate, but then sometimes as momentarily reverts to love.

For nearly forty years Bessie Cable had nursed her wrongs, and had eaten out her heart with rage and gall; and now, as she looked at the cause of all her misery, the bitterness rose up and overflowed her soul; but at the same moment Gabriel opened his eyes; for one brief instant they seemed to gather consciousness, and he muttered, 'Bessie!'

In a minute, all the hate, the wrath, were gone. In a minute, love, pity, sweetness, gushed hot and strong through her heart. It is said that the Amazon is sometimes checked by belts of weed that form across the river, and weave into a vegetable felt, upwards, downwards, athwart, and in and out, making a dense impenetrable barrier; and the mighty stream, the main artery of a continent, is arrested, and thrown back to inundate vast tracts of land. Then, all at once it breaks its chain of green, and the mighty volume sweeps along its proper channel, carrying with it, in fragments rolled over and torn to shreds, the weedy belt. So is it with the human heart, so was it now with that of gray-haired Bessie Cable. Everything was forgotten—the wrongs, resentment, privations, heartaches, the woven and interlaced hedge of stubborn pride—all went down and went away in a moment, and the great natural artery of Love burst and poured forth and suffused the poor wretch on his deathbed—a creature as unconscious now of what he received as he had ever been incapable of valuing that precious flood.

Wondrous is the generosity, the power of forgiveness in the human heart! Mercy, says Shakespeare, droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the earth beneath; but forgiveness wells up from the depths of the heart itself. It may be stamped down, and choked and overpaved, till it seems that it is no more there; and yet at last, at an unconsidered moment, it breaks forth, it dissolves the hardest crust, and flows in newness, all-embracingness, purifying and refreshing.

Bessie was on her knees by the bed, and the tears rolled down her aged cheeks. She held the hand that had been given her once, and been withdrawn from her. She looked longingly at the dull eyes that had recognised her for a moment, listened to hear again her name coupled with a word of love from the lips that had spoken.

The house was still that night. The servants had gone to bed. Mr Cornellis was in his own room; he was satisfied. In an hour or two, the inheritance would be his, and his embarrassments at an end. Miss Judith was quiet; she had got her sherry.

Bessie was glad that she was undisturbed, that she was left alone with Gabriel that night when he passed away—but did not pass till the plant Forgiveness had flowered, and been laid on his dead heart.

OXFORD PASS SCHOOLS.

'MODS.'

WHEN the freshman has emerged in safety from his first great plunge, and has leisure to draw breath again and contemplate the new prospect opening before him, he feels as though an illimitable tract of time lay between himself and the next trial through which he has to pass—'Mods.' This is on the supposition that he has dared to confront the terrors of 'smalls' in his first term; and that, having so ventured, he has issued in triumph from the arduous conflict. Indeed, in these later days it has been rendered possible to encounter smalls on the very threshold of 'varsity life, and, by taking 'the examination in lieu of responsions'—which is now held before term commences—to come into residence with nothing to intervene, with no yawning chasm to cross, before mods itself. Many manifest advantages and valuable opportunities attend this course; but, on the other hand, drawbacks and ugly possibilities are connected therewith. In the first place, it is a huge mistake to look upon Oxford merely as a temple of learning, and upon Oxford life simply as a means to that end. Not the training of mind, but the moulding of character, is the true educational function of a modern university career; and this moulding is effected by the tone of the society, by the spirit of the associates, in which and amongst whom a man's lot is cast.

Innumerable are the factions, countless the cliques, to which it is possible for the young Oxonian to attach himself. 'The world is all before him where to choose,' and he generally chooses wrong. Usually, the larger the college, the more numerous are the 'sets' into which it is divided. Thus, for example, there will be the rowing set, the reading set, the cricketing set, the 'society' set, and also the fast or rowdy set, whose prime glory is to make night and the quad hideous by blowing horns, howling songs, smashing furniture, and otherwise disturbing the repose of their more peaceful contemporaries. Other sets there are of which it would be wearisome to speak, but into one or other of them the freshman will inevitably be absorbed, and

from that day forward it will be his ambition to shine in the manner which his friends' ideas dictate. That these ideas and those of his people at home often differ considerably, need hardly be said; but the undergraduate must be taken for what he is—a mortal and fallible being, infirm of purpose, and easily swayed from one pursuit to another. If this be the case, it is important that he should have an immediate object, the necessary work for which may tend to keep him straight. Smalls made just such a goal as was required, and the 'grind' it entailed was frequently of no slight profit to him in the critical opening weeks of his course. Viewed in this light, it will be seen that even a 'plough' may have its uses; although the youth so favoured is seldom grateful for the benefit thereby conferred.

But mods cannot be attempted until the end of one year from matriculation, and need not be tackled until the expiration of two; while it is pretty safe to assume that the typical passman—unless much stirred by external influences—will elect the latter alternative. Hence it becomes altogether too distant an affair to furnish the desired stimulus, even if the work it requires were sufficient—which it is not—to occupy so many months. Thus, then, our representative friend, when he has fulfilled his destiny as regards smalls, finds himself launched into the Oxford world with practically nothing on earth to do except amuse himself to the best of his ability. Not that the existence of the passman is entirely consumed in social festivity; on the contrary, when the efforts of his scout and the chapel bell have succeeded in extracting him from his balmy couch, he will be expected to spend two or three weary hours out of his morning in a draughty lecture-room, stumbling himself, and hearing others stumble, through various passages of Greek and Roman authors, which neither he nor they have thought it worth while to prepare beforehand. Although it is true that the good derived from these matutinal studies is infinitesimal, and that the same man will often get up in a couple of days' earnest effort the work which he has been inefficiently bungling over for a term, still, they have at least the merit of preventing passmen from quite forgetting their classics in the interval between smalls and mods.

The afternoon is the time when young Oxford is to be seen at its best, disporting itself with infinite gusto at the various pastimes in which it rejoices. Rowing is perhaps the amusement most truly characteristic of the place; for cricket, popular though it undoubtedly is, can only be enjoyed during the summer term, while the river can be frequented all the year round. In their appropriate seasons, football, lawn-tennis, and every species of athletics, are patronised by passmen, in common with their more intellectual brethren, with an ardour and energy very different from the manner in which they seek to fulfil the ostensible objects of their sojourn at the university.

Many other means have likewise been judiciously provided wherewith to pass away the time. But without stopping to enumerate them, let us suppose our passman to have sipped the cup of every pleasure within his reach, and to

be at last approaching the end of his second year's residence.

And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears

the dreadful shadow of mods, once far off, and, as it were, veiled from his eyes by the 'time-mists' which lay between him and it, but now looming dreadfully close before his bewildered gaze. Parental anxieties begin to be aroused; exhortations to 'do something' flow in upon him thick and fast; his college tutor, when he submits to him his weekly or bi-weekly scrap of Latin prose, looks grave at the appearance of errors which would formerly only have awakened in him a gentle hilarity. Finally, some of his own familiar friends will have already been in for, but not passed through the dread ordeal; and failing therein, their places know them no more. For it should be clearly understood that there is a gulf beneath the feet of Oxford men, at the giddy verge of which they ever walk. A slight mistake, and they vanish from the scene, though their names may still linger on, always fresh and green—in the memories of the tradesmen in whose debt they are. 'Facilis descensus Averni' is fearfully true as regards the modern undergraduate. Smooth and easy is the descent from college to hall, or to 'the unattached' ('non-collegiate' is their new title); whence, again, a transition is easily accomplished to regions where country air revives the jaded spirit. This last process is called 'rustication.'

Now, there are two terrific subjects included in pass mods, the thought of which, when he views them from afar, is enough to freeze the blood of the average passman. One of these gorgons is styled 'Unseen,' and the other 'Logic.' Let not the reader also take fright at the first of these tremendous words. No weird reference to the dim mysteries of another world is intended by the title, which merely indicates the task of translating, at sight, brief passages from classical authors not previously 'got up' by the aid of a crib and a dictionary. Obviously, it is too much to expect that a man who has not given up more than ten or twelve years of his existence to the almost exclusive study of two dead languages, should be able to read little bits from easy books in those tongues without being helped by a translation. At anyrate, if this is not obvious, it is nevertheless true. The pass modsman, at that stage of his history which we are now contemplating, is quite unable to construe even those books which he has in some sort read during the college lectures he has had to attend, much less will he be competent to make out the sense of extracts from works with which he is wholly unacquainted.

But what of that other obstacle, that spectre, labelled 'Logic,' which stands across his path, like a guard set to bar his way through mods? Logic! It is a word well calculated to pale the cheek of the nursery-maid, or make the bold heart of the passman falter. Of all that may be comprehended under this term, of the true nature of the science which it denotes, he is profoundly ignorant, until, at the call of fate, he daringly probes its mighty depths, and crammed with a manual and prompted by a coach, triumphantly replies to the questions set him. (N.B., He is equally ignorant afterwards.)

The real truth is that logic, appalling though it sounds, is taken up as a preferable alternative to mathematics, since, by common report, it is known to be so easy that the veriest 'duffer' can pass in it with a very slight amount of exertion. 'Wonder,' says Carlyle, 'is the basis of worship;' and considered as subtly invented to keep alive the feeling of amazement in the human breast, even pass mods logic may be allowed to have its uses; but not otherwise. Certainly it is not likely that any one will be found hardy enough to say that it sharpens the intelligence or strengthens the understanding of any of those who reach the requisite standard of proficiency. Even when the astonished passman has learnt how to construct 'a syllogism in Barbara,' and, in the exhibition of such wit as his soul loves, to produce a 'collocation of three propositions' like the following—All men are fallible. Examiners are men. Therefore—examiners are fallible—it is doubtful whether the knowledge he has acquired affects his usual fashion of thinking and arguing, any more than the English grammar taught in a National School influences the mode of speech habitual to the scholars.

More, however, than 'unseen,' and far more than logic, 'Books' are usually regarded by the wary as constituting the great difficulty in the way of gaining a mods testamur. No less than three books must be selected out of a lengthy list which is published, and varied from time to time, by the Board of Studies. The real choice of the passman is practically considerably more limited in extent, for the average candidate shuns as he would the plague such authors as Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, and Æschylus. Perhaps Xenophon's *Memorabilia* has been a choice most commonly made, and this is very frequently prepared for the schools by the aid of a certain well-known little word-for-word crib, in which into every Greek sentence is interpolated its English equivalent. In these convenient little volumes, it is quite possible to read through the three given books of the *Memorabilia* in as many days, or even in less time; but candour compels us to admit that fatal disasters have been known to befall those who, relying solely on such preparation, find themselves, when in the actual examination, deprived of their beloved translation. There is indeed an easy way of evading this danger; namely, to take the indispensable resource with you in your pocket, and have recourse thereto in those moments in which the eyes of the examiner are not turned in your direction. That this is a method not unattended with danger, is evident, but all the same it is one more than occasionally resorted to.

'If I sit there,' said a gentleman whose vast experience entitled him to speak with authority—'if I sit *there*'—showing by his action that he meant the front of a room—'I am ploughed; but if I sit *here*'—indicating the back—'I am through.'

Oxford moral sentiment draws a wide distinction between cribbing in a pass and in an honour school. The same man who meets with no disapproval when he unblushingly boasts of the effectual use he has made of his surreptitious aids in the first case, would find himself universally banned if he were known to have acted in a similar way in the second.

The whole amount of classics which must be read for pass mods is certainly not great. Suppose that some typical candidate elects Xenophon for his Greek author, and Cicero and Terence for his two Latin ones—by five or six weeks' steady application, at the rate of about as many hours a day, he could unquestionably prepare the given books in a style which would—to speak paradoxically—win him honours in his pass school. But this assumes that our typical being is capable of steady continuous effort. Now, if he were to go in for mods in the term after he passed smalls, while he was still under the influence of the (comparatively) good habits formed during his school-life, and fresh from the grind implied in his last achievement, it is very probable that he might be found equal to the necessary exertion. But as, on the contrary, he is only beginning to face his difficulties after an interval of nearly two years spent in dissipation and idleness, he is about as much disinclined and unfit for any sustained mental labours as anybody can be. What he does do is something like this: towards the end of the last term before that in which he is compelled, by the rules of his college, to present himself for the 'first public examination,' as it is designated officially, he gets frightened, as aforesaid, by the near approach of danger, and makes up what he is pleased to call his mind—not to work hard now, for that, he feels, is impossible; but that he will work hard during the vacation. Delusive resolve! His vacation is passed like all his other similar periods of absence from Oxford; and when he comes up again to reside, the fateful portion of time left him before the schools commence, he desperately determines that he will indeed 'simply grind'—next week.

So the days ebb away, each signalised by a futile vow of reformation on the morrow, until the season at length arrives, about ten days before the exam., when he must once more 'put his name down.' In the interim he will probably have gone to a coach for his logic, and perhaps also for his books; but too late he discovers that the toil of the tutor is of no avail unless backed by that of the pupil. At this point he will perhaps derive a certain courage from the very desperation of his circumstances, and comfort himself by calling to mind a saying current at Oxford: 'A week for a pass in mods, and three weeks for a class in greats.' He badly off for time! Why, he has got ten days left—nearly a week and a half—without counting the hours of subsidiary work he can get in, while the schools are going on. Alas, poor passman! If once he lay that flattering unction to his soul, he will be more hopelessly sped than was even Yorick when Hamlet fingered his skull. All that is left of him, after he has been ploughed, will become a fit theme for the moralist.

And now, for these few remaining days, the passman *does* work. The agonies he endures are frightful, and it is to be hoped may be accepted as expiatory of his previous idleness—a sort of purgatorial cleansing for former sin. Fourteen, sixteen, nay, eighteen hours out of the twenty-four are consumed in such labour as mortality may scarce endure. Now, of a verity, the wet towel and midnight oil of traditional fame are called into use. His brow matted in wet band-

ages, the basin of cold water, to renew the moisture, by his side, the cup of green tea or strongest coffee before him—there, through the long hours of night, until the light of his lamp grows dim before that of the sun, the miserable sufferer from delay strives at once to 'redeem his misspent moments past,' and to resist the calls which nature makes to sleep. Yet even now, even under this dire stress of necessity, he cannot concentrate his attention. In vain he glances from the text of his book to the pages of his crib, from the pages of his crib to those of his book. The words which he reads at one moment are gone from his mind the next; in spite of his utmost endeavours, his thoughts still wander far afield. 'The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us;' and oftentimes, in the loneliness of his solitary despair, is he tempted to curse those festal hours of sloth which have robbed him of the power of honest work.

While the night is thus passed in desolate toil, the minutes of the day are spent in the company of his coach and of his 'reader.' The latter is a being who earns a lucrative and beneficent livelihood by acting as 'minister to a mind diseased.' What some celebrated physician, called in at the last moment when other advice fails, is to the sick man, that the 'reader' is to the unprepared undergraduate. His function is to read aloud English translations of those classical authors upon which his employer may chance to be engaged, whilst the latter holds the original in his hands. Nothing can be simpler than this process. It enables the student to get along quite as fast as he would if his subject-matter were really written in 'the vulgar tongue.' It is indeed unquestionably the speediest, and, it may be added, also the least efficacious method of 'getting-up one's books' that the ingenuity of man hath yet invented. By the aid, then, of this faithful—at eighteenpence per hour—retainer, the 'promising young man' whose career we are following manages to read, or to have read to him, about two-thirds, say, of his appointed work in the week or so to which he has confined himself. The rest he 'chances.' The Holy Gospels, 'in the original Greek,' are in like manner, it is to be feared, consigned to Fortune, a goddess who finds many devoted worshippers amongst Oxford passmen. And now, the very day before mods begins, that deity does indeed befriend him. A piece of most extraordinary good luck falls to his lot—he has the toothache. Regarded quite by itself, apart from surrounding circumstances, to have the toothache may not seem a very desirable thing; but, considered in relation to our hero's present position, it must be admitted that no greater boon could well be granted to him. For what avail the most strenuous labours, the most profound learning, the most varied and versatile intellectual powers, against this direful and insidious complaint? What could Cardinal Newman, or Professor Huxley, or Mr Herbert Spencer achieve, if examined in theology, or biology, or philosophy, while afflicted with this malady? Not a slight, common, every-day toothache, be it understood, but a real, raging, throbbing, maddening toothache, such as it would satisfy the hatred of the most malevolent individual to know that his

enemy were suffering. Obviously if, notwithstanding this dreadful drawback, the passman still succeeds in getting his testamur, he will have deserved the praise and admiration of mankind; he will have done something quite equal to a man *without* the toothache getting six university scholarships and a 'double first. But if, in spite of his heroic struggles to 'conquer agony,' human nature proves too weak, and a 'plough' results, he will receive the sorrowful compassion, instead of the adverse criticism of his relatives and friends.

We must perforce pause here a moment to note the beautiful and instructive ways of Providence. During all that time when, far from being considered a blessing, it would have been looked upon as an unmitigated nuisance, the toothache held aloof, waiting, as it were, really, almost as if it were alive—until it was wanted, and at last, at the very moment when it can be of the greatest possible service—then it comes! It haunts, like a ghost, the threshold of the schools; nay, as we have seen, it sallies forth therefrom and assails those who intend to enter, before they have arrived. But the strongest proof of its discrimination, and that which most clearly shows it must be friendly to man, is the fact that it is hardly ever known to attack those who would resent its approach. It passes by the hard-reading honour-man and the well-prepared passman—when he exists—to greedily embrace the poor creature, who would otherwise be left without an excuse, hopelessly ploughed. The present writer takes credit to himself for being the first—so far as he knows—to draw attention to the peculiarities of this curious and interesting 'varsity disease, the strange prevalence of which, whenever the schools commence, no one who has been at Oxford will dare to deny.

Racked, therefore, with physical pain, haggard, bleary-eyed, and wan from lack of sleep, the wretch whose woes we chronicle undergoes his first day of mods. Here a long series of 'sells' awaits him. His good-fortune begins and ends with the toothache. He had calculated that 'books' must inevitably come first, and that he could not possibly have 'logic' until the second day, so that he would have plenty of time between whiles to get up all those notes he had put off reading over until now. Yet, lo and behold, 'logic' is the very paper which confronts him when he takes his seat! Those fiends the examiners have evidently done it on purpose. His paper in the afternoon he had naturally expected would be also 'books,' but it is actually divinity, a subject which he has not yet even touched, as it is well known that it never comes on until the last day of the exam., so that he ought to have had ample opportunity to cram himself in it during the hours of the intervening Sabbath.

As it was in the beginning, so it continues to be till the end of the exam. Every successive paper except the last constitutes a fresh 'sell,' so that before the paper-work is finished, he feels that he is already ploughed, to all intents and purposes, ten times over. Yet still he will not, he cannot, quite abandon hope. He goes on, and refrains from 'scratching,' in the belief that, by some extraordinary fluke, he may still pull through; and even the horrors of his *viva* do not

entirely destroy this fond delusion. At last—at last the stroke falls, and he learns that it has been all—all in vain that he has toiled and endured—the toothache has triumphed—not mods; but it has been too much for him. 'Somehow,' says Dickens, 'it always is the salmon' which thickens the speech and otherwise affects gentlemen who have been dining. Somehow, in the case of ploughed undergraduates, it always is the toothache which is to blame.

OLD STAIRS: A STORY OF LONG AGO.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—THE MESSENGER.

Up a narrow lane leading from Thames Street towards St Paul's stands an old tavern. It is evening—a dark, boisterous evening in March; and the dim lamp which hangs over the doorway of the tavern, with the words *Loyal Tar* written in black letters on each side, flickers and blinks as though in imminent danger of being put out; for the wind comes and goes in gusts from every quarter. No sooner has one gust entered the lane from the neighbouring river, than another meets it half-way, as if the dismal approach to this tavern were a favourite rendezvous of storms as well as 'tars.' With one of these gusts, a stalwart young sailor turns into the lane, walking with a firm step in spite of the weather, and arrives under the tavern lamp. Having pushed open the swing-door—at which the wind roughly assists—the sailor descends a foot below the roadway into a well-lighted taproom. Here a crowd of men—captains of barges and steam-tugs and such-like craft—men of a bold and briny aspect, if not freshly salted, are laughing and drinking and talking loudly. A cloud of tobacco-smoke floats about the low, blackened ceiling of the noisy bar. The young sailor, passing through this crowd, after a glance at the weather-beaten faces, steps into a snug little bar-parlour beyond.

A cheerful fire, burning in an old-fashioned, open chimney, lit up panelled walls of polished oak until they shone again. The room was almost deserted. Two or three men of a nautical bearing sat round the hearth, smoking long clay pipes and drinking grog. The sailor gave a cursory glance at the circle, as he had done at those in the bar, and then he sat down in the midst of these 'loyal tars,' as the frequenters of the tavern were called, and filled his pipe and ordered his glass, as if prepared to make himself at home. An awkward silence had fallen upon the company thus gathered together at the entrance of this seafaring youth. Every one puffed vigorously at his pipe, and stared with a vacant gaze at the fire.

'A gale!' said the sailor, as a strong gust of wind swept by, rattling the window as it passed—'a regular gale! If I'd not taken an oath—if I'd not solemnly promised, mates, to bear a message from the dead before making another voyage, I should have been at this moment in mid-ocean. It's like my luck! When the wind's blowing a hurricane at sea and the waves are running mountains high, and there's a chance of shipwreck, sure as fate you'll find me sitting, like a lord-mayor, before a blazing fire. Ain't it maddening? Why, bless me, when I spied these words, *Loyal Tar*,

written up on the tavern lamp outside, I felt almost ashamed to come in !'

All eyes were now turned with some curiosity towards the young man. His bright, honest eyes, his sunburnt cheeks, awakened interest. His manly voice and irresistible frankness raised a smile on every upturned face.

'Why, mate,' remarked a handsome, dark-bearded man, a man with a kind expression and a keen eye, 'is it worth while to court danger, when it comes to us often enough without being courted? At anyrate,' he concluded, 'there is surely nothing to be ashamed of, nothing whatever, in being free from shipwreck, and'—

'Ain't there?—Perhaps,' said the sailor—'perhaps you don't know what it is, mate, to have all your friends in one boat—do you?'

The dark-bearded man shook his head. 'You'd better put all your eggs into one basket,' said he, 'than all your friends into one boat.'

'They're on board the brig *Leander*, every one of them, out in the storm. Yes, mate, every one.'

'Lor, man,' said a young fellow, looking up and winking at the company, 'haven't you even got a sweetheart ashore?'

'No; not even that,' said the sailor. 'If I had'—

'What then?'

'Just this. I was thinking—though I've no experience whatever—that no sweetheart'd love a man the less for wishing to share every danger with his shipmates at sea. If all hands were lost,' said the sailor, 'and Mark Ringwood ashore, he never could look an honest man or woman in the face again.'

'Ringwood?' said the dark-bearded man. 'Is that your name?'

'Yes, that's me.'

'My name is Jarvis—John Jarvis.—You were saying,' he observed, 'that you had got a message to deliver—weren't you?'

'Yes. I was told,' said Ringwood, 'by him who is now dead, to look in at the *Loyal Tar*. It was here, he assured me, I should find the address of the man to whom I have promised to deliver this message. A man,' he added, 'of the name of Caleb Cobb.'

'Old Caleb Cobb?' asked Jarvis. 'I can give you his address, and welcome.'

'I'll thank you heartily for it.'

Jarvis wrote upon a slip of paper, 'Caleb Cobb, No. 1 Old Stairs, Thames Street,' and handed it to Ringwood.—'You know something about him, I suppose?'

'Nothing,' replied Ringwood, 'except that he must be—I am led to conclude—a very old man.'

'Yes, very old,' said Jarvis; 'and very poor. For many years he was a lamplighter; but he has had to give that up.'

'How so?'

'He has lost his sight.'

'What?' cried Ringwood with concern. 'A blind man?'

'Yes; in total darkness,' replied Jarvis. 'His grand-daughter—a most devoted girl—supports him by her needle. Otherwise'—

'Does she, though? A girl who can do that, mate, must be the right sort.'

'She's one in a thousand. And she's as pretty,' continued Jarvis, 'as she is good.—But talking of

old Caleb Cobb,' he added, 'it's a wonder to me that we haven't seen him here to-night. When the wind's high and the lamps give an unsteady light, he often wanders in the neighbourhood of Thames Street all alone. He thinks the lamps may be blown out, I fancy, and the streets left in darkness; and he sometimes gets as anxious as if he needed them himself to light him on his way.'

Jarvis had risen, and was knocking the ashes out of his pipe before taking his leave. 'Well, Mr Ringwood,' said he, 'I hope your message to Caleb Cobb, whatever it may be, will 'liven him a bit. He always has been, as long as I've known him, what you might call down-hearted; and he don't get more cheery, like some men, with old age.—Good-night.'

'Good-night,' said Ringwood; 'and I hope, Mr Jarvis, it ain't for the last time.'

'I hope so.'

Buttoning his coat closely about him, John Jarvis stepped out into the dark and gusty night. He walked briskly along the lane in the direction of Thames Street. Before he had gone many paces, a monotonous tapping noise upon the stone pavement, accompanied by a feeble, shuffling footstep, attracted his attention. He stopped instantly, and called out: 'Caleb Cobb, is that you?'

In those days the streets were lit with oil-lamps. It was a light which did little to assist in distinguishing features, or even forms, unless people happened to meet within the limited circle of radiation. Jarvis, waiting under one of these lamps, peered into the shadows.

'Ay, ay, John; it's Caleb Cobb, the old lamplighter.' Feeling his way adroitly by the aid of a thick stick, and keeping persistently near some iron railings, a little old man now appeared in sight. He was shaky and bent with age; and yet, when a gust of wind rushed by him and threatened to sweep him off his legs, he grasped his stick and bravely stood his ground.

'Why, Mr Cobb,' said Jarvis, stepping forward to take his hand, 'isn't it a little imprudent to trust yourself out alone on a blowy night like this?'

Caleb Cobb stopped and rested almost caressingly against the bar of an ancient gateway, over which there were a rusty iron skull and two crossbones. This gateway led into one of those old City churchyards which might be met with in this neighbourhood almost at every turning. 'Maybe, John,' said the old lamplighter in a tremulous voice—'maybe. But I'm restless on a blowy night; I can't stop indoors. It reminds me of the past.—Is the lamp above us, John, burning pretty brightly to-night?'

'As brightly, Mr Cobb, as can be expected.' Jarvis looked up smilingly at the dim light, which threw the ghost of a halo round them.

'Then I think,' said Caleb—'I think I'll sit down here on these steps till you come back.—You were on your way to Old Stairs; weren't you?'

'Yes; I was going to meet Pearl.'

'Bless her!' replied Caleb with tenderness.—'I say, John,' he added, 'is Pearl your sweetheart yet?'

'No, Mr Cobb. I wish'—

'So do I, John,' said the old man—'so do I! There's no man I know of that I'd like better

than you for a grandson. Not, you understand, he continued, 'not that I'm really Pearl's grandfather. No, no. I'm an old bachelor, John—an old bachelor. But they nicknamed me, years ago, "Grandfather Cobb;" and Pearl has called me "grandad" ever since she could speak. She's a nephew's child. But he's been dead these seventeen years, come Easter, and little Pearl has no living relation except me.'

'I've heard that,' said Jarvis, in a thoughtful tone—'I've heard that. But it's the first time I've heard, Mr Cobb, that you were a bachelor.'

'That's likely enough. I've mentioned it, John, to no one—not a soul—for fifty years.—Look yonder!' Caleb added, pointing between the bars into the old churchyard, and with his face turned so eagerly in the same direction, that a passing thought crossed John's mind that the old lamplighter had recovered his sight—'look yonder! Does the lamplight fall beyond this gateway?'

'Yes; a foot or two.'

'Does it fall, John, upon a broken column?'

'No. But I can just distinguish something,' said Jarvis—'something answering to the description, among the shadows.'

'Ah! Then, that's it. She was buried there.'

'Who?'

'My sweetheart,' said the old man.

His voice was subdued; and there was so much reverence in his tone, that Jarvis regarded him with a newly awakened sense of curiosity and affection. His sweetheart? The man who could keep green the memory of his passion, and for so many years, must indeed have loved!

'A sad, sad story, doubtless,' said Jarvis sympathetically.

Caleb Cobb, who was kneeling upon the worn steps with his face still directed towards the tomb, now rose slowly with the aid of his stick, and turning round, lifted his blind eyes towards the light. There were tears upon his wrinkled cheeks. 'John,' said he, 'it's more than sad. It's a story of treachery and crime.—I'm not superstitious,' he added, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, 'not very; but I've always had the fancy, ever since her death, when the day comes round, that something strange is about to happen. It's fifty years, John, since she died—fifty years to-day.'

These words somewhat startled Jarvis. His odd meeting and conversation with the young sailor, Mark Ringwood, at the *Loyal Tar* recurred to him. He had spoken of a message from the dead, and he had expressed an eagerness to obtain Caleb Cobb's address. Ought he to relate the incident on the spot to the old lamplighter?

No. This was neither the time nor place. At the fireside, in Caleb Cobb's own home, the subject, though painful, might be touched upon with advantage as a forewarning of worse to come. But not here—not out in this gusty night. The old man was in no frame of mind to listen, as Jarvis conjectured, to what must be the prelude to a distressful revelation. How could he tell? The shock, even if he mentioned the name, might prove fatal. Was not this message which Mark Ringwood had been commissioned to deliver from the dead, a complete mystery to Jarvis?

'You will tell me some day, I hope, your sad

story,' said he, placing his hand kindly upon Caleb's shoulder.

'Yes—some day, John,' he answered—'some day you shall hear my story. But not to-night.—Go, now, and meet my Pearl. I'll rest here, as I was saying, until you come back. It's not cold; and you won't be very long?'

Caleb Cobb sank down once more upon the steps, grasped his stick, and rested his forehead on his hands. In this attitude he sat, waiting, at the old gateway.

CHAP. II.—CALEB'S HOME.

Upon the Thames, where large barges lay under the black shadows of a lofty warehouse, the wind met with no resistance except the current. The tide was ebbing fast; and the gale, blowing luckily in the opposite direction, created a rough surface on the dark water. At this point of the river, at the edge of a jetty or landing-place, stood a tall girl. She was clinging for safety to a wooden post with one hand, and in the other she held a lantern. The reflection of this lantern, thrown to the bottom of some stone steps, brought into relief a small boat; and in this boat was the shadowy form of a young sailor, bending forward to fasten a rope through an iron ring.

'Is this Old Stairs?'

'Yes,' said the girl—'Old Stairs, Queenhithe.'

'Ah! Then I've steered, at last,' said the sailor, 'into port.—Can you tell me,' he added, 'which is Number One?'

'Number One Old Stairs?' asked the girl, with some surprise in her manner.

'Yes; old Caleb's house,' he replied—'old Caleb Cobb, the lamplighter.' He had secured the boat; and, mounting the steps, now reached the girl's side. She turned the lantern, with sudden curiosity, upon the sailor's face. It was the handsome, jovial Mark Ringwood.

'Why,' said the girl, lowering the light with the swiftness of a bashful woman dropping her eyelids—'why, I live at Number One. And I'm—'she added hesitatingly—'I'm Caleb Cobb's grand-daughter.'

'His grand-daughter? Well,' said Ringwood, 'if that ain't odd!—Now, what—excuse me asking—what might be your name?'

'Pearl.'

'And now,' continued Ringwood, 'tell me, Miss Pearl, is your grandfather at home?'

'No, not yet.—I think he has gone to a tavern, out of Thames Street, called the *Loyal Tar*. He sometimes goes there.'

'Why, I've just come—not half an hour ago—from that very tavern. I've missed him.'

'Perhaps, if the business is not pressing, you would call to-morrow.'

'It is pressing. I've a message—as I was telling John Jarvis—'

'Do you know Mr Jarvis?'

'Yes. That is, I met him to-night at the *Loyal Tar*.—I've a message,' repeated the young sailor, 'from the dead. And I'd like—if it is possible—to deliver it to-night. It would set my mind more at rest.'

'Will you come back, then, in an hour?'

'Yes.—But suppose,' added Ringwood, tapping mysteriously the breast-pocket of his pea-jacket—'suppose I leave a parcel with you? It's about

this business; and it's rather valuable. I've just fetched it from my lodging over the water. I don't like carrying it about after dark, and'—

'I'll take care of it, if you wish.' She looked towards a row of houses which stood upon the jetty, facing the river. They were very small houses, two stories high, with one window on each story. Pearl crossed the road, and placing her hand upon the latch of the door of the house nearest the water-side, opened it and stepped in. She stepped at once into a little room—for these houses did not waste any space in passages—a room of the neatest and cosiest description. Ringwood followed, and closed the door behind him; for the wind, rushing in without ceremony, made the little log-fire roar again, and threatened to blow out the lamp, which stood upon the table under the window like a beacon.

'Ah!' exclaimed Ringwood, 'that's the light I saw when I got entangled among the barges. It gave me the notion to cry out.'

'I'm glad—very glad indeed—it was so useful,' said Pearl. 'Grandfather, although he is quite blind, trims this lamp and lights it without my help, and leaves it in the window all night. It is all the lamplighting that he does, or can do, now. This corner house is called the "Little Lighthouse" by the boatmen and bargemen about here. They give grandfather, for his trouble, among them, three or four shillings a week. It is all he earns; but it almost pays the rent.'

She was standing upon the hearthrug at the fireside, glancing up timidly while she spoke into Mark Ringwood's face. He remained near the door, respectful in attitude, but with a look in his eyes of unfeigned admiration.

Pearl's beauty was singularly attractive. Every feature showed some sign of animation. Her bright hazel eyes, her dark quivering eyelashes, and the curved lines about her dimpling mouth, reflected endless lights and shades of expression; and as she now hastened to remove her bonnet and throw aside her cloak, displaying her wavy golden hair, tied up in a simple knot, Ringwood thought that he had never seen such a lovely girl.

He was dazzled; but he dared not—being a modest young sailor—gaze very long at Pearl. Taking from his breast-pocket the parcel which he had declared gave him some anxiety, he held it out to the girl and said: 'See! It's addressed "Caleb Cobb, London." It don't look of any particular value, does it? But it is, Miss Pearl; so, please, don't let the packet get lost.'

It was an oblong packet, like a large letter, and sealed in four places with black sealing-wax. Pearl took it and turned it over with fingers expressive of curiosity.

'And now,' continued Ringwood, 'I'll go. In an hour's time—weather permitting—I'll be back again.' As he spoke he placed his hand upon the latch.

Pearl stepped forward to detain him. 'Stay! Will you tell me your name?'

'I beg your pardon. My name is Mark Ringwood.'

'Well, then, Mr Ringwood, don't you think you should walk down Thames Street towards the *Loyal Tar*? You might meet my grandfather, or find him at the tavern.'

'I will do so. I've a message for him, Miss Pearl.'

'Ah!' said Pearl, looking with renewed interest into Ringwood's face—'now, I understand.'

'It's a message,' continued Ringwood, 'which, like the packet I've just given you, will leave me no rest until I've delivered it. In an hour's time, then, I'll be back again.' Once more the little fire roared as Ringwood, with a parting glance at Pearl, raised the latch and went out into the night.

Pearl sank down into her grandfather's arm-chair with her eyes still turned towards the door through which Mark Ringwood had passed, and it seemed as though she were following him in thought through the dark streets of the old city. Who was this young sailor that so chanced to cross her path? Yet something seemed to whisper to her: 'It would have been better had you two never met.'

Pearl could easily account for such disquieting reflections. She knew that a mystery—though ignorant of what it was—surrounded her grandfather's life. The strange words he had often let fall, and his still stranger manner, assured her that he had, years ago, met with some misfortune—a misfortune the recollection of which time had not effaced. She was unable to explain to herself, except in the way which pointed to this misfortune, an awakening disquietude concerning Mark Ringwood's appearance. She began as soon as he was gone to connect him seriously with the mystery. She regretted having let him go in search of her blind old grandfather without questioning him closely about his errand. This message of which he was the bearer might be of a distressful nature; perhaps too painful, even though referred to with delicacy and tact, to be borne by an aged and afflicted man.

She rose with a sudden impulse to her feet; and the sealed packet which Ringwood had confided to her care fell from her lap. She picked it up and examined the cover with an increased curiosity which seemed to confirm her fear. She was seized with a sudden resolution: she would go herself and meet her grandfather. The moment might be at hand when he would need her presence. She knew that the mere sound of her voice would give him confidence and strength, where another's voice would serve no purpose.

Pearl had resumed her cloak and bonnet and was standing with the packet in her hand, when she was surprised by a knock at the door. Thrusting the packet into a drawer in an old desk of her grandfather's, she stepped forward to admit the visitor. It was Jarvis.

'Where is grandfather?'

'I left him,' said Jarvis, 'seated on his favourite steps, not long ago.'

'At the old gateway?'

'Yes. He promised,' said Jarvis, 'that he would wait there for us.'

'Come,' said Pearl; 'let us go to grandfather. I want to see him at once.'

'What is the matter?'

Without answering, Pearl hurried out. Jarvis followed. In spite of the wind, the girl went quickly along. But at the corner of a street a strong gust met her full in the face. She would have fallen, had not Jarvis been at her side to save her.

'Won't you take my arm?' Jarvis ventured to suggest.

She accepted hesitatingly.

'Pearl! what have I done to offend you?'

'Nothing.—Come, quicker!' said she. 'I am thinking of grandfather. I wish he would not go out alone. I'm anxious about him to-night.—Come, quicker!'

She hastened on; and Jarvis, unable to get any satisfactory answer, after questioning her once or twice on their way concerning her anxiety, lapsed into silence.

It was growing late, and the streets were comparatively deserted. Those who were still out in the storm were hurrying home as fast as the weather would permit. The gale was not abating; it seemed, on the contrary, to be increasing in violence as the night advanced. They reached the corner of the churchyard. A prostrate form was lying motionless upon the step under the lamp. Pearl clutched her companion's hand and pointed towards it.

Jarvis sprang forward; and the girl, sick at heart, and half fainting with apprehension, crept after him, holding to the railings of the old churchyard for support.

THE ROYAL MINT GUARD.

At present, when there is the near prospect of the introduction of a new coinage, a glimpse at the doings of the little military party 'on guard' within the precincts of the Royal Mint may interest some readers. The situation of the Mint is perhaps too well known to require notice in this place; it may therefore suffice to say that the buildings—dating from 1810—stand on Tower Hill, and are in close proximity to the moat that encircles the Tower itself. In front is a sloping esplanade of considerable extent, which serves at once as a parade ground for the ceremony of 'mounting,' and as a sort of 'lung' for the neighbouring densely populated district. The constant presence of two sentinels on the upper portion of this open space may assure strangers that the adjacent group of buildings is of public importance.

The Royal Mint Guard, though it has a momentous charge, is but a kind of satellite of the Main Guard within the historical stronghold on the other margin of the ditch. It usually consists of sixteen men, together with a corporal and a sergeant, the latter of whom is in command. Of course, both these non-commissioned officers are 'men' as well as their subordinates; but the designation 'man' in the army is strictly confined in its application to a private soldier. There is one other member of the guard who is neither a non-commissioned officer nor a man: this personage is the inevitable drummer-boy, a great part of whose duty consists in carrying his instrument to the Mint and bearing it back to the Tower on the following morning. In addition to his drum or bugle, he generally takes on guard with him a few yards of cord and a fish-hook fashioned in a primitive manner, and with these articles finds occupation in a method to be hereafter alluded to.

Though the sergeant 'on Mint' is virtually invested with supreme authority, the captain of the Main Guard visits the extra-mural party shortly after mid-day—just when the results of the cooks' labours are being placed on the tables.

One of the sentries having apprised the sergeant of his approach, the guard is drawn up on the esplanade, and salutes the officer, to whom the stereotyped report, 'All correct, sir,' is made. Then the captain glances in a passing way at the men, or perhaps, if a youthful guardsman, carefully inspects them, and says to the sergeant: 'Turn them in.' Having re-entered the guardroom, the soldiers place their rifles in the rack, and begin to assail the viands on the plates, each of the latter being rudely marked R. M. G.—Royal Mint Guard. We have used the expression 'rudely marked,' because guardroom delf is easily engraved upon with the assistance of a doorkey and a little water. Before much impression has been made on the ration beef by anybody except the drummer—who takes a keen interest in this part of his tour of duty—the officer steps two or three paces into the apartment, calling out: 'Any complaints?' The men, springing to their feet, and laying down knives and forks as though by word of command, with one accord cry: 'None, sir.' Thereupon the captain responds with the words: 'Aw; sit down;' he makes his exit, and is no more seen by the members of the Mint Guard.

The guardroom probably dates from the period when the rest of the Mint buildings were erected, and is a smaller apartment than would now be provided for the number of its occupants. But it is fitted with a large fireplace, in which a true 'soldiers' fire' can be kept blazing. At one extremity of the room, which is long and narrow, stands a small table for the exclusive convenience of the sergeant. Here he partakes of his meals in a species of solitary state; while close at hand is a portion of the guard-bed, which, on 'mounting,' he appropriates by spreading upon it his greatcoat. If a pay-sergeant, his batman (or servant) soon arrives, bearing the pay-book, an 'expense' ink-bottle, and other writing materials, contained in a case which once did duty as a knapsack of the pattern discarded some years ago. On the larger tables used by the private soldiers are to be seen a couple of copies of the *Standard*, together with an array of highly burnished knives and forks. And on the mantelshelf stands, not a timepiece, but a small box bearing the inscription, 'Salt.' Not far off is the 'Cook-house,' rather behind the day with regard to its appliances, and evidently built at a time when, to quote Mr Archibald Forbes, 'jam and marmalade were undreamt of' as constituents of army diet. Two cooks preside here. The senior man is responsible, and does most of the culinary work; the junior has the task of 'shining' the knives and of 'washing-up.'

In front of the guardroom door extends a large water-tank, reputed to be of great depth, and surrounded by a high iron railing. It probably exists for some purpose connected with the works in the Mint, and at any rate provides a never-failing source of diversion for the men, and particularly for the drummer on guard, being inhabited by a colony of fish. A zest is given to the piscatorial proclivities of the boy by the exceeding shyness of the denizens of the tank; for, however eager to claim a morsel of bread thrown into the water, there is scarcely a case on record of their doing so when it was presented on the drummer's improvised fish-hook. It is

questionable, nevertheless, if there is anywhere to be found a better 'fished' piece of water of its size. The tank and its aborigines being well known in the vicinity, there is a tendency among the gamin class to emulate the love of sport as exemplified in the youthful drummer; for one side of the water is only separated from the esplanade by the aforementioned railing. The sentries, if immersed in their own reflections, sometimes wink at the presence of these would-be poachers. But this is seldom the case with the representative of the City police, who quickly drives them off. So the tank may be regarded as 'strictly preserved.'

Stretching almost quite around the Mint is a path—wide enough to be called a road—which is named the Military Way. This is patrolled day and night by sentries, whose task is monotonous, for, like the tank, the Military Way is 'preserved.' On one side of the path in its whole extent are the lofty buildings of the Mint; on the other is a high wall, similar to those round some of the metropolitan prisons. As the sentries here can see little but the road and walls from their posts, they naturally cast their glances chiefly towards the firmament. By night, this variety of astronomical observation is frequently enlivened by the movements of numerous cats, which perform daring gymnastic feats on the top of the wall, and whose extraordinary vocal exercises, if not exactly musical, are effectual aids to wakefulness. There are three sentinels at wide intervals apart in the Military Way; and they are cut off from the outer world not only by the walls, but by locked gates at either extremity of the path. Their 'orders' chiefly relate, of course, to the protection of the buildings. They are instructed to apprehend and confine in their sentry-boxes any unauthorised intruders. While there is no one to notice what they are about, the men are reminded to 'walk on their posts in a brisk and soldierlike manner'—a regulation pretty often disregarded 'on Mint.' As the gates at either end of the Way are locked, and the commandant only makes his visit once in two hours, the sentries have a good deal of latitude allowed them; and when looked in upon unexpectedly, their marching is not always found to be brisk, nor their attitudes soldier-like. In times of supposed danger, however, they are kept well on the alert, especially during the night. Each quarter of the hour they have to call out, beginning with number one, who cries, 'Number one, and all's well.' Then number two follows suit, and so on to number five.

As is customary on guard-duty, the men are divided into three 'reliefs.' When the relief next for sentry has fallen-in outside the guardhouse, the sergeant often takes measures to ascertain that the men actually have their ammunition; for the weight of the cartridges occasionally leads to attempts to conceal them within the valises, which are not worn on sentry. If any inexperienced soldiers are present, the commandant exhorts them to maintain a 'sharp lookout,' and directs the corporal to post these recruits in the positions of least responsibility. When night approaches—unless in midsummer—he issues the mandate, 'Coats on the guard!' And as the men put on their great-coats, one may be heard saying to another, 'Give me a pull round.' Two guardsmen are necessary to dispose a coat 'smartly.'

In the morning, the men off duty in the guard-room are roused at seven o'clock by the sergeant shouting for 'Two men for patrols;' and when the patrols return, he gives the order, 'Coats off the guard!' The soldiers now begin to arrange their equipments with a view to dismounting. While they are thus actively engaged, the cooks, as well as a canteen-man, arrive, the latter conveying in a basket such delicacies as butter cut into pennyworths, eggs, and 'rashers' of bacon. Soon afterwards comes the sergeant's mess waiter, bearing a pewter cylinder in shape somewhat resembling a silk hat of the conventional pattern. Internally, this vessel contains two compartments, one for tea or coffee, and the other for the solid constituents of the non-commissioned officer's breakfast.

When the morning meal has been discussed, the corporal, referring to his 'roster' of the guard, details two men to act as 'swabs,' who subject the floor of the room to a cleansing operation, in which buckets of water play so prominent a part that the place is rendered temporarily uninhabitable. The members of the guard therefore betake themselves to the outside of the building, where they watch the drummer while he takes a farewell 'cast.' About this time the sergeant often wears a very preoccupied appearance: he is thinking of his 'guard report'—a recapitulation of the doings of his 'command' which requires to be carefully put together. When completed, he intrusts the report to the boy, who fixes it in an ingenious manner amid the ropes of his side-drum.

Before long, the fanfaronade which accompanies the mounting of the Main Guard in the Tower is heard. After an interval, the sentry on the esplanade describes the 'new' Mint Guard approaching; and he intimates the circumstance to his comrades by shouting, 'Guard, turn out!' The 'old' guard is soon relieved, the men stepping out with alacrity on their homeward journey. When they have arrived under the shadow of the White Tower, the drummer extricates the report from the grasp of the ropes and hands it to the sergeant. That functionary seeing the adjutant at a little distance gesticulating before a squad of recruits, proceeds to inform him of the arrival of the Mint Guard. But the officer, observing his approach, calls out, 'Dismiss your guard.' As the men struggle off to their quarters, they may be heard remarking that they have 'done one more Mint for the Queen.'

UNEXPECTED ANSWERS.

NOTHING takes a questioner so much aback as an entirely unexpected reply, especially if, as is generally the case, there be some degree of truth in it. He must have all his wits about him to answer offhand; but in nine cases out of ten he is unable to do so. No class of men seem to be so liable in this respect as school inspectors. It might be concluded that constant experience would teach them to be ready for such answers, and to profit by them; but whether this is so, is not chronicled. We think not.

In a Sixth Standard examination, a vacuum was described as 'an empty space without anything in it;' and a compass, according to another genius, was 'a tripod with a round or circular box surmounting it, which always points due north.'

This reminds us of the very sensible answer returned by a candidate in a Civil Service examination to the question, 'How far is the sun from the earth?' but which, we fear, did not increase his chances of passing. 'I don't know,' he wrote; 'but it's so far, that it will never interfere with my performing my duties if I am appointed.'

The girls are not a whit behind, or before, the boys in these malapropos answers. For example, when a little girl was asked the reason why the Israelites made a golden calf, she replied: 'Cause they hadna as muckle siller as would mak' a coo.' Another Scotch girl, at an examination, gave a pretty definition when asked, 'What does patience mean?'—'Wait a wee an' dinna weary.' During a School Board examination in the west of Scotland, the examiner asked a little girl, 'What is meant by, He was amply rewarded?'—'Paid for't.'—'No, no. You are quite wrong. Suppose you were to go into a baker's shop and buy a half-quarter loaf, and lay down fourpence, would you say you had amply rewarded the baker?' Unhesitatingly the girl replied in the affirmative. 'Why?'—'Because the loaf's only twopence-three-farthings,' was the unlooked-for answer. The inspector let that girl off easily during the remainder of the lesson.

A little fellow was sent a message by his mother to a lady. When he had delivered it, he did not seem in a hurry to go; and the lady, noticing this, asked him if there was anything else his mother had bidden him say. She was not prepared for his reply: 'She said I wasna to seek onything for coming, but if ye gave me onything, I was to tak' it.'

Sunday-school stories are sometimes equal to others in their irresistible fun. Sacred things have an influence over the mind of youth; but occasionally, as in the two following anecdotes, the influence or temptation is too strong for the mischief-loving boys, and eventually overcomes their religious feelings for the time. A Sunday-school teacher asked her scholars to learn an appropriate text to say as they gave in their pennies to the next collection. The first was, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;' and all were right until it came to the last boy, who, reluctantly dropping his penny into the box, said, to the great amazement of teachers and scholars, 'The fool and his money are soon parted!'

As an example of the error of talking figuratively to those who do not appreciate, and who are apt to take everything literally, this story is worth reading. The respected superintendent of a Sunday school had told his boys that they should endeavour to bring their neighbours to the school, saying that they should be like a train—the scholar being the engine, and his converts the carriages. Judge of his surprise when, next Sunday, the door opened during lessons, and a little boy, making a noise like an engine, ran in, followed by half-a-dozen others in single file at his back! He came to a halt before the superintendent, who asked the meaning of it all. The naive answer was: 'Please, sir, I'm the engine, and them's the carriages.'

From America come the following, which no doubt are as authentic as such stories usually are. A teacher in Virginia, during a geography

lesson, asked a boy the name of the State he lived in. He was pretty right when he replied: 'A state of sin and misery.' Somewhat astonished was another when he heard, in answer to the question, 'Who killed Abel?' that it was General Jackson. It must have been one of these boys who, when asked, 'In what state was mankind after the fall?' answered: 'In the State of Vermont.'

A father said: 'Bill, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping.'—'I know, daddy; but bills are not always paid when due.' Equally clever was a boy hearing of the wonders of astronomy. 'Men have learned the distances of the stars,' his father said; 'and, with their spectroscopes, found out what they are made of.'—'Yes,' was the reply; 'and isn't it strange, pa, how they found out their names also?'

Leaving juvenile answers, and turning to those of grown-up persons, we find that they are naturally more clever and sharp. Perhaps the best is that told at the expense of the Irish Chief-justice Caulfield, who was very greedy. Only on one occasion did he have a dinner-party, and among the guests was the rector of the parish. This gentleman, being asked to return thanks at the conclusion of the dinner, referred in the following manner to the well-known parsimony of the host:

We thank the Lord, for this is nothing less
Than the fall of manna in the wilderness;
In the house of famine we have found relief,
And known the comforts of a round of beef;
Chimneys have smoked that never smoked before,
And we have dined where we shall dine no more.

The Chief-justice stifled his feelings, and laughed with the rest; but he thought he had his revenge in asking the clergyman to dinner on a subsequent day. He came; but, when the covers were taken off, the dishes were empty! Caulfield maliciously asked the rector to say grace; and he, dumbfounded only for a moment, rose and said:

May He who blessed the loaves and fishes
Look down upon these empty dishes;
For if they do our stomachs fill,
'Twill surely be a miracle.

Another legal luminary was as severely dealt with at the hands of a young lady noted for her sharp wit. The judge, whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his intellect was keen and his judgment fair, asked this female what she meant by the term 'humbugged.'—'Well, my lord,' replied the lady, angry at the interruption, 'I hardly know how to explain it; but if a young lady called your lordship a handsome man, she would be humbugging you.'

Even sharper was the epigrammatic reply of a young lady to an old admirer, who, having found her glove, returned it to her with the following distich:

If from your glove you take the letter G,
Your glove is love, which I devote to thee.

The old gentleman's name was Page; and he received the following unexpected answer, which chagrined him so much that he left the place:

If from your Page you take the letter P,
Your Page is age, and that won't do for me.

An old cavalier was asked, when Cromwell

coined his first money, what he thought of it. On one side was the inscription, 'God with us;' and on the other, 'The Commonwealth of England.' 'I see,' he said, 'that God and the Commonwealth are on different sides.'

Two candidates, named Adam and Low, had to preach probation sermons for a lectureship in the gift of a certain congregation. Mr Low preached in the morning, taking for his text the words, 'Adam, where art thou?' and giving an excellent sermon. Mr Adam took for his text, to the surprise of the congregation and his rival, the passage, 'Lo, here am I.' From this he preached such a splendid impromptu sermon that he gained the lectureship.

To conclude, we give the story of an amateur artist who had decided to send the productions of a quarter of a century to some charitable institution for the benefit of the inmates. Before doing so, however, he invited an old, plain-spoken Scotch artist to see his works, informing him at the same time of his philanthropic intention, and asking his advice as to the institution on which he should confer so much honour. 'Well,' was the grin reply, 'if ye will compliment them, the best place I ken o' is the Blind Asylum.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LIME-JUICE FROM TRINIDAD.

ALTHOUGH the lime-tree is a wild shrub in Trinidad, it is only within the past three years that any attempt has been made to turn its fruit to commercial advantage. At that time, the American consul recommended the shipping of a few barrels of the fruit to America as an experiment; but the fruit decayed in transit, and the attempt was a failure. Another plan was resorted to—the neutralisation of the acid juice with chalk; but this plan also has had to be abandoned; and the expressed juice itself is now exported, either in the simple state as obtained by pressure, or after evaporation to about one-tenth its volume. The simple juice finds a market in America, and the condensed juice in England. There are even now only two farmers who cultivate the lime for exportation, and one of these has supplied the American consul with much useful information.

Lime-trees grow and bear in any soil, but the better the soil the larger the fruit. They are planted from twelve to sixteen feet apart, and when young, are pruned and trained to the shape of an umbrella. When about to form a lime plantation, it is best to form a nursery a year beforehand, and then transplant the young trees, pulling them up from the soil, cutting off the end of the pivot root, and then placing them in the ground where they are to grow. A lime-tree yields on an average ten gallons of juice. The fruit is allowed to drop off, and is then collected and conveyed to the works, where the limes are passed first through the cutter, which rips them open, and then through rollers and the press to separate the juice. These cutters, rollers, and press are constructed in a very simple and primitive way, and admit of very great improvement. The juice is then exported, either in this condition, or it is condensed by boiling. So far as the cost of lime-juice is concerned, it

is said that a barrel of limes (worth eightpence) will give seven gallons of juice. Including packages, the entire cost of the juice is about sixpence per gallon; and as it is sold at prices ranging from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings and sixpence per gallon, the cultivation is profitable. The essential oil of limes is extracted from the rind before the fruit is crushed by grating on rasps with the hands. The oil thus extracted is called the hand-made oil, and is superior to that obtained from the crushed limes and by distillation. A hundred gallons of juice will yield by distillation about three quarts of the essential oil. It is believed that this branch of industry is capable of great expansion, and that, with capital and intelligence, it might become a leading and important manufacture on the island, the soil being so suitable for the growth of the fruit.

WHY DOES PAPER TURN YELLOW?

Professor Wiesner, a well-known German savant, has been making a series of very interesting and useful experiments on this subject, with the result that he now contends that the yellowing of paper is due to an oxidation determined by light, and especially by the more refrangible rays. This discoloration is more striking in wood-papers than in rag-papers. He also found that dry air is another most important condition for the preservation of paper. One of his conclusions is very interesting, this being that in libraries, the electric light is inferior to gas, on account of the large proportion of the more refrangible rays present in the former. This is an important matter, and one that deserves further inquiry.

THE END OF THE STORY.

You were standing alone in the silence,
When I passed down the stair that night,
Alone with your thoughts in the shadow,
Away from the fire's soft light,
And never a greeting you gave me,
Not a word your lips let fall,
As I came from the light to your side, dear,
That night, in the old oak hall!

But I knew, ah, so well, the secret
You fancied you kept unseen,
And I hated the pride that was standing
Like a shadow our hearts between.
So I told you, that night, a story,
And you listened as in a spell,
Till I saw that you guessed the meaning
Of the story I tried to tell!

You fain would have silenced me then, dear;
To leave it untold were best—
Too late, for I learned, as you drew me
To your heart, that you knew the rest!
And the shadow passed by from between us,
For ever, beyond recall,
As you whispered the end of the story
That night, in the old oak hall!

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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A SHETLAND PONY.

THE long and hilly drive of thirty miles from Lerwick to Sumburgh possesses little attraction for the lover of nature in her softer moods. The South Mainland of Shetland, wildly romantic as is its rocky coast-line with its numberless *voes* or estuaries, and picturesque as are its fishing-hamlets, its purling hill-streams, and groups of crofters' cottages, lacks in great measure the essential element of colouring. The hills are bare, bleak, and gray; even in autumn there is no heather-bloom, as in Orkney, to adorn with its rich purple the monochrome of broken peat-moss. In fact, if it were not for one endlessly varying feature peculiar to this region, the landscape would be wholly in neutral tints. The solitary relief to the sombre surroundings is the bright colouring of the ubiquitous Shetland pony. Notwithstanding reports of their recently diminished numbers, these little animals seem to be everywhere—grazing contentedly on the grim, peaty moorlands, wandering over the bare hillsides, or peering like elves over the stone dikes at the passing vehicle. There are little ponies and big; ponies black and brown, cream-coloured, russet, fawn, and gray; every shade and size of the smallest known, as well as the hardiest and most useful breed of ponies in the world. During our last trip through the district, we attempted to count those within sight of the road as we passed; but we gave up the task long before reaching our destination. The journey occupied the whole day, the hills being nearly as steep as those of Skye; and there were hundreds of ponies visible in every direction feeding, contentedly enough to all appearance, where, probably, no other animal could find subsistence, in all the brilliancy of their summer coats, and rejoicing for the most part in wholly untrimmed manes and tails. The appearance of some of the smaller ponies is grotesque in the extreme; their fiery eyes, glancing under bushy forelocks, and their shaggy manes, giving them something of the look of miniature bisons. When

grazing together, the younger, and especially the smaller animals will frequently be observed to fight fiercely with each other; in fact, this breed of ponies, from their hardiness and courage, form no mean antagonists to horses of much larger size. Instances are known of ordinary horses, pastured with ponies in islands, or 'holms,' as they are locally termed, having been actually killed by the repeated attacks of their tiny but determined foes.

In treating of Shetland ponies, one is apt, without perhaps being aware of it, to tread upon somewhat ticklish ground. Of course it will not be denied by any one acquainted with the subject, that the Shetland variety of ponies as a whole is, with some minor defects, by far the best of all. The difficulty alluded to does not lie in this direction. The fashion of Iceland ponies is, we believe, fast dying out. It would never have obtained to any extent, considering the marked inferiority of the breed in every respect, had it not been for the efforts of those interested in their wholesale importation. And there has been, in connection with the subject, a popular misconception which has told in their favour. Born in a much colder climate, one might imagine, at first sight, that the ponies reared in the far north would necessarily be of a hardier nature, and be much more inured to exposure than their Shetland brethren. But this conclusion would rest upon a mistaken premise. Iceland has, of course, by far the more rigorous climate; but it is one so much more severe than that of Shetland, that the ponies cannot be left out in winter, but are regularly sheltered and housed during the inclement season. This the Shetland ponies never are. By day and night, in winter and summer alike, they live on the hillside. Any indulgence they may get by way of extra food in hard seasons is afforded them solely in the way of 'outdoor relief.' Let the north wind drift the snow-flakes ever so thickly, let the cold be ever so intense, the true 'Sheltie,' clothed in a triple and impenetrable fell of matted hair, has no 'bield' but such as the

dikeside may afford, and, with true philosophy, turns its ample tail towards that doubtful shelter. Hence in great measure their unmatched hardiness.

But although the supremacy of the Shetland ponies will not be seriously questioned, yet it must be remembered—and here lies the rub—that there are ponies *and* ponies even in Shetland. There are droves of ponies, owned by breeders, in the various districts of the Mainland and islands of the group, as well as the solitary pony of the individual crofts. These rival breeders keenly contend with each other for the palm of superior merit. Well, we are wise enough not to pretend to award it. We may perhaps venture the remark that about Sumburgh an infusion of Norwegian blood was attempted some years ago with favourable results, though adding considerably to the size of the animals; but we state this without prejudice to the merits of other noted strains.

The size of the full-grown Shetland pony varies very much more than is commonly believed. They are not all pigmies, by any means. That they are commonly thought to be so without exception is perhaps owing to the fact that so many of the smaller animals are exported. Fancy-ponies of this description, measuring perhaps only nine hands or thirty-six inches* at the shoulder, and even less—thirty-two inches has been known—are in demand for the *ménage*, or as children's pets, being practically useless for other purposes; and the correspondingly fancy-prices paid for these Lilliputians are extraordinary, especially should they be matched pairs, and cream-coloured or piebald. These will fetch as much as thirty guineas a head, or even more. Small-sized horse-ponies—anything under forty-four inches, or thereby—are also in great demand for employment in the coal-mines of the south, are exported in large numbers, and fetch a high price. These hapless animals are to be commiserated, not on account of their possible ill-usage, for they are both well fed and tended, but for their life-long imprisonment in the underground stables of the mines. But a larger size, anything above forty-four inches or thereby—and many pure-bred ponies are bigger—can generally be purchased on the spot, rising three or four years old, for from seven to ten or twelve pounds for horse-ponies, mares usually fetching from thirty shillings to two pounds less. But the price even in the same district is variable, and depends upon a variety of circumstances. It is not improbable that in process of time these bigger-sized and cheaper ponies may become scarcer, the larger breeders contenting themselves with producing the fancy qualities; and the crofters, again, endeavouring by crossing to increase the size of the animals raised by them to fifty-four inches

or so, in order to use them for ploughing and farmwork. These causes will probably raise the prices of intermediate heights in the near future. Such, at all events, are our latest advices from the spot. Freight to south ports must, of course, be added to the above quotations, and also the dealer's commission, usually ten shillings, which generally includes shipment free on board steamer at Lerwick. Even with these additions, it will be seen that the profits of middle-men in the southern markets must be large, a broken Shetland pony, three or four years old, quiet and tractable to ride or drive, frequently fetching, without any specially valuable characteristic, some fifteen or sixteen guineas at horse bazaars. We would advise intending purchasers to seek an agent in Shetland, and to protect themselves against risk of loss on the passage by means of a transit insurance policy, readily and cheaply obtainable.

Many cross-bred ponies are also reared in Shetland. A strain of the larger horse makes a shapely animal. The Highland pony cross is also a fair one; but—there is 'always a something,' even in horse-breeding—the tendency of these infusions is generally to perpetuate the bad qualities of both parents, without preserving the good ones. Cross-bred Shetlanders are peculiarly given to stumbling—an ineradicable fault, from which the true breed is singularly exempt.

On these points we do not speak without experience, having on one occasion, while resident in the Orkney Islands, imported a veritable Shetland pony direct from the land of its birth. Its expected arrival at Kirkwall gave us no little anxiety, for although the voyage thither from Lerwick is not a long one, ponies are very apt, even on a short passage, to suffer from want of water, if not properly supplied *en route*. We have seen many of them landed in Orkney, to be attended, for lock-jaw, by a veterinary surgeon, before proceeding farther south, their illness arising from neglect of attention in this respect. Our consignment was, however, received without mishap. It could not be called on arrival, even by the most ardent admirer of the breed, a beautiful animal. It was the winter season, and a treble fold of thick and curly hair clothed our pony from head to foot. The mane was nearly two feet in length; and a preposterously lengthy tail, which otherwise would have trailed upon the ground, had been thoughtfully tied—most probably by the shipper—in a double knot. It was of a cream-fawn colour, however—surely the prettiest of all—and though a good deal out of condition, for the Shetland moor in winter does not afford succulent pasture, there was a gentleness about our pony which did much to win our favour from the first.

Shetland ponies, except when very young, have an aspect of pensive melancholy about them, suggestive of relationship to that other quadruped which boasts of longer ears. Perhaps it is the labour to which many of them are set at an early age, for most of the crofters' ponies bring home peats from the hills in miniature carts, and carry loads in panniers as well; perhaps it is the climate in which they are reared; perhaps a

* The 'hand' of horse-measurement is four inches; but the height of ponies is always given in inches in Shetland.

constitutional symptom; but every true-born 'Shalt' gives one the impression that he thinks a great deal more than is good for him, and that his view of life in general is that of the pessimist. Our pony was no exception, being singularly meditative, if not despondent. Even a change to better pasture than that of his former home failed to rouse him. But with all his brooding—perhaps it was home-sickness—he was manifestly busily engaged, for some weeks after arrival, in taking an accurate stock of his new surroundings after a stealthy fashion, somewhat as a cat will do when introduced to a new dwelling. This inquisitiveness roused our suspicions at first, thinking that he meditated flight at an early opportunity; but we were mistaken; he was only reaping the 'harvest of a quiet eye.' When we knew our pony better, we gave up mistrusting and tethering him. Left to wander at will, he never strayed beyond the unfenced boundary of an Orkney hill-farm. On closer acquaintance, we found him to be a psychological study, being a curious mixture of apparently opposite and contradictory qualities. Gentle and amiable towards ourselves, he keenly resented the interference of strangers; and though docile enough, there was at times a lingering reluctance about his obedience which some might have taken for obstinacy. Perhaps we are wronging him, but he often seemed to give in to his master's wishes with a gentle, a very gentle protest. There were some simple things which no persuasion would induce him to do; for example, to accept a turnip instead of his beloved potato for dessert; and there was a slumbering ferocity underlying all the seeming gentleness and misanthropic pensiveness of our pony, evidencing itself in a tendency to bite and kick at other ponies, and to assault smaller and inoffensive animals, such as dogs, straying in his path—weaknesses which only his solitary upbringing by the lonely shores of a Shetland loch could either palliate or excuse. We called him 'Spiggie,' after the famous trout-water hard by his birthplace.

But other fault or defect he had none, being a trusty and faithful servant, and an affectionate friend. A single glance at his 'mild and magnificent eye' assured the most timid rider of perfect safety in the saddle; while the square compact frame, and strong sturdy limbs, with pasterns well back, gave evidence of endurance and surefootedness. From this latter quality, this particular breed makes the best of all possible hill-ponies. A 'Sheltie' will pick his way deliberately, yet certainly, over broken ground and among loose stones, where any other animal, except perhaps a goat, would assuredly stumble. And in comparative darkness, or through driving mist or blinding snowstorm, when the wayfarer on foot would almost certainly wander on the trackless hills, these animals will travel with unerring instinct to their home. Their tenacious memory for tracks, and their conservative tendencies generally, are very strongly marked, and in this respect most invaluable on the moors.

The best way to treat an imported riding 'Sheltie' is to keep it as nearly as possible as it has been accustomed to be kept in its native wilds. High feeding and constant stabling are positively injurious to them. They should, if practicable, have their heads loose, and be assigned

rough pasture. They are the hardiest of the hardy, and thrive best on Spartan fare. Though they will stand the immediate consequence of an over-feed better than an ordinary horse—a surfeit of wet clover which might be fatal to the one, not more than temporarily inconveniencing the other—yet the rich fare in time tends to enfeeble the smaller race, more especially as, from early scarcity, they are, as a rule, of an unbounded stomach. They should have unfailing access to water at all times—no animal suffers sooner or more seriously from the consequences of thirst. And once more, if your pony be kept outside—as he always should be, save perhaps in the severest weather, when an open shed will do for cover—do not take from him, by undue trimming and reckless clipping, the abundant hair with which nature has provided him as a covering and defence. The coat will of itself become thinner and finer on better diet. The poorer the fare, the closer and thicker the coat. An ill-fed pony runs all to hair and hoof. Clip your pony's tail as little as possible; it is enough if it keep clear of the ground. A flowing mane and tail are the Shetland pony's chief adornments, and the latter its most effectual means of warding off the attacks of summer insects, as well as its warmest covering from the wintry blast.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE PILOT.

THE funeral of Mr Gabriel Gotham, J.P.—he never gained the distinction of D.L.—was fairly well attended. The coffin was preceded by a detachment of police, walking two and two, wearing white gloves; and was followed by the Cornellis family and by several of the gentry of the neighbourhood. The coffin was of polished oak, with brass mountings. The church bell tolled; and the pulpit and altar and the family pew were in mourning.

After the funeral, a few came back to the Hall to partake of refreshments whilst their carriages were being got ready. The rector speedily took off his surplice and scarf and curled up his black kid gloves, and came. The lawyer of the deceased was also there, a local man, who lived in Hanford, who made out the leases for Mr Gotham.

When the guests from a distance were gone, and only the rector and the solicitor remained, Justin Cornellis said with a sad smile: 'It is, I suppose, usual on these melancholy occasions to produce and read the will; but Mr Coxo no doubt is aware of the arrangement made by my poor cousin. I have the key of his bureau. The will is in it, I believe. I will run up-stairs and bring it down, if Mr Coxo would like to see it. There is, however, no necessity; I will have it proved forthwith at Somerset House.'

'I have it, sir,' said the lawyer.

'You have it!' exclaimed Mr Cornellis, stopping short on his way to the door.

'Mr Gotham made his will at my office the day he met with his fatal accident; in fact, only a few hours before—perhaps not more than an hour and a half previous.'

'I beg your pardon! Is this possible? With what object?' Mr Cornellis looked very blank.

'Well, sir, I suppose he changed his mind. I have the will here. It is short and to the point. The rector and my clerk witnessed it.'

'I came down to the beach,' said the rector, 'when poor Gotham was there with Miss Josephine inspecting a new vessel just built by Grimes; and he, poor fellow, asked me to do him the favour of stepping with him to the office of his solicitor. It turned out that he wanted to make his will, and get me to attest it. I suppose he felt unwell that day; had some premonition of what would happen. I suspect the true explanation of his fall is that he had a stroke, and that is what made him lose his balance. It was an odd coincidence his making a will the same day he lost his faculties.'

'Let me look at it,' said Cornellis huskily.

'Nothing can be simpler,' said the lawyer Cox. 'He has left everything to your daughter, Miss Josephine—that is, to the rector, myself, and Mr Cable, in trust for her, till she is of age, and not under coverture.—I must ask that Miss Cornellis may be present whilst I read the will, as it concerns her more than any one else.'

'And—myself?' stammered the ex-missionary.

'There is a hundred pounds a piece left to me, sir, to the rector, and Cable, as executors; to the servants, a small remembrance. That is all. You are not mentioned.'

Mr Cornellis said no more. He rang the bell for his daughter, and remained silent whilst the will was being read.

The rector and the solicitor left, and then he was alone with Josephine. The calmness he had assumed during the presence of the two gentlemen deserted him. He became limp in body and haggard in face. His usual assurance and self-confidence were gone, knocked down by this unexpected blow, and he did not know what line to take. He felt that his position was critical. The object of the wretched old Squire was clear to him. Mr Gotham had made Josephine his heiress because he believed she would marry Richard Cable; and he had so entangled her with Cable, that it would not be easy for her to break away without a slur remaining on her character. This was why he had advanced the money for the purchase of the boat, why he had had it called the *Josephine*, and made the girl give it to Cable. This also was why he had made him trustee with the rector and Cox.

He was no hero to his daughter; he had contemptuously flung away his natural opportunities of gaining her respect and securing her love; and now he regretted this mistake, because he was disappointed of his ambition and made dependent on her. He had wasted all the money his wife had brought; nothing of it remained, except what he could secure from the Insurance Company, in compensation for his house and goods consumed by fire.

'Well, Josephine,' he said, not looking her in the face, 'luck smiles on you, and turns her back on me. Look at poor Gotham's old will. By it, everything fell to me; and now, at the last moment, when he was half-crazed, he went and made a fresh disposition of the property. I might contest the new will; indeed, I have a mind to serve a caveat against its being proved,

till I have considered the matter. The new will is so preposterous that it cannot stand. Poor fellow! He was off his head when he made it. But it will not do to have quarrels in families. It would be a scandal if you and I were ranged against one another in court; and I propose a compromise.'

'I think, papa, you had better settle that with the trustees—Mr Sellwood and Mr Cox and Richard Cable.'

He frowned. 'I can have nothing to do with Mr Sellwood, nor you either, since you have refused his son! No, Josephine; I speak as a father to a child. I want no law; I want a fair arrangement between us. If you satisfy me, I will withdraw my opposition to the will.'

'I do not know what the property of poor Cousin Gabriel is worth,' said Josephine.

'About two thousand five hundred, gross; but nett, nothing like that sum.'

'Papa, I will talk the matter over with Richard'—

'Richard!' he exclaimed. 'What do you mean?'

'Richard Cable,' answered Josephine. 'I have put myself in his hands. I did so when I thought myself a poor girl; now I am rich, I cannot twist myself out of his hands.'

'Oh, as to that,' said her father, 'give yourself no concern; I'll manage it. What was absurd yesterday, is impossible now.'

'I did not mean that I could not extricate myself, papa, but that I would not.'

'Then you are a fool,' said he bluntly—'a greater fool than I conceived you to be. The man is a vulgar sailor, and talks broad Essex.'

'I beg your pardon, papa. He is a man of honour and integrity—a gentleman at heart.'

'I do not profess to know his heart. If his gentility is within, turn him inside out, please, before presenting him to me and the world.' He laughed contemptuously. 'I suppose your mother-in-law will char for you—ninupence a day with six meals and her beer.'

Josephine coloured.

'As for the snivelling babies,' he said scornfully—'insist on a free application of soap, and the use of a tooth-comb before introducing them into this house.' Then, impatiently: 'Pshaw! The thing is too absurd. I cannot believe in such a climax of folly as that my own daughter should voluntarily set herself up to be the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood. I'll offer the lout a hundred pounds to marry Betty the scullery-maid, and get rid of him that way.'

'Papa,' said Josephine, with troubled face, 'you cannot alter matters by talking in that way. You drove me mad the other day, and I tried to drown myself; then Richard saved me for the second time from death. I had no one to whom to look for succour, advice, comfort, and I turned to him.'

'There—there!' said Mr Cornellis. 'Like a Newfoundland dog, I suppose, he went into the water after you. It does not follow that because a dog draws you out of the water, you are to worship and obey Ponto ever after; a pat and a bone will suffice for him. My dear Josephine, it is only in the fairy tale that Beauty, when she marries the Beast, finds him transform himself into a glittering Prince. In real life, when

Beauty thus descends, she finds the Beast become infinitely and degradingly more beastly.' Then, unable to keep his temper any longer under semblance of control, he left the room, took up his hat, and walked through the garden, out at the gate, and along the seawall to the Cables' cottage. He walked in with his hat on, after having rapped at the door, and asked Mrs Cable for her son. She told him he was in the garden, and he went through the house to him.

'Good-evening,' he said, a little roughly, for his temper was nettled. 'I've come for a word or two with you.—What is this Miss Josephine tells me about her trying to drown herself, and throwing herself on your protection?'

Richard stood up, and looked Mr Cornellis in the face gravely out of his clear steady eyes. 'Has she told you ought about it, sir?' he asked.

'Yes, she has—some rodomontade. I beg your pardon; you probably do not understand the word, and would be at a loss to spell it. Some nonsense, I mean. She tumbled into the mud, and you picked her out.'

'Sir, it happened as Miss Josephine said.'

'She entered into no particulars. She was in one of her tall moods, giving herself tiptoe airs. I do not care for the particulars. How she got into the mud is nought to me; how she got out is more my concern. Did she scramble out, or did you pull her out?'

'I brought her here, sir. She was in the water, not in the mud.'

'You brought her here! Why not to her home?'

'Because she refused to be taken home.'

'And then she threw herself on you for advice and protection—advice as to nothing, protection against nobody. Not a soul desired to hurt her, and it is a matter of no importance what and who advised her, for she is so headstrong that she will go only her own way.'

'What she asked me, sir,' said the sailor, 'and what was said, are between herself and me.'

'You refuse to tell me what passed?'

'Miss Josephine spoke to me in confidence!'

There was something so offensive and irritating in the tone of Mr Cornellis, that Richard began to see how it was possible for the poor girl to be worked into a condition of exasperation by her father, such that she should try to destroy herself.

The ex-missionary looked hard at the sailor, who met his eye frankly.

'I do not know what tomfoolery my daughter has been playing with you; but you will please to understand that whatever she said, she said in joke.'

'Miss Josephine knows that best, sir. If she spoke in joke—so; if in earnest—so.' He was not to be brow-beaten; he was calm, grave, and earnest.

'I do not know how she expressed herself; words are various in their meanings, and a simple word lightly said may be taken seriously, and have grave consequences. You must distinctly understand, my man, that Miss Cornellis has acted contrary to my wishes in coming here to play with your brats—children. There are children to be played with on her own level of life, without stooping to yours.—I mean no

offence. Your children may be very nice and dear and all that sort of thing, but they are as apart from the sphere in which my daughter moves as if they belonged to the Dog-star.'

'The stars are above,' said Cable coolly.

Mr Cornellis was beating about the bush. He did not want to admit that his daughter had spoken seriously to him about an engagement with Cable; he desired to hear Cable's version of the interview, and then to take his course. But Richard was reserved. Mr Justin Cornellis could get nothing out of him, and was himself losing his temper.

'Now, look here,' said he. 'My daughter has made you a present of a boat. I advanced the money. She gave it to you. I thought it would seem to come more gracefully from her; but don't you build any ambitions on that transaction. She owed you a debt, and has paid it; and she is now quit. I daresay she has said some nonsense to you since. Girls have no control over their fancies and tongues.—Mind you, my good fellow, I object to her coming here. If she returns, she will incur my severe displeasure; and I warn you that no serious intention lurks behind her words.'

'What words, sir?'

'Any words she may have said.'

Cable considered a moment, then he said with self-restraint: 'Sir, I have listened to what you have said; but I can't make much out of it. You don't wish the young lady to come here to see my young folks; very well, sir. She shall not come if I can help it. I would not have one of my little girls disobey me; and if I led your daughter into disobedience, I should expect to be punished in like manner in my own children.—But, sir, Miss Josephine spoke to me when she was much in earnest and was very unhappy. I know well we be of different build. She's a clipper yacht, and I a coal-barge; but that is neither here nor there. She appealed to me, and I answered her. If she meant nought by it, I am content. I will go with you to the Hall, sir, and see her in your presence, and she shall tell me what she means. Whichever way she decides, I am content.'

As the two men turned to leave the garden by the way of the bridge, Josephine herself appeared from under the willows, crossed the plank, opened the wicket, and came towards them.

'I knew papa had come here,' she said; 'so I have followed.'

'I am glad you are on the spot,' said Mr Cornellis—but his looks belied his words—'that you may hear what I have been saying to Mr Cable. I have told him that you have used random words to him, the purport of which I know, though I do not know the exact expressions used. You were excited at the time, possibly light-headed. Your words are not to be taken at the foot of the letter. What you said in heat you regret when cool. A lady is always allowed to change her mind; and circumstances having altered, you have altered your purpose.—You will understand, Mr Cable, that the girl is not of age.'

'Papa,' said Josephine, turning to him, and then to Cable, 'Richard—I can now say to both what must be said. I am not a weathercock. When I give my word, I stick to it. I placed myself in the hands of Richard Cable, and asked

him to direct the course of my life, when I felt that I had lost confidence in you, papa—in every one; when I believed myself to be a poor girl without a penny. Mr Cable does not know what has happened to alter my circumstances; that, however, does not alter my purpose, but intensifies my resolution. If before, when I was poor and without responsibilities, I wanted a help, now that I am well off, and am likely to have many responsibilities, I shall need assistance much more. He is the only man to whom I can look with perfect trust, and to him I still turn. I do not wish to reproach you, papa; but as you have mismanaged my little fortune left me by my mother, I do not wish you to play ducks and drakes with that bequeathed to me by my cousin. Besides, he did not appoint you executor and trustee, but he appointed Richard Cable. There is no one—no one to whom I can look up as I look up to him. I daresay my choice will shock the neighbourhood; but I do not care; I must seek my own happiness and welfare above everything else. When a poor creature is drowning, she clings to the spar that is floating near her, and which she knows will sustain her, and does not apologise to the hencoops and empty barrels drifting around that she does not lay hold of them instead of the spar.'

Mr Cornellis turned livid. 'Take care, Josephine; you almost persuade me that a lunatic asylum is your proper home.'

'I ask Richard Cable to protect me. He will see that I am not spirited away to a madhouse.—I am sorry,' she continued, 'very sorry, not at all glad, that Cousin Gotham has made me his heiress. I had ten thousand times rather have been a poor man's wife, in such a position that the road of duty was straight and clear before me. Now I fear my way will be less obvious; but I shall have one to steer me who is the best of pilots.' She extended her hand to Richard.

SUBMARINE BOATS.

THE nations of the earth are preaching peace with an apparent earnestness of purpose which seems strangely at variance with the preparations for war to be met with on every hand, and with the keen interest evinced in the discovery of any reliable method of killing and maiming. The New World and the Old, shrewd Yankee and stolid Celestial, perfervid Gaul and phlegmatic Briton, are alike girding up their loins and perfecting their armaments. The Reserves are called out; and the construction of ironclads of colossal proportions is being rapidly pushed forward at an almost incredible outlay of the public money. Every ship of the Admiral class in our own navy, such as the *Benbow*, costs seven hundred and ninety thousand pounds; while the *Nile* and the *Trafalgar* have had not less than nine hundred and twenty thousand pounds spent upon each of them. Speaking in round numbers, the typical man-of-war of the present day represents the embodiment of an expenditure of one million pounds sterling, or sufficient to have provided a goodly fleet of war-ships of the same dimensions

as those with which Nelson swept the seas. Yet so swift is the onward, inexorable march of scientific discovery, that these mastless monstrosities are sometimes obsolete ere they have left the hands of the constructors. Nor is this all that is urged against the employment of such leviathans.

The ram projecting far under the surface renders them an ever fertile source of danger in narrow waters. The British *Vanguard*, the German *Grosser Kurfurst*, each sank in consequence of damage received when colliding with their consorts, notwithstanding the vaunted efficacy of their water-tight compartments. The *Inflexible* is divided into one hundred and thirty-three self-contained parts; and is able to rid herself of five thousand three hundred tons of water an hour with her various pumps. In the Mediterranean, a steamship laden with a costly freight attempted to cross the bows of one of our ironclads, became impaled on the ram, and finally sank in deep water. A few days ago, a French steamship, bound to America with emigrants, fouled the spur of the Italian man-of-war *Italia* which lay at anchor. A rent thirty feet from top to bottom, and four feet in width, was the result; and the steamship had to be beached forthwith, to prevent loss of life and property.

Moreover, these huge ships cannot be rendered absolutely invulnerable, and practical men are quick to devise means whereby the ship of an enemy may be placed *hors de combat*. Electricity and the new explosives have greatly contributed to render all things possible to the modern investigator; and a lurking uneasiness exists that despite all precautions, the battle may be to the swift rather than to the strong—to the easily manageable sling and stone of the stripling, rather than to the cumbrous arms and armour of the giant. An ironclad will be compelled to surround herself with a cordon of boats, if she is to be protected from night-attacks. This was clearly demonstrated by Captain Boyton at New York. He swam off in his life-saving suit to a man-of-war anchored in the harbour, and affixed a dummy torpedo to her side, which was not perceived till the sun was well above the horizon.

In the last American war, twenty-five ships were destroyed by the electric torpedoes of the Confederates. The 'infernal machines' used by the Russians during the Crimean war were simply small watertight canisters, containing gunpowder, an intimate mixture of chlorate of potash and sugar, and a glass bulb filled with sulphuric acid. The acid escaped immediately this bulb was fractured by a ship striking against the canister, trickled on to the prepared mixture, and an explosion ensued. They were dangerous both to friend and foe, and were of very feeble intensity. To-day, electricity is pressed into the dread service as the igniting agent, and gun-cotton or dynamite takes the place of the gunpowder, inasmuch as they explode with four or five times its violence.

The Whitehead torpedoes cost five hundred

pounds each, are cigar-shaped, and propelled through the water by the application of compressed air. The torpedo is composed of three parts: the head, which contains the explosive; the reservoir, in which air is compressed till it exerts a pressure of six hundred pounds on the square inch; and the tail, containing the machinery of propulsion. This torpedo will travel a mile, or a mile and a half, at a depth of eight feet under water; the first thousand yards being moved over at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It is liable to be deflected by currents from its otherwise perfectly straight course; but quite recently it has been stated that this manifest defect can be allowed for. The torpedo rises to the surface, if, owing to some mishap, the explosion does not take place at the moment of striking the object aimed at; and an automatic arrangement renders it harmless, so as to admit of recapture without risk. Two French papers, the *République Française* and the *Temps*, have lately challenged the utility of the Whitehead; but from internal evidence furnished by the articles themselves, it would appear that the writers were unacquainted with the method of construction of these torpedoes, and the French admiral, Aube, is altogether in their favour. The latest addition to the fish-torpedo class is fourteen feet long, with a diameter of fourteen inches, and can travel eighteen hundred yards with a speed of thirty-five miles an hour. A reservoir, coated with a non-conducting material, runs along the centre, which is charged with hot water at a pressure of four hundred pounds per square inch; and it is believed that the steam given off from the hot water will drive her engines for an hour. The weight of the torpedo remains unaltered during the run, as the steam, when it has done its work, is condensed inside. Ships finding themselves in the vicinity of these terrors, rig out strong nets, so as to entangle the torpedoes within the meshes, and employ other means to avert the danger.

Gun-cotton and dynamite are peculiarly sensitive to vibration, and their detonation is due to this very cause; so that, by exploding countermines, any torpedoes lying about may be harmlessly exploded, if only they contain nitro-glycerine compounds. One of our men-of-war has a steam pinnace which is used for dropping and exploding countermines, in order to destroy the mines of an enemy and clear the harbour for the fleet. Her engine is worked and all its movements controlled solely by electricity, the cable which supplies the motive-power being unwound from winches as the boat moves along. Wonderful as it may seem, she does her work in this way without any person on board of her! A commander may perceive and provide for the torpedo launched against him or sunk at the bottom of the harbour. There is, however, nothing to betray the presence of a submarine vessel approaching some doomed ship under the control of a daring seaman; except, perhaps, the bead on the water, as in an otter hunt. We propose to lay before our readers a short sketch of the history of submarine boats, which, aided by torpedoes, are destined to be employed principally in the destruction of ironclads.

Divers were employed in the middle ages, and even in times of remote antiquity, to recover

valuables from the depths of the sea, and also to carry despatches into besieged places. Aristotle refers to the bagpipes and diving-bell as common in his day. Diving-machines were certainly in use in the thirteenth century, and writers of that period assert that Alexander the Great was once a passenger in some sort of submarine boat. Van Drebbel, a Dutchman, built a submarine boat at London, in 1644, which could contain twelve rowers as well as some passengers; and on one occasion James I. descended beneath the waters of the Thames in this vessel. The inventor is said to have discovered a liquid possessing the important property of rendering the air in the confined space under hatches suitable for repeated inhalation, and thus to prolong the time which could be spent under water. At Amsterdam, in 1653, a Frenchman exhibited a submarine vessel seventy-two feet in length, but refused to divulge the secret of its construction. A learned Father of the Romish Church wrote a work, in 1664, which suggested the possibility of destroying hostile fleets by means of boats moving under the surface of the sea.

During the War of Independence, in 1776, Bushnell, a native of Connecticut, built the first submarine boat, properly so called. She was immersed by admitting water into tanks constructed for the purpose; and rose to the surface again by letting fall leaden weights which were suspended to her keel, and at the same time pumping out the ballast-tanks. She was propelled under water by an oar placed horizontally beneath her, constructed after the fashion of an Archimedean screw. A second oar, placed vertically on the upper part of the boat, regulated the depth of immersion independently of the quantity of water in the tanks. This primitive project scarcely advanced beyond the theoretical stage, for the guns of the British frigates blew the boat to pieces almost at the first practical application. Fulton took up the idea in 1801, and having experimented at Havre and Brest with somewhat favourable results, he published a pamphlet bearing on the whole subject of submarine navigation. His boat was propelled by a screw; but we are ignorant as to what agency was brought into play in order to cause the propeller to revolve. The *Nautilus*, as she was called, carried four men, and was rigged with masts and sails, which were lowered previously to immersion. Compressed air stored up in a copper globe served to renew the vitiated atmosphere at the will of the commander. Fulton was engaged on a new ship, the *Mute*, when death put an end to the workings of his restless brain. This vessel, perfected by the light of experience, was to be immersed only beneath the immediate surface of the water; and her course was to be directed by a helmsman, whose head rose just above the deck.

The brothers Coessin entered the lists at Havre in 1809 with a submarine vessel propelled by oars, which communicated a speed of two miles an hour to her when submerged. The method which they adopted to procure a continuous supply of fresh air was, however, vicious and unworkable. Long leather tubes terminating in floats led from the body of the vessel to the sea-surface, like the tentacles of some strange sea-serpent. The resistance to the passage of the boat

caused by these tubes as they trailed through the superincumbent water must have been very great; and the chances of fouling, or being dragged under water, were far from infinitesimal. Nevertheless, the Commissioners appointed by the National Institute of France reported 'that there is no longer any doubt of the possibility of establishing submarine navigation and at a trifling expense.'

A noted smuggler named Johnson designed the largest of all submarine boats, in which he proposed to carry off Napoleon from the island of St Helena. His vessel was one hundred feet in length, and her spars and rigging could be lowered and made fast to the deck. He determined to make the land at nightfall, sink beneath the sea-surface, and approach sufficiently close to enable him to land one of the conspirators, who should arrange with the illustrious captive a plan for evading the vigilance of the guards. Johnson was promised a fabulous sum if success should crown his efforts; and he was to receive four thousand pounds directly his vessel was ready for sea. Too late! The report of the great leader's death was received on the day that the rescue-ship was coppered. This smuggler was a man of iron nerve, and had repeated the experiments of Bushnell and Fulton at the instance of the British government. Once his boat got jammed below water, and it seemed to him an impossibility to regain the surface before the explosion took place, in which event he would inevitably have been hurled headlong into eternity. His assistant, quite unmanned at the near prospect of an awful death, fell on his knees, sobbing forth the name of his wife, to whom he had been married but a few days. Johnson got the boat clear by herculean efforts, and rose to the surface just in time to avoid the area of explosion. Subsequently, he navigated under the surface of the Thames in a boat capable of remaining under water with her crew for eight hours without any necessity for introducing fresh air.

Coming down to more recent times, we find that, in 1882, a Roumanian invented a submarine ship, which, according to his specifications, could be guided for twelve hours when completely immersed. The depth of immersion could be varied from one hundred to three hundred feet at the will of the operator, and enough light was supplied to enable those on board to see a distance of one hundred and thirty feet ahead. The air supplied to this boat was sufficient to last for fourteen hours; and the air reservoir could be filled again if necessary, even though under water, by means of telescopic tubes sent to the surface. Her progress through the water was to be absolutely noiseless, and great results were hoped for from this death-dealing apparatus. Nothing further can be ascertained with respect to this boat.

The American boat *Peacemaker* has, however, created the greatest sensation in the nautical world. Like most of her kind, she is cigar-shaped, with thinned ends, and when seen floating on the surface of the ocean, somewhat resembles a capsized yacht. She is thirty feet long, eight feet beam, and seven feet six inches depth of hold; and has a shell-plating seven-eighths of an inch thick, well stiffened, so as to withstand the greatest probable pressure of water. Her crew

consists of a helmsman and an engineer, who obtain admission into the hold by a small man-hole, which is then closed with a closely fitting lid. A dome projecting from the upper surface of the hull is fitted with glass windows, to enable the helmsman, who stands with his head in this raised space, to made good the course when the vessel is not submerged. These feeble parts are protected from injury by a kind of crest, which runs fore and aft, thus giving her the peculiar appearance to which we have previously referred. Some sleeves, fashioned from impermeable material, are fixed behind and on each side of the dome, so that the helmsman may readily apply the torpedoes at the most opportune moment by inserting his hands into the sleeves. Compressed air is stored up in tubes fixed to her sides; and it is proposed to absorb the carbonic acid and all other deleterious products of combustion by chemical means. She is lit up by electricity, and propelled by a steam-engine of fourteen horse-power, having its boiler surrounded by an iron jacket, like one iron pot inside of another, inclosing between it and the boiler a saturated solution of caustic soda, which possesses great heating power when water-vapour is passed into it. The funicular railways of America avail themselves of the same method, and thus avoid smoke and dirt. Instead of permitting the steam to escape into the atmosphere, it is condensed inside the jacket containing the caustic soda. The latent heat of the steam is set free by condensation, and adds itself to the heat of the dissolution of caustic soda in water. This system may be compared to a boiler in which the caustic soda replaces the combustible, and the vapour performs the part of the oxygen of the air which feeds the furnaces. When it is wished to get under way, the boiler is first filled with water heated to the boiling-point, and the soda solution is put inside the jacket at a temperature of about two hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit. The result of a recent trial trip was very satisfactory, for she is said to have attained a velocity of eight miles an hour when well submerged, and to be capable of retaining this rate of travel for several hours. Her submersion is effected by filling her ballast-tanks with water; and she is raised by working a rudder which is movable about a horizontal axis. A pressure-gauge indicates the depth to which the boat has descended, and, owing to the position of the centre of gravity, there is no tendency to 'turn turtle.' The torpedoes are fastened to her sides, tied each to the other with a cord. An external covering of cork renders them buoyant; and they are furnished with electro-magnets, so that they may adhere to the bottom of the vessel destined for destruction. The arrangement is such that, when let go from the *Peacemaker*, by the helmsman inserting his arms into the before-mentioned impermeable sleeves, a continuous current circulates.

The results leave little to be desired so far as they go; but it would be premature to follow the Americans in their extravagant praise until further trials have been made under varying conditions. Admiral Porter, of the United States navy, is firmly of opinion that with six such submarine boats he could either drive off or sink any hostile fleet bent on attacking New York. Professor Tuck, the designer of this sarcastically

named boat, says that he can construct a full-sized, powerful submarine steamship which shall navigate the waters between Dover and Calais without causing any of that *mal de mer* which renders the passage of the 'silver streak' so objectionable to landsmen. Probably, pleasure-seekers or Cook's tourists would prefer to suffer, than to risk evils which they know not of.

The *Porpoise*, in 1886, at Liverpool was the first vessel propelled by electric power. She was thirty-seven feet long, six feet wide amidships, tapered to a point at each end, and had a 'conning' tower and water-tight manhole similar to those of the *Peacemaker*. She is sunk by the introduction of water-ballast, aided by the adjustment of inclinable side-planes, and has a self-acting horizontal rudder placed right aft, to keep her horizontal. She is fitted to carry compressed air; but four people have been shut up in her hold for three hours without experiencing any ill effects. The inventor imagines that she can be used as a submarine torpedo boat, and it is suggested that a diver wearing a Fleuss dress and apparatus should leave the boat when in proximity to any vessel that it is intended to blow up, affix a torpedo to her, and return through a water-tight compartment. How this manœuvre is going to turn out in practice is far from understandable.

The *Nautilus*, last, though not least, of the evil brood lately experimented with in the West India Docks at London, is built of five-sixteenths-of-an inch steel, which it is calculated will resist the pressure of the water at a depth of four hundred and twenty feet. Her form is the usual cigar affected by vessels built for submarine purposes. She is sixty feet in length, and of eight feet diameter at her widest section. In order that the boat may descend below the surface of the sea, it is only necessary to reduce by half a ton her total displacement of fifty tons. To this end, she is fitted with eight hydraulic cylinders, which can be run in or out either by hand or with the engines. As these cylinders are drawn within the hull, the displacement decreases; she becomes heavier than the water she displaces, and consequently sinks. Reversely, when the hollow cylinders are run out, the upward pressure of the external water increases, and she rises. There are also horizontal and vertical rudders to assist her to regain the surface. She is propelled by twin screws worked by electricity, and is fitted with the electric light.

The Russian government has organised a fleet of fast cruisers; and our Admiralty has recently taken up the *Umbria*, a crack-ship of the Cunard Line, in order to convert her into an armed cruiser. The *Etruria*, a sister-ship, recently made the passage from the Fastnet to Sandy Hook, a distance of two thousand one hundred and ten miles, in a little less than six days five hours, at an average hourly speed of nineteen knots. This is a feat unprecedented in the annals of steam-navigation. It is not improbable that the historian of future naval warfare will have much to tell of the doings of these greyhounds of the ocean, which can either show a clean pair of heels to a heavy-armoured war-ship, or pounce upon and harass the unarmed merchant-ships of an enemy. This, at least, seems certain—that the record of the insidious attacks made by the sub-

marine vessels, the description of which we now bring to a close, will not be pleasant reading for people of weak nerves, for many a costly ship with her gallant crew will be brought to grief by these sea-monsters.

OLD STAIRS: A STORY OF LONG AGO.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAP. III.—THE HAUNTING SCENE.

THE old lamplighter's thoughts, as he sat alone at the gateway, had strayed into the past of fifty years ago. Caleb Cobb, going even half a century back, does not see in himself a very young man: he sees a middle-aged clerk, busy at a desk, poring over huge ledgers—a cashier in Rudstone, Marling, and Company's, with expectations of a junior partnership on the point of being realised. Rudstone is dead—has been dead time out of mind; and Solomon Marling, the merchant-prince, is the sole representative of the great house in Crutched Friars.

Looking up from his work one afternoon, Caleb perceives Mr Marling standing over him.

'Balancing the cash?'

'Yes, Mr Marling.'

The merchant nods approvingly, and takes up a position on the hearthrug with his back to a fireless grate.

The office is small and gloomy. A cupboard with iron-bound doors occupies the whole of one wall. It is the strong-room, and Caleb Cobb is the guardian. The place has the appearance of a prisoner's cell; for the window under which Caleb sits is crossed with iron bars.

'You will not be long?'

'I have almost finished.'

Mr Marling, stately in appearance, holds himself erect, and strokes a white whisker thoughtfully. 'When you have completed the balance, show me your memorandum.'

The tone in which he speaks, without any well-defined reason, jars upon Caleb's ear. Perhaps it is less courteous than usual. This is the cashier's impression, without a pause in his work; for he afterwards recalls every detail of this scene as one recalls a dream, when events bring it back vividly before him.

The memorandum is soon ready. Caleb hands it to the merchant.

'Ah! This is the amount in hand?'

'Yes, Mr Marling.'

'Compare this memorandum with the cash.'

The amount stated in the memorandum is considerable—some thousands of pounds. Caleb opens the safe and extracts piles of bank-notes and bags of gold. As he places these one after the other upon his desk, he records their value upon a sheet of paper. The total should agree—if the balance is correct—with the amount stated in the memorandum.

Can Caleb Cobb, the clear-headed cashier, have made a mistake in his calculations? There is an

error: the cash on paper does not correspond with the apparent cash in hand. He goes over his additions a second, even a third time.

Mr Marling, watching him keenly, says at last: 'Anything wrong?'

'Yes, Mr Marling. One thousand pounds.'

'A thousand pounds? A curious coincidence. —Have the kindness to touch your bell.'

Caleb promptly complies, and a clerk makes his appearance.

'Send Mr Ringwood here,' says the merchant.

Ringwood, one of the head-clerks, steps in and casts an inquiring glance at the merchant. He is a little man, of twenty-eight or thirty, with small sharp features and reddish hair.

'Just cast your eye,' Mr Marling instructs him, 'over the cash account. It would appear—at least so I understand from Mr Cobb—that there is some discrepancy.'

Caleb gives up his place at the desk to Ringwood, and stands beside him to explain each item. At length the auditing is completed, and Ringwood looks up and says: 'The discrepancy is in the third column.—Mr Cobb, it appears to me, is one thousand pounds short in his account.' He expresses this opinion with a malicious glitter in his small gray eyes. 'The look does not escape Caleb.'

'Ah!—Be good enough, Ringwood,' says the merchant, 'to pay this cash into the bank as it stands.—Meanwhile, Mr Cobb will examine his cash-book, and account for this error, I trust, before leaving his office.'

As soon as the door is closed, Mr Marling, still stationed upon the hearthrug, turns to Caleb. 'Mr Cobb'—the merchant's voice is unusually stern—'this is a very serious affair. Unless the matter is cleared up to my complete satisfaction before nine o'clock to-morrow morning, I shall ask you to resign your position in our house.'

'Is it possible,' exclaims Caleb in despair, 'that you suspect me?'

'Caleb Cobb, it is not a mere question of suspicion. You are responsible to the firm, as head cashier, for the expenditure of capital. Explain this discrepancy in your books. What has become of the thousand pounds? Your character, I need scarcely add, depends upon your answer.' With these words, Mr Marling leaves Caleb to his meditations.

For hours, Caleb toils over the cash columns. But no light is thrown upon the affair. He unlocks every drawer in the strong-room, turns over every document, and looks into every recess. No sign of the thousand pounds. The money, in some unaccountable way, has disappeared. Has the strong-room been robbed? That would seem impossible. The keys—the large bunch which he holds in his hand—have never left his possession. Haunting thoughts of disgrace and ruin crowd his brain. His sweetheart, the woman to whom he has lately become engaged, will believe him innocent. But the world, unless he can prove the contrary before the morning, will regard him as a common defaulter. The shadow of prison chains rises up in his mind. The horror of his situation leaves him powerless for the moment to think or act. The question which

he begins to repeat to himself, over and over again with intension, becomes a mere mechanical utterance: 'What can it mean?'

All the clerks are gone. The place is silent and dark. Caleb sits motionless, with his head thrown down on his outstretched arms upon the desk. He is still repeating to himself mechanically: 'What can it mean?' Suddenly he starts up. The answer has flashed across his mind: Ringwood has done it!

He lights his shaded lamp, and sits down staring at it, with his elbows on his desk, holding his temples between his hands; and each moment it becomes clearer to him that Ringwood, bent upon his downfall, has concocted a plot to work his destruction.

Caleb is still seated in this attitude, when the door of the strong-room opens, and Mr Marling comes in, followed by the head-clerk. 'Well, Mr Cobb,' inquires the merchant, 'can you clear up this mystery?'

'Yes!' cries Caleb, looking fiercely at Ringwood. 'This man has robbed you, not me!'

Ringwood, whether through natural or feigned surprise, gasps as though Caleb had seized him by the throat.

'Mr Ringwood,' the merchant demands, 'what have you to say to this?'

'It is false!'

'Can you look me in the face,' exclaims Caleb, 'and say that?—Ringwood dined with me, Mr Marling, last evening. Over our wine I became unaccountably drowsy. The wine must have been drugged. I fell asleep, and slept nearly two hours. During that time, Ringwood—I am now convinced—went out with my keys and robbed the strong-room, to bring ruin upon me.'

'You are raving,' says Ringwood, trembling violently.

The merchant looks first at one clerk and then at the other. 'This is a strange story. Have you any proof—any witness to bring forward to support your accusation?'

After a moment's reflection, Caleb replies: 'I have none. Judge between us, Mr Marling.—My housekeeper, the only person in the house besides ourselves, had gone to bed.'

After a short silence, the merchant speaks. 'Let us go, all three of us, over to your house, and have a look round the room in which you dined together last evening. It's really very mysterious—very.—Will you have the kindness,' he adds, holding out his hand, 'to give me that bunch of keys?'

Caleb's house is in the Minories—a good-sized house, neatly furnished, in anticipation of his impending marriage with Helen Haythorpe. The dining-room is panelled with dark oak; and there are two or three massive pieces of furniture against the wall. It has the appearance of a study, with its writing-desk and bookshelves and closed bureau. The housekeeper lighting the candles upon the mantel-piece, at the moment the three men enter, these prominent objects meet their sight.

Mr Marling, detaining the woman, puts these questions: 'Who dined here last night?'

'Mr Cobb, sir, and this gentleman.'

'Were they quite alone?'

'Quite alone.'

'Did you hear any one leave the house last night, after you went to bed?'

'Not a soul. I never slept more soundly, sir, than I did last night.'

'That will do,' says Mr Marling; and the woman goes out.

He glances round the room with a look of curiosity. 'You will raise no objection, I presume, to a search being made. Whether this mystery is solved or not, it must never be spoken of, after to-night, by any one of us three here assembled. The world must never know that I had reason to doubt the integrity of one of my clerks, especially the one in whom I had always placed implicit confidence. It affects my honour—nay, the credit of the house.' With this solemn prelude, Mr Marling gives Caleb the keys, and says, with a comprehensive wave of the hand: 'Open every drawer.'

So deeply is each incident impressed upon Caleb's mind, that although fifty years have passed, he feels as if he were still playing an active part in a scene—the closing scene—destined to be played upon that eventful day.

Caleb instinctively directs his eyes towards the bureau occupying the deep recess between the mantel-shelf and window; it is a bureau which contains the most important among his unofficial documents. Without a moment's hesitation, he selects a key out of the bunch, and, unfastening the lock, throws open the upper part, and displays a row of pigeon-holes and a number of drawers. Mr Marling stands on one side watching with keen eyes—so Caleb observes—as he takes out and turns over one bundle after another of his private papers for inspection; and on the other side Ringwood holds up a candle—Caleb also observes—and shades it with his hand, throwing the reflection of his trembling fingers on his own hateful face.

While Caleb is untying one of these packets, bound with a piece of red tape, a bundle of Bank of England notes slips out and falls upon the desk.

'What's this?' Mr Marling exclaims, placing his hand upon the bundle.

Caleb starts back amazed, and looks inquiringly at Ringwood's face. The shadow of his trembling fingers has vanished; his lips are tightly compressed, and his eyes glitter with greater enmity than before.

The merchant-prince, without the least sign of perturbation, seats himself at the table with the bundle of notes before him and begins to count. There are ten notes—and all their eyes are turned upon them—Bank of England notes, each of the value of one hundred pounds. 'The exact amount,' says Mr Marling. He folds up the notes and hands them to Ringwood. Then he turns, with a gathering cloud upon his face, towards Caleb: 'You are no longer a clerk of mine.'

'Mr Marling!'

The merchant holds up his hand to enforce silence. 'Listen to me,' he continues, rising from his seat. 'The matter is now quite clear. I had my suspicions, as you may have seen. You were—and still are—about one thousand pounds in debt. Can you deny this?'

'No.'

'Ah! now, Caleb Cobb,' says the merchant, 'why did you refrain from mentioning this debt

to me? Do you suppose that I should have refused, if needed for a legitimate object, to lend you such an amount?'

'Indeed,' says Caleb, 'I believe you would have lent me more. Hear me, I implore you. I never robbed you of one penny!'

'If needed for any legitimate object,' repeats Mr Marling, disregarding Caleb's words, 'such as, for example, the furnishing of this house, I would have made you any reasonable advance. I was on the point of asking you, as you might have surmised, to accept a junior partnership in the house; and on the day of your marriage with Miss Haythorpe, I had intended to make you a handsome present.—But it is useless,' adds the merchant, 'to mention that now. You have chosen another path in life. We have reached the cross-roads at which we must part.—Come, Mr Ringwood.—I have nothing more to say, except this: there will be no prosecution—no mention made of this to any one. It must, as I said just now, remain a secret among us three. If you have any defence to offer, Caleb Cobb, that will alter the case. I give you a week to settle your affairs. But under no circumstances, can you resume your duties in our firm.'

Caleb Cobb sees himself an outcast now—a wanderer, often without work, in the streets of London. One strong purpose sustains him: the thought of being revenged. It is a thought which in his lamplighting ways and byways haunts him like his own shadow; and, when a darker shadow falls over his eyes—one that can never more be lifted—the purpose grows even stronger, until at last—

What voice was that? Some one with a young voice and a firm footstep was passing the gateway where Caleb sat. The old lamplighter seemed to awake at the sound out of his brooding, for he started and cried out feebly, 'Ringwood! and grasping his stick, staggered to his feet. But no notice was taken of his cry: the voice, singing merrily, died out with a gust of wind at the door of the *Loyal Tar*; and Caleb Cobb, shaking from head to foot, fell helpless to the ground.

CHAP. IV.—WHY THE LAMP BURNS.

A strong, friendly arm supporting him, and a soft hand holding his own, partly recalled Caleb to himself. But the young voice and the firm footstep still haunted his ear. He surely had been dreaming—dreaming of fifty years ago. How could Ringwood's voice—the voice of his old enemy—sound so young and cheerful now? He should be eighty—at least eighty—if still living. But the old lamplighter had for a long time past believed that his fellow-clerk was dead. He had listened for so long—so very long—that a sense of mysterious terror had seized upon him. It was like a voice from the dead: the very thought was a hideous unreality: it appalled him. Was it possible that they could ever meet on this side of the grave?

'Why, grandfather!'—it was Pearl's voice now—'what has happened? Your hand is trembling, dear. Did you fall?'

'Ay, ay,' Caleb answered, stretching out his arm gropingly. 'I'm a bit overset, I think. This is the old gateway, ain't it?'

'Why, Mr Cobb,' said Jarvis, 'don't you

remember? I promised to come back with Pearl; and here we are.'

'Yes, yes,' said the old man, as Jarvis helped him to regain his feet.—'I remember. It's the churchyard where she lies.—Dear me, dear me! Can it be fifty years ago? It seemed, while I sat here, only yesterday. I thought— Did you hear any one singing, Pearl, as you came along?'

'No, grandfather.—Shall we go home?' asked the girl anxiously. 'You are tired. You should not have come out alone, dear, on a night like this.'

'Not to be near her resting-place?—Ah, well! Perhaps you're right.—Come, Pearl,' said Caleb; 'come, John. Let us go home. I'll visit the old gateway no more until I'm laid beside her.'

He walked very feebly, and leaned heavily upon Jarvis as they made their way towards Old Stairs. But then the wind was as rough as ever, and grew rougher still as they approached the river-bank: it was scarcely surprising that the blind old lamplighter was sometimes stumbling in his pace. Pearl, struggling along bravely at his side, spoke laughingly to cheer him.

'Look, John!' said she, as they approached the jetty and came in sight of Caleb's home—'look how brightly our lamp is burning! No wonder Number One is called the "Little Lighthouse." There's no one can trim a lamp like grandfather.'

The fire was burning brightly, too, as they entered and shut out the wind. Caleb, still leaning upon John's arm, slowly crossed the room and sank down wearily in his armchair beside the hearth. He was still strangely agitated; and the trembling of his hand to-night was due, as Pearl observed, to something more than old age. She noticed, as she leaned over him caressingly, and took from him his hat and stick, that he was paler and more wrinkled than she remembered to have seen him during all those days that she had watched his anxious face.

She exchanged a quick, inquiring glance with Jarvis, and then began to lay the table for supper with a light step, accompanied by snatches of songs. She feared that her grandfather would read her thoughts, and she feigned merriment, in order to conceal her increasing distress; for Pearl dreaded that at any moment Mark Ringwood might return.

'Are you going?' said she, with surprise, as Jarvis put out his hand.—'Won't you stop and take a bit of something with us? The supper is almost ready.'

'No, thank you, Pearl—not to-night. Another evening.—Good-bye, Mr Cobb.'

'Good-bye, John,' said Caleb, holding out both his hands. 'You're a kind lad. I don't know what we should do without you. Eh, Pearl? I don't know what we should do without a friend like John.'

'No, indeed,' answered Pearl with a grateful expression in her eyes. 'He is the best of friends.' Then she added: 'You will come to-morrow, won't you?'

Jarvis promised; and with a lingering look at the girl's face, as though he would read her thoughts, went out into the night.

Pearl knew that Jarvis loved her, though he had never spoken. She loved him too, as a sister

loves, with true devotion. His many acts of kindness to her—his untiring attention to her grandfather—had awakened a painful sense of regret that she could never feel as he would wish towards him. He had seemed to her in her childhood to take a brother's place in her heart. He was her brother still. Was it in the nature of things that she should change?

It was with such thoughts as these—thoughts which daily recurred to her busy brain—that Pearl moved about the little room, and still sang snatches of songs while engaged in her household duties. And she frequently cast a loving glance towards her grandfather, as if he must know, though he could not see her bright, dimpling face, that he was not forgotten.

Caleb was unusually silent to-night; and Pearl began to notice an expression on his face which she had observed before, though never without concern. He appeared to her to be listening, and listening with a most intense expression of purpose and suspense. What could have happened? The wind whistled and groaned and fled up the river with a shuddering sound. Could he be listening to that? In his present humour she dreaded to speak to him of Mark Ringwood; and yet she knew that if she delayed, Ringwood would return and it would be too late.

'Come, grandfather,' said the girl, placing her hand in his, 'the supper is ready now. You must be hungry, after such a breezy walk. Are you not?'

He allowed her to lead him to the table, docile as a child. But when he was seated in his place, he leaned back, as though he had forgotten, if indeed he had comprehended, the reason for leaving his armchair.

Pearl had often seen him bowed down by fits of depression, and often absent-minded for hours together, but never so strange as he appeared now. 'Dear grandfather,' said she coaxingly, 'you are eating nothing; and I've cooked such a nice little supper—sausages and mashed potatoes. It's your favourite dish, you know.'

At the sound of her voice, he sat up and turned his poor blind look smilingly towards her. The expression brought tears to the young girl's eyes. He ate without appetite, as though forcing himself to exhibit some heartiness simply to please her. Returning presently to his armchair, when he no longer heard Pearl's knife and fork, he said in a thoughtful tone: 'Pearl, my dear?'

'Yes, grandfather.'

'The lamp in the window is burning—burning brightly still, is it not?'

'It is indeed.'

After pondering a moment, and tugging nervously at a coat button, Caleb resumed: 'When I'm gone—when I'm dead, and buried beside her in the old churchyard, that lamp will go out. It won't be worth any one's while, I should reckon, to keep it trimmed.—I never told you,' he added, 'what first put the idea of trimming that lamp into my head; did I?'

'Wasn't it, grandfather, to light the boatmen on rough dark nights like this?'

'Partly, my dear. But there was another reason. I had a strange fancy, when my eyesight went, and I had to give up the street lamps—I had a strange fancy that some one—some one who once did me a great wrong—might be

attracted, just as a moth is attracted by a flame, towards this house. I wanted to get him—as I have wanted for fifty years past—wanted badly to get him into my clutches. While I had the use of my eyes—and I made the street lamps as bright as possible, so that they might aid me after dark—I could look out for the man at every turning; and I did.—It was a strange fancy, wasn't it?"

"Yes—very strange." And Pearl, with the young sailor and the sealed packet ever present in her thoughts, added, after a moment's reflection: "Is it so long as fifty years ago?"

"Yes; rather more than fifty. It's fifty years to-night, my dear, since my old sweetheart, Helen Haythorpe, died of a broken heart."

Pearl kneeled down beside Caleb and took his hand between her own. "Poor grandfather! How you must have loved her."

"I loved her," said Caleb, in a faltering voice—"I loved her as much as I hated him—as I hate him still!"

"But, grandfather—after all these years—he must be dead."

"Ah! why do you say that?" cried Caleb. "Pearl, my dear, I have a sort of presentiment—it's always stronger upon me when this day comes round—that if my old enemy, Ringwood, was dead, I should hear of it to-night."

The girl involuntarily pressed the old man's hand and looked nervously towards the door. "Ringwood?"

"Yes.—Listen to me, Pearl," said Caleb with strange energy in his tone. "On the night she died, I cursed him. I curse him now and all that belongs to him, and I call upon heaven!"

"Grandfather! Will you let me speak?" She had placed an agitated hand upon his lips.

He caught the hand in his fingers with a tight grip. "What do you mean?" said the old man. "Hide nothing from me!"

Still kneeling beside him, with the light of the fire upon her uplifted face, the girl answered in a trembling voice: "This evening, grandfather, while you were waiting at the old gateway, a small boat came alongside the jetty. Your lamp, burning in the window, had acted as a beacon. The boat would otherwise have been capsized among the barges. I had just returned home, and hearing a cry, ran out with the lantern. There was a sailor in the boat. He asked me, as soon as he had landed, to direct him to Number One Old Stairs. He said that he had been told that Caleb Cobb lived there, and added that he wished particularly to see him."

"He asked for me?" said Caleb in a breathless voice.

"I told him that you were not at home, but that you would return in an hour or so."

"What was he like?" Caleb eagerly inquired. "Was he young or old?"

"A young sailor. A sailor," continued Pearl in a faltering tone, "with fair curling hair and handsome eyes. He had a very honest face, grandfather—he had indeed."

"Ah! His name, Pearl—what was that?"

"His name?" repeated the girl, with feigned indifference. "Oh, I'm coming to that.—He followed me to our door; and as I was on the point of stepping in—with my finger on the latch—he touched his breast-pocket and said:

"Will you take charge of a packet for me? It's valuable. If I intrust it to you, it will be so much off my mind."

"You refused?"

"Dear grandfather, how could I refuse? He followed me into this room, and took out the packet—and a good-sized one it is too—and gave it to me. It's like a large letter, sealed with four black seals, and it's addressed "Caleb Cobb, London."—Shall I—shall I open it?"

Caleb made no answer. His thoughts were wandering—as it soon became clear to Pearl—wandering into the past; for when she added, "The packet contains, I believe, a message from the dead," still the old lamplighter was silent.

At last he spoke. "It was he who robbed the house of Rudstone and Company. The sum was one thousand pounds.—Shall I never meet the man—never have justice?" and Caleb covered his face with his hands. "I told her all—everything, and she never doubted me. That was my consolation: it has been my only one for all these years." He paused a moment, with his head still bent. "But it broke her heart—it broke her poor young heart. How could I marry her? How could I face her honest friends? They were proud, and wealthy too. Poor Helen! She would have shared a garret with me. But I was an outcast; I was branded as a thief! It killed her; and her death is at his door.—Have I not had good cause to hate him?" Once more he was silent for a while, but never raised his face. "At first—for I was strong enough—I worked at the docks—I worked there like a horse. If I hadn't tired myself out with bodily exertion, I should have assuredly gone raving mad. One day, as I was lifting a bale of goods upon a truck, I overheard the superintendent relating to an old sea-captain how a man named Ringwood—head cashier in the house of Rudstone, Marling, & Company—had been taken into the firm as a junior partner. It stunned me as much as though I had been struck down."

The pause was longer this time; and Pearl, stealing quietly to the old bureau, brought out the sealed packet, and had regained her place at his side before he resumed.

"I was queer in the head for months after that; and when I left the hospital, I was still weak and ill. I never got all my strength back again. It was then that I took to lamplighting; and although it came to my ears that Ringwood had gone abroad, and was representing the great house in the East Indies, I never lost all hope that the day would come when we should meet again face to face. I never lost all hope that the day would come."

Suddenly, Caleb stopped. A loud knocking shook the street door; and a voice, which sounded distinctly above the noisy storm, called out: "Is Caleb Cobb at home?"

The girl had risen to her feet; and Caleb, with his face eagerly upturned, had also risen, and with a threatening gesture was stepping forward, when Pearl stopped him. "Grandfather, it's the messenger," she whispered soothingly in his ear—"the messenger who left this packet."

"What messenger? I tell you it's his voice.—Let me pass! I'm old, I know, and blind; but"—

The visitor, as though blown in by a gust of

wind, stood before them. Shutting the door quickly, he folded his arms, and leaning his back against the panelling, looked down with compassion at the old lamplighter.

CAN IMAGINATION KILL?

MEDICAL doctors and persons experienced in human ailments are acquainted with the important part which imagination plays in respect to the origin and cure of diseases. Medical aid is sometimes sought by persons who *really* believe themselves suffering from some bodily affliction, but who, when examined, are found to be quite free from every possible ailment. It is also well known that sick persons recover quickly or slowly according as they have or have not faith in their medical adviser or in his nostrums. This introduces the much wider subject of faith-healing, on which a great deal has recently been said, and by means of which much benefit appears to have been derived.

Cases in which illnesses are originated or aggravated by the imagination are numerous; but those which have terminated fatally are comparatively rare. At first, it is difficult to lead one's self to believe that imagination can really kill; but a brief consideration of the slight effects produced in less serious cases prepares the way for further belief. One or two instances of non-fatal cases will suffice.

Some time ago, a girl about sixteen years of age had a prescription made up at a chemist's. The prescription was a double one—part being for internal use, and part for external application only. The usual red 'Poison' label was affixed to the bottle containing the lotion, and a verbal caution was also given. The girl, having been under medical treatment for some time previous, was permitted to take and apply the medicines herself; and so careful was she, that her precautions to avoid mistakes were the subject of frequent comment and occasional banter. One day, a male cousin, having unfortunately resolved to play her a practical joke, transposed the labels on the bottles—which in other respects were not very much unlike—soon after the girl had taken her first dose. In an apparently careless way, her attention was directed to the bottles, and, to her horror, she discovered that she must have drunk some of the lotion. Within half an hour she had frightened herself into the belief that she was poisoned. She complained of a burning sensation in the throat and stomach, of colic, and other symptoms of poisoning. A little later, she was seized with an overpowering tendency to sleep. The doctor was summoned in haste. He heard the girl's story, and applied such remedies as he thought proper. But the girl grew worse. She was sinking so rapidly, that at last the frightened and hitherto silent culprit confessed what he had done. At first, the girl did not believe him; and it was not until the doctor had taken a large dose from the red labelled

bottle that she was convinced. Then she began to recover, and in a few hours the immediate effects of the practical joke had left her.

A well-authenticated case is told of a young lady who for seven years or more has been under the impression that she is paralysed. She looks strong and healthy, but lies all day on a couch, and has to be carried about in an invalid chair. She shrieks with pain whenever a limb is moved. Her parents have taken her to at least a dozen physicians—some of the most eminent men in London—and all agree that she is in perfect health. One of them plainly told her, after a most exhaustive examination, that she was simply wasting her parents' money, and added, that he would gladly give a hundred pounds in exchange for such a constitution as hers.

And now as to the fatal cases. Some time last summer, an inquest was held in London on the body of a young woman who, it was supposed, had poisoned herself. The usual examination of the contents of the stomach was made by the government analyst, Dr Tidy; but no traces of poison could be detected. The examination showed, however, that the stomach contained a powder which in appearance and general character corresponded with a certain insect powder. Now, the manufacturer claims that this powder is absolutely non-poisonous, and chemists do not regard as a poison the vegetable from which this powder is prepared. Dr Tidy at the time tried its effects upon a rabbit and a dog, and although experiments on so limited a scale are by no means conclusive, still neither animal was affected by it. In the absence of evidence of other causes to account for death, the only assumption that could therefore be made was, that the woman had taken the insect powder, believing it to be poisonous, and through her own imagination caused her death.

Some years ago, Napoleon III., while Emperor of France, permitted a French physician to experiment on a convict who was sentenced to death. The condemned man was delivered to the physician, who had him strapped to a table and blindfolded, ostensibly for the purpose of being bled to death. Near the drooping head was placed a vessel of water, which, by means of a siphon arrangement, trickled audibly into a basin below, at the same moment that a superficial scratch with a needle was made right across the culprit's neck. Perfect silence was maintained, and in six minutes the man was dead.

General Johnston, leader of the Confederate armies, tells of a case that came under his own observation. He, when a lieutenant, learned that some acquaintances had concocted a plan for testing the power of imagination on the human system. The plan was that half a dozen of them should, apparently by accident, meet some particular individual and comment on his appearance of extreme illness. A healthy young man was selected for experiment; and the result of this joke was that he sickened and died.

Another case is said to have occurred in a university town in Scotland. A college porter having made himself particularly obnoxious to the students, they resolved to be revenged upon him. For this purpose, they decoyed him into a room one night, held a mock inquiry into his bad

behaviour, and, with a great outward show of solemnity, sentenced him to be decapitated—the execution to take place at once. The terrified porter was led to a quiet corner where stood a huge block and a keen axe; he was then blindfolded, and compelled to kneel and lay his head on the block. The executioner struck him on the neck with a wet towel, and the porter was lifted up—dead.

STORIES OF SEVEN BOYS.

BY ONE OF THEM.

It is sometimes said of families, as of nations, that the happiest are those that have no history. But every family, and especially every large family, has one history at anyrate that is very dear and very real to all its members, for the heroes of this history are the members of the family, its scene is the nursery floor, and its rulers and lawgivers are 'father' and 'mother.' Happy, indeed, is the family where this history is a full one, and unhappy is the family that has no such history. Looking back on our own nursery days, I cannot say that we were precocious children—I do not think we were even clever children—but judging from the stories that are told of us and *at* us, we must have been to some extent amusing children. Whether there would have been more or fewer stories to tell, if, instead of being seven boys, we had been seven girls, or even seven boys *and* girls, is an open question. Seven boys we were, and as such, the stories that form our history are told of us.

We were always town boys. Who but a town boy could have been the hero of such a tale as this? One of us, then only three or four years old, was on a visit to the country. To him, many of the commonest objects of country life were novel, so much so, that even a horse quietly grazing in a roadside field was accounted worthy of special attention, and was accordingly pointed out to the young townsman. 'See, Arthur; there's a horse.' The reply was as prompt as it was unexpected: '*That's* not a horse; it's a cow!'—'No, no; that one over there;' and the horse was pointed out again. Remonstrance, however, was vain, for the youngster still held to his theory. 'It isn't a horse,' he declared with an air of conviction based on experience—'*it isn't* a horse. It's a cow! Horses has cabs to 'em!' And no amount of argument could induce the young townsman to entertain the bare idea of a horse without a cab.

At one time we had a little sister. Her immediate predecessor had among his toys an india-rubber doll that squeaked on being hammered in the stomach. One day the nurse left the baby-girl quietly sleeping in her cradle, with her youngest brother playing contentedly in the room. Before long, the nurse was brought back by loud cries from the baby; and on hurrying to find a reason for this disturbance, soon discovered it.

Not understanding that there was any material difference between the doll and his baby-sister, it had occurred to the young gentleman, who had *probably* heard the baby cry, that the cries were produced in the same manner in both instances. Fired with a mistaken ambition to make the 'new dolly' cry for himself, he had promptly seized the opportunity afforded by the nurse's absence, and was vigorously pounding his sister's stomach, accompanying each thrust by the command, 'Queak, dolly! 'queak!' and delightfully increasing the power of his tattoo as the unfortunate baby's cries grew louder.

Another brother, staying at the time with his grandmother, was very restless one afternoon, and not content with admiring the view from the window himself, must needs draw his grandmother's attention again and again to passing objects. At last he espied a policeman, and asked: 'What's he looking for, gam'ma?' Here was an opening for well-merited reproof, and the reply was no doubt intended to crush the juvenile questioner: 'Oh, I should think he's looking for naughty little boys!' But the watch at the window was resumed, and before long another policeman came in sight, to be greeted by a delighted exclamation, that called forth from the grandmother the pointed inquiry: 'Well, what's he looking for?' This time it was the youngster's turn, and it was with an air of steady conviction that he announced: 'I should think he's looking for naughty gam'mas!'

The same young gentleman early displayed a marked partiality for the fair sex, and returning one evening from a children's party, was heard to complain, in a very injured tone: 'I wis' little girls' mammas wouldn't put so many pins in 'em. I just put my arm round one of der necks, and I pricked myself ever so!'

A youngster under four years old was going from home for a while. His governess was to be left behind; and feigning deep sorrow at his abandonment of her, she asked what she was to do while he was away. 'Oh, sit on a mossy 'tone and weep,' was the quick and apt reply, worthy of a proverbial philosopher himself.

The confusing tendency of the multiplicity of drawers affected by chemists as a background to their counters, and of their habit of using the drawers for other articles than the drugs whose formidable and high-sounding names they bear, is well shown in the following anecdote. One of us was sent to the chemist's on some little errand. Thirsting for knowledge, the youth carefully followed every movement of the man of bottles, and returned to pose his father with a curious question: 'Papa, what is *Jalap Rad.*?' As best he could, the father explained the uses of the potent root, to the bewilderment of his son, whose rapidly formed conclusion was being as rapidly undermined. At last his disappointment found words: 'Hm! I thought it meant corks! I saw him take corks out of that drawer, anyway.' He fancied he had discovered the medical name for corks!

Not only were we town boys; we were inland boys also, and the common objects of the countryside were not less familiar to us than those of

the beach. Shrimps were to us unknown—not so crickets. One of us craning himself up to the level of the table edge, which he could then hardly reach, caught sight of some shrimps on the tea-table one day. Now, on the nursery tea-table there had been no shrimps, and this division of the spoils struck young hopeful as not quite fair, so he asked at once: 'Aren't I to have no crickets to my tea?'

Editors of books of quotations likely to fall into the hands of children, please note the next incident, which occurred to the youth who was the hero of the 'Jalap Rad.' mistake. He picked up a book of quotations, and again and again he came across the word 'Ibid.' at the close of quotations. At last he jumped at its meaning, and recognising in conversation a passage so terminated in the book, avowed that he knew who wrote that—'It was Ibid!' One of his brothers made a very similar mistake when he inquired, 'Who was "Old Ballad" who wrote *Babes in the Wood*?'

Such are some of the stories that are told of us. We are still seven, but whether we should all approve of being dubbed 'boys' is a matter of grave doubt. Each year the new stories grow fewer, but the old ones become more and more interesting as their heroes grow in years.

DISCOVERY OF FRESCOS IN DUBLIN.

Those who have wandered much through the principal Italian towns with the laudable desire of seeing all that is to be seen, must, like Nathaniel Hawthorne, have often felt rather overdone with frescoes, especially the modern highly coloured specimens which floridly greet the eye of the spectator on entering the churches, and gaudily hold their own in rivalry with the altar-pieces in oils or mosaics. But to the archaeologist, frescoes must ever be interesting, being the most ancient mode of painting at present in use, the fresh, durable colours requiring no particular standpoint from which to be viewed, and looking as clear to-day as when fresh from the painter's brush hundreds of years ago. The subjects are mainly scriptural, as being suitable to churches; the inimitable quaintness of those adorning the walls of the crypt of St Peter's, Rome, and the mixture of weirdness and grotesqueness of those in the Campo Santo at Pisa, most forcibly appeal to all those for whom originality and quaintness of conception possess a charm.

The recent discoveries of interesting antiquities in the ancient church of St Audoen's, Dublin, has been a great find for archaeologists, comprising as they do frescoes of the thirteenth century, remarkable monuments dedicated to a family named Malone, as well as other monuments of extreme antiquity. On the wall over the Malone monument are a number of stucco figures representing a priest in the act of celebrating mass, while around are a number of acolytes assisting. Other noteworthy finds are three of those architectural curiosities called 'squints' or hagioscopes. These latter are neither more nor less than peepholes used for observing divine service by those who did not wish to mix with the congregation, or to be seen by them.

It is not surprising that the capital city of the 'Isle of Saints' should be rich in objects of

antiquarian interest, which are stored chiefly in her churches. The recent unearthing of the old chapter-house of Christ's Church Cathedral, and the perhaps still more interesting archaeological discoveries at St Mary's Abbey, prove to what an extent the excavations of the Board of Works have been and may yet be rewarded by researches in the ancient quarters of that city.

Two churches almost adjoining—one belonging to the Protestant, the other to the Roman Catholic Church—are, curiously enough, dedicated to the same saint, St Audoen. It is in the Protestant church that the interesting discoveries are being made; these centre chiefly in St Anne's Chapel (leading from the main entrance), in an altar recess of which are the frescoes. They are in the early Italian style and are in a fair state of preservation. They represent the Trinity; and, after a careful study, there is discernible the head of the Father, beneath which is the Dove descending from His lips in the direction of the Redeemer on the cross; and around are angels in attitudes of adoration. The colouring is chaste and simple—a deep cream ground, on which the figures are outlined in red; and the whole forms a fair-sized altar-piece. The upper part is well defined, and the colouring distinct, especially the head of the Father; but the lower part is a good deal defaced, notwithstanding the greatest precautions being used during the excavation. These are the only frescoes that have as yet been discovered in Ireland. The ruins of this interesting old church will repay a visit. The discovery of a narrow winding passage, leading from the church to the adjacent street, through solid blocks of masonry, adds still further to the interest of the excavations.

ABSIT OMEN.

THERE never was anything like to-day!
 You and your eyes, and the breath of May:
 A hint of Summer, to make us glad;
 A tinge of Winter, to keep us sad;
 Brown boughs clothed in a mist of green—
 Green, with the pink of the buds between.
 But the naked hollows here and there,
 The light wind wandering everywhere,
 Fills with the grace of the tossing leaves.
 It is Spring at last, for who sees believes;
 And I have not a grief that I know of—none.
 —There's only a cloud come over the sun!

What have you done to embitter the day?
 One little word, and the blue turned gray.
 The rain-clouds gather, and more behind;
 The wind that was gentle has grown unkind.
 As you sit there silent, it seems like years
 Since last you spoke, yet my heart still hears.
 Nay, never look up! No blue in the sky!
 The sad spring blossoms go drifting by;
 They had only just had the time to blow,
 When you changed your mind, and they had to go.
 Winter's not over, nor Spring begun;
 What have you done, Sweet, what have you done?

VIOLET HUNT.

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THE MAKERS OF SUMMER.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THE leaves are starting here and there from green buds on the hedge ; but within doors, a warm fire is still necessary, when one day there is a slight sound in the room, so peculiar, and yet so long forgotten, that though we know what it is, we have to look at the object before we can name it. It is a house-fly, woke up from his winter sleep, on his way across to the window-pane, where he will buzz feebly for a little while in the sunshine, flourishing best like a hothouse plant under glass. By-and-by he takes a turn or two under the centre-piece, and finally settles on the ceiling. Then, one or two other little flies of a different species may be seen on the sash ; and in a little while the spiders begin to work, and their round silky cocoons are discovered in warm corners of the woodwork. Spiders run about the floors and spin threads by the landing-windows ; where there are webs, it is certain the prey is about, though not perhaps noticed. Next, some one finds a moth. Poor moth ! he has to suffer for being found out.

As it grows dusk, the bats flitter to and fro by the house ; there are moths then abroad for them. Upon the cucumber frame in the sunshine, perhaps there may be seen an ant or two, almost the first out of the nest ; the frame is warm. There are flowers open, despite the cold wind and sunless sky ; and as these are fertilised by insects, it follows that there must be more winged creatures about than we are conscious of. How strange it seems, on a bleak spring day, to see the beautiful pink blossom of the apricot or peach covering the gray wall with colour ! snow-flakes in the air at the time. Bright petals are so associated with bright sunshine, that this seems backward and inexplicable, till it is remembered that the flower probably opens at the time nearest to that which in its own country brings forth the insects that frequent it. Now and again, humble-bees go by with a burr ; and it is curious

to see the largest of them all, the big bombus, hanging to the little green gooseberry blossom. Hive-bees, too, are abroad with every stray gleam of sun ; and perhaps now and then a drone-fly—last seen on the blossoms of the ivy in November. A yellow butterfly, a white one, afterwards a tortoise-shell—then a sudden pause, and no more butterflies for some time. The rain comes down, and the gay world is blotted out. The wind shifts to the south, and in a few days the first swallows are seen and welcomed, but, as the old proverb says, they do not make a summer. Nor do the long-drawn notes of the nightingale, nor even the jolly cuckoo, nor the tree-pipit, no, nor even the soft coo of the turtle-dove, and the smell of the May-flower. It is too silent even now ; there are the leading notes ; but the undertone—the vibration of the organ—is but just beginning. It is the hum of insects and their ceaseless flitting that make the summer more than the birds or the sunshine. The coming of summer is commonly marked in the dates we note by the cuckoo and the swallow and the oak-leaves ; but till the butterfly and the bee—one with its colour, and one with its hum—fill out the fields, the picture is but an outline sketch. The insects are the details that make the groundwork of a summer day. Till the humble-bees are working at the clover, it is too silent ; so I think we may begin our almanac with the house-fly and the moth and the spider and the ant on the cucumber frame, and so on, till, finally, the catalogue culminates with the great yellow wasp. He is the final sign of summer ; one swallow does not make it ; one wasp does. He is a connoisseur of the good things of the earth, and comes not till their season.

On the top of an old wall covered with broad masses of lichen, the patches of which grew out at their edges as if a plate had taken to spreading at its rim, the tits were much occupied in picking out minute insects ; the wagtails came too, sparrows, robins, hedge-sparrows, and occasionally a lark ; a bare blank wall, to all appearance, and the bare lichen as devoid of life to our eyes.

Yet, there must have been something there for all these eager bills—eggs or pupæ. A jackdaw, with iron-gray patch on the back of his broad poll, dropped in my garden one morning, to the great alarm of the small birds, and made off with some large dark object in his beak—some beetle or shell, probably—I could not distinguish which, and should most likely have passed the spot without seeing it. The sea-kale, which had been covered up carefully with seaweed, to blanch and to protect it from the frost, was attacked in the cold dry weather in a most furious manner by blackbirds, thrushes, and starlings. They tore away the seaweed with their strong bills, pitching it right and left behind them in as workman-like style as any miner, and so boring deep notches into the edge of the bed. When a blackbird had made a good hole, he came back to visit it at various times of the day, and kept a strict watch. If he found any other blackbird or thrush infringing on his diggings, he drove him away ferociously. Never were such works carried on as at the edge of that seaweed; they moved a bushel of it. To the eye, there seemed nothing in it but here and there a small white worm; but they found plenty, and the weather being so bitter, I let them do much as they liked; I would rather feed than starve them.

Down at the seashore in the sunny hours, out from the woodwork of the groynes or bulwarks, there came a white spotted spider, which must in some way have known the height to which the tide came at that season, because he was far below high-water mark. The moles in an upland field had made in the summer a perfect network of runs. Out of curiosity, we opened some, and found in them large brown pupæ. In the summer-house, under the wooden eaves, if you look, you will find the chrysalis of a butterfly, curiously slung aslant, and waiting for the time to 'burst as a seraph on the blaze of day.' Coming down Galley Hill, near Hastings, one day, a party was almost stopped by finding they could only walk on thousands of caterpillars, dark with bright yellow bands, which had sprung out of the grass. The great nettles—now, nothing is so common as a nettle—are sometimes festooned with a dark caterpillar, hundreds upon each plant, hanging like bunches of currants. Could you find a spot the size of your watch-seal without an insect or the germ of one?

The agriculturists in some southern counties give the boys in spring threepence a dozen for the heads of young birds killed in the nest. The heads are torn off, to be produced, like the wolves' of old times, as evidence of extinction. This—apart from the cruelty of the practice—is, I think, a mistake, for, besides the insects that injure crops, there are some which may be suspected of being inimical to human life, if not directly, indirectly; and if it were not for birds, we should run a very good chance of being literally eaten up. The difficulty is that people cannot believe what they cannot immediately see, and there are very few who have the patience or who feel sufficient interest to study minute things.

I have taken these instances haphazard; they are large instances, as it were, of big and visible

things. They only give the rudest idea of the immensity and complexity of insect life in our own country. My friend the sparrow is, I believe, a friend likewise to man generally. He does a little damage, I admit; but if he were to resort to living on damage solely in his enormous numbers, we should not have a single flower or a single ear of wheat. He does not live by doing mischief alone evidently. He is the best scavenger the Londoners have got, and I counsel them to prize their sparrows, unless they would be overrun with uncomfortable creatures; and possibly he plays his part indirectly in keeping down disease. They say in some places he attacks the crocus. He does not attack mine, so I suspect there must be something wrong with the destroyed crocuses. Some tried to entice him from the flower with crumbs; they would perhaps have succeeded better if they had bought a pint of wheat at the seedsman's and scattered it. In spring, sparrows are not over-fond of crumbs; they are inordinately fond of wheat. During the months of continued dry, cold, easterly winds, which we have had to endure this season, all insect-eating birds have been almost as much starved as they are in winter when there is a deep snow. Nothing comes forth from the ground, nothing from the deep crannies which they cannot peck open; the larva remains quiescent in the solid timber. Not a speck can they find. The sparrow at such a time may therefore be driven to opening flower-buds. Looked at in a broad way, I am convinced he is a friend. I have always let them build about the house, and shall not drive them away.

If you do not know anything of insects, the fields are somewhat barren to you. The buttercups are beautiful, still they are buttercups every day. The thrush's song is lovely, still one cannot always listen to the thrush. The fields are but large open spaces after a time to many, unless they know a little of insects, when at once they become populous, and there is a link found between the birds and the flowers. It is like opening another book of endless pages and coloured illustrations on every page.

Blessings on the man, said Sancho Panza, who first invented sleep. Blessings on the man who first invented the scarlet geranium, and thereby brought the humming-bird moth to the window-sill; for, though seen ever so often, I can always watch it again hovering over the petals, and taking the honey, and away again into the bright sunlight. Sometimes, when walking along, and thinking of everything else but it, the beautiful peacock butterfly suddenly floats by the face like a visitor from another world, so highly coloured, and so original, and unlike and unexpected. In bright painters' work like the wings of butterflies, which often have distinct hues side by side, I think nature puts very little green; the bouquet is not backed with maiden-hair fern, the red and the blue and so on have no grass or leaves as a ground-colour; nor do they commonly alight on green. The bright colours are left to themselves unrelieved. None of the butterflies, I think, have green on the upper side of the wing; the Green Hairstreak has green under-wings, but green is not put forward.

Something the same may be noticed in flowers themselves; the broad surface, for instance, of the

peach and apricot, pink without a green leaf; the pear-tree white, but the leaves come quickly; the apple, an acre of pink and white, with the merest texture of foliage. Nor are there many conspicuous green insects—the grasshopper; some green flies; the lace-fly, a green body and delicate white wings. With the wild-flowers, on the contrary, there seems to come a great deal of green. There is scarcely a colour that cannot be matched in the gay world of wings. Red, blue, and yellow, and brown and purple—shaded and toned, relieved with dots and curious markings; in the butterflies, night tints in the pattern of the underwings, as if these were shaded with the dusk of the evening, being in shadow under the vane. Gold and orange, red, bright scarlet, and ruby and bronze in the flies. Dark velvet, brown velvet, grays, amber, and gold edgings like military coats in the wild-bees. If fifteen or twenty delicate plates of the thinnest possible material, each tinted differently, were placed one over the other, and all translucent, perhaps they might produce something of that singular shadow-painting seen on the wings of moths. They are the shadows of the colours, and yet they are equally distinct. The thin edges of the flies' wings catch the sunbeams, and throw them aside. Look, too, at the bees' limbs, which are sometimes yellow, and sometimes orange-red with pollen. The eyes, too, of many insects are coloured. They know your shadow from that of a cloud. If a cloud comes over, the instant the edge of the shadow reaches the grass-moths, they stop, so do some of the butterflies and other insects, as the wild-bees, remain quiescent. As the edge of your shadow falls on them, they rise and fly, so that to observe them closely it must not be allowed to overlap them.

Sometimes, I think insects smell the approaching observer as the deer wind the stalker. The gatekeeper-butterfly is common; its marking is very ingenious, may I say? regular, and yet irregular. The pattern is complete, and yet it is incomplete; it is finished, and yet it suggests to the mind that the lines ought to go on farther. They go out into space beyond the wing. If a carpet were copied from it, and laid down in a room, the design would want to run through the walls. Imagine the flower-bird's wing detached from some immense unseen carpet and set floating—it is a piece of something not ended in itself, and yet floating about complete. Some of their wings are neatly cut to an edge and bordered; of some, the edge is lost in colour, because no line is drawn along it. Some seem to have ragged edges naturally, and look as if they had been battered. Towards the end of their lives, little bits of the wing drop out, as if punched. The markings on the under-wings have a tendency to run into arches, one arch above the other. The tendency to curve may be traced everywhere in things as wide apart as a flower-bird's wing, and the lines on a scallop shell.

I own to a boyish pleasure in seeing the clouds of brown chafers in early summer clustering on the maple hedges and keeping up a continual burring. They stick to the fingers like the bud of a horse-chestnut. Now the fern-owl pitches himself over the oaks in the evening as a boy might throw a ball careless whither it goes; the next moment he comes up out of the earth under

your feet. The night-cuckoo might make another of his many names; his colour, ways, and food are all cuckoo-like; so, too, his immense gape—a cave in which endless moths end their lives; the eggs are laid on the ground, for there is no night-feeding bird into whose nest they could be put, else, perhaps, they would be. There is no night-feeding bird to feed the fern-owl's young. Does any one think the cuckoo could herself feed two young cuckoos? How many birds would it take to feed three young cuckoos? Supposing there were five young cuckoos in the nest, would it not take almost all the birds in a hedge to feed them? For the incredible voracity of the young cuckoo—swallow, swallow, swallow, and gape, gape, gape—cannot be computed. The two robins or the pair of hedge-sparrows in whose nest the young cuckoo is bred, work the day through, and cannot satisfy him; and the mother-cuckoo is said to come and assist in feeding him at times. How, then, could the cuckoo feed two or three of its offspring and itself at the same time? Several other birds do not build nests—the plover, the fern-owl. That is no evidence of lack of intelligence. The cuckoo's difficulty, or one of its difficulties, seems to be in the providing sufficient food for its ravenous young. A half-fledged cuckoo is already a large bird, and needs a bulk of soft food for its support. Three of them would wear out their mother completely, especially, if—as may possibly be the case—the male cuckoo will not help in feeding. This is the simplest explanation, I think; yet, as I have often said before, we must not always judge the ways of birds or animals or insects either by strict utility, or by crediting them with semi-supernatural intelligence. They have their fancies, likes and dislikes, and caprices. There are circumstances—perhaps far back in the life-history of their race—of which we know nothing, but which may influence their conduct unconsciously still, just as the crusades have transmitted a mark to our minds to-day. Even though an explanation may satisfy us, it is by no means certain that it is the true one, for they may look at matters in an entirely different manner from what we do. The effect of the cuckoo's course is to cause an immense destruction of insects, and it is really one of the most valuable as well as the most welcome of all our birds.

The thin pipe of the gnat heard at night is often alluded to, half in jest, by our older novelists. It is now, I think, dying out a good deal, and local where it stays. It occurred to me, on seeing some such allusion the other day, that it was six years since I had heard a gnat in a bedroom—never since we left a neighbourhood where there had once been marshy ground. Gnats are, however, less common generally, exclusive, of course, of those places where there is much water. All things are local, insects particularly so. On clay-soils, the flies in summer are most trying; black flies swarm on the eyes and lips; and in the deep lanes, cannot be kept off without a green bough. It requires the utmost patience to stay there to observe anything. In a place where the soil was sand, with much heath, on elevated ground, there was no annoyance from flies. There were crowds of them, but they did not attack human beings. You might sit on a bank in the fields with endless insects passing without

being irritated ; but everywhere out of doors you must listen for the peculiar low whirr of the stoat-fly, who will fill his long gray body with your blood in a very few minutes. This is the tsetse or cleg of our woods.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXII.—HOME !

As Josephine had made up her mind, and neither her father nor her aunt could move her to alter it, and the rector, from motives of delicacy, forbore giving his advice, the marriage was hurried on, and took place within three months of the funeral of Gabriel Gotham. As it must be, argued Mr Cornellis, the sooner it was over the better. To the great astonishment of the neighbourhood, Josephine was married almost as soon as gossip got wind that she purposed marriage. No sooner was she married, than she departed with her husband in the new boat, the *Josephine*, for a cruise to Holland and Heligoland and the Danish coast.

The neighbourhood was in some commotion, and consulted what was to be done. Such a case had not occurred before. Miss Cornellis was a lady ; Richard Cable, a common man. It was true that not much was known of the antecedents of Mr and Miss Cornellis ; but they were related to Squire Gotham, and she had inherited the Hanford estate. What was to be done ? Were Mr and Mrs Cable to be called upon ? How could the acquaintance with Mr Cornellis be maintained, if the neighbourhood agreed to ignore the Cables ? Metaphorically, every one looked at every one else to know what every one else would do ; and what every one else did, that every one else was prepared to indorse. What a pack of moral cowards makes up Society ! It is a herd of timorous sheep, bleating to one another to know whether the gap in the hedge is to be passed or not ; and when the general consensus is arrived at—Heaven knows how—where none will take the initiative, all run at the hedge-gap together, and wedge each other, in their eagerness to be not the last to push through. Sometimes a whole flock will hover about a gap, turning their stupid heads about to see whether they are surrounded by their fellow-sheep, and baaing queries to them, What is to be done ? backing a little now, when the sheep in front are bumped back by others ; then pushing forward, because the sheep in front ease away a little nearer the gap. Then an old ewe comes up and runs through, and in a moment all follow. The old ewe in the society round Hanford was Lady Brentwood, whom formerly Gabriel Gotham had admired.

‘ Bless me ! ’ said Lady Brentwood, ‘ she’s not committed a sin. She’s a right to please herself ; some like apples, others like onions. I shall call.’

Then all Hanford society said : ‘ We will call.’ And Hanford society having decided to call, went headlong to do so, before the return of the bride and bridegroom. Society said that it was its duty to call at the Hall after the death of Mr Gotham ; and Society was mightily inquisitive to know what Mr Cornellis thought of his daughter’s marriage, or rather, what sort of a face he put on it.

Mr Cornellis had a hold on that section of society which esteemed itself pious, for he was perfectly familiar with all the tricks whereby well-intentioned, simple, easily persuaded persons can be taken by the nose and led to the grindstone. He knew also how to make them hold their own noses to the grindstone, and smile sickly smiles, and give the signal to him to turn the handle. But he was not without influence with quite another section. He could tell a good story, was interested in horses, did not object to a bet, played billiards well, and was esteemed as a good fellow, without an atom of cant or humbug in him. Now the sporting men argued that Cornellis would be sure to influence his daughter, and it would be extremely awkward if she did not pay to the hunt as liberal a subscription as the old Squire. Then, again, these Cables had a yacht, and it would be agreeable to be invited for a cruise ; so they would call, and see to it that their womankind did likewise.

In early summer, there is an insect with eyes out of all proportion to its body, of a sickly colour, that attacks carnations, pinks, and other soft-wooded garden plants. It is provided with a proboscis, which it drives into the heart of the stalk on which it alights, and through this proboscis it taps the plant of its sap. The creature works itself up and down on its long hind-legs like a pump, and it succeeds in pumping the vital juices out of the plant, and throwing them in a mass of froth, like spittle, around itself. As this so-called Cuckoo-spittle insect acts on garden flowers so do our neighbours act on us, and we in turn act on them. When anything interesting and gossip-producing happens in our families, they come to us, attach themselves, drive their little tubes down some weak, soft joint, and suck out all the information they desire, and throw out what they have abstracted from us in a world of frothy chatter around them. If we are very shrewd and on our guard, it is interesting to watch these aphides trying us with their pipes—tap, tap here, and tap, tap there ; and if we wince by ever so much, in they go, up they kick their hind-legs, and work the pump as if they were extracting for themselves the elixir of life. But if we present to them an impenetrable skin, it by no means follows that they do not make froth-bubbles about us, only, instead of bleeding us, they extract all the requisite liquor from their own imaginations. It is almost incredible how very little liquor will spread into a very large bubble. An aphid will in a few minutes surround itself with a globe of foam many times its own diameter, and our social cuckoo-spittle insects are not behind the insect in their powers of making mountains out of nothing.

A good many of these aphides of society came about the Hall during the time that the Cables were away, to condole with Mr and Miss Cornellis on the death of Gabriel Gotham, and to

congratulate them on the marriage of Josephine. How they drove their taps! How they worked at the pumps, how they explored all the joints of the brother and sister! What froth-bubbles of gossip they exuded! Mr Cornellis was not easily sucked; but Aunt Judith was less impenetrable.

Mr Cornellis met all with a *bonhomie* and assumed frankness which turned every proboscis up. 'Girls are romantic creatures. Unfortunately, Gotham left her everything. That upset completely a head already disturbed by her nautical adventure. She had a foolish but generous idea that as she owed her life to the worthy fellow who had saved her in the great storm, she must devote that life to him. I will say this for him: he seemed overwhelmed with the gift, and half disposed to run away when it was proffered. The bequest of Gotham emancipated her from my control. Alas! girls—children generally, in this declining nineteenth century, are not obedient to their parents, but self-willed and self-determining. It was in vain for me to remonstrate. The girl had her high-soaring ideas, and they carried her away. We must make the best of a bad job; and I shall ask my dear friends and neighbours to assist me in lightening to Josephine the humiliation and disappointment which await her, and to exercise toward her and Cable that forbearance which I feel will be necessary.'

There was something grotesque in the way in which the visitors inquired after the Cables. They put their questions, made their remarks in a tentative manner, as if they did not know how to approach the subject with delicacy. It was as though Mr or Miss Cornellis were troubled with a boil, and the public mind was uncertain where the boil was situated, and whether it was consistent with strict propriety to inquire as to the condition of the boil; whether it were not most judicious to ignore it, and observe the movements of the party suspected of suffering from it, what sort of faces he drew when sitting or standing or leaning, and to speak cheerfully on ordinary subjects, and not seem to observe the anguish and pallor and twinges of the patient; but to be dogmatic upon the situation and condition of the boil to all the neighbourhood, when out of the house.

What a pitiful world we live in! How infinitely helpful we are to one another in the burying of family skeletons. We call on each other and take afternoon tea with each other, and know all the while that our hostess is covering with her skirts the unearthed bones, which she has been sorting and shivering over till she heard our carriage-wheels, when she dropped them all on the floor and kicked them under the chair. We know they are there, and we give the table-cover a little pull, to make it conceal a ghastly hand that is thrust out, and which our hostess does not see to be exposed. And we chirp about the weather, and laugh over some little local gossip, and go into admiration of the exquisite flowers on the table, so sweetly fragrant; while the smell of mouldering bones rises up and overwhelms the otto-like scent of the Jules le Fèvre in the vase. How daintily we tread in our conversation among the dead men's bones that strew the ground of our neighbour; and how, if we

happen to touch one, we stoop and scrape the earth together over it, laughing and chattering about matters indifferent, pretending that we are picking daisies. How persistently, when we are dining with our friend, we turn our back to the cupboard in which we know the skeleton is, and put up our eye-glasses to admire the picture opposite, and the china on the cabinet on this side and on that side of the one cupboard, and do not observe the existence of that one cupboard. How quickly, if some other incautious guest approaches it with inquisitive eye, we set our backs against it, and use every ingenious effort to divert his attention to other objects. What a fit of sneezing takes us, and makes us turn away our eyes, when our friend, incautiously pulling out his handkerchief, lets fall a bone; and whilst we turn our eyes and noses away into our own pocket-handkerchiefs, we know he is picking up and reconcealing that bone inadvertently exposed. Is it said that every man has a skeleton in his closet? That proverb but half expresses the truth; every man has the bones all about him—in his breast-pocket, in his fob, in his purse, in the lining of his hat, in the tails of his coat, in the toes of his boots, like the Pilgrim in *Sintram*. It were well for him if he could confine his skeleton to the cupboard. But skeletons refuse to be so confined; they come to pieces, however well wired together the joints may be, and disperse their fragments everywhere, playing us grim practical jokes, turning up from under our pillow, dropping on us from the ceiling, tripping us up as we are stepping downstairs, lying beside our plates when we expect to take hold of a knife or fork handle. That is why we are so dependent on the good-will and courtesy of others, and have to ask them to put their feet on our bones, or turn their heads aside a moment, when they turn up inadvertently.

Pitiful and considerate though we may be when in the presence of our friend, our pity and consideration fall off us the moment we have left him. Then we run to our other neighbours and call them together, and peep and whisper, and point where the bones are hidden, and tell their nature and condition; and put out rakes, and scrape them out of the earth, or rap at the walls and knock holes, through which we may peep at the grinning skulls behind. How the nature of these bones changes according as we look at them in the presence of the owner or of others! In his society, we scarce see them, and hide our eyes; but when we draw them out and turn them over in social talk with others, what merry-thoughts and funny-bones they prove to us! How we titter over them! What figures we build up out of them, how we dress them with grotesqueness! How we treasure them! If we happen to carry off a neighbour's skeleton bone, we are not like selfish dogs that run and bury their bones lest others should bite them also; but we go generously about with the bone to every kennel within our run, and show the bone to every dog, and invite him to snuff at it, and take a nibble and play with it, rolling it over, pawing it, licking it, tossing it about. Then snap! we have caught our bone, and away we go with it to the next kennel to repeat the same generous sport.

Mr Cornellis was far too well versed in the

ways of the world to attempt to conceal his skeleton, to affect ignorance of its existence. He brought it out; he dressed it up; he exposed it to the full view of every visitor; he said as much as: 'Don't content yourselves with a bone of it. Carry the whole ghastly thing away with you in your carriages, beside you; or perch it on your saddle, if you are riding; and sit behind and hold it up, and show it to every one, clicking and nodding its hideous head, as you go through the streets. Or, if you are walking, unhitch all the joints, and stow it away about you. Fill your coat-tail pockets; stuff your hat with it; cram it into your waistcoat; open your mouth and choke your cheeks with it; extend your hands, and grab all you can of it; leave none behind; take all with you, and be welcome.' Dom Pedro of Portugal, when he ascended the throne, dug up Inez de Castro, to whom he had been secretly married, and had her skeleton arrayed in royal robes, and crowned and enthroned in the cathedral choir; then summoned all the nobility and clergy and courtiers to do homage to and kiss the withered hand of the corpse. And Mr Cornelis brought forth his skeleton, and invited every one to see it, and commiserate him openly on being encumbered with it, and even to join with him in a dismal joke over its existence.

His conduct in the matter took the sting and spice out of it, put the neighbourhood in good-humour, and prepared it to accept Josephine as one who had made a blunder, and must be helped to repent it. Cable would be quietly snubbed and thrust aside; his wife made much of, and pardoned, if she consented to keep her husband in the background; or, what would be better still—at sea.

Mr Cornelis had considered well what was best to be done, and by the time the young couple returned, all the country round was ripe to receive them on the terms he proposed.

The *Josephine* arrived at Hanford a day or two before she was expected. A sailing yacht does not come into port to the day like a steamer, nor can the best of vessels be punctual to a minute, as a train is supposed to be. The bride had written to her aunt to say in what week she would be home; but instead of arriving at the end of the week, as Miss Judith expected, the boat came in at the beginning. None of the servants of the Hall were on the beach to receive her; her father and aunt were away that day making purchases at Walton, and did not know that the vessel had been sighted by the coast-guard. Though her own relations and servants were not awaiting her, Josephine found that Richard had his friends on the shore, ready to shake hands with him, pat him on the back, and ask with a 'Halloo! old chap!' how he got along.

There was Joe Marriage, in wading-boots up to his thighs, and a dirty jersey of faded blue darned with black and brown, and a sou'-wester hat. His hands were fishy; he had been handling oysters. 'Well, Dick! Brought your missus home. Look alive, and introduce us to the lady.' Then, extending a very dirty flat hand, he grasped and shook that of Josephine: 'Glad to see ye, ma'am. Going to make a gentleman of Dick, are ye? 'Taint possible, say I.'

Then up came Sam Bucket, curious like the rest of them. 'So, missus! you're back right with your chap. Not made him look much thinner. Which is it to be? Are you agoing to haul Dick Cable up to your level, or be you a-coming down to ourn?'

A gawky young fisherman, Tom Dowse, came staggering up with a pail of shrimps and set it down at Josephine's feet. 'There, my dear,' he said. 'You may take it home and sup on it, and be heartily welcome.'

'Come, missus,' said Jonas Flinders, who was half-tipsy, 'you're one of us now, you know, and so shake a flapper. None of your airs;' and then he made a broad joke which brought the colour to Josephine's cheek. The rest laughed. Richard did not hear it; he was shaking hands and receiving congratulations from one of the coastguard, a few paces off. Jonas meant no offence; he would have used the same coarse expression before his own wife and daughters unrebuked. It was customary in his class of life for men and women and lasses to be outspoken, and not mealy-mouthed and nice about what was said or heard.

Josephine drew back. She was offended, and one or two of the others saw she could not stomach such talk; so they explained that Jonas was fresh, and when fresh, a loose-tongued chap, but good-hearted, and a fine sailor.

'If some of you will carry my traps to the Hall,' said Josephine stiffly, 'you shall be paid for it.'

'O hang it,' said one, 'we'll carry your parcels without payment; but we'll make so free as to ask you to give us a glass of grog in your kitchen to drink your health and success to your voyage through life with Dick for your captain.'

Josephine again looked round for her husband; but as he did not come to her, she moved away towards her home. One of the men had her bundle of rugs; another hoisted a portmanteau on his shoulder; a third carried a roll of umbrellas, waterproofs, and a yellow railway novel; and a fourth tucked a tin bonnet-box under his arm. The tiresome, tipsy Jonas would keep near her and talk in a familiar manner, and diffuse about him an odour of stale tobacco and beer. Escorted by these men, sensible that she cut a ridiculous figure, annoyed by the well-intentioned importunities of Jonas, vexed that none of her own servants were at the landing-place to receive her parcels, Josephine approached her home not in the best of tempers. As she entered the grounds, her father and aunt arrived in an open carriage. He was driving; and he drew up and waited, with an amused expression, till she came near, when Jonas, tripping on the stone in the entrance gates that received the bolt of the double doors, sprawled in her way at her feet, and upset the pail of shrimps he carried, so that the creatures were scattered in all directions over the drive. His accident elicited a general roar. Josephine turned a deeper colour than the shrimps.

'Where is Mr Cable?' she asked impatiently.

'Lor, missus!' shouted Jonas, trying in vain to recover his upright position, 'he's gone after his kids, o' course, like a loving father to his poor orphans.'

'Come along, my men,' said Mr Cornelis with

a laugh which cut Josephine like a knife. 'Round to the back-door, please, and I will order you all out some ale. The front-door is only for Mr Cable, by permission of his wife.'

(To be continued.)

PIKE LORE.

No British fish possesses so marked an individuality as the pike. Without the beauty and the spirit which distinguish the salmon and the trout, it affords, notwithstanding, excellent sport to the angler on account of its large size and the eagerness with which it seizes the bait. The English name, pike, is supposed to have reference to the pointed shape of the head; the French term *brochet*, or spit, denoting a similar origin. The Latin name, *lucius*, derived from the Greek *lykos*, or wolf, aptly designates 'the fresh-water shark or wolf,' as he has been justly termed. Various points have been discussed for ages with regard to this fish, without any apparent unanimity of opinion being arrived at. The age, size, and weight to which individual fish have attained have formed material for conjecture since the time of Pliny. A story is extant, that in 1497 a pike was taken from the Kaiserwag Lake, in Germany, with a brass ring encircling its neck, bearing the inscription: 'I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the governor of the universe, Frederick II., the 5th October 1230.' It is also on record that in 1610 a pike was taken in the Meuse bearing a copper ring, on which was engraved the name of the city of Stavern, and the date 1448. Naturally, the authenticity of such accounts is extremely doubtful, though Mr Pfennell in his admirable monograph on the Pike considers a portion of the former legend as resting on some foundation. There seems every reason for believing that the pike will attain the age of seventy or eighty years under favourable conditions. The subject of weight is equally disputed. A pike of thirty or forty pounds may be considered as exceptionally large for ordinary waters; but at times fish of a much greater weight have been captured. A pike taken in Loch Ken, in Galloway, weighed seventy-two pounds; and fish of ninety pounds are said to have been captured in the Irish lakes. In Southern Germany, larger specimens are occasionally exposed for sale in the markets.

Owing to the rapidity with which it digests its food, the large size of its mouth, and the number and sharpness of its teeth, the pike is well qualified to play the rôle of an exterminator of smaller fish. It is supposed that at times he will consume his own weight of food in a day. Nor are smaller fish his only prey; waterfowl, rats, frogs, worms, and even weeds will in turn form portion of his diet. Like the larger trout, the pike feeds frequently on his own species; and there is no better bait for a very large pike than a three-pound fish of the same kind. The late Mr Foster, in his *Scientific Angler*, gives an interesting account of the capture of a large pike by this means: 'We were fishing in preserved water in a neighbouring western county, and had

hooked a pickerel a few pounds-weight, which we were about to land, when the gleaming broadside of some larger relation of the family shone in the background an instant, and then a heavy tug demonstrated the fact that our possession of the prey was disputed. We were in sole possession of a light punt upon an extensive sheet of water, and thus having plenty of scaroomb, we were rather confident of the result. At the first gentle touch of the rod, the fish ran out fully half a hundred yards of line at one impetuous rush, despite the heavy strain placed upon the rod. To reserve the remainder of our line would tend to aggravate the danger; to let it run meant disaster. Whilst we hesitated, we unconsciously stopped further supply of line, of which fact we were reminded by the rapid motion of the punt through the water. As we resolved to break away from him, he suddenly doubled, making straight for the punt; the next instant, he dashed off with renewed vigour at right angles, and we again strained heavily upon every foot he stole, despite which, our whole stock was all but spent before he again turned. For more than an hour was this operation of hauling in and paying out the line repeated without ceasing, at the end of which time the tragic end seemed as remote as ever. By this time, several stable functionaries from the mansion arrived upon the scene, among whom a learned controversy ensued as to the probable weight and breed of a fish capable of towing a man and boat with impunity. As the fish swerved along shore in their immediate proximity, all dispute suddenly dropped, and we observed a large stable-fork in possession of a bandy-legged individual who had stepped forward, fork in hand, ready for action. Before we could interfere, a wild thrust was made, which fell short of the mark, but, nevertheless, well-nigh ended the fight, the terrified fish making for less dangerous quarters at a speed that eclipsed all previous exploits, the pressure upon the line availing little beyond keeping the snout of the fish above the water's surface. After this rush, a reaction set in, the fish showing signs of fatigue for the first time, which speedily developed into complete exhaustion. To consummate the capture by gaffing was now a very easy matter, and was soon accomplished. The weight of the fish proved to be thirty-seven pounds and three-quarters. It was preserved and encased by the owner of the water, with the tail of the pickerel protruding from its extended jaw.'

Nor have human beings been always free from the attacks of large pike. A surgeon of our acquaintance had on one occasion to dress no less than seven wounds upon the hands of a boy who had been severely bitten by a pike whilst bathing in Inglemere Pond, Ascot. It was only after a severe blow upon the head that the fish desisted from its attack. This pike, which was found dying the next day from the effects of the blow, and which was probably half-starved at the time when it made its murderous onslaught, measured more than forty inches. An equally curious account of a pike pressed by the pangs of hunger is given by Mr Henderson in his *Life of an Angler*. A gentleman well known to him had obtained permission to fish in a private lake in which it was supposed that pike existed. The angler after having trolled round the lake

for a considerable time without getting a 'run,' had almost arrived at an opposite conclusion, and was on the point of quitting the spot, when he noticed a pike of some eight pounds-weight, evidently on the lookout for food. He threw his bait towards the fish, which eagerly accepted it, and was dragged to the shore. It then occurred to the angler, that as few other fish seemed to inhabit the lake, he would have no more sport, should he destroy that which he had captured. Accordingly, he threw the fish back into the water; and on its again taking up its station close to the bank, as if on the lookout for food, once more threw in his bait and captured it. The same process was repeated five or six times, though on each occasion the fish seemed to become less desirous of seizing the bait. Finally, the pike was killed. Mr Henderson gives full credence to this story, on the grounds, that his friend was incapable of falsehood, and that a somewhat similar instance of pike-voracity had come under his own observation.

Probably, as Mr Henderson observes, the fish was on the point of starvation, and could not resist seizing the bait, even though previously pricked by the hook. An instance is on record of a fox being seized by a pike and carried beneath the water; while in Sweden, an eagle and pike have been found dead together, the eagle doubtless having buried its talons in the back of the pike whilst basking on the surface of the water, and having thus been carried below and drowned. In the Avon, on one occasion, a gentleman who had set a night-line, found a heavy pike one morning apparently fast to the hook. On opening the mouth of the fish, he found another pike within the first, and within the second fish a third weighing about three-quarters of a pound. The last fish had been swallowed by another pike, which in turn had been swallowed by a still larger fish!

Lord Walsingham recently, in presiding at the dinner of a Norfolk Angling Society, mentioned having shot a partridge, which on falling into his lake was seized by a pike. The following day he proceeded to the spot, and whilst fishing, succeeded in taking the pike, which contained the bird. Only last year a pike was captured, which, on being opened, was found to contain a snipe and a small pike, the latter in turn containing a small trout.

As may be supposed, few fish are exempt from the attacks of this scourge of the waters. The perch probably escapes oftener than others, owing to the spines of its dorsal fin, which render it an unpleasant article of diet to the pike; while, from some unexplained cause, the tench, unlike its congener the carp, seems to be untouched by carnivorous fish. A singular fact in connection with the pike is its habit of suddenly appearing in ponds in which it did not previously exist. Experiments which have been made would seem to point to the inference that this fish, like the eel, will travel overland for a short distance through wet grass, to reach water. An instance of this kind once happened at the Zoological Gardens. During the night, a tank in which a pike was confined burst, and the pike being left dry, was found in the morning by the keeper making its way along the path towards a pond at some distance. When picked up, it had

already gone some twenty yards, and seemed to have sufficient strength left to accomplish the remainder of the journey.

As an article of diet, the pike seems to have varied in estimation at different times. At one period it seems to have been preferred to the salmon as a dish for princes; at another, to have been considered fit only for the lowest in the land. The edibility of this fish depends much upon the locality in which it has been reared. Thames, Medway, and Staffordshire pike have all been noted for their superior beauty and delicacy; while those of the Scotch lochs, and of lakes in general, are of an inferior description. Properly cooked, a pike, if well fed, is by no means to be despised.

OLD STAIRS: A STORY OF LONG AGO.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAP. V.—RINGWOOD'S GOLD.

THE young sailor—for it was Mark Ringwood who had come into Caleb's house with the rush of wind—was the first to speak. 'Is this gentleman your grandfather, Miss Pearl?' said he, with an inquiring look at the young girl. 'Is this Mr Caleb Cobb?'

The girl blushing bowed her head.

'Mr Cobb,' resumed Mark, turning to the old lamplighter, 'I was fully prepared for your anger. My voice reminds you—and you are not the first it has reminded—of Mr Ringwood, late of the firm of Rudstone and Company. I'm his grandson, Mark Ringwood; and knowing what I know of his dastardly conduct—there is no other word for it—I am almost ashamed to own the relationship. But he is dead now, and his last words to me were: "Do not rest until you have found Caleb Cobb and delivered my message." He felt confident, he assured me, that you were still living, and somewhere in this neighbourhood.—Will you listen,' added the young sailor, 'to what I have to say? I'm a man of few words, so I shan't tire you.'

Caleb sank submissively into his armchair. 'Dead?' he muttered.—'What did I tell you, Pearl? Dead!—I'm not superstitious,' added the old man, 'not about most things; but I knew that I should hear of this to-night. I heard his footstep—his voice—as I sat thinking at the old gateway.—Well, what's the message?' and a change came into his tone. 'I'm listening. Get it over, and quit my house. I want none of his kith and kin hanging about me or mine. I'm listening.'

Is it possible that Caleb Cobb, thinking of Pearl, imputed a hidden motive in this visit on the part of the young sailor? He was keen to hear and quick to interpret every movement or sound which reached his ear. Pearl had described this messenger to him in a hesitating voice—described him as young and handsome. That was enough to rouse suspicion, and fill the old man's brain with fresh forebodings. He

called the girl to his side. She came at once, and rested her hand in her caressing way upon his shoulder, but with her face turned towards the visitor.

Mark Ringwood, receiving no invitation to draw near the hearth, still stood with folded arms, leaning his back against the door. His face clouded slightly at Caleb's irritable tone; and he answered, after a moment's pause, with some degree of resentment: 'I'll not trouble you with my presence a second longer than I can possibly help. I've delivered the sealed packet already. Your grand-daughter is holding it in her hand, I see, and the seals are still unbroken. It contains a few words from Mr Ringwood, and the sum of one thousand pounds.'

'What! Has he confessed his treachery at last?' cried Caleb.

'Yes—at last,' replied the sailor. 'He has confessed to having supplanted you in the house of Rudstone, Marling, and Company. He has confessed that, but for his wicked plot—a plot which so completely succeeded—you would have been a man of wealth and position. With his dying words, he implored your forgiveness.'

'Ah! Did he think to gain that?' and Caleb's voice was full of bitterness and sarcasm.

'In his last will and testament,' Mark Ringwood resumed, in a more formal manner—'in a document which is now in the hands of his executors in London—he has bequeathed one half of his property to you, Mr Cobb, or your heirs and assigns, as the lawyers tell me, in perpetuity. The other half he has left to me, his only surviving relative. Or rather, I am, I think, what they call residuary legatee. At anyrate, a specified sum has been left to you—a sum of fifty thousand pounds—and I'm to have the rest.—And all I can say is,' added the sailor, 'that if you had inherited every penny of the property, Mr Cobb, it would not have been, from what I understand, more than you'd a right to.'

Caleb Cobb, listening intently, but with a gathering cloud on his wrinkled brow, rose to his feet, trembling with passion. 'What mockery is this?' cried he with clenched hands. 'What do I want with his ill-gotten gold?'

With a restraining hand upon his arm, Pearl appealed to him in a soft, persuasive tone. 'Dear grandfather, is this young man to blame? It is his misfortune, not his fault, that he is related to the man who has ruined your life. Do not speak so harshly to him. Nothing could be more noble, more gracious, than his attitude. No sacrifice would be great enough.'

'Silence! I'll not hear another word,' interrupted Caleb, by no means soothed by Pearl's defence.—'Do you suppose that anything can compensate me for the dreadful suffering that I've endured for fifty years? Can money—do you suppose—can money do it?—No! I'm an old man—nearly fourscore and ten—and as poor, Heaven knows, as a church mouse. But I'd rather starve—and I'd rather see you starve too—than be indebted to Ringwood, or his relations, for a crust of bread!—Where is the sealed letter, Pearl? Give it back to the young man, and let him leave the house. He may be honest enough;

I know nothing about him. But his presence drives me mad: his offer of money is an insult.—Give it back to him at once.'

'I cannot,' said Mark—'I cannot take it back. It's yours.'

'Mine!—Do you wish to see it burnt?' said Caleb. 'It shall be, if left in this house.—Do you hear me, Pearl?'

'Grandfather!—Burn a thousand pounds?'

Caleb stood silent for a while, with his head bent and his hands pressed against his brow. At last he muttered in a changed voice: 'I'll talk to John about this. Ay, ay, I'll talk it over with him to-morrow. I'm not in my right senses to-night—no, no; not in my right senses. John shall say what shall be done—John Jarvis shall decide.'

'Will you,' cried the young sailor, with ill-concealed delight, 'will you let him see the lawyers and settle this affair?'

'Ay, ay; he shall decide,' repeated Caleb.—'Now, go!' he added with an angry gesture.—'Don't speak—don't let me hear your voice: it haunts me like a voice from the dead!'

When Mark Ringwood was gone and the door was bolted behind him, as though he were a dangerous character, Pearl took her place near the hearth beside her grandfather. He handed her, with an air of resignation, the sealed packet. 'Break the seals,' said he. 'Let this dead man, Ringwood, justify his conduct, if justification is possible, and then I will ask forgiveness!—Well?'

Pearl spread out the envelope upon the table. 'The packet contains ten bank-notes. The notes are each for one hundred pounds.—Ah! And here is a document,' the girl added, 'written in such a queer hand!—Shall I try to read it, grandfather?'

'Ay, ay; read it, Pearl.—Ten bank-notes, eh? Well, well.'

The girl then read as follows: 'I, William Ringwood, do hereby solemnly declare that Caleb Cobb is innocent of the theft imputed to him on the night of the thirtieth of March seventeen hundred and eighty-nine. The robbery was committed by me, the aforesaid William Ringwood, with the sole object of injuring Caleb Cobb, whose position in the house of Rudstone, Marling, and Company'—

The old lamplighter suddenly raised his hand. 'Stay! I have heard enough. He has confessed!—But what good, now, is all this to me? It only makes regret and the thought of all my misery the more galling. This avowal has come too late—fifty years too late! It cannot bring my old sweetheart back to life—it cannot give me youth and hope. Too late!' repeated Caleb—'too late!' There was a long silence; at length the old man said: 'Put away this packet, Pearl.—Put it in my old desk,' he added. 'It is the desk into which he slipped the thousand pounds upon that dreadful night. It was there that Mr Marling found the money, in that house in the Minorities which I once pointed out to you. I repurchased that desk, years ago, at a sale. It helped to keep alive—if that were needed!—my undying hatred for William Ringwood.—Ah, well,' he continued, suppressing a sigh, 'we'll talk no more about that to-night.'

A fatigued expression had come over his face;

and Pearl, seating herself at the table over her needlework, was only too glad to let this painful subject drop.

The mystery of her grandfather's life had now been made clear to her; and as she pondered in her mind all that had happened since she had returned to their poor home this very evening, Pearl could scarcely realise the great change which might come over their lives within the next few days. A large fortune—if her grandfather could be persuaded to look rationally at the matter of which Mark Ringwood had spoken—would now fall into their possession—a fortune such as Pearl in her most romantic mood had never thought about before. Fifty thousand pounds! What scenes of happiness the mere mention of such a sum raises up in one's imagination! Could any one in their dependent position refuse such absolute independence? The poor girl had worked since she was very young, and worked hard too, in order to keep her grandfather and herself in this little home in Old Stairs; so no one knew better than Pearl did what poverty meant. It was but natural, under existing circumstances, that she should fervently wish to be released from this struggle for life, in which it had been her lot to take an active part from her earliest childhood. Nor was this the only romantic incident—this chance of fortune—which had occurred to-day. The meeting with Mark Ringwood upon the jetty in the storm, and her timely assistance in rescuing him from his dangerous position among the barges, had excited her interest in the young sailor. The subsequent discovery that he was related to the man who had wronged her grandfather had not prejudiced her against him; on the contrary, she regarded it as an unlucky accident. Did he not on that account merit her warmest sympathy? In her true, womanly heart, she could not withhold it from him. Mark Ringwood was not to blame.

CHAP. VI.—DREAMING AND WAKING.

Is it night? Caleb Cobb is listening intently—as it seems to him—but he hears no sound—no sound of the traffic in Thames Street hard by, no sound of the wind without. He gropes his way towards the window. It is night—silent, mysterious, and pitch-dark. Have the lamps been blown out by the gale? Standing there with this consciousness of the silence and darkness without, Caleb Cobb becomes accustomed to a strange, dim light within the little room—the room in which he has lived so long, and has not seen since Pearl first crept into his heart and home, seventeen years ago—a dim light from the flickering fire, for the lamp in the window is no longer burning. His first thought is to look for Pearl. But she is not here. He is alone; and yet there are tokens of her sweet presence on all sides. Where has she gone?

How warm and snug the room appears! There are signs of poverty, but none of discomfort or neglect. On the clean dresser stand the old plates and dishes as Caleb remembers them years ago. How they shine as the reflection from the fire falls upon their brightly polished surface! Then the light from the fire flickers upon the old oaken desk. Ringwood! He starts and listens once more, and then hastening to the door looks out

into the night. He looks out upon a darkness so intense that he has a passing sensation of blindness. Every lamp in the old city streets has gone out!

Closing the door, with a sense of despair, Caleb is directed by a faint gleam along the floor towards his old ladder, lying against the wainscot; and over it, suspended by a nail, is his hand-lamp—the lamp with which he had dotted jets of light along the way, night after night, down Thames Street and the adjacent lanes and alleys. With an eager hand he reaches down this lamp, and begins to trim it as he has trimmed it a thousand times before. This done, and the wick well kindled, Caleb puts on a tight-fitting fur cap and a pea-jacket, which he takes from a cupboard in the wall; he then shoulders his ladder and steps out resolutely into the darkness. As he goes along, he stops at every lamp-post, adjusts his ladder, runs up nimbly, and ignites the flame. And so, step by step, Caleb advances, and the shadows fall back like phantoms—phantoms that compel him to follow them along the deserted thoroughfare; and on each side the old houses—every brick of which he knows so well—with their gabled roofs and their overhanging stories, appear to frown down upon him as he hurries on as though urged by some fixed purpose—a purpose that must be accomplished in the dead of night.

Out of a shadowy courtyard, by which Caleb presently passes with hand-lamp and ladder, comes a tall shadow like a restless spirit, and touches the old lamplighter on the shoulder.

'John Jarvis? Is that you?'

'Yes. Give me your ladder,' is the answer, 'and your hand-lamp. There is light enough now.'

'Ay, ay; so there is.—Do you guess why I've done this?'

'Yes. You are searching for Pearl.'

He places the ladder against the wall in a corner of the gloomy yard, and blowing out the hand-lamp, drops it into his pocket. He then leads the way back through the lonely lighted thoroughfare. Caleb follows. They glide along, glancing up one street and down another, until they reach a dark doorway with an oaken, shell-shaped canopy overhead. The tall shadow stops, and beckons to Caleb to step into this doorway out of the lamplight. The row of houses opposite, as it seems to Caleb, takes the shape of Old Stairs; and up and down the jetty, with the river beyond, two figures are walking arm in arm. Their whisperings find an echo under the oaken shell.

'Is it wrong, then, to love you?'

'Grandfather thinks it is.' The voice is Pearl's.

'But you?'

The answer being very subdued, finds no echo.

'It matters little to me'—the voice is Ringwood's now—'what others think, so long as you care for me. I do not fear his anger, except for your sake. Are we not both young? I am willing to wait—until'—The sentence is broken and unfinished in the echo; but Caleb understands, for he makes a movement as though to step out into the lamplight. But the shadow at his side places a hand upon his shoulder and whispers in his ear: 'Not yet!'

The two figures continue to walk up and down before the old houses, still arm in arm; but their voices are only audible, under the oaken shell,

like a low murmur. Caleb, however, has heard enough—Ringwood's grandson is Pearl's chosen lover!

Outside Caleb's house, at last, they take leave of one another. Pearl has disappeared, and the door is closed behind her.

'Follow me!' and the shadow moves along under the lamps, leading the way towards the river below Old Stairs. They reach the edge of the jetty in time to see the young sailor step into a boat and begin to unfasten the cord attached to the iron ring. Unobserved, they take their places in the stern; and scarcely are they seated, when the boat, impelled by an oar, darts into mid-stream. The young sailor plies the sculls vigorously, and the boat soon makes headway against the tide. So intense is the gloom, that Caleb touches the shadow at his side, to convince himself that his ghostly companion has not vanished. There is no sound, except the splash of the sculls and their grating noise, and the gurgling of the water at the sides.

Caleb whispers: 'John Jarvis? Where are you leading me now?'

'Listen!' is the reply in a whisper like his own. 'I love Pearl, and I cannot live without her. This man, Mark Ringwood, has come between us. I have vowed—and I will keep my vow—to send him back to sea. He shall start on his voyage to-night.'

Caleb grasps his companion's arm. 'No, no. Spare his life!'

'What! You do not wish him drowned?'

'It's too horrible,' Caleb answers with a shudder, and a glance towards the dark figure working at the sculls.

'Pearl will be his wife.'

'His wife! I would rather she were dead.'

'So would I! She will be his wife, unless we do this deed. It is the hour!'

The droning sound of a great bell floats tremulously over the dark river.

'Midnight!'

At the same moment, the shadow at Caleb's side springs forward; there is a struggle, a discord of angry voices, a rocking of the boat, and a loud splash; and then something shapeless floats away with the tide.

Caleb, stretching out his arms, falls heavily forward.

Had he fallen into the bottom of Ringwood's boat? or had he dropped out of his armchair upon the hearthrug before the fire at Number One Old Stairs? Caleb, groping in darkness, cried out: 'John, John! he will be drowned.'

'Why, grandfather, what are you dreaming about?'

When Pearl had helped him into his chair—for Caleb Cobb had slipped out of it in his sleep—the old man rubbed his poor blind eyes and said: 'Dreaming? Ay, ay; I must have been dreaming badly. I never had such a nightmare in all my life.—What o'clock might it be?'

'St Paul's has just struck twelve.'

'Midnight? Why, that was in my dream.' He began to ponder deeply, passing his hand across his brow. 'Pearl,' said he presently, 'is my old ladder in its place?'

'Yes; it is lying upon the floor, where you have always kept it as long as I can remember.'

'And the hand-lamp? Is that hanging up?'

'On the nail above the ladder.'

Once more Caleb became thoughtful. But after a short pause he again questioned Pearl. 'Look,' said he—'look out into the night. Are the lamps still burning?'

The girl went to the window and looked out. The night was dark, and the gale had not abated. 'Yes; the lamps are still burning.'

Caleb questioned the girl no more. And Pearl noticed, as the days went by, that a marked change had come over her grandfather. The restless wanderings about Thames Street and the neighbourhood, when the lamps were lighted, were never repeated. The old lamplighter seldom quitted his chair except to walk feebly up and down the room, and sometimes take down his hand-lamp from the wall and caress it, as a child might caress an old toy.

The light which he had trimmed and placed every evening in the window was forgotten. His memory, indeed, was no longer reliable. Sometimes, when John Jarvis spoke to him of Ringwood's will, and of the wealth which had been left him by his prosperous enemy, he would listen to all that he had to say with an expression of keen comprehension. At other times, his face grew perplexed, and his understanding was strangely confused.

'John,' said he, when alone one morning with Jarvis, 'who brought me that news about Ringwood's death?'

'His grandson, you know, the young sailor.'

'Ay, ay;' and then he added in an anxious whisper: 'Does Pearl know that he was drowned?'

'Drowned, Mr Cobb?'

'He went out, John,' Caleb answered, 'with the tide.'

Jarvis, puzzled by this apparent hallucination, questioned the old lamplighter. It then became evident that his dream upon the night of the storm had made so strong an impression upon Caleb's mind, that he could not separate it, except at lucid moments, from the events which had actually happened.

Some months elapsed; and Pearl, quick to observe the slightest change in her grandfather, could not hide from herself that he became more feeble every day.

'The lamp is going out,' Caleb said one summer evening, 'and I've not strength enough to trim it any more.'

That very night, however, he surprised Pearl by expressing himself with a clearness of comprehension such as he had not exhibited for many a day. He spoke to her of Mark. He had fancied, he told her, that on the night upon which the young sailor brought the message—that message from Ringwood—that he loved Pearl. With this new trouble tormenting him—a trouble which, if possible, increased his hatred of the name of Ringwood—he had fallen asleep. His dream had been very strange. It had seemed to him that his eyesight was restored, and that he was a lamplighter once more, and that as he went along lighting the lamps in Thames Street, he had met the ghost of Jarvis, or what seemed like his shadow. Hidden within a doorway, they had observed her and Mark Ringwood walking up and down Old Stairs arm in arm. The moment the sailor quitted her,

they had followed him to his boat; and out in mid-stream, under cover of night, they had drowned him. This dream, he assured her, had preyed upon his mind. He had even imagined, when his head grew queer with thinking, that he had actually done the deed. 'My dear,' he concluded, 'that dream has been a lesson to me. Mark Ringwood is not accountable for the sins his grandfather committed. He bears the name of Ringwood; but that is no fault of his. Let that be forgotten; and if he should ever ask you to marry him—as I suspect he will, some day—and you should be willing to become his wife, do not let the recollection of my wrongs ever mar your happiness.'

Just before dawn, when the lamps in the old city were going out, Caleb Cobb expired. His love for Pearl, as his last words had shown, predominated over all the hatred which had rankled in his heart for more than fifty years.

Mark Ringwood had gone to sea in search of his ship the *Leander*, for a report had reached London that she had been wrecked off the east coast on the night of the storm.

One Saturday night, however, John Jarvis was seated in the bar-parlour of the *Loyal Tar*, when a ringing cheer in the lane outside startled him and his companions.

'Hoorah!' cried the ancient mariner with the wooden leg, jumping up and waving his long clay pipe in the air—'hoorah!—Don't you know who that is, Jarvis? Why, it's Mark Ringwood come back, safe and sound, with the shipwrecked crew!'

Before Jarvis could reach the door, to give Mark a hearty welcome, the young sailor had burst into the room followed by his brave ship-mates.

There was a good deal of laughter and song and clinking of glasses at the old tavern that night. In the midst of all this jollity, Mark Ringwood turned to Jarvis and said: 'What news, mate, of the old lamplighter?'

'The armchair is empty.'

Mark looked grave, and asked with an anxious face about Pearl.

Jarvis told him that she was still living at the little house in Old Stairs.

'How is that?'

'Nothing,' replied Jarvis, 'would induce Caleb Cobb to touch a penny of your grandfather's money. Pearl is not less scrupulous on this subject.'

'That's odd,' said the young sailor. 'I've not touched a penny of the money either! And I don't mean to,' he added, 'until Pearl sets me the example.'

'Ah!' said Jarvis, 'you'll have the Ringwood estate getting into Chancery one day, unless you and Pearl come to some sort of a compromise.'

Mark was quite of this opinion. So, upon the following morning, he paid a visit to Pearl; and before many weeks, they came to the best compromise, concerning Ringwood's gold, that can be made between a young and loving couple—they agreed to become man and wife.

Mark Ringwood retired from his seafaring life when he married Pearl. But their house was within sight and sound of the sea; and when the night was stormy, and the waves broke loudly

along the shore, they spoke together of that boisterous night on which they had met for the first time upon the wooden jetty at Old Stairs.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE science of astronomy will presently mark an important epoch in its wonderful history. The conference of astronomers from all parts of the world which has recently met at Paris was formed to discuss a proposition which had been mooted some months back. This was the bold proposal to chart the whole of the heavens by means of photography—to produce a map of the stellar universe which, besides being a guide for the explorer of to-day, would be a most valuable record for the use of posterity, and an infallible means of discerning whether any of the stars can truthfully be described as 'fixed.' Charts of the stars have before been made by hand, which must ever remain marvels of human ingenuity and perseverance; but no handiwork can equal in accuracy the tiny dots marked upon the sensitive chemical surface by the light from the stars themselves. Each star marks its own place and its relative degree of brightness upon these wonderful charts; and more than this, stars which the human eye has never seen, and which it never can see, even when aided by the most skilled optician, are recorded by the photographic method. This last circumstance is one to marvel over, but it is a fact which cannot be gainsaid.

The question has often been asked, 'What is the radius of the circle of protection afforded by a good lightning-conductor?' A well-known German architect, Herr Schiller, has lately thrown some light upon the matter by the publication of facts which came under his observation last June. A pear-tree thirty-three feet high was struck by lightning, no protection being afforded it by a conductor which stood on a schoolhouse forty yards away, or by another one, one hundred and ten yards distant, which was carried to the steeple of a church more than fifty yards high. Both these conductors when tested showed that they were in excellent condition. From these data, the conclusion is drawn, that the area of protection round a lightning-rod is a space equal to twice its height.

By a patented American process, large types used by printers for placards and posters, and which were formerly cut out of wood, are now made from paper pulp by the help of suitable moulds. The pulp is dried, powdered, and mixed with an oily incorporating fluid, after which it is again dried and pulverised. The powder is pressed into the moulds, when heat is applied to make its particles cohere. The incorporating fluid is a compound of paraffin and drying linseed oil; and to prevent shrinkage or alteration of shape, the types are not removed from the moulds until they are perfectly cold.

The Central Station of the Birmingham Compressed-air Power Company is now rapidly approaching completion, and if all goes well, it will be soon delivering this new form of power to its customers to the aggregate extent of six thousand indicated horse-power. This amount

will be increased later on. The air will be carried in mains through the principal streets of Birmingham, and from these mains, service-pipes will be carried to the various workshops and houses supplied. Each consumer will possess a meter, so that the amount of power which he uses may be checked. It is obvious that this new method of supplying power from a central station will be a matter of very great importance to workers of all kinds. One great advantage alone is the possibility of driving a small steam-engine without steam, and therefore without the risks attaching to a boiler and its attendant furnace.

A French paper lately described the manufacture of artificial whetstones, which seems to have some points of novelty about it. The materials required are gelatine, fine emery, bichromate of potash, and water. Gelatine when charged with the potash salt becomes insoluble after exposure to light; the required operations have therefore to be conducted in a dark room such as a photographer might use. The gelatine, which must be of good quality, is mixed with its own weight of water and dissolved by heat. To this the bichromate—previously made into solution by means of water—is added, the correct quantity being one and a half per cent. Finally, emery amounting to nine times the weight of the gelatine employed is added to the mixture, which is subsequently moulded to any form found most convenient. The whetstones thus made are exposed to sunlight for several hours, when they become insoluble, and ready for use.

The various explosives which, like dynamite, owe their parentage to nitro-glycerine, have the great disadvantage of leaving behind them after explosion unpleasant and dangerous fumes, which produce headache and nausea in those exposed to their influence. In much-confined situations, such as the interior of caissons in bridge-making, much valuable time is often sacrificed in the endeavour to clear the limited working-space of this noxious vapour. For this reason, dynamite is now giving place to another explosive called Rackarock, which is free from the fault indicated. It has, too, some other advantages which are worth noting. It consists of two ingredients, a solid and a liquid. Neither of these is explosive in itself, and they need not be mixed until required for use. The solid is made up in the usual cartridge form, and is saturated with the liquid when it is required to assume its explosive properties. Rackarock is as powerful as dynamite, but far more safe to handle.

It has often been stated that scorpions and other venomous creatures have been known under circumstances of great irritation to kill themselves by inoculation with their own virus. From experiments which have been made by Professor Bourne, and published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society, it would seem that this notion is one of the numerous myths which have always clung about natural history, and which increased knowledge is gradually eliminating from that interesting branch of science. According to Professor Bourne, poisonous creatures can poison other creatures, but not themselves or each other. But non-venomous snakes, frogs, lizards, fish, and other low forms of life, quickly succumb to the deadly poison of their venomous kindred.

The cheap production of oxygen gas is a problem that has taxed the brains of many experimenters, and the solution of which will be welcomed in many arts and manufactures where intense light or intense heat is required. M. Brin has taken out several patents relating to a method which he has elaborated of obtaining oxygen direct from the atmosphere, of which it forms about one-fifth, the rest being inert nitrogen. The process is as follows: Retorts charged with anhydrous oxide of barium are brought to a certain temperature, when air is admitted to them. The oxygen is absorbed by the barium oxide, while the nitrogen escapes. The barium is then made to give up the oxygen absorbed, and is ready to receive a fresh charge. A Company, called Brin's Oxygen Company, has been formed in London to supply the gas, compressed in steel bottles, to manufacturers and others.

If we have to look to America for the production of ingenious machinery, we still find that elegant and beautiful things come to us from our French neighbours. We are reminded of this by seeing the description of a new form of clock which has recently been patented in France. The novelty of it is in the dial, which is made of parchment, and painted with garlands of flowers. Among these flowers are seen two bees, which literally flit from flower to flower; but while one gets round the dial in an hour, the other takes twelve hours to run its course. The parchment has no opening in it; and it puzzles many to understand how the busy bees can be made to move without any connection with the interior works of the clock. Here is the explanation: Just underneath the parchment face are the ordinary hands of the clock, each forming a magnet. The bees, being made of light steel, readily follow the paths of the unseen magnets below the parchment dial.

The coke-dust at gas factories is usually regarded as being almost a waste product, but the Lyons Gas Company are utilising it in a remunerative manner. The dust is washed, and afterwards mixed with tar and pitch in such proportions that, when moulded, it will retain a solid form. These *briquettes* are then sold at about thirteen shillings per ton for fuel. Coal-dust has for years been utilised in this way, but coke *briquettes* are new.

At a recent meeting of the Association of Public Sanitary Inspectors, Dr Alfred Carpenter made some remarks on the Theory and Practice of Disinfection, which, we trust, will serve to dispel many erroneous notions concerning that important operation. He said that the breath of a smallpox patient contains the germs of living protoplasm, which would take root if immediately transplanted to the membrane of a susceptible person; but if floated about in the air for a hundred yards, such germs will lose their vitality. Here we recognise the importance of isolation of the patient in such cases. He advocates the use of steam for disinfecting houses, in preference to carbolic acid, which tends to preserve the dormant germ from decay. The same remark holds good for alcohol; so that those who think that they render suspected water innocuous by mixing with it something stronger, are under a delusion. The best of all

disinfectants is bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate); and, according to Dr Carpenter, a solution of one part in five thousand parts of water will in a quarter of an hour destroy every living germ, dormant or otherwise, with which it comes into contact. One ounce of the corrosive sublimate would afford a solution of this strength when mixed with thirty-one gallons of water, the cost being about sixpence. It should be mentioned that the greatest caution must be exercised in dealing with this salt of mercury, for it is one of the most virulent poisons known to chemists.

Dr Stallard has brought before the notice of the San Francisco Microscopical Society the results of some researches which he has made relative to the presence of *Bacillus tuberculosis* in fowls. He asserts that he has found the liver, spleen, lungs, and other parts of a chicken infested with true tubercle bacilli, and expresses the belief that five per cent. of all the fowls offered for sale in San Francisco were affected in like manner. Nervous persons will note with satisfaction that the bacilli are destroyed by as low a temperature as a hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit; but a far greater degree of heat is necessary to kill the spores. The moral of the matter is, that food should be well cooked before being eaten.

Few people are aware of the unhealthiness of inhabiting a room where there is a small escape of coal-gas. When the escape is of any great amount, it is usually seen to, too often, with a lighted candle. But small escapes are only recognisable by their faint nasty smell, and are generally unheeded. Professor Corfield has lately related to the Society of Medical Officers of Health some of the cases which have come under his own notice, and where injury to health has occurred through sleeping in gas-contaminated rooms. Relaxed and ulcerated sore throat—generally ascribed to bad drainage—are among the symptoms recorded. Other subjects are afflicted with continually recurring headache. But such symptoms are present when people sleep in a room to which fresh air is almost a stranger. Those who sleep with open windows know no such ailments; and those who do not, may obtain immunity from them by adopting other methods of ventilation.

The steamship *Charles Howard*, owned by Messrs Alfred Stuart & Co., has been fitted with the necessary apparatus for burning residual oils in the furnaces, instead of coal (Tarbutt's system). But two improvements have been introduced, which cannot fail to be recognised as such by those who have studied the gradual advance of liquid fuels. As ordinarily burnt, these fuels were thrown into the furnaces by means of steam-jets, entailing a considerable loss of fresh water from the boilers. In the above-named vessel, highly heated air is employed in lieu of steam, and is found to answer the purpose in a most satisfactory manner. Another improvement is the employment of the water-ballast tanks as receptacles for the liquid fuel. The owners of this steamship are so pleased with the results of these improvements, that they intend fitting up the remainder of their fleet in the same way.

Our contemporary *Engineering* devotes an article to the description of a new method of extracting aluminium from its ores, which has

been invented and carried out by Dr Kleiner of Zurich. The apparatus is simple, and the entire operation occupies from two to three hours only. The operations required cannot be here described in full; but we may mention that the process is an electro-chemical one, and quite different from methods which have been previously adopted. As aluminium in its combined state is one of the most common things in nature, and as it possesses many valuable properties in its metallic form, it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when it can be placed cheaply on the market. Hitherto, the expense of its reduction has been so great, that it was regarded as one of the rare metals, and was valued accordingly.

It is said that a cheap and ready means of waterproofing felt, cloth, leather, and other fabrics, is represented by the following simple process: Paraffin wax is heated, mixed with linseed oil, and cast into a block. This, when cold, is rubbed into the fabric to be waterproofed, which is afterwards ironed with a very hot iron, so that the particles of waxing material are distributed and urged into the pores of the fabric. By limiting the amount of waterproof mixture, the fabric may be rendered impervious to water, but porous enough to allow circulation of air. The process should be valuable to fishermen and others who are much exposed to the weather.

Baron Nordenskiöld is making preparations for a voyage of exploration in antarctic waters, which will be ready to start in the autumn. The king of Sweden and Baron Dickson—whose name is so well known as a munificent encourager of such enterprises—are said to take very great interest in the expedition. The explorers expect that the voyage will occupy about eighteen months.

Messrs Kellar & Allen of Cardiff have patented a piece of apparatus called the Invincible Coupling-bolt Extractor. For the information of those who are not engineers, let us endeavour to describe this contrivance by relating what it can do. The screw-shaft of a steamship forms a connecting link between the propeller and the engine, and is formed of several bars of metal, which by means of flanges at their ends are bolted together. Should any accident happen to the shaft—and such accidents are by no means uncommon—the removal of the coupling-bolts is a matter of necessity, and of very great difficulty. They stick so fast in their places, that often they have to be drilled out, an operation entailing much loss of valuable time. The Invincible Extractor consists of a pair of jaws which grip the flanges, and which, by a simple arrangement of wedges, cause the bolt to fly out like the shot from a gun. It is obvious that such a contrivance must have many other applications where heavy machinery has to be dealt with.

The new French explosive, *Melinite*, of which such wonderful things were anticipated only a few months ago, does not, after all, seem to be a desirable addition to the munitions of war. The terrible explosion of a melinite shell at Belfort, which caused the death of several workmen, is attributed to chemical decomposition, in consequence of the shell not having been thoroughly dried. The French government have now given orders that this dangerous explosive

is not to be used, and that all shells already charged with it are to be forthwith destroyed.

A paper read before the Physical Society by Mr C. V. Boys, M.A., on the Production, Preparation, and Properties of the Finest Fibres, afforded some interesting particulars concerning a new method of producing such fibres. Most people have seen the operation of glass-spinning, where the melted mineral matter is drawn off in a fine hair, and gradually formed into a silky skein upon a rapidly revolving wheel. But Mr Boys gets a far finer product by using a much higher temperature than is usual, coupled with a far higher rate of velocity. The oxyhydrogen flame he employs as the source of heat; and instead of using a wheel upon which to wind the glass, he attaches the end of the fibre to an arrow which is rapidly shot from a crossbow. By such means he has produced threads of glass measuring in diameter one-ten-thousandth part of an inch. In certain physical experiments, the possibility of obtaining a thread so delicate is of great importance.

According to an American medical journal, a number of the tonics and bitters which are sold as non-intoxicating drinks, and are as such brought under the notice of total abstainers, contain a quantity of alcohol ranging from six to forty-seven per cent. It is not inferred that the alcohol is purposely introduced; but that it is naturally generated in the bottles from certain ingredients, there is no doubt whatever. Home-made ginger beer, which is generally regarded as being as free from spirit as pure water, often contains a very perceptible proportion of alcohol.

'A rapid method of dry-mounting' was lately the subject of an exposition before the members of the Western Microscopical Club, by their secretary, Mr A. W. Stokes. Those who work with the microscope will know how difficult it is to mount specimens dry, as some must be mounted, and yet protect them from moisture, fungus, &c. The plan advocated by Mr Stokes is a simple one, by which such difficulties can be avoided. Upon a slip of glass or of metal, a small piece of wax—paraffin wax and beeswax equal parts—is placed, and melted by heat. To the warm liquid, the ring of paper, vulcanite, or other material which is to form the cell, is placed—first one side, and then the other, so that both receive a coating of the wax. The waxed ring is then placed upon the slip of glass which is to form its permanent resting-place, and heat is applied beneath. After the object is inserted, a warm cover glass is attached to the upper side of the ring, and a coat of varnish completes the operation.

For the past few years, there has been an outcry among artists to the effect that the Royal Academy requires reform, and that the falling-off in the quality of the pictures sent in for annual exhibition results partly from the circumstance that many of the best men do not care to send their works there under present conditions. It is perhaps possible that good-humoured ridicule may accomplish what serious protest has failed to achieve, and for that reason we regard with something more than amusement the 'Artistic Joke' of Mr Harry Furniss. In Bond Street, London, Mr Furniss has established

a 'Royal Academy' of his own, in which the shortcomings of the real Academy are set forth in the most humorous light. The pictures very cleverly take off the mannerisms of different well-known exhibitors, as well as caricature the portraits of nobodies which are of no interest whatever to anybody else. These are all drawn with their backs towards the spectator.

STRANGE DUELS.

In the old days of duelling, nearly every one was affected by the mania—soldiers, sailors, statesmen, actors, and even members of the learned professions were ready at all times, and in fact in all places, with sword or pistol to settle a difference or to wipe out an insult. Drs Woodward and Mead fought under the very gates of Gresham College. Dr Woodward's foot slipped, and he fell. 'Take your life,' said Mead, loftily putting up his sword.—'Anything but your physic,' retorted Woodward; and thus the desire of these two disciples of Æsculapius to let blood terminated.

All duels, unfortunately, were not so bloodless as the last. Dr Millingen, in his *History of Duelling*, states that during the reign of George III. no fewer than one hundred and twenty-two duels were fought, sixty-nine combatants were killed, and ninety-six wounded, forty-eight of the latter dangerously. The list of fatal duels is capable of almost indefinite extension; but there is perhaps as much material in the more agreeable enumeration of disputes that have had a comic termination. Madaillan sent a challenge to the Marquis de Rivard, who had lost a leg at the siege of Puy Cerda. The marquis accepted, but sent with his answer a case of surgical instruments, insisting that Maduillan should first lose his leg, so as to place them on an equal footing. The joke stopped the duel.

Many duels have been prevented by the difficulty of arranging 'the how and when' of the business. In the instance of Dr Brocklesby, the number of paces could not be agreed upon; and in the affair between Dr Akenside and Mr Ballow, one had determined never to fight in the morning, and the other that he would never fight in the afternoon. John Wilkes, however, was one who did not stand upon ceremony in these little affairs of honour, for when Lord Talbot inquired how many times they were to fire, he replied: 'Just as often as your lordship pleases. I have brought a bag of bullets and a full flask of powder.'

One of the funniest duels was that in which Sainte-Beuve was engaged. It began to rain slightly, after he had taken up his position, whereupon he called for his umbrella, and opening it, held it over his head with his left hand, while with the right he held his pistol. The expostulations of the seconds had no effect upon him. 'It is all very well to be killed,' said the famous essayist; 'but I object to catching cold in my head.'

There is a story told of Perpignan, a literary bohemian, having an encounter with Charles Maurice at five paces. The former fired and missed. The other, taking deliberate aim, said to his antagonist: 'Well, now, before I send you into the other world, tell me what you are think-

ing of?'—'I am thinking that if I were in your place, I would not fire,' said Perpignan; and to this cool rejoinder he owed his life.

There is an anecdote related of an encounter between a French dramatic author and his critic, the latter of whom was a first-rate shot. After the author had fired and missed, the journalist accurately aimed at his adversary's hat, and pierced it with the utmost precision; whereupon the dramatist flew into a violent rage, protested that it was unfair, and exclaimed: 'If you had told me what you were going to do, I would have put on an old hat.'

That a man should lose his life through mispronunciation of a vowel seems hard; but such really was the fact. In the year 1718, Williams—a Welsh actor—and Quin were playing together at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre in the tragedy of *Cato*, Williams playing Decius to Quin's Cato. The former entered with, 'Cæsar sends health to Cato;' but he mincingly pronounced the name of Cato, *Keeto*. Quin, who gave a broad classical enunciation to the letter *a* in the word, was offended, and instead of replying, 'Could he send it to Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be welcome,' he exclaimed, 'Would he had sent a better messenger.' The Welshman was boiling with rage, and when Cato resumed with, 'Are not your orders to address the Senate?' he could hardly help replying, 'My business is with *Keeto*.'—In the short scene, he had to repeat the name ten times, and each time it would come *Keeto*. Quin had to repeat it as often, but delivered it with a broad sound and significant look, which nearly took the Welshman off his feet, and brought laughter from all sides of the house. When they met in the greenroom, Williams assailed Quin for rendering him ridiculous in the eyes of the audience. Quin said it was in the ears, and would have laughed off the matter; but the spirit of the Welshman was aroused, and would not brook such treatment, and so he lay in wait for Cato beneath the piazza of Covent Garden. Quin laughed as Williams drew his sword and bade him defend himself, and would have sustained his defence with his cane; but the Welshman thrust so fiercely, that the other was obliged to draw his sword, which, without intention on the part of the wielder, passed through the body of Decius, and stretched him dead upon the pavement.

Coming within our own day is the strange duel related to have been fought by the celebrated tragedian Signor Rossi. The latter, during a farewell performance of *Hamlet* at Casale, was considerably interrupted by the talking of the court society present. In the middle of a sentence, the tragedian stopped, and turning towards a front box from which the greatest noise proceeded, he bowed, and quietly said: 'I shall not proceed so long as you do not hush.' The public applauded; the interruption ceased, and the play went on. But afterwards, Rossi was met at the stage-door by a young gentleman, who felt called upon to ask for satisfaction. The tragedian made rather a long face, for he was expected on the morrow at Milan; so he explained his position to his adversary, and suggested that, in order that the little affair might be settled as speedily as possible, they should go to his (Rossi's) rooms at the hotel and quietly

shoot at one another there. This proposition having been accepted, they went to Rossi's rooms, and had just placed themselves at either end of the *salon*, to exchange three shots, when the innkeeper, over-anxious as to his guest's health and hours, knocked at the door, which, finding locked, he anxiously inquired if the signor was ill, as his light burned unusually late.

'No,' replied Rossi. 'I am going to bed.—Thanks. Good-night.'

'You are deceiving me,' persisted the innkeeper, perhaps enlightened as to the scene at the theatre. 'You are certainly ill.'

'Go to bed,' returned Rossi; 'I am putting out the light;' and in a lower tone he added to his antagonist: 'This is the only way out of it—blow out the candles.'

'What! Are we to fight with pistols in the dark?'

'Not quite. We will each smoke a cigarette, and that will serve to guide our aim.'

'All right!'

And so the duel was fought; and Rossi wounded his adversary slightly.

UNDREAMT DREAMS.

MIDST shadows I have entered through thy door,
And trod thy corridors, O place of sleep!
How heavy is thy silence, and how deep!
How noiseless fall the footsteps on thy floor!
Thy form is mystic—changing evermore;
Thy steps are sometimes shallow, sometimes steep,
And often lead to chambers where dreams keep
Some sweet surprise, held quietly in store
To soothe the soul that enters bowed with care
And life-realities. Yet often there
We find not what we sought, although we call
The name with soundless voice; no answer makes
The wished-for dream no echo wakes;
Only the silence deepens—that is all.

ROSE HOWARD.

* * In the article 'L. S. D.' in our number for April 9, it was stated that the French centime was not a real coinage, but merely a kind of counter for reckoning small differences in trading. We have since had the coin itself sent us by a correspondent, who says that 'centimes are not only coined largely, but are extensively used by bakers for the purpose of adjusting the price of bread, and may readily be obtained at bakers' shops in Paris.'

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WINGED WAR-MESSENGERS.

WITH the exception of the frigid zones, birds of the dove kind, or, as ornithologists prefer to call them, members of the family *Columbidae*, are indigenous to every quarter of the globe; and they would appear to have been domesticated at an early date, with the result that their marvellous power of finding their homes from almost incredible distances was soon noticed by the ancients, who saw in them a means of quickly communicating between one district and another, an idea which was speedily put into practice. In all birds the muscles are extremely vigorous; and from the rapidity of the circulation, the high oxygenation of the blood, and the extent to which the lungs are developed, they are capable of sustaining long-continued exertion; and this coupled with the length of wing possessed by pigeons, renders the latter peculiarly adapted for swiftly accomplishing long-distance flights. As instances of their velocity, it may be mentioned that on the 22d of November 1819, thirty-two pigeons, which 'homed' at Antwerp, were liberated from London at seven o'clock in the morning; and the first of these performed the journey—a distance of about two hundred and ten miles—by noon; or, allowing for difference of time, in four hours forty-five minutes—the second bird being a quarter of an hour later; thus giving the speed of travelling at about forty-four and a half miles per hour. In July 1872, a pigeon race from Spalding to London took place, when the distance was covered at the rate of a mile in ninety seconds.

Though pigeons were used as carriers by the ancients, and were by far the swiftest messengers they possessed, advantage does not appear, except in comparatively rare instances, to have been taken of their services for communicating between one district and another during time of war, though that is a period when the speedy transmission of correspondence between one commander and another is of the utmost importance, and when the delay of a message, even for a brief

space, may be the cause of disaster to an entire army. The pigeon was Julius Caesar's field telegraph; and it was by means of this bird that Hirtius and Brutus corresponded with each other at the siege of Mutina or Modena, 43 B.C. In this capacity, however, it has been but seldom employed, though for what reason it is somewhat difficult to conceive; and consequently, the mounted messenger, the swift-footed courier, and the heliograph and other methods of signalling, were, prior to the invention of railways, balloons, and the telegraph, the only agents made use of for purposes of communication during military operations. Among modern nations, the second of these has been dispensed with, and trust is now chiefly placed in mounted messengers, the railway, and the telegraph as the means of conveying despatches from one point to another during time of war. But these are all liable to break down or to fall into the enemy's hands, and added to which drawback, there is the fact, that during a siege it is impossible to construct a telegraph; and in combined operations between a moving fleet and a coast fortress all three agents become useless. In such cases the heliograph and other modes of signalling are generally resorted to, and in several instances they have been found to be of immense service. But there are certain conditions which sometimes render the establishing of signal-stations a matter of great difficulty, if not impossibility, as, for instance, the presence of the enemy, topographical peculiarities of the country, and atmospheric causes; besides which, there is always the risk that in a war between civilised nations, the communication may be interpreted by the enemy, and so the purpose it was intended to serve be frustrated. The alternative to signalling is the balloon; but though this has in some instances afforded a valuable means of communication, and notably during the late Franco-German war, when it was more extensively used than ever before, its success depends upon such a variety of conditions, atmospheric and other, that its application is confined to very narrow limits.

Notwithstanding the drawbacks named, however, it was not until the siege of Paris in 1870-71 that another method of communicating between an enemy-encircled town and the outer world was practised; for, though pigeon-flying had for long been indulged in as a pastime by certain classes among most nations, no one appears to have conceived the idea of utilising these birds as a means of carrying on correspondence in time of war until the sanguinary struggle which took place sixteen years ago between two of the foremost nations in Europe; and even then it was not until every other method of communication had been cut off save that of balloons, that pigeons were employed as messengers. Balloons could leave Paris daily, if necessary, to carry despatches beyond the Prussian lines, but they could not effect a return; so that, had it not been for pigeons, the inhabitants of the French capital would during the whole of that memorable siege have been utterly ignorant of events transpiring outside their own limited circle. To effect communication, the birds were conveyed from the city in balloons and were forwarded to Tours, at the prefecture of which a large room was converted into a pigeon-loft. The birds selected for the return journey were taken by train from Tours in the early morning to the farthest point north that could be safely reached, and, with missives attached, were then liberated. From November 18, 1870, until January 28, 1871, a pigeon post existed between London and Tours; and during that period, forty-eight day mails and eleven hundred and eighty-six night mails were thus sent. Communications arriving from the first-named city, and the destination of which it was intended should be Paris, were despatched from Tours by winged messengers in the manner described; and thus between the dates named was communication effected between the English and French capitals.

The method of attaching the messages to the birds, a matter which is of great importance, had not been studied before the siege, and consequently at first several pigeons reached their destination without the expected missive attached. As, at the beginning of this system of communication, the paper message was simply rolled up tight, waxed over, and attached to a feather of the bird's tail, its loss was due to various causes—to being pecked by the bearer, to being cut by the thin twine which kept it in its place, and to becoming saturated with wet in consequence of insufficient waxing. To obviate these difficulties, the despatch was subsequently inserted in a small goose-quill, about two inches long, which was then pierced close to its ends with a red-hot bodkin, so as not to split it, and in the holes thus made, waxed silken threads were inserted, to fix it to the strongest feather of the tail.

By the aid of micro-photography, the original messages were copied, greatly reduced in size, on thin films of collodion, each of which con-

tained on an average two thousand five hundred communications; and as one bird could easily carry a dozen of these films, it was therefore possible to forward thirty thousand communications by one pigeon. Sometimes this number was exceeded, as, for instance, when on one occasion a single bird bore eighteen of these minute pellicles, equal to forty thousand messages. In order to insure arrival, each missive was copied many times, and was sent by several pigeons, some of the despatches being forwarded as many as thirty-nine times, and others as few as three, the average being about twenty. By adopting this plan, though all the birds which were 'tossed' did not reach the capital, a copy of every message sent was received. In this manner one hundred and fifty thousand official and one million private communications were carried into Paris during the four months that the city was in a state of siege. Upon each pigeon-loft from which birds had been furnished for government use, the administration of posts placed a sentry, and when one of the winged messengers arrived, the owner was conducted under escort with his bird to M. Chassinat, Postmaster-general, who detached the missive, which were in due course delivered at their various destinations.

The immense services thus rendered by pigeons to a beleaguered city during the greatest and most memorable siege of modern times did not escape the notice of military authorities of other nations, and soon after the war, almost every continental country commenced the organisation of regular 'Military Pigeon Systems,' all of which are based upon the same guiding considerations. The fortresses on the frontiers of the various countries, and especially those which during the time of war would be most liable to attack by an enemy, together with a large number of both open and fortified inland towns, are provided with pigeon-lofts. Between the fortresses there is often direct communication; but some important point in the interior of the country—generally the capital—is selected as a central station with which all others are to communicate. In instances where the distance separating outlying stations from the central one is considered too great for the pigeons to accomplish with any degree of certainty, connection is insured by means of intermediate ones.

The number of birds at each station varies according to its position, the distances that have to be flown, and the number of directions in which the pigeons have to be trained. At a station where they are only intended to be used in one direction, about two hundred birds are kept; and at those stations which communicate in more than one quarter, something like one hundred and fifty pigeons are maintained for each section or direction after the first. For instance, at a station where birds are trained to fly in three directions, there are five hundred pigeons, which, in case of siege, will be sufficient to insure communication with the outer world for six months, the calculation being arrived at in the following manner. Suppose that correspondence is on an average to take place twice a week, then in six months fifty-two liberations of birds would be necessary, and as the number despatched on each occasion may be taken to average three, the total number of pigeons used

would be one hundred and fifty-six for each direction.

In Germany, which was one of the first nations to establish these military pigeon-lofts, the commandant of the place is held responsible for the birds being properly cared for and trained. A non-commissioned officer is in charge, and under him are two private soldiers and a keeper, the latter of whom receives a salary of four pounds ten shillings per month. A list of the birds is kept in a register, which records their sex, colour, age, distinguishing marks, and other particulars; and another register gives the different places from which the pigeons have accomplished journeys, together with notes on the rapidity and reliability of their flight, and complete information on the capabilities of every bird. So cognisant are the Germans of the important services that can be rendered by pigeons in time of war, that they have gradually established pigeon-station after pigeon-station, until the military pigeon system possessed by them has become by far the most complete and extensive of any in existence. The fortresses of Königsberg, Thorn, and Posen, near the eastern frontier, are all in communication with the capital; and the whole of the northern coast is studded with pigeon-stations, which are under the supervision of the Minister of Marine, and the principal of which are at Danzig, Stettin, Kiel, Tönning, and Wilhelmshafen; whilst the western fortresses of Metz, Strassburg, and Cologne each contain about four hundred trained pigeons, a number which it is proposed to increase to six hundred. A good stock of birds is also kept at Würzburg and Mayence. Cologne, which is in direct communication with Berlin—a fly of three hundred miles—is a transmitting station for Metz, and probably also for Mayence; whilst Strassburg and Metz can both correspond with the capital through Würzburg. It will thus be seen that ~~but~~ parts of this network of pigeon-stations all parts of Germany could, in the event of an enemy seizing her telegraphs and railways, still communicate with the capital, and the chief towns on the frontiers could still correspond with each other.

In France, a like system of pigeon-stations has been established, and the military budget annually assigns a credit of one hundred thousand francs (four thousand pounds) for the cost of signalling and maintaining the pigeon-lofts.

But although this system of communication has found such great favour on the continent, our own military authorities have not hitherto entertained the idea, doubtless regarding our seagirt position as being a sufficient protection against an invasion, and there being no necessity, therefore, to give attention to means of communication beyond those we already possess. Such reasoning may to a great extent be correct; but as regards some of our foreign possessions, it certainly does seem as though the establishing of pigeon-stations on the frontiers and coasts would be most useful adjuncts to the means at present available for purposes of correspondence, in case war should at any time unfortunately break out in these regions. It cannot be that the cost of maintaining military pigeon-stations has been the reason why we have not followed the example set by other great continental nations, for that would

be only a mere fraction in a country's annual expenditure; the probable reason is, that the authorities have not hitherto given the subject that amount of attention which it deserves. But that they are at length beginning to see the importance of such a system being established may be inferred from the fact, that in the latter portion of January 1886, Captain H. P. Allatt, of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, read a paper in London, before a number of military and naval men, in which he advocated the carrying out of a system of pigeon-stations like that which prevails in most great European countries; and the opinion of the majority of those present was in favour of the formation of some government department whose function it should be to train pigeons in the service of England and her possessions. It was also thought that it would be quite possible to train these birds to maintain communication between ship and shore, so that, in case of a combined attack by land and sea forces, those in command could correspond with each other.

Whether or not Captain Allatt's paper is likely to bring about the object sought by its author, it is entirely outside the province of this article to predict; but it is a notable fact that at last year's Easter Volunteer manoeuvres at Portsmouth and Dover, pigeons were employed as messengers, and that within the cognisance of the commander-in-chief (the Duke of Cambridge). The idea upon which the operations at both the places named were based was, that invading forces had landed on the southern coast of England, and, being in possession of the country in the vicinity of Portsmouth and Dover, had proceeded to invest these towns; that the telegraph had fallen into the enemy's hands, and that the garrisons were therefore unable to communicate by ordinary means with any other part of the country. A number of pigeons which had been trained by Captain Allatt for the purpose were consequently employed to maintain communication with the supposed besieged seaports. Upon the receipt of the news that the 'invaders' had landed at Whitstable Bay, pigeons were despatched from Dover to Portsmouth, to London, and to Canterbury; and upon the enemy reaching and occupying the latter place in force, a winged messenger was sent to Dover, which was reached in an hour, bearing a communication to the Deputy-assistant Adjutant-general. An hour later, another missive was received, stating that the enemy was advancing on Lydden with a strong force; and the whole of the distant communications it was necessary to make during the 'Battle of Lydden' were conveyed by pigeons. The troops at Dover were thus notified of the approach of the 'invaders,' notwithstanding that telegraphic communication had been cut off, and were able to prepare for the expected attack.

It has been said that it will be a bad day for Old England when she is driven to rely on pigeons to bring her news in time of war; but probably the success which attended the experiments alluded to may have some weight with our military authorities in considering the advisableness of establishing pigeon-stations in Great Britain or her dependencies; for it is beyond doubt that should the day unfortunately come when our present modes of communication, either

in this country or in our possessions across the seas, fall into the hands of an enemy, much valuable service might be rendered by an organised military pigeon system.

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—HOME?

'We dine at half-past seven. The rector and Mrs Sellwood are coming. They have that French Countess staying with them.'

'Very well, papa.—Are those dreadful men gone?'

'Hark! They are giving you three cheers. They will have to carry Jonas Flanders away in a wheelbarrow. He was tipsy when he came. He's a relation of Richard's, is he not?'

'No, papa,' said Josephine, colouring. 'Richard has no relations here.'

'I am glad of that. I made a mistake. He is a kinsman of the first Mrs Cable—brother, if I am not misinformed, of the deceased Polly.—I am glad the tie is no more than that. It would have been awkward to have a drunken brother-in-law, or something of that sort, demanding his entrée. Even as it is, I foresee some awkwardness—he will come to visit Richard, if he does not force his presence on you. It will be as well to let him understand always to go round to the back when he calls.'

An hour passed before Richard Cable came to the Hall. He hesitated about entering by the front and without ringing. He suddenly felt that he was in an awkward position. His wife was Squires of Hanford, lady of the manor; the mansion belonged to her, and he—he would not be master in the house, and in that great house would probably feel uncomfortable. Home to him was a cottage with a big back garden, and a vine running over the low roof, a kitchen in which the meals were not only cooked but also consumed, and a little bedroom with the stairs opening into it; and a lean-to roof where all the rafters showed. He stood in the porch, put his hand before his mouth, and coughed. The glass window was open, and he looked into the hall; it had a polished oak floor inlaid in patterns. There was a billiard table in it. There were carved cabinets, with yellow and blue Japanese vases on them, and crimson cloth curtains before the staircase which opened out of the hall. Mr Cable ventured a little way within and coughed again. Then, frightened at his own voice, he retreated into the porch, and examined the white jessamine that trailed up it. If he were to go in—he would not know his way about the house. It seemed too absurd to ring the bell, and hardly proper for him to go round to the kitchen.

Richard Cable was a shy man when out of his proper element and among those he did not know intimately. Brave at sea and in any peril, he was timid on land when placed in situations with which he was unacquainted. He was a humble man, with much self-diffidence, and only strong when he thought he was doing his duty.

As he stood in the door, duty was neither before him nor behind him, on this side, nor on that; and he was perplexed. He put his nose to the jessamine, and thrust his hands into his pockets. He knitted his brows and considered. Now he wished he had come along with Josephine directly after landing; then he could have entered the house at her side and taken his proper place; but the strong hunger in his heart to see and clasp the dear golden heads had carried him away, and he had missed his proper opportunity.

Something must be done, he said, and drew his nose away from the jessamine. He pulled his right hand out of his pocket, took off his glazed hat, and walked boldly into the hall, where he began to hum a tune, as he hung up his hat on the peg near the door. He sniffed up a pleasant odour. It is a remarkable phenomenon that the smell of dinner invariably goes where it is not wanted, and where it ought not to be. It is not smelt in the kitchen, where it is cooked; but it travels into the bedrooms; it pervades the staircases; it penetrates to the drawing-room; and it meets those who are about to partake of the dinner, at the entrance of the house. Architects rack their brains, engineers scheme, to circumvent the smell of dinner—all in vain. It will not be circumvented. It has been known to come out of the house by the kitchen chimney, scramble down the roof, and take up a position, from which nothing can drive it away, a quarter of a mile off at the lodge-gates. Now, if it were only the vanilla flavouring of the blanc-mange, or the cinnamon for the stewed pears, or the ratafia for the trifle, that thus announced itself, no one would object; but these delicate essences are elbowed away and down-trodden by the coarser savours of boiled cabbage and cauliflower. Woe betide the householder if he keeps pigs, and his factotum induces him to boil potatoes for the sty. The smell of those potatoes becomes a thick reek in every portion of his house; and by that perversity which orders the events of life, the pig potatoes are certain to be boiling when distinguished, even titled, visitors call on us, and sends them away after a curtailed call, impressed with the belief that our sewers are out of order.

Richard Cable was hungry; and the smell that saluted his nose was grateful. He thought at once, with a softening of the heart, that Josephine had considered him, and was doing a chop or a rasher for him. His mother had desired to detain him, and had promised him supper; but he would not stay with her, because he thought his duty called him to the side of Josephine. As he was venturing hesitatingly across the hall, he heard a door slam, heard a step, and at once retreated to the porch, but not before the butler had caught sight of him, and came after him, with a: 'Now, then! What are you doing here? Trying to carry off a greatcoat, eh? One of them drunken rascals as have been in the kitchen, I'll be bound.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Richard, standing still, and becoming red as fire; 'I'm—I'm the husband of Miss Josephine, sir. That is—sir, I'm Mr Richard Cable.'

'I'm very sorry, sir, very sorry,' said the butler, his face altering immediately. 'I did not see

at first; I thought it was an intruder, and I wasn't sure what he might be up to.—O sir, here come the rector and the ladies.'

The door was darkened by the arrival of the guests.

'There's dinner, sir, immediate, if you'd run up-stairs and dress. I'll tell cook to put back for ten minutes.'

'Dress!' exclaimed Richard, startled, and casting a hasty glance about himself to see if by accident any portion of his garments had not been put on.

'Up-stairs, right-hand side of passage, first door, is your dressing-room, sir,' said the butler, covering him from the visitors.

'But I don't want a dressing-room, sir!' remonstrated Richard. 'I'm in my togs.'

'What! Cable!' called the rector, coming forward. 'Did not expect you here. Did not know that you had returned; wish you joy and happiness. But—I see, just off the water, and I am detaining you from dressing.'

Richard ascended the stairs in a puzzled state of mind, and walked on the side, not in the middle, lest he should dirty the pretty red carpet that ran down the stairs. When he came to the top, he looked about him. 'First door on right hand,' he said, and went to one, but was doubtful whether it were the right door, for the butler had said something about a passage. He saw no passage. He stood hesitatingly at the door and coughed. Then he put his hand on the handle, but doubted whether he ought to open, fearing this might be the wrong room, so he coughed again and tapped faintly at the door. Instantly it flew open, and Josephine appeared in white satin with lace and orange flowers, and a few pearl-gray silk bows, as a compliment to the memory of Cousin Gabriel, as an acknowledgment that she was in mourning. She looked very lovely in her evening dress; it was her bridal dress made into one for the evening.

'Good gracious, Richard! you're not dressed!' she exclaimed, and stepped back.

'Not dressed!' he said with a stupid stare. 'You're the third person who has said this, and yet—I—I can't believe it. I know I am in my togs.'

'O Richard! how late you are. Be quick—you will keep every one waiting. *No dress.*'

'Dress!' he exclaimed, becoming desperate. 'What more will you have? Shall I put on my greatcoat?'

'Good gracious!' said Josephine, putting her hand to her chin, 'I don't believe you have got any clothes!'

'Feel me,' said Richard, 'if you cannot believe your eyes. I've got my suit on.'

'But not your dress suit. Goodness! what is to be done! I never thought about a set of evening clothes for you. I really supposed you might have provided all that for yourself.'

'I've got the frockcoat in which I was married,' said Cable, 'and the lavender thing-um-jigs, and a yellow nankeen waistcoat. What more do you want?'

'Get into that,' said Josephine hastily; 'there is no help for it. I really must go down. The rector and Mrs Sellwood have come.'

About ten minutes later, Richard Cable was heard coughing outside the drawing-room door.

He was shy of entering, and stuck there hesitating, hearing the voices within, till the butler came to his aid and precipitated him into the room. Then he stood bewildered, looking vacantly about him, till the rector came to his aid and conveyed him into the middle of the apartment.

Josephine looked keenly at him, and almost wished he had come in his dark-blue sailor suit, which became him, instead of cutting the preposterous figure he did. In his nautical dress, he looked so handsome, such a frank, manly fellow, so every inch one of nature's gentlemen; but now—in the black frockcoat and lavender trousers, uncomfortable, shy, ungainly—and—O horror of horrors! without having changed his shirt, with the old coarse linen collars and front, clean but crumpled—and—and— Josephine was in the midst of a conversation in French with the Countess de Marluche, whom the Sellwoods had brought with them, when she lost the thread, forgot what she was saying, forgot the subject about which she was conversing, in her consternation at the figure her husband cut among well-dressed ladies and gentlemen.

'Dinner is served,' said the butler.

She recovered herself at once, and said to the countess: 'We are just off the water. Our yacht only arrived a few hours ago, and we have to ask your indulgence if we appear in picnic guise.'

Then she saw Aunt Judith looking at her, and the rector came over towards her. She was startled. She had forgotten that she, not her aunt, was the lady of the house. Her father turned to Richard Cable, and said: 'It is your place, Mr Cable, to take in the Countess—will you lead the way?'

Josephine cast an appealing look at her father; but he took no notice of it.

Richard was obliged to give his arm to the French lady and lead the way. He was followed by Mr Cornellis with Mrs Sellwood; then came Captain Sellwood and Aunt Judith; lastly, the rector and the bride.

Captain Sellwood maintained an imperturbable face. He would not have come, had he known that Josephine had returned. Mr Cornellis had begged him to make one of the quiet dinner that evening, quite a family party, no strangers. In the little society of Hanford, scarce a week passed without a small dinner of this sort, cosy little repasts, where old friends met again and again at each other's houses. As the Cornellis family were in mourning, recent mourning, of course they gave no parties; but these small unceremonious dinners did not count.

When Richard, with the French lady on his arm, arrived in the hall, he stood still, put his hand to his mouth and coughed. 'I declare,' he said, 'I don't know the bearings.'

'This way, sir,' explained the obsequious butler, bowing at the dining-room door. Then: 'Excuse me, sir; you're at the wrong end of the table—up the room, sir.'

'We shall get right at last, ma'am,' said Richard to his companion. 'I hope you're as ready as I am to play a good knife and fork.'

'Mais! malheureusement! monsieur, je ne parle que fort peu l'Anglais.'

A roast goose was in front of Richard. He

stood up to carve it, and turned back his cuffs. 'I daresay the old lady is hungry,' he said to himself in his kindly thoughts. 'I'm sure in her foreign country she don't get such solid food as in England. We didn't, I know;' so he helped her to the leg of the goose.

'Mais, monsieur, je vous prie!—c'est un peu trop!'

'Too much?' So he sliced the leg in half, and served her the drumstick.

'There's stuffing, sir,' said the butler confidentially in his ear.

'Is there, sir?' answered Richard. 'And how am I to get at it? It is not often we've had a chance of carving a goose, I can tell you.'

Josephine looked on in terror, lest he should splash the gravy about the table, possibly over the Countess; but Richard had a hand at once too firm and gentle for that. Though he had no great experience in carving, he managed fairly well, only that he gave enormous helpings to every one, generous helpings, because he wished all to have enough, and he measured all appetites by his own.

He made a few attempts at conversation with the countess, but could not succeed; her knowledge of English was rudimentary, his knowledge of French was *nil*.

Josephine was fortunately saved the effort of making conversation at her end of the table, because she sat by the rector, who could and did talk whenever he had a chance. She was at leisure, whilst half listening to his voice, to watch her husband's face. It wore its usual kind and honest expression, but it was troubled. He was uncomfortable, willing to do his best, desirous to do his duty, but ignorant as to what he ought to do, and bewildered by the strangeness of the situation in which he found himself.

Even whilst speaking to the rector, Josephine's eyes became dim with a mixed emotion—vexation that Richard should cut such an absurd figure, and pity for him, because she knew he was suffering. Then she felt her brow become warm, for the great solemn eyes of the captain—after having rested on Richard for a moment whilst he finished his gravy with his knife, putting it into his mouth—turned and looked at Josephine, and at once dropped.

'Dick will need some taking in hand,' thought Josephine; 'he is better at sea than on land.'

If Richard Cable had been a bumptious man, one with much self-assurance, he would have talked and joked and drunk his wine and felt quite at his ease, and gone to bed believing that he had made a good impression on the company; but Richard was a modest man, always mistrustful of himself where he did not see his way, very sensitive, and somewhat alive to the ridiculous. He was, though he did not know it, so thoroughly a gentleman at heart, that he shrank from intruding where he was unqualified to take his place. Now, in society, into which he was cast headlong, at a dinner, of a sort with which he was quite unfamiliar, dressed differently from the other gentlemen, and knowing that he did not look well in his clothes, he was troubled and frightened, and only partly recovered himself when the ladies had left the room, and the rector took his glass and came over to the

end by Cable, as he did not attempt to come to the rector's end. The rector was a man of the world, and could get on with any one. He at once began to speak about the cruise in the yacht, and having got Richard on a familiar subject, with great forbearance encouraged Cable to talk, instead of doing all the talking himself.

When Cable spoke of anything that he understood he spoke well, straightforwardly and intelligently. The rector kept him in the dining-room a long time. He was interested in the cruise of the *Josephine*. Perhaps he saw that it was a kindness to keep his host there, conversing on what he could talk about, instead of bringing him into the drawing-room and the society of the ladies.

'Shall we rejoin the ladies?' asked Mr Cornellis.

'No hurry, Cornellis,' answered the rector.—'What capital port this is; I'll have another glass. Mrs Sellwood must be allowed her nap.'

When, about eleven o'clock, the guests were gone, and Mr Cornellis and Aunt Judith had retired, then, for the first time since they had landed, Josephine and Richard were alone together. She closed the piano and blew out some of the candles and turned down the lamp. Richard was standing at the chimney-piece with one hand on the marble mantel-shelf, looking at the French ormolu clock. His head was slightly bent; he was immersed in thought, just as many a time he had stood at night resting his hand on the bulwarks of his light-ship in a dream.

'What is it, Richard?' asked Josephine, going up to him.

'I was thinking—it is half-past eleven—of the little bedroom at home where mother and all my children are now asleep, and the angels watch them.'

'Home,' said Josephine reproachfully. 'This now is your home. Is it not beautiful?'

'This—home!' He looked round with dazed eyes. 'Home?'

'Of course, Richard.'

'Home?' He shook his head. 'If I was dead and gone to another world, I reckon at first I should feel a bit muddled. In time, maybe, it will come—not all at once.' And as he went up-stairs, he wondered in his heart whether he could ever come to feel there—in that grand house, among those strange people—at home.

THE CATTLEMAN OF THE ATLANTIC.

THE eye of the landsman sees little in the personal appearance of the seaman giving indication of the taste for cleanliness which is habitual to him. His attire is often of a composite and inharmonious character, and his tarry hands and weather-beaten face are little amenable to the beautifying influences of soap and water. But let the fastidious landsman change places with Jack for a week or so on board ship, and it will be seen which of the two has the more practical reverence for the sanctity of cleanliness. It is rarely the privilege of a passenger on an ocean-going steamer to obtain a glimpse of the sailor's domestic arrangements in the forecabin; but if he does succeed in enjoying even a momentary inspection of that compartment—where Jack

sleeps, dresses, eats, mends—he cannot fail of being struck by its cleanliness. Very different is the fore-castle of the firemen, and still more different that of the half-nautical class about to be described; and it is cleanliness for its own sake, too, for the sailor resents in the strongest manner any curious observation of his 'fo'c'sle' by other eyes than his own. The ship's officers never look in there, knowing and respecting Jack's objections; and the landsman on board who feels moved by a curiosity to see how the sailor lives in his privacy, had better keep away from the fore-castle, unless responsibly introduced.

The mariner's partiality for cleanliness in regard to his immediate personal surroundings extends to his ship as well, and he likes to see well-cleaned decks as much as the passenger likes to walk upon them. Of course, Jack is—more often than not—under the necessity of signing articles on a cargo-ship, where the cleanliness and 'ship-shapedness' of things generally are not considerations. He has less trouble, as a consequence, but he serves under silent protest. Atlantic steamers do not carry coals, to be sure; but many of them carry cattle and sheep, a description of cargo which the sailor detests in a degree only less than that in which he detests the men who go in charge of the animals. The 'stowaway' is to Jack an unmitigated nuisance, although he will share his own rations with the hiding wretch as long as is necessary, rather than see him hungry; but the cattleman is his abomination, and that of every one on board from the captain downward. Perhaps a little information regarding this particular product of the Atlantic trade—the 'bull-pusher,' as the sailor terms him—will have some interest for the general reader.

The ocean traffic in livestock is quite a recent development of trade, and is carried on most actively during the months of summer and autumn from the Canadian and United States ports. The cattle shipped to England are of two classes—'distillery' or house-fed cattle, and those fed on grass; the one being easily distinguishable from the other by certain indications of the eye chiefly. Cattle landing in British ports from the United States are, under the Privy-council Regulations, compulsorily slaughtered on the spot; those coming from Canada are exempted from this ordinance, and are taken to the public market for sale. The shipping of cattle to a great extent is a speculative business, carried on with varying luck; and perhaps in the end the only balance of profit arising from it is that of the steamship owners. It is claimed for it that it cheapens beef and mutton to the British consumer; and so it obviously ought to do, considering the low price at which Canadian and American meat can be landed in England. But the consumer himself, when the theory is propounded for his gratification, is prone to regard it as a delusion; seeing that, as a matter of fact, it has not reduced the price of butcher-meat at home. Into the political economy of this question, however, we are not called upon to enter.

The shipping of livestock is, during the summer and autumn months—almost as long as the navigation of the St Lawrence is open—the principal

trade of Montreal. As many as ten and twelve steamers laden to their full capacity with cattle and sheep may sometimes be seen leaving that port in one week. Some steamers load three decks, the sheep being always carried in pens on the upper deck. It is a remarkable fact that large numbers of the sheep become blind during the ten or twelve days' voyage, a malady which is attributed to the condensed water supplied to them for drinking, and the heat from the engine-room and funnel. There is also more mortality among sheep than among cattle, the latter as a rule suffering little except in rough weather. An interesting fact noticeable on cattle-boats is that, from one to two days before sighting land, the poor animals, by some mysterious instinct, seem to know that the sad ocean voyage is near its close, and that green fields and fresh streams are not far away. They low almost incessantly day and night. For a day or so before landing them, the men give the cattle hardly any water, so that on being turned ashore the parched beasts may be suffering from a raging thirst, the greedy gratification of which at the troughs will swell them to respectable proportions for the eye of the market.

Point St Charles, in the outskirts of the city of Montreal, not far from the Victoria Tubular Bridge which carries the Grand Trunk Railway across the wide St Lawrence, is the great entrepot of the Canadian cattle-trade. Blinding with road-dust, coal-dust, and factory smoke, a more uncomfortable spot on a hot summer day could hardly be found in the British empire. Here are situated the cattle-yards, where the cattle are unshipped from the railway cars and collected for transfer to the steamships down at the city wharfs. And here the curious observer can behold at any time of day during the shipping season a crowd of cattlemen waiting the chance of a job. When a shipper has his consignment ready for shipment, he has at his hand at the 'yards' any number of candidates for the duty of attending to the cattle on the voyage. Some of these are emigrants sick of that side of the world, and glad to obtain the chance of working their passage back to England without other remuneration. On these terms, they have no difficulty in obtaining what they want; and this class of men are more odious to the professional cattleman than the lazy and awkward stowaway is to the sailor—for a stronger reason. The cheap competition of the greenhorn tends to lower the rate of pay, for the shipper will naturally give the preference to the man who costs him nothing—it being part of the steamship's contract to carry over and back again the men required to look after the cattle—and a batch of greenhorns with the leavening of one or two experienced hands serves 'he purpose as well as (generally better than) a force of all 'old hands'; for these 'old hands,' whom you may see hanging about the cattle-yards at Point St Charles, easily identifiable by patent evidences of rascality in gait, feature, language, and attire, are, to the least experienced eye, undoubted specimens of that genus of mankind significantly termed in America 'hard' characters. The 'old hands' will not work without wages; but, as has been said, the competition of cheap labour has beaten down their trade, and now

they have to be content with the average remuneration of two or three pounds for the trip, instead of three times the amount, formerly paid. This payment completes the contract on the part of the shipper; and the steamship Companies are bound to provide the men with return passages to the port from which the cattle are shipped. The cattlemen—who are engaged in the proportion of about one man to forty beasts—are accommodated on board in a separate fore-castle, which successive gangs of them render unspeakably dirty. They are allowed the same food as the seamen and stokers. From the first day of going on board, the cattlemen are a public nuisance to the ship. The steward and cook are the objects of their special hostility. Those men, who never worked when ashore, have probably had a prolonged course of starvation before embarking; and the first gluttonous cravings of hunger partially appeased, the food, which at first was grateful to their famished appetites, is reviled in the choicest terms of a copious and forcible vocabulary. What is good enough for the sailors is not nearly good enough for them. Their work affords them a good deal of leisure, and this they mainly devote to begging and thieving in the neighbourhood of the galley. The cattlemen are not, unfortunately, amenable to discipline, as the crew are, and they do not fail to stretch this impunity to the farthest limit. They do their work, because they must; they are supervised by a foreman, whose unfavourable report of any man to the agent at Liverpool, Glasgow, Bristol, or London, as the case may be, would have the unfailing effect of reducing or altogether confiscating the delinquent's pay. But the foreman has no interest in the men's conduct beyond the due feeding and watering of the cattle. The rest of his time, the average cattleman, who is an 'old hand,' and familiar with all practicable rascalities on board ship, devotes to the work of making himself a nuisance. It is an hour of relief to the ship's company when at last the cattle are put ashore and the cattlemen along with them; and Jack, observing the 'bull-pusher's' exit from the fore-castle with a thoughtful grin, amuses his fancy with the familiar picture of the despicable mendicancy which the same rowdy individual will by-and-by present when once more landed at Montreal after his trip.

Those men who have contracted for payment immediately accompany the foreman to the office of the agent to whom the cattle have been consigned. The shipper has sent by mail a letter of instructions specifying the amount payable to each man. There are some shippers who defraud the wretches of their hardly earned money by sending no authority to the agent to pay them; and the scoundrel who consigns the men to a week or ten days of starvation and open-air lodging while they are waiting the return sailing of the steamer, is constituted of no finer moral fibre than the victims of his petty knavery. The great majority of shippers, however, fulfil their contracts honourably, and as soon as the men present themselves to the agent, they are paid. Then forthwith is commenced a great 'drunk.' The cattleman never for one moment dreams of extending his acquaintance beyond the congenial purlieus of the docks

in Liverpool or of the public-houses around the cattle-market at Islington. In both places, his money is spent in one or two days. Then want succeeds with enforced and miserable sobriety. If he has not paid in advance for his bed and board—which he seldom thinks of doing—he sleeps where he can by night, and sponges on whom he can by day; and at last, on the day of sailing, presents himself once more on the steamer hungry and sullen, without so much as the luxury of a pipe of tobacco to soothe his wretchedness until he has an opportunity of begging or stealing it.

Nothing cheers the cattleman on his return trip so much as to see emigrants on board. To these simple and confiding people he immediately devotes himself with his best manners and most interesting information concerning the new country to which they are adventuring; and the easily moved good-nature of the emigrant becomes as convenient to the insinuating cattleman as his trustfulness is profitable. If the fellow could only restrain his instincts within bounds of prudence, he might live well among his friends the passengers, enjoying their society and their hospitality all the way across; but when the inevitable thieving commences, the authorities of the ship interfere, and he is driven forward to the fore-castle, and prohibited from trespassing aft beyond a certain sharply marked line, which the boatswain keeps his eye upon. Thus the cattleman undoes himself; and mostly in bed, or lying about the deck in moody idleness, he whiles away his time between meals until he is once more 'dumped' ashore at Montreal as impetuous as when he started.

He has, generally speaking, not one penny when he lands, unless he has pilfered something on the voyage; but Montreal is 'freer' than London or Liverpool, and he can sleep about at night without fear of interference from the police. Then, besides, there is a peculiar and popular hostelry on the wharf known as Joe Beef's Canteen, where, for a nominal sum—or, in the case of a particularly 'hard'-looking rogue, for no sum at all—the spirited proprietor dispenses solid and liquid refreshment to the indigent. For the sum of five cents (twopence-halfpenny) a very fair 'feed' can be purchased, or a 'square drink' of any spirituous liquor measured out with free liberality. Joe Beef's Canteen, from one point of view, is worth going to Montreal to see and study. For dirt, stench, drunkenness, vileness unspeakable, human wretchedness and human rascality, it is a sight and a rendezvous not to be matched, or indeed approached, in any other town or city in the civilised world. To the police it is invaluable as a medium for the detection of criminals, and hence to some extent its *raison d'être*; to the penniless cattleman or sailor or tramp, and to every approved specimen of broken-down rogue and vagabond, it opens a refuge which is deeply appreciated and extensively used.

The winter is a long and severe one across the Atlantic, and the question will naturally arise: How does the cattleman get through it? As nearly as we can estimate, from a tolerably intimate knowledge, seventy per cent. are natural rogues and vagabonds, the other thirty of a somewhat higher social instinct. The latter will

probably obtain employment of some kind to carry them on until the next shipping season; the former will almost certainly spend the interval in prison, issuing forth refreshed in good time for the summer trade.

BLOOD-MONEY.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—THE TEMPTATION.

NED ALTERR sat late at night in the scantily furnished room of his cottage. The fire burned low, for coals were precious. A candle glimmered feebly in the gloom, and sputtered as the high wind whistled through the worn framework of the window. Signs of poverty appeared in everything, and he, with hands clasping his brow, was fain to face with absolute want. A clerk out of work for two months, with a sick mother and a young sister to support. He had done his best, and now the last crust had been eaten. Even that crust had been supplied by charity. The workhouse was the next step in the downward career—the workhouse or—

He started to his feet—there was some one cautiously tapping at the window, and calling in a shrill whisper: 'Ned, Ned—open, and let me in.'

He went to the door; and a man, with the collar of a heavy overcoat drawn up over the lower part of his face, and a cap worn low over his brows, pushed his way in, closing the door quickly behind him.

'What's up, Jack? Is anybody chasing you?'

Jack was excited and out of breath; but presently he answered huskily: 'I don't know; I am not sure. But I want to stay here until to-morrow night.'

'Here! Why, man, this is the first place the police searched for you. They have learned that we are old friends, and they have set a watch upon me.'

'If they came here first, they are less likely to come again soon. Anyhow, I am too tired to go farther. You must hide me for a few hours, for old times' sake.'

'What madness tempted you to come back?'

'I doubled on the hounds, and hope they are thrown off the scent.—Give me something to drink.'

Ned pointed to a broken jug containing water, and the visitor took a thirsty draught.

'Have you nothing stronger?—anything eatable?' he queried in his hurried way; and when his friend, with a gloomy shake of the head, signified no, he added: 'Is it so bad as that, lad?—And the mother ill too.—Here, take this: you can go out and get something—get some brandy. I want a fillip and a bite, for I have not dared to venture into a house since yesterday.' He placed a handful of silver and copper on the table.

Ned hesitated, and at that moment he heard his sister calling him. Fearing that the girl might come and discover the fugitive, he hastened to his mother's bedroom.

'Mother is worse, Ned; she can scarcely breathe,' said his sister, crying.

Ned looked for an instant at the invalid, raised her in his arms so that she might cough more freely, and gently laid her down again. 'Don't leave her for an instant, Kitty; I'll be back soon.' He returned to his own room, and snatched up the money which was on the table. 'Bolt the door after me, Jack; I won't be long.'

During his absence, Jack Wolton tried to rest. He threw back his cap, opened the heavy overcoat, and lay down on the little bed in the corner. But he could not lie still. Springing up with a muttered oath, which was in truth a groan of anguish, he moved restlessly about the confined space, his hands clenched, and his lips tightly closed, whilst his bloodshot eyes glared fiercely at the shadows which the flickering candle revealed around him.

He was a tall, stalwart fellow, and had been handsome; but the face was now pale and haggard. He had been fond of athletic sports; and even when he rose to the position of assistant-manager in the great cloth manufacturing firm of Arnold & Co., Leeds, he continued to be a leading spirit amongst cricketers and football players, so that his muscular powers were unimpaired by his close confinement to a desk. He was regarded as one of Fortune's favourites: frank and sociable; steady in business, and enjoying the entire confidence of the house he served. It was understood that he was to marry a pretty girl, Lizzie Holroyd, the daughter of Arnold & Co's. cashier; and there seemed to be every prospect of happiness and prosperity for the couple.

Suddenly, there was a change in Jack Wolton's manner and conduct, which astounded everybody. He became morose, abstracted, and forgetful to such an extent, that the firm, under the advice of an experienced physician, insisted that he should take a three months' holiday, as it was evident that he had, in his eagerness to 'get on,' overworked himself to the verge of a total breakdown.

He submitted; but instead of going abroad, as he had been advised, his time was spent at Blackpool, Harrogate, and Scarborough—flying from one place to the other without finding satisfaction, and constantly appearing in Leeds at the most unexpected times. On returning to his post, he was subdued in manner, pertinacious in his attention to duty, but the old blithe spirit was gone. Meanwhile, it became known that his engagement with Lizzie Holroyd was at an end. Why and how, could only have been explained by the lovers, and they were silent.

Towards the end of a year, Jack appeared to be regaining a degree of his former healthy good-humour. Then it was rumoured that Percy Arnold, the eldest son of the head of the firm, was about to marry the daughter of a Manchester merchant-prince. When Jack was told this, he said decisively to his informant: 'It's a lie.' But when he read a paragraph in a local newspaper referring to the forthcoming event, he walked into the private room of Mr Arnold, senior, with the paper in his hand. 'Is this true?' he asked, pointing to the paragraph.

'Of course it is,' was the answer; 'and a capital match too. Why do you ask?'

'If it is true, your son is the biggest black-guard that lives.'

Old Mr Arnold was dumb-stricken, and convinced

that the man was mad. At length he gasped: 'What do you mean, sir? How dare you!'

'Don't talk about daring to me, Mr Arnold. I am sorry for you; but for your son, I hope he and I may never meet. If we do, it will be bad for one of us. He is bound to Lizzie Holroyd.'

Jack left the place, and was not seen again by any one connected with the establishment, except Ned Altcar, who, for holding intercourse with him, was promptly dismissed—at the instigation, it was believed, of Percy Arnold. The latter was a gentleman who found little favour amongst the people connected with his father's business, and he was perfectly indifferent whether he did or not. But a thrill of horror and pity did pass through the breasts of every one when it was reported that the young man had been found dead near Kirkstall Abbey—evidently murdered. The words which Jack Wolton had spoken to the dead man's father clearly indicated the criminal, and the hue and cry was raised against him; but so far he had eluded all efforts to capture him, even when they were stimulated by a government offer of one hundred pounds reward.

When Ned went out to procure the refreshments of which the fugitive stood so much in need, he learned that Mr Arnold, senior, had added five hundred pounds to the reward already offered for the capture of his son's murderer. He was extremely nervous as he placed the things on the table; and Wolton, observing how his hands trembled, told him to follow his example and take a stiff glass of brandy-and-water.

'I'll take some in to mother, first, Jack. She's very weak, and maybe this will help her. The doctor said she ought to have a little.'

Wolton nodded, and helped himself again. Then he made an attempt to eat, but could not. He tried hard, knowing of how much importance it was to him to eat rather than to drink. But he could not swallow, and he drank again.

Ned having attended to the invalid, sat down, and he, too, found some difficulty in eating. A horrible idea had possession of him—a temptation of the evil one, which he tried to find strength to conquer by drinking. The brandy acting upon his empty stomach would have had a disastrous effect; but he was careful. Wolton was not.

'Why do you keep on shivering in that way?' said the latter.

'I am frightened,' was the dull answer.

'Frightened at what?' asked Wolton recklessly.

'Frightened at myself,' rejoined Ned gloomily, with elbows resting on his knees and chin on his knuckles, whilst he stared into the embers.

'You are frightened because I am here. Well, I am sorry to bother you. But mind, Ned, whatever happens to me, what I have done was a just act of retribution.'

'No doubt, no doubt it was so in your eyes. But—'

'Oh, stop your "buts." You know, if no one else does, how much I had to bear when the girl, who was on the point of becoming my wife, told me that she liked *him* better than me. You know how hard it was for me to say: "Very well, Lizzie; if you believe that you will be happier

with Percy Arnold than with me, I shall not stand in your way." But I did it. I spoke no word of the bitterness I felt at the notion that if my fortune had been equal to his, she would not have changed. I tried to think only of what was best for her—or, at anyrate, of what pleased her best, for I never believed that he would be true to her.'

'You did the right thing by her, Jack. Nobody will gainsay that, and she was a fool not to see.'

'Drop that, Ned. I can't bear a word against her. She has found out her mistake, and is suffering for it. If he had been faithful to her, I would have got over my loss in time. But when I learned that he had left her with her baby, and was going to marry another woman, my head went wrong. I believed that they had been married—they both said so, and she believed it—poor lass.'

'He was always equal to any lie that served his purpose,' muttered Ned abstractedly, for he was tortured by that horrible idea which was flickering like a fiery speck in his brain, and unable to follow the passionate self-defence of his companion.

'Even then I held myself in. I sent for him, and told him that he must do the right thing by the girl. He laughed at me, and said she knew what she was about, and that he would see to the kid.—Think of that, Ned—think of that! I struck him, and he fell. I did not mean to kill him; but he deserved it. Such a demon had no right to live further. And yet the law would hang me for ridding the earth of such a pest.'

'Hush! Don't talk so loud. I tell you the place is watched, and you may be heard.'

'All right, old fellow. I don't want to bring you into trouble; but I do want you to understand that my act was that of an honest man.—Ah, Ned, I cared more for that girl than for—well, for my own soul. That's true.' He rose, and again moved restlessly about the room.

Ned did not look at him or speak, but was conscious of his every movement.

Presently, Wolton flung himself on the bed. 'I'll try to get a nap,' he said hoarsely, 'and that will help me on my next journey. I'll get off safe enough. Turn me out, if you are afraid to let me rest here.'

'Rubbish.—Take a rest if you can get it. I'll keep watch, and waken you, should there be any signs of danger.'

'That's like you, Ned. Thank you. I think there is a chance of sleep to-night.' His eyes closed drowsily, and presently his heavy breathing indicated that he was asleep; but his nervous movements and occasional mutterings proved that the sleep was much disturbed.

Ned glanced now and again at the recumbent form, and then back to the smouldering fire, in which he saw the big words, 'SIX HUNDRED POUNDS!'

There was a sudden hush of the wind, which had been blowing in sharp gusts, making eerie noises through the crannies of the cottage and in the chimney. The stillness was broken only by the stertorous breathing of the fugitive, who, after days and nights of restless wandering, had at length found a haven in which he might resign himself to repose in the confidence that a friend was keeping watch over him.

Ned remained in his position, his eyes hungrily watching those potent words, whilst he shuddered at the suggestion they conveyed. The lull outside startled him, and his fingers twitched convulsively. He wished the wind would rise again, and help to drown the sounds which would not allow him for a moment to forget the presence of his friend. He dug his knuckles into his temples and tried to think of other things—tried to work out a plan by which Wolton might be enabled to escape—tried to look his own future in the face and to guess what the end was to be. But that was plain enough, was his bitter thought—the workhouse or starvation, or—the other thing. Yet, six hundred pounds were written in letters of fire on the white ashes in the grate. He shut his eyes, and still he saw them as if they were burning on his eyelids. He altered his position, and they took shape out of the shadows which the feeble candle cast around him. Then voices seemed to hum the words in his ears: 'Mother ill; you, a beggar, and six hundred pounds at your command! Six hundred pounds!—one from government; five from old Arnold.'

With such a sum, what might not a man do? There was comfort assured for the mother, relief for his starving sister, and a fortune in the future for them all. And to secure this what had he to do? Only to say: 'There is your man.' He shivered again, and felt sick. In wild horror, he seized the brandy bottle, and sought to deaden the torment of thought and speculation. Yes, he had only to speak these few words, and the misery of poverty would disappear. But what besides? He would be a traitor to his friend, who had trusted his life to him! At the same time, what could life be worth to a murderer? He could know no happiness in it. The memory of his victim must haunt and torture him till he committed suicide or gave himself up to the authorities. That was supposing he escaped; and what likelihood was there of that? Would there not be countless eyes eagerly on the lookout for the wretched man, whose capture meant six hundred pounds to the lucky one who was able to say: 'There is your man.'

The moral sense of the poor clerk was being rapidly poisoned. There could be no wrong in it. Was it not a duty to aid the ends of justice? Was it not a crime to help a murderer to escape the penalty of his crime? Why should others have the reward, which he might obtain and use with advantage for innocent sufferers? It would save the man a few days, maybe a few weeks of agony; for he could experience nothing but agony whilst he was being hunted from place to place like a beast of prey, weighed down to the earth by the sense of his guilt. He could not escape. Why, then, should Ned Alt carr lose the opportunity which had been thrust upon him—ay, thrust upon him, he must remember that—of finding a way out of direst misery? And yet the thought was a horrible one. They were friends, and Jack, counting upon their friendship, had sought his protection in this hour of sore need. Jack had helped him at a pinch, and if things had gone right, would have insured his rapid promotion in the house of Arnold & Co. Ned felt his head throbbing as if the blood were surging through the brain with such violence that

it must burst some of the blood-vessels. His throat was parched, and he took more brandy.

Yes, he would do it! The words appeared to be spoken loudly in his ear by some invisible being, and yet the voice was like his own. He started to his feet, desperately resolved to escape the temptation which was overpowering him, by rousing the sleeper. 'Jack, Jack! Rouse up, lad, and go—there is danger here!' he said hoarsely.

'It's no use—no use,' muttered the fugitive, disturbed in his sleep, but not roused from it. 'That face haunts me everywhere, and it will not let me rest. There is no escape. I am weary of the struggle. Let them come and end it all quickly. I am worn out. Death is a welcome friend.—Poor Lizzie!'

Ned stood spellbound and awe-stricken. He had been right, then: the man was enduring mental torments which would render death welcome, notwithstanding his defiant justification of his deed. Was not this a plain intimation to Ned Alt carr that the thing which had appeared to him as a prompting of the foul fiend would be a service to his friend? Muddled as his senses were, he made another effort to resist the sophistry which was seeking to reconcile his conscience to treachery.

'Rouse, Jack, rouse!—there is danger!' he cried hastily, afraid to delay, lest resolution should fail him.

He grasped Wolton by the shoulder; and at his touch, the man sprang up fiercely, prepared to grapple with a foe. Half awake, he did not recognise his friend, and seized him by the throat; but coming to himself, he exclaimed: 'Hillo, Ned, lad, what's up? I have been dreaming, and thought a constable had grabbed me.—What ails you, that you keep on shivering?'

'You have had a rest. I want you to slip out by the back of the cottage. You are not safe here.'

'Has anything happened? Have you heard anybody about?'

'No; but you are not safe here,' was the evasive but truthful reply. 'When I went out to get the things, I learned that old Arnold has added five hundred to the reward offered by the authorities for your apprehension.'

'That will make six hundred. Didn't think I was worth so much. Well, he'll be a lucky chap who gets it. But if there are no signs of immediate danger, I'll lie down again. Heaven only knows when there will be another chance for a sleep.'

'I wish you would go. The detectives may come at any minute. I tell you again that you are not safe here.' Ned spoke earnestly, almost pleadingly; for he was trying to save himself from himself. His necessities were so great, that he knew it would not be possible to resist much longer the temptation which was thrust upon him.

'Safer here than anywhere else, Ned, so long as you keep watch,' answered Wolton, stretching himself on the bed again. 'Let me remain for this night in peace. To-morrow night—ah, well, we had better not think of that.'

Ned was irritated by this stupid rejection of his warnings; and still more irritated when he perceived that Wolton was asleep again. He, Ned Alt carr, who had committed no crime, could not

sleep; and yet here was this man, with blood upon his soul, sleeping soundly!

The candle started into a broad flame as the paper which was wrapped around the base, to make it fit the candlestick, caught fire; then it went out. This time, Wolton did not breathe heavily; he slept as peacefully as a child, as if no sorrow, no regret, no crime lay upon his conscience. The darkness and the silence were terrible to Ned Altcar. He had done his best to warn his friend of the danger which beset him. He had done his duty as a friend; now, he must do his duty as a citizen of a law-abiding country, and as a man who had to find food at any rate, and comfort if possible, for those dependent on him.

He went forth stealthily, opening and closing the door with the least possible noise. He proceeded to the police station, and had a brief interview with the superintendent on duty.

'There is a reward of six hundred pounds offered to any one who will give such information as will lead to the apprehension of the man who murdered Mr Percy Arnold?'

'Yes,' answered the superintendent, eyeing the speaker with an expression of curiosity and doubt. 'Have you got any information?'

'I can show you where to find the man.'

Every nerve in Altcar's body quivered as he spoke the fatal words; but he appeared to be calm. He was insensible to pain of mind or body. Sullen resolution to do this thing sustained him. Six hundred pounds! There would be no more starving, when he possessed that fortune.

After some sharp questioning, the superintendent summoned two constables, who proceeded with Altcar to his cottage. He told them to go in, directed them to the room where they would find the man who was wanted; but he remained outside, in the bleak light of the first flush of dawn on a cold misty morning.

SOME CURIOUS WAGERS.

So far as we can go back in the world's history, we find the rage for making wagers prevalent. The Romans had a great taste for wagers and bets; and they had a conventional form of ratifying these contracts, which consisted in taking from the finger the ring which the higher classes invariably wore, and giving it into the keeping of some third party or umpire. One of the wildest bets ever made was that of a physician of the ancient world named Asclepiades. He wagered against Fortune that he would never be ill during his life, under penalty of losing the reputation he had acquired of being the most famous physician of his time. Absurd and impious as was this presumption, he won his wager, although he could not enjoy it, for, at a very advanced period of life, he died from the effects of a fall down-stairs.

The Romans were forbidden by the *lex Titia* and the *lex Cornelia* to bet upon the success of any unlawful game, or indeed of any games whatever, unless they were trials of courage, bodily strength, or skill. In the later days of Rome, her citizens were prohibited from making wagers upon the death or exaltation of the popes and on

the promotion of cardinals. At Venice, no wager might be laid upon the election of persons to fill the public offices; at Genoa, on the revolution of states or kingdoms, the success of military expeditions, the arrival and departure of vessels, or proposed marriages. Somewhat similar to this last was an Act of Parliament passed in Paris in 1565 which rendered it illegal to make a woman the subject of a wager.

The parliament of Dôle, in France, was called upon to decide a very curious wager in the year 1634. It was between two citizens of Pasmes, one of whom had agreed, on consideration of his being paid the sum of twenty-four francs, to furnish the other with a quantity of grains of millet, in proportion to the number of children that should be born within a certain extent of country during one year. He was to hand over one grain for the first child, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, always doubling the number of grains for each successive birth. The number of children born within the specified time was sixty-six; and such an enormous quantity of grains of millet had to be supplied to meet the conditions of the agreement, that the contracting party demanded the cancelling of the bet, on the ground that it was founded upon an impossible condition. The court agreed at once that it was impossible for the contract to be carried out; and decided that the person who had received the twenty-four francs should repay them to his opponent, and should give him an additional sum of twenty-four francs. Surely this was anything but a just judgment, for it was impossible that the gainer could have lost. He had made his calculations, and was betting upon the ignorance of the loser. It was therefore a wager based upon bad faith, and should have been annulled altogether.

A wager was made early in the last century by a banker named Bulliot. He was a firm believer in the superstition that if rain falls on St Swithin's day (July 15), it will also fall, more or less, for forty days after. St Swithin's day in the year 1725 was very wet; and so Bulliot offered to bet any one who chose to put down his money, that the next forty days would be rainy. So many persons showed a desire to take up this wager, that its terms were reduced to writing as follows: 'If, dating from St Swithin's day, it rains more or little during forty days successively, Bulliot will be considered to have gained; but if it ceases to rain for only one day during that time, Bulliot has lost.' On these terms, Bulliot betted against all who presented themselves. He was so confident of success that he placed money against articles of value of every description. People brought gold-headed canes, snuff-boxes, jewels, even clothes; and Bulliot wagered as much money against them as he considered they were worth. When his stock of cash came to an end, he issued notes and bills of exchange to such an extent that it was said he had paper money out to the amount of a hundred thousand crowns. All this naturally excited a great deal of public curiosity, and the rash man found himself quite fashionable for the time being. Verses were made in his honour, a play was produced which had him for its hero, in a word he attracted as much attention as if he had been a monarch or a famous statesman. But,

unfortunately for Bulliot, St Swithin was not true to his character. For the first twenty-one days of the stipulated time, more or less rain fell. The twenty-second day, however, was bright and cloudless, and night came on without there being the slightest sign of rain. Bulliot was ruined, and ruined so completely that he was unable to meet the notes and bills that bore his name. The holders of these tried to enforce payment; but the ancient law did not recognise debts of this kind, any more than does the law of more modern days. They were accordingly non-suited, and their debts declared irrecoverable.

In the early part of the present century, sporting-men were fond of betting on the duration of the lives of celebrities. Napoleon I. was specially the subject of these wagers. It is related that at a dinner party in 1809, Sir Mark Sykes offered to pay any one who would give him a hundred guineas down, a guinea a day so long as Napoleon lived. The offer was taken by a clergyman present; and for three years Sir Mark paid him three hundred and sixty-five guineas per annum. He then thought that he had thrown away enough money, and disputed further payment. The recipient, who was not at all disposed to lose his comfortable annuity, brought an action, which, after lengthy litigation, was decided in favour of the baronet.

A foreign Prince staying in Paris made a heavy bet with a member of the Imperial Club that he—the Prince—would, in the course of the next two hours, be arrested by the police without committing any offence or provoking the authorities in any fashion. The way he won his wager was by dressing himself in a tattered old blouse, a pair of mouldy boots full of holes, and a disreputable burlesque of a hat. Thus attired, he walked up to one of the most aristocratic cafés in Paris, and, seating himself at a table, called for a cup of chocolate. The waiter, as was only natural, did not care about serving so suspicious-looking a customer before he was assured that payment would be forthcoming, so he told the Prince that he must pay in advance. Upon this, His Highness pulled a bundle of bank-notes out of his pocket, and picking out one of considerable value, told him to take the price of the coffee out of it and bring back the change. The man immediately went in search of the proprietor of the café, who, when he heard the facts of the case, ordered the coffee to be served, and at the same time sent to the nearest police station for a *sergent de ville*. The Prince was of course arrested, and taken before a commissary of police. He announced his rank, and told his reasons for assuming such an unprincipled costume. The authorities were obdurate at first; but finally, they consented to send the Prince under escort to the Imperial Club, where the gentleman with whom the bet had been made proved his identity, and paid His Highness the money he had fairly won.

Vieuxtemps, the well-known violinist, used to tell a strange story of a wager which he averred he had really witnessed whilst on a visit to London. It was to the effect that one day as he was walking across London Bridge, a poor wretch jumped up on to the parapet and leapt down into the river. There was at once a rush of eager spectators, and a voice shouted: 'I'll bet he

drowns!'—'Two to one, he'll swim ashore!'—'Done!' Meanwhile, Vieuxtemps had hastened to get a boat, and was rowing with a waterman to the rescue of the unhappy creature, who was floundering about, and just managing to keep himself afloat. As they reached him, and were preparing to pull him into the boat, there was a roar from the bridge: 'Leave him alone—there is a bet on!' The waterman immediately lay on his oars, refusing to make any further attempt to save the drowning man; and Vieuxtemps saw him sink before his very eyes.

A wager was made in 1806 in the Castle-yard, York, between Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead as to which should succeed in assuming the most singular character. Umpires were selected, whose duty it was to decide upon the comparative absurdity of the costumes in which the two men appeared. On the appointed day, Hodgson came before the umpires decorated with bank notes of various value on his coat and waistcoat, a row of five-guinea notes and a long netted purse of gold round his hat, whilst a piece of paper bearing the words 'John Bull' was attached to his back. Whitehead was dressed like a woman on one side, one half of his face was painted, and he wore a silk stocking and slipper on one leg. The other half of his face was blacked, to resemble that of a negro; on the corresponding side of his body he wore a gaudy, long-tailed, linen coat; and his leg was cased in half a pair of leather breeches with a boot and spur. One would fancy that Whitehead must have presented by far the more singular appearance. The umpires thought differently, however, and awarded the stakes to Hodgson.

A somewhat similar bet was one made in relation to the Master of the Revels to George II., named Heidegger, whose ugliness it was declared impossible to surpass. One of the courtiers wagered that he would produce some one who should be pronounced uglier than Heidegger. He was allowed a few days in which to unearth his champion, and it is said that he employed them in personally ransacking the worst slums of London. Somewhere in St Giles' he found an old woman whom he thought sufficiently plain to confront with Heidegger. When the two were put face to face, the judges said that it was impossible to decide which of them was entitled to bear the proud title of 'ugliest being in London.' A courtier, however, suggested that Heidegger should put on the old woman's bonnet. This he did; and the additional ugliness it gave him was such that he was unanimously declared the winner.

A notorious gambler of the last century finally ruined himself by a very extraordinary bet. He had been playing with Lord Lorn; their stakes had been very high, and luck had gone steadily against him. Exasperated at his losses, he jumped up from the card-table, and seizing a large punch-bowl, said: 'For once I'll have a bet where I have an equal chance of winning! Odd or even, for fifteen thousand guineas?' 'Odd,' replied the peer calmly. The bowl was dashed against the wall, and on the pieces being counted, there proved to be an odd one. The rash gambler paid up his fifteen thousand guineas; but, if tradition be correct, it was only by selling the last of his estates that he was enabled to do so.

Some years ago, a gentleman made a heavy bet that he would stand for a day on London Bridge with a tray full of sovereigns fresh from the Mint, which he would be unable to dispose of at a penny apiece. A nursemaid bought one to quiet a crying child; but no more were disposed of.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

THEY call me 'the old doctor.' Of course, my long white beard and the scant thatch on my head bear witness to the veracity of the term; and I have but to look at my stalwart grandsons to be fully assured that the adjective applies to me; nevertheless, I fancy that a spice of irony is implied in it. The go-ahead men of the present generation consider me out of date entirely—my ideas antiquated and obsolete. Well, I should not wonder if they are; for I suppose no branch of science has made such rapid and wonderful strides as that connected with the profession to which I have the honour to belong. No doubt, I am of the old school. I am resting on my oars now. The strife and struggle of life are over for me; and as I sit at my ease in my old armchair, memory takes me back to the past. I think of my student days, and I see before me those grand men whose footsteps first beat into the track which has led to the present heights of research and of discovery. Abernethy was one of those splendid pioneers. I think I see him as he used to lecture at St Bartholomew's: small of stature, nose *retroussé*, eyes small, dark, and restless, gleaming alternately with wit and humour, or lit up with ineffable tenderness. A face comical and satirical, if you will, but full of expression; and crowned with a raised tuft of well-powdered hair, ending in a long queue. His was among the last of the pigtailed. Then, to add to the quaintness of his *tout ensemble*, he had a knack of thrusting one hand into his breeches-pocket while he gesticulated with the other. No lecturer in London could rivet the attention of his pupils as he did, so lucid were his descriptions, so powerful his language, so dramatic his action. Abernethy was far from being the coarse man that some of the clumsy imitators of his naïve brusqueries would lead one to imagine. True, he would launch his little winged darts of satire ruthlessly at the manifold affectations of self-indulgent invalids: he had small sympathy for such; and no regard for rank or wealth of themselves. But when his feelings were enlisted, when called on to witness real suffering, real distress, who so kind as he? And then, when poverty was superadded, the recording angel alone might tell of his benevolences.

Although a great admirer of Abernethy, the hero of my boyish worship was Sir Astley Cooper. The lives of these two great luminaries for long years ran parallel. With Sir Astley I came more into personal contact; and assuredly he was the first surgeon of his day and generation. He was President of the College of Surgeons when I went up for my examination for membership. I had just gone through the fiery ordeal, and was drawing my breath triumphantly, when Sir Astley, using his privilege as President, called my attention: 'Describe to me, sir, the origin and distribution of the fifth pair of nerves.' I quailed for

an instant, taking in, as one does at such moments, the whole beauty of his magnificent physique; then gathering up my somewhat scattered senses, I answered slowly, deliberately, and I trust also clearly, for I heard him say 'Capital!' No word of praise either before or since could have the electric effect of that trisyllable. It was positively intoxicating. My fortune seemed to be made from that moment.

There was a wonderful fascination about that man. We students treasured every little anecdote connected with him. One I especially remember. Sir Astley had a pupil boarding with him, a young man belonging to a wealthy and very honourable family. He was treated as a son, and shared the surgeon's confidence. He was somewhat extravagant; but as his allowance was ample, this fact scarcely attracted attention. One day, however, Sir Astley was startled to find, on examining his banking book, that a large sum had been drawn out, for which he could in no way account. He went straight to the banker for an explanation. 'There must be some mistake,' said the surgeon; 'I have certainly never drawn so large a sum.'

'It was drawn out on such a date,' returned the banker; 'and here is your cheque, duly signed.'

Sir Astley examined the cheque. He was a man of quick perception; he knew it to be a forgery; but not a muscle of his face betrayed that fact. 'Oh, indeed. Ah, yes; I see. You are quite right; the fact had escaped me. Yes—yes; you are right.' Sir Astley left the bank.

Not a single word was spoken during the whole of that day; he would do nothing hastily; he required time for thought.

The next morning, the young man was summoned into the library. The door was closed. Calmly, but stoutly, Sir Astley charged him with the forgery. It simply meant hanging in those days. Imagine, if you can, the blanched cheek, the stammering words of the unhappy culprit. He threw himself at his master's feet and cried piteously for mercy. His whole life had been wrong—one tissue of wrong-doing. Step after step he had sunk in the slough, and now, ruin, utter, irrevocable ruin was the result. He never attempted to exculpate himself; too well he knew that nothing but a full and open confession could avail with a man of such lucid discernment, such scrupulous honour, and high integrity as Sir Astley.

'Sir,' said the baronet, 'for the sake of your excellent parents—and for your own—I will consider the matter. You will meet me here to-morrow morning at this hour.'

Those twenty-four hours must have been agony for both master and pupil. The morrow came.

'Sir,' said Sir Astley sternly, 'I pity your case. Your talents, your position, and the kindness of your nature, all augured better things. Your utter weakness has been your ruin. You have disgraced yourself. You have sunk to the level of a felon. It would be death to my honoured friends, your parents, if they were to have the smallest suspicion of this. I have determined to give you one chance. I have been able to obtain for you the post of surgeon to one of His Majesty's colonies. That will be sufficient for your maintenance. If you prove yourself faithful to your duties and to your promises of amendment,

an opportunity will be afforded you of obtaining a private practice. You may do well. One condition I exact from you—you will not return without my consent, or you know the consequences. I will vouch for your ability, your thorough efficiency. Only be true to yourself and to your word, and you may retrieve your lost honour. You may with time prove yourself an honest man.—Now, go. You must sail within this week. Tell your father I am sorry that the leave-taking must be so brief; but it is a good post, and I desire that you should fill it.' This was a long speech for a man of few words, as Sir Astley was, and his voice—firm at first—almost broke down.

As for the delinquent, he only answered by tears, truly tears of repentance.

The youth's father, unconscious of the magnanimity of Sir Astley's conduct, was grateful to his friend for forwarding his boy's prospects.

'May I be allowed the honour, the happiness, of writing to you, sir, from time to time?' was the poor misguided lad's request as he bade his generous patron farewell before he sailed.

The permission was granted.

It is pleasant to record the fact that Sir Astley Cooper never had occasion to repent his noble conduct. The young fellow succeeded beyond all expectation. He was an ornament to his profession. His gratitude showed itself in every act of his life. Gratifying is it to be enabled to add that he paid back the purloined money with full interest; and when he returned to his native land with a well-earned fortune, his name was unsullied, the secret had been so generously, so tenderly kept.

I said that Sir Astley Cooper possessed wonderful discernment. An instance of it occurred whilst I was studying. A gentleman of high position had been foully murdered. The excitement thereby created was immense. Sir Astley Cooper was called in to examine the body. Before leaving the house, the surgeon said to a friend: 'Patch committed the murder.'

Patch was a servant. He had been giving evidence; and had shown himself assiduous, officious, and affectionately concerned. It was a bold speech, unhesitatingly uttered: 'Patch committed the murder. I would stake my life Patch did it.'

Patch was thereupon arrested. The matter was clearly gone into. Patch was hanged on the most undoubted evidence.

GIANT EARTHWORMS.

IN any group of animals, there are always a number of huge forms at one end of the series, which gradually dwindle down to the tiniest creatures at the other extreme. In that group of animals to which we ourselves belong, we have the titanic whales on the one hand, and the minute shrews and fieldmice on the other. Consciously or unconsciously, we make use of the human body as a standard of size in all animals familiar to us; perhaps also in smaller creatures we adopt the mean as a standard, and speak of all those that exceed in size this selected standard as being large. A group of animals that is perhaps not very well known to the readers of this *Journal* exemplifies what has just

been said in a very striking fashion. Any person would at once say that an earthworm is a small creature, never exceeding a few inches in length; but as a matter of fact, there exist in many parts of the world colossal earthworms which are four, five, or even six feet in length. Some few years ago, a description came to this country of a mysterious creature which lived below the ground, and, as it burrowed its way through the earth, felled all the trees that stood in its path. This fabulous monster was reported from Brazil, where it has even received a name; the natives call it the *minhocao*, and it was believed from all accounts to be actually a representative of our British earthworm. But for the present the *minhocao* must be looked upon as a kind of terrestrial sea-serpent.

But just as the highly coloured descriptions of the sea-serpent rest upon a certain substratum of truth, in the shape of large seals, or even cuttle-fishes, so the existence of huge earthworms of six feet in length renders the fable of the *minhocao* more intelligible. These animals are mainly found in the tropics, where heat and abundant rainfall are conducive to their existence. In many parts of Natal, these huge earthworms are very abundant after heavy rains; and they have been stated by competent observers to appear on such occasions, by hundreds, literally covering the ground. The huge bulk of the creatures is, however, too much for their feeblely developed muscles, and they are often unable to reach their underground burrows again before the sun comes out and dries them up.

Large size is, except in some special cases, invariably a disadvantage, and leads to extinction. Among many orders of animals, the extinct forms, which are of course known to us by their fossil remains, are of huge size as compared with their living representatives; the remains of gigantic reptiles have been discovered which show that the animals when alive must have measured some sixty or seventy feet in length; and now we have only the comparatively small crocodiles and lizards. Instances of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely, but they all point to the conclusion that small size is, other things being equal, a direct advantage, and that, when a race of animals increases unduly in bulk, it is doomed to disappear. This may well be the case with the gigantic earthworms; they are not so abundant as are the smaller kinds, and they are not found so universally. We must look upon them, therefore, as a survival from a past age, that are gradually disappearing, and giving place to the smaller kinds, which are more active, and can, therefore, more readily escape their foes.

It is an interesting subject for speculation to try and imagine how earthworms first came to exist, because there seems to be a direct connection between the abundance of these creatures and the advance of civilisation in the way of agriculture. Anglers know well that they cannot get worms for bait except in cultivated ground; and where did the worms hide themselves when there was 'not a man to till the ground?' Whether they existed in the ages before the creation of man or not, cannot be said; but it is at anyrate certain that agriculture is responsible for their immense numbers,

and perhaps also for the very great diversity of species. It may be a fact new to some readers that there are an immense number of different kinds of earthworms, which have been divided by naturalists into several families; and these differ from each other quite as much as (or even more than) do the different kinds of birds or reptiles; we find, for example, that the earthworms of India or New Zealand are entirely different in their structure from the species which are familiar to us here at home. And these differences are often marked in external characters. In Ceylon, there is a large kind which is of a bright blue colour, and almost every variety in tint is exhibited by the different species. Some earthworms are phosphorescent like the glowworm and the fire-fly (it is hardly necessary, perhaps, to say that these two last-mentioned creatures are insects, not worms in the true meaning of the word), and many other creatures, chiefly insects, which are nocturnal in their habits. In the island of Sumatra, there is a remarkable species of earthworm which is well known to the natives from the fact that it makes a sharp sound during the night. It is not understood how this sound is produced, but it is probably due to the minute bristles which are implanted in the body—and which can be readily felt by rubbing an earthworm between the fingers from tail to head—grating against the small stones as the animal moves along.

The last work which Mr Darwin published was on the subject of Earthworms (see *Chambers's Journal*, No. 936), and he showed how important was the agency of these creatures in levelling the soil. As a worm passes through the ground, it swallows the earth in front of it. On coming to the surface, this earth is voided in the form of little castings, which are so conspicuous on a lawn after rain. These castings are dried by the sun and blown about by the wind, and thus tend to level the ground and to bury objects lying upon its surface. If some of the colossal worms were to devote their energies to this kind of work, and were as abundant as the smaller species, they could almost bury cities and drain rivers.

EXORCISING A GHOST.

There is, in one of the midland counties, a fine old and rather celebrated historical mansion, with towers, turrets, and mullioned windows. But alas! for all its attractive beauty; it possessed that one terrible drawback with which so many of our grand old mansions are unluckily afflicted—it had its ghost and its haunted room, which no servant would enter alone, even in broad daylight, and in which no one ever—or very rarely—slept. With the usual provoking irregularity which belongs to the whole tribe of disembodied spirits, the ghost was known to 'walk' at the most inconvenient moments, always appearing when not wanted, and carefully disappointing every party of valiant ghost-hunters whenever they mustered up courage enough for the watch. This ghost always appeared in the attire of a medieval monk—brown habit and cowl, rope-girdle, sandals, and carried a parchment roll in one hand.

About two years ago it happened that the

mansion was full of visitors, and amongst the last to arrive was a very well-known canon of the Church, celebrated for his unflagging spirits and sparkling wit. But every room was occupied. He was far too great a favourite to be refused. What was to be done? Happy thought—the haunted chamber! The canon, as a good priest, would, of course, have no fear of ghosts; and besides, he would know nothing of the ghost, as this was his first visit. In this, however, the good host was mistaken, for the witty canon had often heard the story and knew all about it. Accordingly, he was committed to the haunted chamber.

Next morning at breakfast, no one appeared with a brighter or happier face, or seemed fuller of high spirits and exuberant fun. 'It is quite clear,' thought the host, greatly relieved, 'he has not been disturbed in any way.'

Next morning, and the next, and the next, he still came down amongst the early ones with the same light-hearted aspect, which only those who have enjoyed sound sleep or peaceful dreams can wear. The host's anxiety at length could stand it no longer, and he congratulated his visitor on the soundness of his rest and quietude of his nights. But the witty canon, seeing his opportunity, suddenly assuming a very grave face, informed his host that his first night at any rate had been neither quiet nor undisturbed! A sudden pause and a dead silence followed, as the canon proceeded to describe how, whilst he was lying wide awake, he was aware of the presence in the room of a tall dark figure, which came up to the bed. He observed that the figure was habited as a monk, and carried a parchment roll, with which it appeared to point. The canon ended by dwelling on its ghastly colour and its glaring, horrible eyes, as they shone forth beneath the dark cowl.

A dozen anxious questions at once poured in upon the speaker: 'What did you do?' 'Did you address it?' 'Did he speak to you?' 'How did you get rid of him?'

'How?' replied the witty canon. 'Why, very easily. I asked him to subscribe to my schools and school-treat, when he vanished immediately; and I need hardly add he has never honoured me with another visit.'

IN A R R A N.

The scent of heather from the purple hills
Blends with the sweet, strong breathings of the sea.
The lark in heaven, the plover on the lea,
Stray into silence, as the star that stills
All labour, with her silvern lamp fulfils
Her kindly task, and men from toil are free.
Now gorgeous clouds like Tyrian tapestry
Engird the sun, whose light upon them thrills
Richer and fairer as he leaves their halls,
Till all the glory vanishes; and lo!
Swathed in a cloud, the little moon, new-born,
Steals timidly around the starry walls,
Until the first cool herald breeze shall blow
Upon the golden eyelids of the morn.

J. T. LEVENS.

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BY THE BLASTED HEATH.

THE barometer has fallen somewhat since last night, and there are ominous clouds looming here and there in the west; but the sky is clear blue overhead, the white road is dry and dazzling, and the sun is as hot as could be wished. Besides, is not this in the Highlands, and who cares there for rain? Never mind the wraps, then, but grasp a good hazel staff and take to the road with a light heart. Out to the eastward, the way turns along the top of the quaint fisher town with its narrow lanes and throng of low thatched roofs, till at a sudden dip the little bridge crosses the river. Sweet Nairn! The river has given its name to the town. A hundred and forty years have passed since these clear waters, wimpling now in the sun, brought down from the western moors the lifeblood of many a wounded Highlander flying from dark Culloden. The sunny waters keep a memory still of the flight of the last Prince Charles, and their flowing has not yet washed away the stain from the pursuing footsteps of the sanguinary Duke.

Like a crow-flight eastward the road runs straight, having on the left, beyond the rabbit warren, the silver-sand beach and the sea, and on the right the fertile farmlands and the farther woods. The white line glistening on the horizon yonder, far along the coast to the east, is a glimpse of the treacherous hillocks of the Culbin shifting sands. They are shining now like silver in the calm forenoon; but, as if restless under an eternal ban, they are for ever moving, and, when stirred by the strong sea-wind, they are wont yet to rise and rush and overwhelm, like the dust-storm of the Sahara. For two hundred years, a goodly manor and a broad estate have lain buried beneath those wastes, and what was once called the Garden of Moray is nothing now but a desolate sea of sand. They say that a few years ago an apple-tree of the ancient manor orchard was laid bare for some months by a drift, that it blossomed and bore fruit, and again mysteriously disappeared.

Curious visitors, too, in the open spaces where the black earth of the ancient fields is exposed, can still see the regular ridges and furrows as they were left by the flying farmers; and the ruts of cart-wheels two hundred years old are yet to be traced in the long-invisible soil. Flint arrow-heads, bronze pins and ornaments, iron fish-hooks and spear-points, as well as numerous nails, and sometimes an ancient coin, are to be picked up about the mouldered sites of long-buried villages; but the manor of Kinnaird, the only stone house on the estate, lies hidden yet beneath a mighty sand-hill, as it was by that awful storm which in three days overwhelmed nineteen farms, altered by five miles the course of a river, and blotted out a prosperous country-side. Pray heaven that yonder terrible white line by the sea may not rise again some night on its tempest wings to carry that ruin farther!

Over the sea, looking backward as the highway at last bends inland, the red cliffs of Cromarty show their long line in the sun, and, with the yellow harvest-fields above them, hardly fulfil sufficiently the ancient name of the Black Isle. Not a sail is to be seen on the open firth, and the far-stretching waters under the sunny sky bicker with the 'many-twinkling smile of ocean.' Here, though, two miles out of Nairn, where the many-ricked farmhouses lie snug among their new-shorn fields, the road rises into the trim village of Auldearn.

How neat the little gardens are before the cottages, bright yet with late autumn flowers. Yellow marigolds are glistening there within the low fences beside dark velvety calceolarias and creamy stocks, while the crimson flowers of tropeola cover the cottage walls up to the thatch, and some pale monthly roses still bloom about the windows. A peaceful place it is, and little suggestive of the carnage that it saw just a hundred years before Culloden. Yet here it was that in 1645 the great Montrose, fighting gallantly for the First Charles, drove back into utter rout the army of the covenanting parliament. Over there on the left, among sheepfolds

and dry-dike inclosures, lay his right wing with the royal standard; nearer, to the right, with their backs to the hill, stood the rest of his array with the cavalry; and here in the village street, between the two wings, his few guns deceived the enemy with a show of force. It was from the church tower up there in front that Montrose surveyed the position; and below, in the little churchyard and church itself, lie many of those who fell in the battle. They are all at peace now; the eastern Marquis and the western, Montrose and Argyll, long ago fought out their last great feud, and departed.

The country about has always been a famous place for witches, and doubtless the three who fired Macbeth with his fatal ambition belonged to Auldearn. Three miles beyond the village, the road runs across the Hardmuir, where the awful meeting took place. It is planted now with pines, and the railway runs at less than a mile's distance; but even when the road is flooded with sunshine, there is a gloom among the trees, and a strange feeling of eeriness comes upon the intruder on their solitude. Here on the left is the gate into the wood, and the witches' hillock lies at some distance out of sight. How silent the place is! Not a breath of air is moving, and the atmosphere has become close and sultry. There is no path, for few people follow their curiosity so far. Dry ditches and stumps of old trees make the walking difficult; withered branches of the pines crackle suddenly sometimes under tread; and here and there the fleshy finger of a fungus catches the eye at a tree root.

And here is the hillock. On its bald and blasted summit it is that in the lurid corpse-light,

The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;

when Macbeth, approaching the spot with Banquo on their return to King Duncan at Forres, after victory in the west over Macdonald of the Isles, exclaims:

So foul and fair a day I have not seen!

and the hags, suddenly confronting the general, greet him with the triple hail of Glamis, Cawdor, and King. The blasted hillock was indeed a fit spot for such a scene: not a blade of grass grows upon it; the withered needles and cones of the pines lie about, wan and lifeless and yellow; and there, where the witches emptied their horrid caldron, and the contents ran down the hill, the earth is bare and scorched and black. Even the trees themselves growing on the hillock are of a different sort from those on the heath around; and less than five miles from the spot, the moated keep of Cawdor, where the last awful prophecy was fulfilled by Macbeth's murder of King Duncan, frowns yet among its woods.

But what is this? The air has grown suddenly dark; the gloom is oppressive; and in the close heat it is almost possible to imagine there is a smell of sulphur. A flash of light-

ning, a rush of wind among the tree-tops, and a terrible crash of thunder just overhead! A moment's silence, a sound as if all the pines were shaking their branches together, a deluging downpour of rain, and the storm has burst. The spirits of the air are abroad, and the evil genius of the place is awake in demoniac fury. The tempest is terrific. The awful gloom among the trees is lit up by flash after flash of lightning, the cannon of thunder burst in all directions, and the rain pours in torrents. The ghastly hags might well revisit the scene of their orgies at such a moment. It is enough. The powers of the air have conquered. It is hardly safe, and by no means pleasant, to remain among the pines here in such a storm. So farewell to the deserted spot, and a bee-line for the open country. To make up for the wetting, it is consoling to think that few enthusiasts have beheld so realistic a representation of the third scene of Macbeth.

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A FISH OUT OF WATER.

'WARM, sir, or cold?' asked the boy who assisted the butler, cleaned the boots, and was generally useful about the house.

'Warm or cold *what?*' asked Richard in return.

'Please, sir, your bath. A can of warm water, or all cold, sir?'

'I don't want neither.—Bath!' exclaimed Richard.—'bath! I ain't a baby to be tubbed.—And who are you? Are you sent to tub me?'

'Please, sir, every gentleman has his bath every morning, sir. Mr Cornellis always do.'

'Every morning!' gasped Cable. 'Mercy on us—every morning! I'll have it neither hot nor cold. Take that flat pan away.'

Richard Cable's early hours surprised the household. In England, we are not early risers; we prefer the fag-end of the day to the prime of the morning. We neither rise with the sun nor set with him. The English day is like the calendar before the 'new style' was adopted, it is wrong with the sun. The scullery-maid was startled one morning to find the master laying and lighting the fire in the kitchen, to save her trouble; nor was the boy less astonished to find him blacking his own boots.

'My dear Richard,' said Josephine that same morning, 'what dirty hands you had at breakfast. What had you been doing?'

'Cleaning the boots—there are such a lot for that whipper-snapper of a boy.'

'You must not do that.—And, now I am on the subject, I have put a nail-brush in your washstand; would you mind using it?'

'Anything to please you,' answered Richard.

'And—by the way—you really must not call the butler, Sir; nor the housemaid, Miss.'

'Why not? They are as good as me.'

'It won't do; they only laugh at you behind your back. And don't address the boy as Young

Shaver; that also is not quite right.—Do not be angry with me, Richard.'

'I'm not angry,' he said. 'It's enough to make me swear.'

'Richard!'

'I only mean that it puts me in a fever to think what I ought to do and what I ought not to do. It's like what they do to lunatics—put 'em in strait-waistcoats. I seem to be in one now, and you a-lacing of me up as tight as ever you can. I'll get to like it in time maybe, but it ain't easy at first.'

'If you do not mind my speaking,' pursued Josephine, 'there is one little matter more. You managed to cut these ribs of mutton well enough last night; but you should not take the end of the chop in your hand and pick the bone with your teeth. You cut off all the meat with the knife, holding the bone with your fork.'

'But I couldn't get it all off.'

'Then send it out, cleared with the knife, as well as you can.'

'It's wicked waste.'

'I tell you it won't do. Then you wiped your fingers on your whiskers.'

'Where else would you have me wipe them? Not on the tablecloth, surely?'

'Of course not—on your napkin.'

'But that is so beautifully clean, it is a pity to dirty it.'

'It can be washed.—Richard, it won't do; the whiskers were not given to a man to clean his greasy fingers on. I saw my father laugh, and my aunt did not know which way to look. The butler ran out of the room and exploded in the hall.'

'Well,' said Cable cheerfully, 'I gave 'em a good laugh, and I'm glad of that. That butler chap seems solemn as a Methody parson. He don't seem to me like a proper human being, but to be a doll moved by clockwork. I'll try him some evening. He and I'll have a pipe and grog together, and I'll tell him some of my good stories, and see if I can't make him jolly.'

'You shall do nothing of the sort, Richard,' said Josephine sharply; 'I cannot have you demean yourself to the level of the servants.' Then seeing that he was hurt, she regretted the tone in which she had spoken, went to him, put a hand on each of his shoulders, and looking into his troubled face, said: 'Richard, I've been considering about the little ones. It won't do to have them living away in another house. It will make me jealous, for you will be always running away from me to be with them, and you will come to regard that cottage as your home, not this. Besides, if you are to break with the past mode of life, it will be best to do this altogether and at once.'

'Give up the cottage?' exclaimed Richard, and his face expressed distress.

'You will bring all the dear children here.'

'Yes,' said he, musing; 'they will like the garden; it is very pretty; but it won't quite be

like the old one, neither to them nor to me.' A look of pain was in his kind face. 'But, when the grapes are ripe, we'll go there and picnic whilst I cut the bunches.'

'There are better grapes in the houses here. The sweet-water and muscat'—

'Ain't equal to the home grapes, I'll swear,' said Cable. 'Bless me! it ain't the quality; it's the where they grows.'

'Where they grow, not grows. "They" is plural, not singular.'

'That's all,' he said in a tone of depression.

'I am afraid I interrupted you.'

'I was only thinking what larks it was—me up the ladder cutting the grapes and passing 'em down to the children; and I don't believe any other grape could taste as sweet and look as lovely as did those black Hamboros—not to the children. They growed'—

'Grew,' interjected Josephine.

'They growed,' Richard went on, disregarding the interruption, 'over the roof what all them little golden heads lay under; and I used to say that was how the bunches ripened on all sides alike. Above was the sun, and under were those six little sunny heads and hearts, warming the roof above. The black Hamboros couldn't do other than ripen under the circumstances, and be sweet as sugar-cane.'

'There is only one difficulty in the matter that occurs to me,' said Josephine, 'and that is about your mother. She would hardly like to come and live here with us. She would feel out of her element at our table and in the drawing-room; and yet, she will not like to leave the children. I have thought of engaging a nurse and a girl to attend to the children. But your mother—what is to be done with her? You see, she would be a difficulty if she associated with us; and we could not suffer her to associate with the servants. I am puzzled what to do.'

'Never think that she will come here,' said Richard. 'I don't believe she'd other than suffocate—not that she's asthmatical; but I fancy there's something here might take the breath away and kill her. I feel it; and I'm young. There ain't a room in the house where I can properly stretch my legs and arms, big though the rooms be, and I could do it in my little lean-to bedroom at the cottage.'

'What do you say, Richard, to her going into the lodge? She need not open the gate when carriages come; she can keep a girl to do that. There she will be near the children, and yet not in the house. I suggest this because I think it would suit all of us.'

'Don't ask my opinion,' said Richard sadly; 'it's a queer turnabout. When you came to me, you asked me to guide and pilot you; and now it is I, not you, am in unknown seas, and I know no more what to do and where to go than if I was in the desert of Sahara. It is you are pilot, not I. What you say is to be done—I must do; and where you say I am to turn my bows, there I steer.'

'Will your mother consent to come to the lodge?'

'I daresay, if you wish it. She's a proud woman, and would not like to intrude where she is not wanted. She's not been here yet, and will never come uninvited. She was born

and bred in that lodge, and there her father's body was brought when he was drowned, and there her mother died. It will be to her a home because of all the memories that cling about it. It is that which makes a home, miss.'

'You have forgotten—you must not call me miss.'

'Of course not. You're right, and I'm wrong. I'm in that state of muddle that I don't know anything. I was saying that it is the memories that make a home. It isn't the sticks of furniture, nor the carpets, nor the pictures. 'Tisn't even the live beings you put into the place; it is all the thoughts and experiences, the sorrows and the joys that take a long time a-growing, but which will grow everywhere, if you allow them the proper time. Everything here is strange to me. I don't know my way about the house yet, and the ways of life are stranger still. I reckon that even bringing the little ones here will not make a home of it all at once. But with time and patience, it will come. I remember how it was with that black Hamboro. It was a little bit of a plant given me by Jonas Flinders before ever I married Polly, struck off the vine he had. It was nothing, but it grew!'

'It grew,' corrected Josephine.

'It grew,' said Richard, and touched his forelock. 'It grew beautifully, little by little, first the blade, then the leaf, and then the tendril and flower, and last of all the fruit; and it ran at a gallop when once it had got upon the roof, as if it could not grow fast enough, and cover enough of warm roof, and I had to pick off scores of bunches, or it would have made too many and exhausted itself. But, you understand, that was after a while, not all at once. So, perhaps, it is here. There are the cuttings put in, and we must wait for leaf and flower and fruit and the clinging tendrils—all that will come in due time, if it please the Lord. I'll bide in patience; I can't expect it all at once.'

Richard walked away, to talk the matter over with his mother. When he was out of the house and garden, by himself on the seawall, the cloud that had been hovering over his brow descended and darkened the expression of his face. Sometimes, whilst we are watching a glittering snow-wreathed Alpine peak, on which the sun is blazing, light clouds drift across the head and disappear; then others gather and cling, and by degrees the snows are enveloped in vapour, and what was fleecy becomes heavy, and what was white darkens to purple, and the whole sky is changed; the sun is no more seen, but thunder and rain riot about the mountain. It was not quite so with Richard Cable, but threatenings of a storm appeared. Whilst he was with Josephine, he had exerted great self-control. A man sensitive and diffident, he was hurt by her correction of his mistakes, at the time that he acknowledged that he was liable to make mistakes. He wished to do what was right; but in the position in which he found himself, it was not possible for him to discover within himself the rules by which to act.

The rules of social life are to some extent arbitrary, or they are founded on conditions which a man of the people does not understand. They do not spring out of the eternal principles of right and wrong, but out of social adjustments

and compromises arrived at by generations of culture. Consequently, Richard had as little knowledge of what to do, as a man who cannot swim knows how to save himself when out of his depth, with a current carrying him out to sea. He made mistakes, floundered about, was aware that he became ridiculous, and yet did not know how to avoid error, and where to find and how to put his feet on firm ground. To a man with self-respect, with strong sense of moral dignity, such a situation is eminently galling. Richard had avoided showing how he suffered, whilst he was with Josephine; but when he was by himself, the sense of humiliation, of irritation, and a brooding anger against no particular thing and no one in particular began to overshadow and darken his spirit. Several times during his conversation with Josephine a flash had passed through his mind; but it was like summer lightning unattended by muttering thunder. Now his step had lost its even swing; he walked hastily and irregularly, as his humour altered. At one moment he was hot, and a quiver of anger ran through him; then he cooled, and his breast rose as he drew a long breath. He put up his hand to his brow. 'I declare,' he said, 'I don't know whether I'm in an ague or what is on me. I never was like this afore. Well, 'tis disconcerting, when a tug that is signalled to, instead of tugging, is taken in tow.'

Josephine, after he had left, remained with her hands in her lap, looking out of the window at nothing, thinking about Richard. She was sorry that she had said so much to him about his mistakes; but really, she did not know where to begin with his schooling, there was so much to correct in his language and manners and habits. It was strange that she observed his want of refinement now, and that she had not noticed it before. Even on board the *Josephine*, it had not been observable; it was only conspicuous when he was out of his navy-blue sailor's jacket and loose trousers and flapping collar, and cap with the ribbons behind. What a fine fellow he was walking the deck! How was it that he cut such a grotesque figure in the drawing-room? She was provoked with him that he did not conform at once to more cultured life, and accommodate himself instinctively to the methods and modes of the class into which she had translated him. Then she beat down the feeling of vexation that rose in her heart, and reasoned with herself that she was demanding of him impossibilities. She was alive to his good qualities, but they were good qualities badly set. A diamond is nothing till it is cut and polished; the precious metals must be cleansed of their dross before they acquire their proper value. The roughness of surface, the inherent dross in Richard, were unpleasantly conspicuous, and the polishing, the purifying, could not be done all at once. She began to see that he would be useless to her as an adviser, and that she would be thrown back on her father, for lack of another. Her father had treated her with great forbearance, even kindness, since her final battle with him, since he saw that she was resolved to carry her point. He had not reproached her since; he had not taken advantage of the opportunities Richard had given him for letting her see that he was out of place. He did his best to thrust Richard

forward—to insist on his occupying the principal position in the house; he showed deference to him, and himself kept in the background. This was a little provoking occasionally, because Cable was incapable of taking the lead, and wanted support and direction, which Mr Cornellis, with apparent delicacy, refrained from tendering.

Richard Cable had but just returned from the cottage, and had rejoined Josephine in the garden, to tell her the result of his interview with his mother, when a handsome carriage and pair with liveried coachman and footman drove in at the gates and drew up at the porch.

‘Good gracious!’ said Josephine, ‘there is Lady Brentwood.—Richard, do be on your *Ps* and *Qs*.’

‘On my what?’

She had no time to explain, as Lady Brentwood had seen her and was waving her parasol to her.

Josephine ran to the carriage-door, and was followed by her husband. ‘Richard, help Lady Brentwood down.—Let me introduce my husband, dear Lady Brentwood.’

Lady Brentwood was a tall fine woman, with almost white hair, and dark eyebrows, which she raised and depressed in a manner that made the person she was speaking with think she was being stared at and quizzed. Lady Brentwood was not above taking stock of the person she conversed with; but she was incapable of doing what was rude. The fact of her eyebrows being very marked and dark, and of the trick she had of throwing them up and then bringing them down again, and screwing up her eyes, gave her the appearance of being a quiz.

‘Have you come a long way, ma’am?’ asked Richard. ‘Would you like some refreshment? I’m sure you look tired.’

‘Thank you, Mr Cable,’ said Lady Brentwood, her eyebrows very elevated, and this time with real amazement. ‘I will ask your wife for a cup of tea.’

Josephine sighed. How she then wished she were cast with Richard on a desert island. They might be happy together there, but not in England. ‘Shall I ever be able to get my cub licked into shape?’ she asked herself, and sighed again. ‘I believe my father was right; I have made a fatal mistake.’

‘My dear,’ said Lady Brentwood, ‘you know me—you know what I am—the most obstinate creature in the world, only to be paralleled with the donkey, especially when set on wickedness. Now, I have set my heart on something tremendously naughty. I’m going to carry you and your husband off for a night, at once. I will take you away with me in my carriage. I’ve got Admiral Fitzgibbon, and Mr Jenkyns, who is one of the Lords of the Admiralty—and, *entre nous*, knows no more about ships than an opossum—coming to dine with me, and I want your husband to be with us. He knows all about nautical matters; he has them at his fingers’ ends; and Mr Jenkyns will be thankful to meet him. Mr Cable will be a perfect treasure to the Lord of the Admiralty. Your husband is a specialist in his way. You see I am horribly selfish and savagely frank. I tell you everything. The fact is, I want to make an agreeable dinner-party, and I know that

your good dear husband will be the dish of dishes for Mr Jenkyns and Admiral Fitzgibbon.’

‘Where is the wickedness, ma’am?’ asked Richard, much surprised. ‘If I can be of any use, or agreeable to any one, I’m heartily willing.’

‘My dear Mr Cable—is it not cruel—barbarous, to drag you and Josephine away just after your arrival, before you have had time to turn about and shake down?—before you have unpacked all the treasures you have picked up on your wedding tour?—before you have arranged the pretty presents given you on your marriage? Upon my word, I am ashamed of myself; but there—I am the most selfish woman in the world.’ Up went her eyebrows. ‘I have told you my reasons; I play with my cards on the table.’

‘Why, ma’am,’ said Richard Cable, ‘I don’t see that this is cruel of you, not barbarous at all, but very kind. Some folks, when they do a pretty thing, make a deal of palaver about it. But you, ma’am, as I judge, do a kind thing, and try to make it seem as if it was you who were favoured, and not we.’

Lady Brentwood raised her eyebrows; she was touched with the simplicity of the man; but Josephine thought the raised brows meant that she was amused at his simplicity and was inwardly laughing at it; so she said hastily: ‘You are indeed most kind—but you are always kind.’ She cast a look at her husband, intended to bid him hold his tongue and leave the conduct of the affair to her. ‘But’—

‘I will take no *buts*,’ said Lady Brentwood. ‘I have Mr Cable on my side, I am sure.’

‘Well, ma’am,’ he began again; but Josephine cut him short.

‘I shall be very happy, dear Lady Brentwood’—she looked at her husband indignantly as she emphasised the title of her visitor—‘I shall be only too pleased to be with you; but, unfortunately, my husband cannot accompany me.’

‘Why not?’ asked Lady Brentwood with pursed lips and raised brows.

‘You see, he has so much to attend to just at present—about the yacht. There are the men.’ An idea flashed through her head. ‘They are to have their supper to-night, and it would perhaps hurt their feelings if Richard did not attend.’

‘Can you not postpone the supper?’

‘Hardly. I suppose the goose is killed and stuffed. The men will be paid off and dispersed.’

‘But, my dear, we have a lawn-tennis party to-morrow, and Mr Jenkyns leaves to-morrow morning. It is such an opportunity. I really have set my heart on introducing the Admiral and Mr Jenkyns to your husband. You know Admiral Fitzgibbon? His wife is a charming woman, the daughter of Lord Arthur St Clair.’

A dinner at Brentwood Hall! Her husband encircled by an exalted naval officer, a Lord of the Admiralty, gentlemen of county position, ladies of high degree and perfect polish, all quizzing and observing. The idea to Josephine was intolerable. She thought of him sitting on the edge of a chair with his knees wide apart, and his great red hands on each knee, his elbows stiff, his boots shapeless, his face brown. She thought of him cutting his bread, holding the knife at

the junction of the blade and the haft, and cutting the bread against his thumb. It would never do. If he were resolved to go, she would stay at home. The colour mounted to her cheeks.

'Impossible, I do assure you, dear Lady Brentwood. You must really excuse him. In a little while, it will be different. My husband will be more free; now, his hands are tied. There are'—she hesitated—'reasons which make it necessary for him to stay; but I will attend you, if you will put up with poor me.'

'My dear,' said Lady Brentwood, laughing, 'the lavender will flourish here.'

'Lavender! What do you mean?'

'Do you know, Mr Cable?' asked the visitor with a mischievous but good-humoured laugh.

'No, ma'am—I mean, my lady.' He caught his wife's eye. 'I don't see why lavender should not thrive here; it likes a sandy soil, and the sand comes out in the garden. I can't say I've observed any in the beds; but I'm partial myself to lavender, and I'll have some put in; least-ways'—he corrected himself—'I have no doubt *she* will, and if she don't care to have it here, I can plant some in the cottage garden.'

'Oh,' said Lady Brentwood, laughing, and with elevated eyebrows—'oh, the lavender will grow here.'

Josephine winced, and was hot. What did her visitor mean? Was she poking fun at her?

'You do not know?' asked Lady Brentwood. 'I'll tell you all about it in the carriage.—Well, if it must be—I must swallow my disappointment. But what shall I do? These dear fox-hunters and sporting men will talk of nothing but runs and covers; and the Admiral and Mr Jenkins will perish with ennui. You won't let Mr Cable come to the rescue. I am disposed to turn sulky; but there—I will not press you, though I feel sure, if I appealed to Mr Cable, I might carry my point. I can see it in his face. However, if the lavender is to grow, I will not interfere with its planting.'

Josephine's nerves were tingling; her finger-ends burnt as though she had touched nettles. On one side was Lady Brentwood torturing her; on the other her husband with infinite possibilities of *gaucherie* in him, and she did not know what he might say or do next moment. She started to her feet with a sense of relief when her father and Aunt Judith entered the room. 'Dear Lady Brentwood,' she said, and her voice, in spite of her efforts to control it, shook slightly, 'you must not try your powers of persuasion; you know that you are irresistible. It is hard of me to ask you to receive me alone; but indeed my husband cannot, must not come. It is hard for me to attempt to entertain Lords of the Admiralty; but I have had my experience of sandbanks on which one may be cast away—and I can talk of that.' Then, at once, her temples flushed, as she thought that Lady Brentwood might suspect in these words a covert reference to her unfortunate marriage.—'Here is Aunt Judith! Whilst I get together my few effects, she will entertain you.—Richard will come and help me. He is, what I am not, a neat packer. I bundle all my things into the box, and sugar them over with pins.—Come, Richard!—You will excuse us, Lady Brentwood, I am sure.' Then she whisked out of the room,

followed leisurely by Cable. She slid her hand up the banister, and clutched it tightly at every few steps with convulsive twinges. She was in a state of quivering nervous excitation.

TWO RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN LIGHTING.

BY AN ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.

I.—INDOOR LIGHTING.

CONSIDERABLE attention has recently been paid to the subject of domestic illumination, on account of the rivalry which has sprung up between gas and electricity since the latter began to make such headway in popular favour. If electric lighting had done no other good than that of rousing into activity the dormant gas Companies, it would still deserve a large amount of public gratitude. Those interested in gas have, ever since the electric light assumed a prominent and threatening position, made every endeavour to lower its price to the consumer, to improve its illuminating power, and, as if to prepare for the very worst, to find new applications for it, as in gas-engines, for cooking and for heating purposes. In the latter they have been singularly successful, for already the consumption of gas for cooking purposes alone is very great. The illuminating power of gas has also been increased, partly by more careful manufacture, and partly by improvements in the form of burner.

The luminosity of gas may be improved in three ways: Firstly, by the introduction of heavy gases or vapours of greater luminosity into the ordinary gas flame. These vapours burnt alone would smoke to an unpleasant extent; but when diluted with gas, they burn clear, and increase the power of the latter. The Albo-carbon Light is a successful application of this principle. Here the vapour of naphthaline is in small quantities automatically intermixed in the flame with a very brilliant result. Secondly, by increasing the temperature of the gas, or the gas and air, before combustion. The Wenham and the Bower regenerative burners are examples of this form of improvement. Thirdly, by the introduction of some incombustible substance which at a high temperature becomes itself luminous. No more familiar illustration of this principle can be given than the limelight. Here two gases—hydrogen and oxygen—are burnt in proper proportions; the flame produced is non-luminous, but intensely hot; it is allowed to impinge on a small cylinder of lime, which at this temperature becomes so highly incandescent that the light it emits is exceedingly dazzling and brilliant. It is the light most commonly used for magic-lantern purposes; but it is troublesome, costly, and dangerous.

Persons interested in gas illumination are familiar with a number of ways of applying the foregoing principles, on which improvements in the luminosity of gas flames are founded; but, with the exception of the systems above named, there are only a few which have proved a commercial success.

The improvement about to be recorded here belongs to the third principle stated above, and it may simply be regarded as an imitation of the limelight in a form suitable for domestic purposes. The limelight cannot be used ordinarily because

the temperature of coal-gas flames is too low to render the lime cylinder incandescent. Some substitute for lime must therefore be found which becomes incandescent at easily attainable temperatures. Such a substitute Clamond found, a few years ago, in threads of magnesia supported on platinum netting. The present improvements by Dr Auer Welsbach, of Vienna, and Mr James MacTear, lately of Glasgow, and of artificial diamond notoriety, were but steps in the same direction, and resulted in the employment of materials better suited to the purpose, but rarer than lime or magnesia. These two inventors have worked in lines very similar to each other, so similar, indeed, that we find Mr MacTear's name among the directorate of a Company about to be established for the sale of the Welsbach system of incandescent lighting, and it would not surprise us to hear that the two systems are incorporated.

Dr Welsbach uses a cowl of specially prepared cotton or wool about two and a half inches high, and of a diameter to suit the size of the burner. The cowl is supported by platinum wire held by iron rods or by other means. The cotton or wool is impregnated with a solution of certain salts of zirconium, and lanthanum or yttrium; and when heated, the cotton or wool burns away, and a network incrustation, consisting probably of the oxides of the metals used, remains, and becomes highly incandescent. The cowl cannot be placed on the ordinary yellow flame of gas, on account of its low temperature, and its tendency to deposit soot on any cold body brought in contact with it. The ordinary flame is therefore, by a simple arrangement for the admission of air into the gas previous to combustion, converted into the blue atmospheric flame, which is sufficiently hot to render the netted cowl incandescent. It is said that each cowl costs a farthing, and it burns with undiminished brilliancy for a thousand hours.

Mr MacTear's system differs from the preceding only in the shape of the burner and the salts used to produce incandescence. He winds the fibrous material round a thin platinum wire, and then twists this cotton-covered wire into a helical, a spiral, or a gridiron-like form. He saturates this wick with hydrate of strontium, then dries and ignites it, leaving oxide of the same metal. Or he may add to the same wick hydrate of zirconium in addition; or a soluble salt of barium or of thorium alone, or in combination with any of the preceding. As before, these salts when ignited leave an incrustation, which assumes the shape and position of the fibrous material which burns away.

It is certified for this system that the saving of gas is fifty per cent., and that each cubic foot of Glasgow gas consumed gives, with the Welsbach burner, on an average a light equal to about nine candles. It is also stated that the burner can be adapted to the ordinary gas fittings at a trifling expense.

Whatever may be the future of the light, it is certainly an inexpensive improvement on ordinary gas flames, and commends itself to us more particularly by the soundness of the principles upon which it is worked.

II.—OUTDOOR LIGHTING.

When large building or mining or kindred operations are carried on in the open air, there is

some difficulty in getting a sufficiently powerful light at a moderate expense. At the present time, the electric and the lime lights are the only ones suitable for this purpose. Both are satisfactory so far as illumination is concerned; but they are too costly, and, as a rule, too troublesome. No builder would dream of transporting the apparatus necessary for the production of the electric light to a job lasting a few hours or even a few days, on account of the heavy expenses such transportation would entail. The limelight, if it were not for its cost and the risk of explosion, commends itself particularly as an itinerant light. There is no heavy machinery belonging to it, in fact no machinery at all. Everything is ready to hand, and the light can be produced in less than five minutes. The oxygen and hydrogen contained in the bags may be comfortably carried on a boy's shoulder, and the lamp, which is simplicity itself, in his hand, so that the cost of transport is not worth taking into account. But the gases oxygen and hydrogen are very expensive, and, in places remote from large towns, almost impossible to obtain. This is the greatest drawback to the limelight.

That a want existed for a cheap and practical outdoor light is evident, and this want has been supplied by Mr J. B. Hannay's light, known commercially under the name of 'Lucigen.' It is not a little singular that the two Scotch chemists mentioned above—Messrs MacTear and Hannay—should have their names associated about the same time with two new systems of lighting; for it will be remembered that soon after Mr MacTear announced that he had discovered a method for manufacturing artificial diamonds, which did not turn out quite satisfactory after all, Mr Hannay also announced a similar discovery, with the result that his diamonds stood the tests of experts, but were declared of too small a size to be of any use commercially.

To enter into a full description of Mr Hannay's lamp would be out of place here. Suffice it to say that the construction is very complicated, and purposely designed to admit of the use of the very crudest oils—oils practically without commercial value. The ordinary lamp of two thousand candle-power holds thirty gallons of oil; but smaller sizes are made. The oil is burned in the form of spray, the spray being produced by the action of compressed air. An air-compressor is therefore required for the working of the lamp, and may be worked by hand or by steam. Steam-crane are now so commonly used in buildings, that no extra expense is incurred in compressing the air. A light of two thousand candle-power can be obtained at a cost of about threepence an hour, according to the statement of the inventors; but, according to the certificate of Dr Wallace of Glasgow, the cost must be even less, for he found that the thirty-gallon lamp consumed nearly two and a quarter gallons of oil (costing barely twopenny) per hour, and gave a light equal to two thousand seven hundred and ninety-six standard candles. The light has had a fair trial, and general satisfaction is expressed by those who use it. It is eminently suited for industrial purposes, as the lamp will burn almost any kind of oil. The cheapest oil that can be obtained is creosote oil, price about one penny a gallon, or even less, and

this is the kind generally used. It can be obtained at the gasworks; and as gasworks are so numerous and scattered, there is no difficulty in obtaining it.

One great advantage possessed by this light is that it does not require protection from aerial currents. Indeed, the storm produced within the lamp by the compressed air is so great that the flame defies any storm from without. The noise made by the flame is sufficient evidence of the violence of the storm which is going on within the lamp. The flame is also so long—about three feet in the two-thousand-candle lamp—that the light is well diffused, and the objectionable black shadows produced by the electric light are entirely absent. The flame can be bent into any position—horizontal, vertical, or at any angle with these positions. This is a great advantage for some purposes. Another advantage is, that the total original cost for plant is said to be only one-fourth that required for the electric light; and the machinery being of a much lighter description, can be more readily transported from place to place.

This light promises to have a successful future; and in conclusion, it is only fair to say that associated with Mr Hannay in the patent taken out for the lamp is the name of Mr Lyle, to whom, as engineer, probably belongs the credit of devising the mechanical arrangements of the lamp, which is of most ingenious construction.

B L O O D - M O N E Y .

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.—TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

RIVELING HALL was about two miles from Sheffield, and the Riving water ran by the foot of the park. The grounds were extensive for a merely suburban residence; and the house was large, but less pretentious in its style of architecture than its title would have suggested. It was the property of Richard Edwards, Esq.

This gentleman had arrived in Sheffield about twenty years ago; and, having a small capital, had invested it in the business of a clever but impecunious man. Under the direction of Edwards, the trade of the firm rapidly developed. Year by year its reputation for thorough work extended, and the demand for the productions of Messrs Edwards and Clark increased. The little workshop in which Edwards had found Clark grew into a huge building, in which two hundred people were employed. The restless energy of Edwards carried everything before it; and, on the death of his partners, he, being now free to act as he pleased, added still further to the works. Some marvelled at the rapidity of his rise in the manufacturing world; some envied it; but although he obtained the homage which wealth can always command from the majority of mortals, there were few who sincerely called him friend. In his success he was generous. He built churches, subscribed munificently to local and general charities, and no real case of distress which was brought under his notice was ever

allowed to remain unrelieved. Whilst prosperous in the highest degree in business, his domestic life was one of profound gloom. He built Riving Hall, and wedded a lady who possessed a considerable fortune. Children were born, and passed away one by one before the joys of paternity could be realised. Then his wife died, and Edwards was left with increased riches, but a cheerless home.

About this time he brought from a French boarding-school a girl about fifteen years old, who was understood to be his daughter by a former marriage. As Lizzie Edwards was a bright and beautiful creature, he doubtless supposed that she would bring some happiness to the desolate hearth. Whether she did so or not, no one could tell. The girl was supplied with all the luxury that heart could desire; but in her twentieth year, although more beautiful than when she first arrived at the Hall, she did not appear to be so light-hearted as she had been then. There was an old housekeeper who shook her head, and whispered in confidence to her cronies: 'There seems to be a curse on this house.'

On a bright day in June, there stood, under the shadow of a beech-tree at the foot of the park, a man, who was looking eagerly towards the Hall, and was evidently watching for the coming of somebody. He was young—about twenty-eight—and well favoured by nature in face and figure. He wore a dark tweed suit, and a low-crowned felt hat. Youth and strength were his, and yet, on this bright day, there was trouble in his heart. But the sunlight flashed in his eyes when he saw a girl, simply but prettily dressed, emerge from the house. She put up her sunshade, and walked—leisurely, as it seemed, like one who is merely taking an airing—across the park in the direction of the beech-tree.

'She is coming, then!' the man whispered joyfully to himself, as he drew back a little, so that the trunk of the tree stood between him and the house.

When the girl was near the tree, she gave a hasty and frightened look backwards, as if to assure herself that she was not followed. No one was visible, and she cautiously quickened her steps. This was Lizzie Edwards; and he who was waiting for her was George Corbet, a civil-engineer, in business in Sheffield.

'I am grateful to you, Lizzie, for this proof of your confidence in me,' he said fervently.

The girl's hand trembled in his. She seemed half afraid to look at him. 'Did you need any proof of that?' she asked simply, and raised her eyes.

'No, no; and I will try not to repeat that mad proposal of flight. But you told me to hope and wait.'

'And I repeat the words now—hope and wait.' The words were accompanied by a faint smile, intended to comfort him.

'Then what I have heard is not true—you have not consented to marry Sir Joshua Wigan?'

'My consent has not been asked. My father expects that, having told me, I must not think of you: time and separation from you will bring me round to his wishes, by enabling me to under-

stand and appreciate the great honour intended for me.'

'And but for me, you might accept that honour—ay, and be happy, perhaps, for Sir Joshua is known to be a good fellow,' commented Corbet gloomily. 'You are barred from a position most women would be proud of, by my selfish love.'

'And my own,' she added with gentle chiding in her voice.

'Ah!—that is my justification.' The glad light was in his eyes again. 'But if I thought that by going away and giving you time to forget me, as your father wishes—if, by doing this, I thought your happiness would be more assured than it can be by me, I think I could do it.'

'Hush, George! You know that I cannot forget you; and if you were capable of such cruelty, I should suffer, but could not forget.'

'I am sure of it, my darling; and that is why I do not mean to make such a useless sacrifice. But we must look our position square in the face. You are the daughter of a wealthy man; and I am comparatively a poor one, with only "prospects" to reckon in my favour. Your father refuses to wait until some of these prospects are realised. We cannot blame him for that—at least not much'—

'But I understand, Sir Joshua is not rich,' she interrupted.

'He has his title and his pedigree, and they are worth a great deal in the eyes of some people. Your father is one of them, and he thinks that the best he can do for you is to give you to this worthy man. We think differently, and can offer no other explanation for our audacity than that we love each other.'

'Is that not enough, George?'

'To us, yes; but to your father, no. We are fools, in his opinion, and blind ones too, for we cannot see that he is only saving us from an act of folly, which, if committed, we should bitterly repent. We don't believe that, and he asserts his authority. He forbids our engagement, and presents to you the man he has chosen to be your husband. He will use his authority still further, and insist upon your obedience. Do you think you are strong enough to hold out against his arguments, his persuasions, and his commands?'

It was difficult for the girl to answer this question. She believed that she would be strong enough to hold out against every influence brought to bear on her; but when thought with its instantaneous photographic power presented to her the picture of the rebellious attitude she would be compelled to assume towards her father, she hesitated, doubting herself, and afraid to pain her lover by any faltering answer. She knew that no arguments, persuasions, or commands could alter her affection; but what she might do to escape constant persecution, it was not easy for her to decide. Then she looked at Corbet, and meeting his eager, inquiring gaze, she answered impulsively: 'Yes, I am strong enough to resist them all; but my father will not insist when he sees that insistence is useless. He will not insist when he sees that if I did consent, I should be miserable.'

'I hope it may be as you believe; but—Lizzie, the day is already fixed for your marriage. Your father is not to wait until you have forgotten me;

he has decided to carry out his plans at once, in order to give us no chance of spoiling them.'

The girl stood dumbly gazing at her lover. Surprise and dismay were in her expression. She only said under her breath: 'There *must* be some mistake—it is not possible that my father would do this without one word to me.'

'I did not think he would; but he has—he himself told me yesterday. That was why I asked you to meet me here.'

'Oh, but he must have spoken when he was in anger, and in the hope that the statement would discourage you.' She was seeking vainly for any explanation which would tally with her own wishes. She could not bring herself to believe that her father would attempt to force her will by publicly announcing the marriage, so that, in dread of the scandal which her open rebellion would cause, she might yield.

'He was angry; but he meant what he said.—Now, my poor Lizzie, how are we to resist him?'

'I do not know. But they *cannot* force me. No, no; they will not try. My father is cold—sometimes harsh, maybe; but he does desire my happiness; I am sure of that. It is only because he is so proud of me that he wants to bring about this marriage.' She had been speaking excitedly, but suddenly checked herself, and said calmly: 'No matter what they may do, George, I am yours until you reject me.'

He clasped her hands in his: there was no need to speak; no need to repudiate an impossible contingency. His silence was a more solemn assurance of constancy than the loudest protestations in words could have been. She felt it so, and there was infinite trust in the tender blue eyes which gazed into his. Whatever evil fortune might betide him, he had one possession which Fate could not take from him—the love of a true woman. He knew it, and the knowledge made him strong.

The blissful silence was disturbed, and the confident smile faded from their faces, when Corbet, looking up, saw Mr Edwards advancing towards them. 'Here is your father,' he said quietly; 'I suppose there will be another rumpus; but do not fear; I shall keep my temper.'

Instead of trying to avoid the father, they advanced to meet him. Lizzie could not help a slight feeling of trepidation; but she, like her lover, was conscious of some new strength within her which would sustain her against any wrath or tyranny that might be exercised upon her.

Mr Edwards bent his head in recognition of Corbet as they halted. 'You can say good-bye to Mr Corbet, Lizzie, and go into the house; I want to speak to our friend.' There was no anger or irony in his voice; he spoke as if there were nothing strained or unusual in the position of affairs.

She obeyed him; and as she slowly made her way back to the house, the two men stood face to face—both calm and both resolute.

Mr Edwards was a short, square-shouldered man, verging on his fiftieth year; but although his clean-shaven face should have made him look younger, the deep furrows on his brow and under the eyes combined with the plentiful sprinkling of gray amongst his crisp black hair to add at least ten years to his apparent age. His features

were rugged, and suggested a hard indomitable nature; whilst his quick, pale brown eyes indicated restlessness of spirit rather than energy. In spite of this contradiction of his physiognomy, he gave the impression of being a man with whom one would not care to quarrel lightly.

'I am sorry, Corbet,' he began in a subdued voice, 'that I spoke so hastily at our last meeting—all the more sorry, as your presence here to-day proves that my words made no impression on you. For my haste and anything unpleasant I may have said, you must find excuse in my anxiety about the future of my daughter, and in the fact that you have so seriously interfered with my plans for her welfare.'

Corbet was as much confounded by the manner as the matter of this address. He had anticipated wrathful reproaches, and had prepared himself to meet them with a resolute refusal to abandon his hopes of yet convincing Mr Edwards that Lizzie's happiness could not be secured by trying to separate her from the man she loved. But he was completely taken off his guard by the mild tone and the apology of the father.

'Certainly, your reasons for feeling annoyed are ample,' he said frankly; 'and I trust that you will admit my reasons for declining to accept your decision as final are also good.'

'From your present point of view, yes. When you are older, if you ever think of my position, you will acknowledge that in acting as I am doing, my conduct is prompted by a natural desire that my daughter in beginning life should have the advantage of my experience.'

'Without waiting to be older, I acknowledge that you are actuated by the best of motives; but I can never acknowledge that you are right in taking Lizzie from me, unless you know something which justifies you in believing me unworthy of her.'

'Then your idea is, that a perfectly inexperienced girl may decide for herself on the most important step in her life, without regard to the wishes or judgment of her parent?'

'That is rather a hard and fast way of putting it, Mr Edwards. I certainly do not mean that your wishes or judgment should be disregarded; but on your side, I think you are bound to consider her wishes.—Now, tell me straight out what is your objection to me?'

'One that you will not appreciate: you cannot give her the position I desire her to attain.'

'And in order to give her the position which would gratify your own vanity, you would sacrifice her happiness!' exclaimed Corbet passionately.

Mr Edwards remained perfectly calm; indeed, he seemed to be sorry for the young man, and ready to make all due allowance for his excitement. 'I do not think her happiness is at stake,' he answered quietly, without any reference to the charge against himself. 'So far as you are concerned, I own that you have made a deep impression on her mind; but she is too young for that impression to be permanent. You also are in the same position; and one day you will both thank me for having interfered with this youthful fancy.'

'Never!—I think you do not know Lizzie, and I am sure that you do not know me.'

'That may be; but I know myself; and unless

you can give me more tangible evidence than mere assertions of ineradicable affection, and so forth, that the course I have chosen for my daughter will mar not make her future, I shall claim a parent's privilege to guide her, and, if necessary, to command her obedience.'

'But you cannot command my obedience to your will; and as I know that she will be true to me, you will be obliged to submit in the end.'

'You speak more like an audacious schoolboy than a man of common-sense, Corbet; and in so doing, you are proving to me that my decision is the right one—you are too impulsive to be a safe guardian for my daughter. She will obey me.'

Corbet smarted under the words 'audacious schoolboy,' although they were uttered so calmly that they seemed to be meant rather as a kindly reproval than as an expression of contempt. He controlled the passion which was threatening to master him, and answered with firmness and some degree of composure: 'If she does obey you, Mr Edwards, it will be under the influence of your enforced authority; and I refuse beforehand to be bound by any constraint you may exercise upon her. I shall not release her from the pledge she has given to me until she herself asks me to do so.'

'Very well; she shall ask you.'

'But I shall have to be satisfied that she asks of her own free-will, and not under compulsion.'

'I see that it is useless to attempt to reason with you, Corbet; and as you are resolved to ignore me in this business, I must adopt what measures may be in my power to prevent you from seeing or corresponding with her.'

'You will fail.'

'Well,' answered Mr Edwards with a faint smile at this defiance, 'it is said that love laughs at locksmiths; but it does not always prove strong enough to overthrow the sense of duty to which I mean to appeal.—Good-bye; and I am sorry that you and I must cease to be even acquaintances.'

'So be it,' rejoined Corbet in his strong clear voice.—'Good-bye.' He walked swiftly away; and Mr Edwards, with both hands resting on the handle of his heavy staff, stood looking after him. There was no anger in the expression of his face, despite the young man's bold defiance of all that a father regards as his natural authority. Regret and doubt were the feelings which disturbed his mind—regret that he should have been obliged to quarrel with this impetuous and not too civil young man, of whose abilities he had formed a high estimate; and doubt lest he should not be taking the best course to assure his daughter's happiness. Since he desired that above all things, why should he not surrender to the wishes of the lovers, and let them take their chance of finding out whether or not they had blundered in opposing his experienced counsel?

To his relief came the cynical reflection, that if he did yield to them, Corbet would speedily discover how he had hampered himself by marrying at the threshold of his career; and she, perceiving how much more successful he might have been if he had been free, would be miserable.

That must not be; and the place of this gloomy vision was taken by one of Lizzie as Lady Wigan of Foxmoor, lifted at once into a high place in the ranks of the aristocracy—for the baronetcy of Foxmoor was one of the oldest in England, and esteemed above any modern earldom. Lizzie was a girl of spirit, he felt sure, and would speedily come to appreciate the position his wealth had provided for her, while she would find in Sir Joshua a faithful and attached husband.

What nonsense for him to hesitate: he had decided aright, and he would not commit such an egregious act of folly as he would do if he were to thrust aside his own judgment and experience for a girl's fancy. He turned, and walked thoughtfully across the park. On entering the house, he sent for Lizzie; and she found him in the library, standing with hands clasped behind him, gazing out at the window. He was so absorbed that he did not hear her approach, and she remained for a few moments timidly waiting for him to speak. At length: 'Papa, you sent for me,' she said in her soft voice.

He started, and wheeled round as if he had been frightened by something. His face was pale, and bore the expression of one who has been suddenly roused from a painful dream. The thought which was torturing him took the form of a question iterated and reiterated by mysterious voices in his brain with a monotonous cadence that worried him and defied all his efforts to silence it. 'Am I in the right? Or will this be another act of betrayal which will drive me to madness?'

These words were still ringing in his ears, when he spoke to her in a somewhat dazed fashion: 'Yes, yes; I want to speak to you, Lizzie. Sit down. We must try to be very cool, for what I have to say will affect your whole life, and mine also. Come over to the sunshine.' He pointed to a chair in the window recess, whilst he sank on one opposite, passing his hand over his eyes, as if to clear away a mist. A bright sunbeam passed like a golden bar between them.

THE FLOWERS AND PERFUMES OF SOUTHERN FRANCE.

For nearly a century the culture of flowers on a large commercial scale, and the manufacture of perfumes and essences, have formed a special and lucrative industry in the south of France. The principal part of this dainty manufacture is at Grasse, in the department of the Maritime Alps; but it is also conducted on a more or less extensive scale at Sommières, Nîmes, Nyons, Seillans, and other neighbouring points. As the business is largely extending, and the exports of perfumes are increasing, the American consul at Marseilles has visited the districts, and has sent home an interesting Report to his government. In this, the subject is naturally divided into two branches—the first dealing with the culture of flowers and blossoms; and the second, the manufacture therefrom of the pomades, essences, and perfumed waters of commerce.

The kinds of flowers principally grown, and their season of harvest, are the violet, jonquil,

and mignonette, which are usually gathered in February, March, and April; although in mild, moist winters the violets begin as early as December; roses and orange blossoms, with thyme and rosemary, in May and June; jasmines and tuberoses in July and August; lavender and spikenard in September; and the acacia in October and November. The harvest of flowers covers, therefore, about three-fourths of the year; but the season of greatest activity is May and June, when the roses and orange blossoms are gathered. Thyme, rosemary, and lavender are among the minor products, grown principally in rural districts by grape and olive farmers, who have at home the simple apparatus required to distil the flowers, and who produce a more or less inferior class of essences, which are used to dilute and adulterate the superior essences produced at the larger establishments in towns and villages.

As the conditions of industrial success in flower-growing can be best studied by a specific example, the plantation belonging to Madame de Rostaing, at Seillans, in the department of Var, may be taken as a typical farm. It includes about twenty-three acres, located on the southern slope of the Maritime foot hills, about two thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and about twenty miles from the coast. The calcareous soil was naturally thin and poor; and the olive trees which had occupied the ground for a century or more prior to 1881 yielded but scanty and unsatisfactory returns. The slope of the surface was so steep, that the waters of a spring which flows from the rocks above the tract could be but imperfectly utilised for irrigation, and the land was regarded as practically worthless. In 1881, the proprietress caused the olive trees to be removed and the land prepared for flower-culture. First, the ground was dug up to a depth of four feet, the larger stones removed, and built into sustaining walls for the terraces into which the surface was divided and levelled. Along the upper margin of each terrace, a shallow ditch was cut, connecting with transverse channels, which supply the spring-water for irrigation. The abruptness of the slope will be indicated by the fact that, on a tract of eighteen acres, the terrace walls required to produce a series of level or gently sloping surfaces, are two thousand one hundred and sixty-six yards in length. Thus terraced, the tract yielded seventeen and a half acres of prepared land for planting. In the autumn of 1881, forty-five thousand tufts of violets, and one hundred and forty thousand roots of the white jasmine, were planted; and in the following spring, the remainder of the ground was planted with roses, geraniums, tuberoses, and jonquils, and a laboratory erected for the manufacture of perfumes. The location proved to have been well chosen; the flower-plants grew vigorous and strong; and in 1885, the fourth year after planting, the farm which had previously yielded a rental of twenty-three pounds a year, produced perfumes of the value of £8620, and gave a net profit for the year of £1533, 16s. The difficult nature of the ground had made its preparation unusually laborious and expensive; but in this balance-sheet, the interest on the entire investment is included in the expense account, so that the profits as

stated appear to be clear and legitimate. Of course, the plants and shrubs at Seillans have not yet reached their full productive capacity; but the results of the fourth year illustrate sufficiently how lucrative flower-farming may become in favourable locations and under good management.

From the observations made on this and many other farms where perfume-flower-growing is the leading branch of agriculture, it is clear that there are certain conditions essential to success. The first is an altitude of from five hundred to two thousand feet, as flowers grown on such high locations are said to be far more rich in perfume than similar varieties which bloom in valleys and lowlands. The next condition is a soil rich in calcareous elements. Thirdly, the situation should be sheltered from cold northern winds, and not subject to the white frosts which, in spring and autumn, affect the damp lowlands. In countries like Southern France, where the rainfall is always scanty, and often wanting entirely from May to September, irrigation is essential also; but no doubt there are spots with sufficient humidity where this could be dispensed with.

One essential principle in perfume-culture is, that all fancy and 'improved' varieties of flowers are discarded, and the natural, simple, old-fashioned kind are exclusively grown. The roses grown are the common pink ones; the single wild violet is preferred to all the larger artificially developed varieties; and not a double tuberose is to be seen on any farm. Only the white jasmine is used, the yellow and less fragrant variety being either discarded or unknown. The jasmine plants are set in rows about ten inches apart, and are closely pruned every year. Roses are grown on the lower terraces, and are likewise cut low, and the ground between the trees heavily manured. After the roses have been gathered, the stem is cut to within a few inches of the ground, so as to conserve for the next season the entire vigour of the plant.

During the harvest season, traders, or middlemen, go through the country every day with wagons collecting flowers from the farms, for which they pay prices varying according to the extent of the crop and the demands of the market. Their fragrant load is hurried to the nearest manufacturer, and delivered while the flowers are still fresh and crisp. It is necessary that the flowers should be gathered in the morning as soon as possible after the dews of the preceding night have disappeared. In many cases, laboratories are erected on the flower-farm itself; and if the farm is of sufficient size, this adds very much to the profits.

This brings us to the subject of the manufacture of perfumes, which includes the making of 'pomades' and oils by the process of absorption, and of essences and essential oils by distillation. Every complete establishment is equipped with apparatus for all these processes.

Pomades are the commercial vehicle for absorbing and transporting the perfumes of the jonquil, tuberose, jasmine, and a few other species of flowers. A square frame, or *chassis*, of white wood, about twenty inches by thirty inches in size, is set with a pane of strong plate-glass. On each side of the glass is spread a thin, even layer

of grease, which has been purified and refined. Thus prepared, the frames are piled up in ranks six or seven feet high, to await the season of each special flower. When the blossoms arrive, the petals are picked from the stem—the pistils and stamens being discarded—and laid so as to cover the grease in each frame. These being again piled so as to rest upon their wooden edges, which fit closely together, there is formed a series of tight chambers, the floors and ceilings of which are of grease, exposed to the perfume of the flower-leaves within. The grease absorbs the perfume; the spent flowers are removed daily, and fresh ones supplied; and this process goes on from two to four or five months, according to the desired strength of the pomade, which, when sufficiently charged with perfume, is taken from the glass with a wide thin spatula, and packed in tin cans for export. By these methods, the delicate odours of flowers are extracted and retained for transport to distant markets, where, being treated with alcohol, they yield their perfume to that stronger vehicle, and produce the floral waters and extracts of commerce. Coarser pomades are made by boiling the flowers in the grease and subjecting the residue to pressure. The spent pomades are used for toilet purposes and in the manufacture of fine soaps.

The process of preparing perfumed oils involves the same principle, except that, instead of solid grease, superfine olive oil is used. With this oil, pieces of coarse cotton fabric are saturated, which are then spread upon wire-netting stretched in wooden frames about three feet by four feet in size. The flowers are spread upon the saturated cloths, and the frames piled one above the other, so that the perfume of the flowers is absorbed as in the previous process.

Essences and 'flower-waters' are produced by ordinary distillation, in which the flowers are boiled with water in large alembics. The vapour carries off the perfume, and is condensed in adjoining copper tanks, like ordinary spirits. Some of the retorts used for this purpose are of sufficient size to receive at once half a ton of fresh flowers with the requisite water for their distillation. When 'flower-waters' are to be produced, alcohol is used in the distilling tank to receive the perfumes. By skilful combinations of the perfumes of different flowers, sometimes with the addition of chemicals, a large variety of handkerchief extracts, such as 'Patchouli,' 'Jockey Club,' 'West End,' &c., are produced.

All these details of manufacture require careful and skilful manipulation. A mild, uniform temperature is secured by the heavy stone buildings in which the process of absorption is conducted, and scrupulous cleanliness is required at every stage of the manufacture. After removing the pomades from the frames, the glass is removed and cleansed with alkalies, and the frames scraped to remove every vestige of grease, which, by becoming rancid, might spoil the product of the next operation. The work of the manufactories is largely done by women, who earn from tenpence to one shilling for a day of ten hours. During the busy season of roses and orange-flowers, they earn half as much more by working until midnight, or later. Labourers on the flower-farms receive the ordinary low wages paid for agricultural labour in the district, as

there is nothing in the culture of the flowers that is beyond the skill and understanding of an ordinary farm-hand, when directed by an intelligent and experienced overseer.

THE NEW RULE.

A HOSPITAL COMEDY.

THE directors, governor, and matron of St Lazarus' Hospital had unanimously promulgated a new law—a wise and salutary enactment, it may be, but one of terrible import—namely, that every nurse who became 'engaged' to a student or doctor connected with the hospital should forthwith be dismissed.

There *had* been a good deal of love-making within the walls of St Lazarus. There usually is where young men and maidens have frequent occasion to meet each other; and even hardened and avowed celibates who could resist the fascinations of the loveliest girl in Europe when she was attired according to the dictates of fashion, and was bent on nothing but her own amusement, succumbed to a pretty 'sister' dressed in a dainty cap and simple gown, and engaged in tending the suffering. Several marriages had thus been arranged; and Mrs Saunders, the matron, who, being a widow herself, considered the marriage of any of her subordinates 'most un-nurse-like'—she was fond of this phrase, having invented it—felt it to be her duty to urge upon the governor the fitness of pressing upon the directors the necessity of putting a stop to all manner of courtship or flirtation.

'The amount of sentimental nonsense that goes on in the hospital is positively scandalous,' she said. 'I'm sure it isn't my fault; I do all I can to prevent it, and yet it goes on.'

Mrs Saunders did herself no more than justice. If any man in the place could look on a nurse without positive aversion, it was *not* her fault. She wished her nurses to be, she said, 'neat, but not attractive.' The bewitching fringe was strictly tabooed; and since it had come into fashion, the wearing of the hair short, adopted by several nurses, as being the simplest possible coiffure, had met with her entire disapproval. Unfortunately, she could not disfigure the noses and eyes of her 'sisters,' or she would certainly have done it.

She was held in unmitigated awe and modified esteem. The merest hint of her proximity was enough to make the most sentimental couple find pressing occupation at opposite ends of the corridor or ward in which they had met; and it was a great trial to her that, owing to her being a heavy dame, of ample person, who could not exactly dart into a ward like a sunbeam, she had never been an absolute eye-witness to any 'nonsense,' as she called it. She knew that love-making was going on around her; she felt it in the air; and yet she was never able to lay her finger on a tangible instance of it. Therefore, until her brain evolved the bright idea of turning betrothed renegades out of doors, she was very unhappy. Now, a calm sense of triumph brightened her usually austere and frowning brow.

The new regulation provoked some indignation among most of the nurses. Sister Fanny, indeed, said she didn't care; she didn't want to

get engaged to anybody, and the new rule did not forbid one's being—well, pleasant to—people. Sister Evelyn declared that she thought it just and necessary ('the goings-on were shameful,' she said); and Sister Phoebe remarked, with her brightest, merriest smile, that it would not affect her one bit. But all the others were wroth, and one probationer burst into tears, and threatened to leave the hospital without awaiting the contingent dismissal.

'You needn't be so frightened,' said Sister Evelyn. 'You're not likely to be sent away on account of *your* getting engaged. There won't be any occasion for it.'

'Perhaps not,' observed Phoebe in a musing tone; 'but I think Sister Evelyn is the most likely of any of us to escape even the suspicion of flirting.'

Sister Evelyn glared at the speaker, who looked as placidly unconscious as possible. Between the two there existed that comfortable spite, breaking out into occasional passages of arms, which is the very salt of life to women who lead a monotonous existence. At least it was the salt of life to Phoebe. Perhaps the other did not enjoy it so much, for, as a rule, she got the worst of these encounters of wits. She had at first hated Sister Phoebe merely on principle, because she was pretty; but these little battles, in which she was so often worsted, had made her regard her with a detestation beyond what she felt for any other good-looking girl in the place.

Sister Evelyn had begun life as Mary Anne Giles, and came from some unspecified part of the 'great unexplored East End.' It was said that she had brought thence some oriental habits of thought and speech; but this was matter of opinion. What is certain is that, when she joined a nursing sisterhood and gave up her surname, she threw her unromantic prenomen overboard as well, and appeared under the sentimental title by which we have spoken of her. This change of style leaking out at St Lazarus' had occasioned some amusement, which Sister Evelyn had resented so vigorously, that she was now the most unpopular nurse in the whole establishment. She was rather disgusted with nursing altogether, and was inclined to give it up, finding it harder and less congenial work than she had anticipated. And, besides, the hospital cap was unbecoming to her. But she got on well with Mrs Saunders—some of the others said she toadied to the matron—and so she stayed on.

Phoebe Chester, in hospital parlance Sister Phoebe, was, on the contrary, a universal favourite. She was the best surgical nurse in the place, so the doctors liked her. She had a pretty face—which the cap Sister Evelyn found so trying suited to perfection—and a neat figure, so the students and resident surgeons admired her. She had a winning smile, a soothing voice, and a noiseless step, so the patients adored her. There was a general feeling of deep regret when it was whispered that Phoebe was flirting with Dr Harrington, and that there was question of an inquiry into the matter, with a view to ascertaining if any engagement existed between them.

'It can't be true,' exclaimed Sister Fanny. 'Phoebe has always been as nice as possible to everybody; but she never took special notice

of any one of the doctors. It is only that spiteful cat's jealousy, because she is in Dr Harrington's ward, and he never looks at her.' (The 'spiteful cat' was Sister Evelyn.)

'But,' said the probationer who had hinted at the accusation, 'Dr Harrington is so pleasant and so handsome, that even Sister Phæbe might be—different—to him. And I did see them on the stair together, and'—

'Well—what? Was there anything that looked like flirting?'

'I don't know if you would call it so—for Sister Fanny was known to be broadly tolerant in the matter of civility, and did not apply the title of flirting to any but extreme cases. 'I don't know if you would call it so; but Sister Phæbe was talking to him very hurriedly and earnestly, and he looked very much pleased. Of course, I saw them long before I heard their voices; but as I came nearer the landing where they were, she gave him her hand and said: "Good-bye.—I suppose I must say 'doctor' still, as we are in the hospital; but on Sunday I'll call you Walter."'

'What did he say to that?'

'He stooped and—kissed her hand, saying: "Phæbe, you are the cleverest, as well as the dearest and prettiest little woman in the world!" She shook her head at that, and withdrew her hand. She was going away, when he asked her: "What about yourself?" She smiled, and touched the third finger of her left hand with the forefinger of the right. "I must not wear a ring," she said; "but it is shining on my soul's hand as bright and firm as ever." It did seem funny to hear Sister Phæbe, who always laughs at love-making, make such a sentimental speech as that.

'Yes, it is unlike her. It almost makes one think there is something between them. But I hope not. It would be terribly dull if Phæbe went; she always manages to make one see the bright side of things.'

'Can't you do anything, Sister Fanny?'

'I will warn her to be careful. But if she is really in love, it is sure to betray itself; and she is too honourable to deny the truth, if she really is engaged.'

The warning came too late to save Phæbe, for some such interview as the probationer had witnessed had been seen by Sister Evelyn, who had immediately reported it to the matron. Mrs Saunders, the 'Mother Superior,' as this most unmaternal of matrons liked to be entitled, went forth to investigate the matter. She had a short interview with Phæbe, unsatisfactory, save that she elicited the awful fact that she was engaged. She obstinately refused to tell the name of her lover.

'Not that your silence matters,' said Mrs Saunders; 'every one knows that it is Dr Harrington you have been going on with. Both you and he will have to see the governor to-morrow about this matter.' Then she dismissed the nurse.

Phæbe went out with her head meekly bent, as if she was thinking of the awfulness of her impending doom; but when she had closed the door, she tossed it up with a saucy smile and executed a most 'un-nurselike' pirouette. Then she produced from the pocket of her apron a pencil and note-book, and there, within three

yards of the condemning matron—such was her unparalleled audacity!—scribbled a note to Dr Harrington. This she intrusted to the senior probationer in his ward, who gave it to him next morning almost under Sister Evelyn's eyes.

That day, the two culprits were arraigned before the governor, Mrs Saunders accompanying Phæbe as accuser. Walter Harrington, who exchanged a glance of amused confidence with the Sister as she came in, was the first to be examined.

The governor, after repeating the new rule, and discoursing for a minute or two on the necessity for it, asked: 'Dr Harrington, have you entered into a matrimonial engagement?'

'Really,' said Harrington, 'I can hardly say. I think I have; but—may I ask you the day of the month?'

'What do you mean?' asked the governor. 'Are you mad?'

'I hope not. I assure you that the information I ask for is essential to my answering your question.'

'It is the 20th of May.'

'Then—I am engaged.'

'To Miss Chester?' The governor alluded to Sister Phæbe; but he was very old-fashioned, and could not acquire the habit of calling the nurses Sister This or That. He spoke of them as he would of any other young ladies.

'To Miss Chester,' repeated Harrington.

'May I ask when this engagement began?'

'Certainly. It began to-day.'

'To-day!' repeated the governor in some surprise.—'Perhaps, Mrs Saunders, we have been unduly prompt. Doubtless, Dr Harrington and Miss Chester would have announced their engagement in proper form, and have volunteered their resignations.'

'I had no intention of resigning,' remarked the young doctor.

'But the law'—

'The law does not affect me.'

The governor was about to rebuke severely this indifference to rules and regulations, when Mrs Saunders interposed. 'I don't want to cast any doubt on Dr Harrington's truthfulness,' she observed acidly; 'but Sister Phæbe confessed to her engagement yesterday, which does not exactly corroborate his statement.'

'It certainly does not.'

'I think,' said the matron, 'that Dr Harrington is concealing the truth, in order to hide his disobedience with regard to the new law.'

'Dear, dear; that is very shocking!' said the governor, getting bewildered at the new accusation; while Dr Harrington bowed, and expressed his obligation to Mrs Saunders for the high esteem in which she held him.

The matron turned her back on him, and said to the governor: 'You had better question Sister Phæbe. You will at least get the truth from her. Girls are too proud of being engaged to deny it.'

The governor turned to Phæbe, prepared to act the part of stern upholder of authority; but her face looked so meekly bewitching, that his heart softened within him; and he remembered that he had daughters of his own, who liked to have lovers as much as any other girls.

'Well, well, Miss Chester, this is very sad,'

he began rather vaguely. 'Of course it is quite natural and right, and no one could expect you to remain unmarried all your life; but law is law, and must be obeyed. Otherwise, I would suggest—and even as it is, perhaps'—He was actually about to propose making an exception in Phœbe's favour, when he felt Mrs Saunders' cold hard eye freezing him to the bone. He coughed, dropped his preamble, and proceeded to catechise, though in an apologetic and paternal tone, which the matron disapproved of. 'Now, do you mind telling me, my dear, how long you have been engaged?'

Phœbe blushed a little, and looked down, but answered quite clearly: 'A long time—nearly two years.'

'But Dr Harrington says his engagement began only to-day.'

'Yes; that is quite true.'

'But, my dear girl, it takes two people to make an engagement as well as a quarrel. If you have been engaged to Dr Harrington for two years, he must have been engaged to you for the same time.'

'Oh, I see!' Phœbe smiled as if a new light began to dawn upon her. 'But I am not engaged to Dr Harrington.'

'Why, he said you were.'

'Excuse me, I did not,' said Harrington. 'I am engaged to Miss Chester—not to Miss Phœbe Chester, whom I should have called Sister Phœbe, as every one in the hospital does; but to her cousin, Miss Elsie Chester. Mr Thorpe, Elsie's uncle and next of kin, would not consent to her promising to marry a man who had his fortune to make; and as she was a ward in Chancery, there could be no tie between us till she came of age and was free to act for herself. This is her twenty-first birthday, and I may now look upon myself as her future husband; for, though there has been no communication between us for a year, Sister Phœbe—who has been very kind in telling me all her cousin says and does—said to me two days ago that Elsie had declared her intention of accepting me if I offered myself after she reached her majority. She would receive my proposal this morning. I expect her reply, which I think I may assume will be favourable, by the afternoon post.'

Mrs Saunders looked indignant at this explanation. If it were not discourteous, one might say that she sniffed at it, as if dubious of its accuracy; but Harrington caught sight of a gleam of sympathetic humour in the governor's eye, as he turned to Sister Phœbe with the query: 'Well, Miss Phœbe, and what is the truth—the real truth—about your love-affair?'

'It's a very hopeless one,' she said with a little sigh. 'I am engaged to my cousin Jack, Mr Thorpe's son. Uncle Thorpe doesn't approve of the match, because I am poor and have to work for my living. Jack has gone out to Rio Janeiro, because he is likely to get on better there; and as soon as his income is large enough to justify our marrying, he is going to send for me. That's all. I would willingly have told the Mother Superior all about it, if she had asked me as a friend; but I do not feel bound to confide my poor little romance to people whom I know to be unsympathetic. It isn't in any way opposed to the rules of the hospital.'

'No, no; of course not,' answered the governor good-naturedly. 'And though I am sure we shall all be sorry to part with you, when your Jack claims you, I hope for your sake that it won't be long.—Now, go away to your work, both of you, and—and next time you are not breaking a rule, don't behave as if you were.'

Phœbe and Harrington left the room. Mrs Saunders remained.

'Well, they've got the best of it,' said the governor, chuckling a little at the matron's evident discomfiture. 'Your sp—I mean, informant—has been too hasty in jumping to conclusions. She must have a better authenticated case next time.'

'My opinion is,' said Mrs Saunders, not deigning to answer these remarks, 'that any promise of marriage should entail dismissal from the hospital, even though both the contracting parties do not belong to its staff.'

'I don't know how that would work,' replied her companion. 'You see, if the intent to commit matrimony be criminal, the commission of it must be much worse, and would certainly deserve a punishment no less severe, which would entail every one of the honorary surgeons, and myself, and even you, being turned out of our comfortable berths, and thrown out on the world, which I at least should consider inconvenient. I think, on the contrary, that the wiser plan would be to rescind the new rule.'

And the new rule was rescinded, or was at least allowed to fall into honoured desuetude. Walter Harrington left the hospital, and married his Elsie soon after the little misunderstanding recorded above; but Sister Phœbe brightened the wards of St Lazarus' with her presence for a year longer. When, however, she left to become the wife of Jack Thorpe, no one expressed more satisfaction than Mrs Saunders, though I fear this was from anything but good-will towards the bride.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

AN ENORMOUS FARM.

ALMOST contemporaneously with the news of the collapse of the famous Bell Farm in the Canadian north-western provinces, we have an account of another, which is not only the largest producing farm in the world, but which throws all other large farms quite into the shade. It is situated in the extreme south-west corner of Louisiana, runs one hundred miles north and south, and many miles east and west. The tract of land embraced in the farm is a million and a half acres in extent, and was purchased from the State and from the government in 1883. This immense tract of land was at once divided into convenient pastures, ranches on stations being established every six miles. The fencing alone cost about ten thousand pounds. The land was found best adapted for rice, sugar, maize, and cotton; and all the cultivation for these crops is done by steam-power. A tract of about half a mile wide is taken, and on each side a portable engine is placed, these driving a cable attached to four ploughs. In this way thirty acres a day are said to be ploughed with the labour of three men only. Harrowing, planting, and other cultivation are done in the same way; and the

manager declares that 'there is not a single draught-horse on the entire place.' There are, of course, horses for the herders of cattle, of which there are sixteen thousand head on the farm. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs for thirty-six miles through the farm; and three steamboats are operating on the rivers of the estate, upon which there are three hundred miles of navigable waters. The farm contains also an icehouse, a bank, a shipyard, and a ricemill.

A SHIP-CANAL FOR INDIA.

A remarkable scheme, and one of considerable importance to the commercial interests of our Indian empire, has just received the approval of Sir John Coode, the eminent engineer who constructed the Breakwater at Portland Isle, in Dorsetshire, thereby converting the Portland Roads into one of the finest harbours of refuge on our coasts. The scheme will be readily understood if we refer our readers to the map of Ceylon, by glancing at which it will be observed that between the north point of Ceylon and the south-eastern termination of India is the island of Ramasserim, separated from the Indian coast by a very narrow water-way, kept permeable at a great expense by the Madras government, and yet only available for small coasters. Large steamers and sailing-ships proceeding to Madras or Calcutta are obliged to go all round by the southern point of Ceylon, and then sail direct north for Calcutta or the Bay of Bengal, involving a voyage of many hundred miles, and the loss of much valuable time. It has, in consequence, been proposed to cut a broad and deep ship-canal through the island Ramasserim, and thus open the way to Palk Strait and the Coromandel Coast, obviating the necessity of the long Ceylon route. There are plenty of reasons why the Indian government, as well as the executive of Madras, should support and patronise the scheme, for the latter government would thus be freed from the obligation to keep up the unsatisfactory and very small water-way at present existing. It is understood that all the southern railways are favourable to the proposal. If the canal is ultimately carried out, it is more than possible that it would lead to the establishing of a large canal port on the mainland, whence railway communication might readily be established with the interior. By means of such a railway and the proposed canal, the voyage round Ceylon would be avoided; cargoes would be at once landed at the canal port, and despatched immediately to the interior by railway, and a prodigious amount of valuable time would be saved. This is an important factor in all commercial enterprises; and any scheme to promote the saving of it, in the interests of commerce, will surely never fail to find warm supporters amongst the merchants of Europe and of India, as also of all others who are in any way connected with the trade interests of our great Indian empire.

THE PROTECTION OF LIFE AND PROPERTY FROM LIGHTNING.

Persons who have suffered in mind or estate from lightning will be glad to hear about a proposed alleviation of their troubles. Mr W.

M'Gregor, late chief superintendent of the government telegraphs, Assam, as interim secretary of a proposed new Society for the protection of life and property from lightning, has issued a summary of the objects and rules of the Society. These include an examination of the plans of buildings in reference to chimneys, steeples, towers, metal-work employed, with regard to the means provided for safety against lightning. The periodical inspection of lightning-conductors; the reporting on lightning disasters on behalf of insurance companies or occupiers of property. In some cases, a mere telegraph wire would be a sufficient protection; in others, by utilising and electrically connecting ordinary iron rain-water pipes, eaves, &c., with iron rods, and proper earth connections, the first cost would be reduced, and the building rendered safe. Another feature of the Society would be the collection and collation of information as to lightning disasters; while an officer of the Society might be deputed to travel and lecture throughout the country on the subject. Full particulars as to this scheme may be had from the projector of this Society, W. M'Gregor, Kohima Lodge, Bedford.

LOVE'S EXCHANGES.

You praise my beauty, grace, and art,
O Love; but you are much to blame;
In every line you leave a smart,
That makes me bow my head in shame.

Whate'er the world may choose to say,
I look not for such words from you;
I'd throw them from my heart away,
If you could even prove them true.

World's praise is but a passing mood,
That shifts about with the occasion;
It serves as oft for envy's food,
As that of honest admiration.

In your regard, I set no store
On what, by way of form or feature,
I hold in common, less or more,
With every other human creature.

If Love be blind, as it is said,
What can he know of outward graces?
I care not for the love that's led
A facile slave of pretty faces.

I would not have my love depend
On beauty, were I ten times fairer.
If beauty knew no change or end,
Life asks for something deeper, rarer—

Something that sets the world aside,
Beyond the touch of time or season.
If only love for love abide,
I do not want another reason.

J. B. S.

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A POWER OF THE AIR.

IN these latter days, with all our scientific knowledge and mechanical appliances, it is wonderful how little we really know about some of the familiar forces that unseen surround us. Of all things in nature, electricity is perhaps the most mysterious. It is true the laws that regulate its action under certain conditions are now tolerably well known—it can be collected, controlled, directed. It has been tamed, so to speak, and systematically trained to perform useful services to commerce and society. Yet we are nearly as ignorant of its real nature and essence as were the ancient dwellers in Magnesia, who are said to have discovered a wonderful kind of stony earth that persistently adhered to their iron-shod crooks. One of the greatest of living scientists has said that to the question, What is electricity? he can only reply, that he does not know.

Within us and around us, permeating all matter, this force, or fluid, or whatever name may be applied to it, is ever present—not stationary or in fixed quantity, but continually varying, and restless as the waves of the sea. Although the ebb and flow of the electric tides may be said never to cease, we are usually altogether unconscious of their movements or their existence. It is only at times of unusual electrical commotion that they become perceptible to the senses, as, for instance, when the aurora is visible in the heavens, when St Elmo's fires are glowing, or during a thunder-storm. That the aurora is electrical in its character there can be no doubt, as its appearance is almost invariably coincident with violent terrestrial disturbances. A brilliant display of aurora is indeed a beautiful sight, which may well excite our admiration and wonder. Streamers, and belts, and waves of light seem to shoot upwards from the northern sky, now advancing, now receding; ever changing, and yet defying you to trace the changes as they occur. Glowing and waning, and glowing again; leaping and darting like a flame, they execute their merry dance—frequently to a curious crackling music of their own—and

'flit ere you can point their place.' The colour of the aurora varies according to altitude, from white to violet or red—white being most common. In more superstitious times, a display of red aurora was invariably interpreted as an omen of approaching war.

St Elmo's fire is a peculiar but, at sea, not unfamiliar phenomenon; and although it chiefly occurs during thunder-storms, it is itself in no way dangerous. It always appears at the apex of lofty tapering objects, resembling a flame of fire rising out of them. It may sometimes be seen at the tops of trees, but more frequently on the masts or yardarms of ships at sea. It is nothing more than a harmless discharge of electricity.

But atmospheric electricity assumes its most impressive aspect when it appears in the lightning flash. An earthquake excites only a feeling of terror; but while a thunder-storm has its terrors, it has also its fascinations. When 'heaven's artillery' plays, we cannot but be impressed with a sense of our own littleness and helplessness, and touched with a feeling of fear. Yet there is so much that is sublime and majestic in the roll of the thunder and the gleam of the lightning, that we are fascinated, and constrained to watch and listen with awe and reverence. We feel that we stand in the presence of a power with which we cannot cope, a power irresistible, and apparently without guidance or control. The next flash may deal our deathblow; yet this thought is not generally uppermost. Many people, it is true, have a terror of lightning, but the feeling often results quite as much from physical as from mental causes; that is to say, it is due not more to an intellectual apprehension of impending danger than to an excited nervous system, consequent on the electrified condition of the atmosphere. There are many persons whose nervous systems seem to suffer complete collapse during a thunder-storm. At times of electrical disturbance, even when unaccompanied by any visible sign or audible sound, they are agitated and uneasy. Some individuals are able to tell when such a disturbance is in progress, although

others may be quite oblivious of it; and if the lightning actually begins to play, they exhibit the most acute signs of distress. In a building exceptionally well provided with lightning-protectors, we have reasoned to no purpose with such individuals, on the occasion of a thunder-storm. It is not fear, they say, that agitates them; they cannot account for the feeling—they simply 'cannot help it.' The subject of the influence of atmospheric electricity on the human system is one that will bear further investigation from scientists.

There are three kinds of lightning—forked or zigzag lightning, sheet-lightning, and globular lightning. The sky generally gives timely warning of the outbreak of a thunder-storm. Heavy masses of singularly opaque cumulous and cirro-stratous cloud are formed, from which rain falls—or it may be hail. Lightning is a discharge of electricity between two clouds, or between clouds and the earth. Fortunately for us, most of the lightning passes from cloud to cloud. When one body becomes more highly charged with electricity than another in its vicinity, there is a tendency to transfer part of its charge to that other body, so as to establish neutrality. The greater the difference between the charges in the two bodies, the greater the strain or tension. This tension is technically called the 'potential.' Usually, the air is positively electrified; but during a thunder-storm the signs (positive and negative) as well as the potential are continually changing. Before a discharge of lightning takes place, a potential inconceivably great is established. We are all familiar with the sight of telegraph wires: this country and Europe generally are covered with them as with a network. Each of these wires requires from ten to a hundred battery-cells to flash the telegraphic signals. Yet there is not in all Europe sufficient battery-power to make a respectable flash of lightning—say, a couple of miles in length, while some flashes extend to ten miles in length, or more. Nothing can stand before lightning. It deals destruction to every opposing object in its path, striking down the most solid masonry, shrivelling up the sturdiest trees, and melting the hardest rock. But, like everything in nature, it has its uses—relieving the overcharged clouds, restoring the disturbed equilibrium, so to speak, and purifying the air. But how is it that the thunder-cloud is charged with such enormous electrical energy? The phenomenon is due to great differences of temperature in neighbouring masses of air; or sometimes, as in winter, to violent cyclonic disturbances. Condensation of the aqueous vapour then taking place, electricity is developed on the molecules of water. Each molecule has a definite potential. As the molecules coalesce, the potential increases; and as a single drop of water contains billions of molecules, it is not difficult to understand how the potential of a thunder-cloud should be so transcendently great. A cloud highly charged with electricity, either positive or negative, electrifies by induction the ground

beneath, or the neighbouring clouds, causing electricity of the opposite sign to be there accumulated. A high potential is thus established. The electricity of the one sign strives to unite with its opposite. Under certain conditions, the union may be effected quietly and harmlessly; under others, with startling accompaniments. The discharge may take place gradually and without observation through lofty objects, such as trees or steeples. But if the potential is high, and these objects do not provide an adequate passage, the result is a lightning flash. The electrical tension is thus reduced or destroyed. A peculiar effect, known as the return shock, often accompanies the sudden combination of the two electricities. The instantaneous change from a highly electrified to a neutral state causes a violent concussion—not to be confounded with the lightning-stroke itself—which is often dangerous, and sometimes even proves fatal.

As is well known, electricity has a tendency to collect at points, and to spring towards points. This characteristic, which it fortunately possesses, serves a useful purpose, as, by taking advantage of it, important buildings are protected from lightning. When the earth is highly charged, the electricity collects at the extremities of the protectors and passes off into the atmosphere. These protectors not only ward off the destructive effects of lightning, but they act in some measure as a preventive of lightning itself. It is even conceivable that, were the ground covered with lightning-protectors in sufficient numbers and of sufficient height, no lightning would ever pass between the clouds and the earth. We have not yet, however, arrived—nor perhaps ever shall arrive—at such a desirable condition of immunity from this danger. The position of greatest peril from lightning is under isolated, unprotected objects, such as trees, though a position *from* the tree, at a distance of the height of the tree, is considered safe. It is not desirable to sit before a fire in a room during a thunder-storm, the soot and the heated air in the chimney acting as conductors. Generally speaking, there is perhaps less danger from lightning in towns than elsewhere, the numerous protectors erected on chimney stalks and church steeples providing some measure of safety. A lightning-conductor affords protection to a space around the diameter of which is four times its height. But great care is necessary in erecting such conductors: they must be continuous; that is to say, they must have no bad joints. It is also essential they should have proper connection with the earth; merely dipping the wires into the ground will not do. Underground water-mains make good earth-connections. Where these are not available, an earth-plate of sheet-copper, three feet by three feet, and an eighth of an inch thick, should be buried in wet earth, surrounded with coke. But no work of this description should be undertaken without skilled supervision.

An amusing story, illustrative of the futility of using a bad earth-connection, is told of a telegraph official of limited experience, who was instructed to put a wire to earth for testing purposes. The test showing an unlooked-for result, inquiries were instituted, when it was found that the zealous official had stuck the end of the wire into a flower-pot! But in reality the danger from

lightning is not so great as is generally supposed; not more than one human being out of two million is annually killed by it, a proportion which is small as compared with that of fatalities resulting from accidents on the streets of our large cities.

Every one is familiar with the fact that lightning does not spring *direct* from cloud to cloud, or to the earth, but pursues a zigzag course. This is due to the fact that the air is not equally humid throughout. Electricity always takes the path which offers least resistance to its passage. Damp air is a better conducting medium than dry air; consequently, the lightning selects the dampest route, avoiding the drier strata and zones it encounters, and advances, now directly, now obliquely, until it reaches the opposite cloud, where it subdivides into a number of forks. Owing to the resistance it encounters in its path, intense heat is generated, which causes the air to expand. Immediately after the flash, the air again contracts with great violence and with a loud report, which is echoed and re-echoed among the clouds. The report reaching the ear of the listener from varying distances, is drawn out into a series, and, being still further prolonged by the echoes, the roll of the thunder is produced. It is a curious fact that, although the sound of thunder is exceedingly loud when heard near at hand, the area over which it is audible is comparatively circumscribed. The noise of a cannonade will be heard, under favourable conditions, at a distance of nearly a hundred miles, while the sound of thunder does not travel over fifteen miles. The occurrence of the thunder and the lightning is, of course, simultaneous; but as light travels faster than sound—its passage is practically instantaneous—the flash may be seen several seconds before the thunder is heard. The distance of thunder may thus be approximately estimated, an interval of five seconds between the flash and the thunder-clap being allowed to the mile.

Sheet-lightning has the appearance of a sheet of flame momentarily illuminating part of the sky or cloud-surface. It is, in reality, but the reflection of lightning flashing beyond the horizon or behind the clouds, and at too great a distance for the thunder to be audible.

But the most remarkable of all the manifestations of electricity is globular lightning, in appearance like a ball of fire moving leisurely along, and remaining visible, it may be, several minutes. Many curious accounts are related of its vagaries. One of the most interesting and circumstantial is that given by Mr Fitzgerald, County Donegal, Ireland, who saw a globe of fire slowly descend from the Glendowan Mountains to the valleys below. Where it first touched the ground, it excavated a hole about twenty feet square, 'as if it had been cut out with a huge knife.' This was scarcely the work of a minute. For a distance of twenty perches it ploughed a trench about four feet deep, and, moving along the bank of a stream, it made a furrow a foot in depth. Finally, it tore away part of the bank five perches in length and five feet deep, and 'hurling the immense mass into the bed of the stream, it flew into the opposite peaty bank.' The globe was visible twenty minutes, and traversed a distance of a mile, showing that its progress was, for lightning, very slow indeed.

During thunder-storms of extreme violence on Deeside, balls of fire are occasionally seen to roll down the sides of Lochnagar, which are no doubt identical with globular lightning.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXV.—LAVENDER.

WHEN Josephine reached her own room, she threw herself into an armchair and said imperiously: 'Pack my things. I will point out what I want.'

Cable, instead of obeying, stood before her with his head bent, his grave eyes fixed on her face. His brow was lined. Had there been these furrows there before his marriage? Josephine had not observed them previously.

'What is the meaning of this?' he asked.

'Take your hands out of your pockets when addressing me,' she said, and fanned her hot face with her pocket-handkerchief.

He obeyed, and folded his arms. 'I do not understand what this means,' he said.

'Indeed?'—spoken contemptuously.

'Why do you object to my going with you to the lady's house, Josephine?'

'I will trouble you,' she said with voice shaking with anger—'I will trouble you to call me by my proper name. I am not Joss-ephine, as you are pleased to designate me. The patriarch is not, I believe, by the most illiterate entitled Joss-eph, and I object to be called other than Josephine.'

He looked at her with distressed expression on his face. 'I did not think there was anything wrong'—he began, and drew his kerchief from his pocket.

Then she stamped with her feet together impatiently on the floor. 'For heaven's sake,' she exclaimed, 'put away that detestable spotted blue pocket-handkerchief, as big as a sail! It is vulgar, it is odious. I hate the sight of it. It turns me faint. Give it to Jane for a duster.' She was in that condition of irritation when every trifle exasperates.—'Please, open the window,' she went on. 'I am suffocating. Your boots have been greased at sea with rancid tallow; they will not take the blacking, and—they are insufferable.'

He went to the window, unlashed the case-ment, and threw it wide, then stood, looking out. He drew a long breath, inhaling the sea-air, fresh and free, that rushed in, and fluttered the gauze valance of the dressing-table.

'You are right,' he said huskily; 'it is close in here. One can hardly breathe at all here—not in this room only, but in the parlour and the hall, on the terrace, in the garden, everywhere within the garden walls.'

In the window hung a brass cage that contained a bullfinch. Richard put his hand to the cage-door, unfastened it, and put in his hand.

'What are you about, Richard?' asked Josephine petulantly. 'Why do you not go on with the packing?'

He did not answer. The imprisoned bird had hopped on his finger. He drew his hand from the cage so steadily that the bullfinch did not

attempt to leave his perch. Then he put his arm out of the window, and the bird remained, turning its head about and uttering an astonished or pleased cheep!

'What are you doing!' cried Josephine, and started to her feet. Her call, or the vibration, alarmed the little bird; it spread its wings and flew away. 'What have you done!' burst forth Josephine, throwing herself again into her chair. 'My Puffles! my poor Puffles!'

'The room was close, and the bird could not breathe,' said Richard. 'I felt for the poor little wretch—a sort of fellow-feeling, I suppose.'

'Richard!' she said, half crying, 'this is too unkind, too cruel of you! You knew that I was fond of the bird; that is why you have deprived me of him. I will never, never forgive you.' Then the tears came into her eyes—not tears of sorrow for the loss of her pet, but of mortified pride and of angry resentment. Her flushed face, her pouting lips, her swollen muscles, all proclaimed wrath, not grief. 'I wish,' she muttered—'I wish that we had never—'

'What do you wish?' he asked, facing her.

'I wish——' But she checked herself. Then, thinking that his feet touched her skirts, she brushed the latter away and tucked them under her knees, with passionate scorn in her action. 'Please, proceed with the packing. Lady Brentwood (*Ma'am*, as you call her) is not to be kept waiting an eternity, whilst you torment me with letting my pets loose. The horses have to be considered as well as she.'

'When do you return? To-morrow?'

'I do not know. I do not care if I stay a week to be free of my troubles.'

'What troubles?'

'O—troubles I have brought on myself—troubles past your comprehension.'

He said no more, but got out her box, and began to pack. Whilst he was thus engaged, he brooded on her words, and said: 'I think I understand you.'

'I usually speak so as to be understood,' she replied.

'Josephine,' said he, 'why will you not allow me to go with you? I know very well that I am no company for grand folks. I'm like a plain horn-handled steel fork that has lost its way, and got among the silver in the plate-basket. God knows, I do not desire to push myself where I am not wanted; but the lady did wish to have me.'

Josephine laughed contemptuously. 'Absurd! She did not want you, except as Samson, to make sport before the Philistines.'

'I do not believe you. The world is not so bad as you suppose.'

'Lady Brentwood was not sincere; she was laughing at you all the time she spoke with us.'

He shook his head. 'She's got a kind face and a kind way, and I don't think so bad of her as that. As for the Lords and Admirals! I'm not afraid of them. Men, be they ever so high, always know the wally of a true man.'

'Wally!' groaned Josephine. Then in a tone of bitter mockery she said rapidly: 'O generation of wipers! Pass the vinegar.'

'What do you mean?' he asked, rising from her box on which he was engaged, and standing before her, with his face red, the veins in

his forehead distended and purple. 'Are you laughing at me? Scoffing at me, Josephine?'

'I merely repeat things I have heard.'

'When—where?'

'Oh, the other day I overheard you teaching the children a text from Scripture that began, O generation of vipers.'

'Well—I did not pronounce a word right, and so you scorn me? Is that about it?'

She shrugged her shoulders and made no reply. Her heart was beating furiously. She linked one foot behind the other and kicked the footstool from her.

'The Lord's own words,' said Richard sternly. 'Even they aren't sacred to you, not when a father is teaching them to his little ones. What odds if the pronunciation of the words be wrong, so long as the words themselves be right?' He knelt again at her box and finished packing.

When he had done, she stood up. The sting of self-reproach made itself felt in her heart; but she was too proud to acknowledge that she had been in the wrong.

'Richard,' she said, 'you may go. Ring the bell to have the box taken down. I must dress myself hastily.'

When she descended the stairs a few minutes later, she looked about for him, but did not see him. He was not in the hall, nor in the drawing-room. As she got into the carriage, her eyes wandered in search of him; but he was not to be seen.

'Where is Richard?' she asked of her father.

He answered superciliously: 'He went loafing through the garden a minute ago.'

She settled herself beside Lady Brentwood.

'My dear,' said the latter, 'I am positive that lavender will thrive here.'

'What do you mean?'

'Do you not know? Where the wife rules, there the lavender flourishes.'

CHAPTER XXVI.—MOSQUITO STINGS.

When Richard left the house, he did not go to the cottage or to the yacht. He passed through the gate to the seawall, and stood outside the palisade of the garden, leaning against it, overshadowed by the boughs and fragrant flowers of a lime, looking out to sea. He could catch a glimpse of the drive; and as he heard the grind of the carriage-wheels on the gravel, he turned and looked, and saw Josephine depart with Lady Brentwood. Mr Cornellis was also in the carriage. So, as he, Richard, was not suffered to go, Lady Brentwood had carried off Mr Cornellis. In the opinion of Josephine, her father was suited to move in good society, to entertain Lords of the Admiralty; but her husband was not; he must be kept in the background, lest he should make himself ridiculous.

For the first time in his life, Richard's bright and crystalline humour clouded. Perhaps he had caught the infection from his wife. He tried to look up into the deep sky, but his cap did not shade his eyes; the brilliancy of the light dazzled him; besides, his eyes were burning. He rested them gloomily on the tufts of sovereign-wood and sea-spinach that sprouted between the stones at his feet. He had controlled himself before Josephine with an effort; now his chafed temper

swelled and tossed within him like a race of angry sea round Hanford Point. Flakes of red drove across his face, like the foam-bows driven by the wind on the rushing tide. His muscles quivered, and his pulses leaped. He could not go to the cottage till the first paroxysm of passion had passed away. A woman is glib with her tongue both in her mirthful and in her angry moods; she shoots out her words without much consideration. Her tongue is her natural weapon of defence. We would not blame her were she to use it only when attacked, in self-defence. The mosquito also has fangs; but it employs the barbs not only to protect itself, but to goad those who sleep, or ignore its existence, into taking cognisance of its insignificant self. What a light and feathery being it is! how delicately slender, how buoyant on its transparent wings! As we lie on a bench in the sweet summer evening and look up into the skies, full of twilight, like silver resolved into vapour, and our souls mount to the far-off stars, whilst the song of the nightingale chanting among the poplars fills our ears, hum—hum—whisp! in an instant our faculties are drawn away from the ideal and transcendental to a minute gnat that has perched on us. Our peace is gone; the poison has penetrated our veins; irritation intolerable ensues; we tear with our nails, but cannot tear the irritation away, though we tear till the blood flows. Does the venomous bite cease to vex in an hour? O no! it lasts for days, and only slowly ceases to worry and anger us.

Why did the mosquito light on us? We offered it no menace; we were not even thinking of flies; we were far away among the stars. Can it be that it affords pleasure to the mosquito to stab and inject an infinitesimally small drop of the most aggravating of poisons into our blood? Can it be that the creature bites us out of envy, because we were in spirit among the stars, instead of occupying our minds with mosquitoes?

It is said that female poisoners have made victims out of mere wantonness, not because they bore spite, but because it afforded them gratification to display their power. It is perhaps the same with the mosquito. Was the Marchioness de Brinvilliers the last of the female poisoners? By no means. The poisoners are as numerous now as ever; they fly about in clouds; they rise up out of every pool; they lurk under every green leaf; they hum in every room. Pshaw! We hulking men, what care we for these midges? Compare our size, our strength, the texture of our bones, the toughness of our skins, with theirs. It is absurd to suppose that we need fear and avoid them. Pshaw! What can a microscopic drop of poison effect in the great rivers of our blood? Pshaw! How can such flimsy, merry-minded, little creatures pierce these tough hides? So we argue, and next moment are writhing and tearing ourselves, and crying out in pain, like Hercules in the garment of Deianira. I have been to an apothecary, and showed him my hands and face covered with mosquito bites, and asked for something to neutralise the irritation. He laughed in my face, and said there was no remedy. So there is no remedy for the bite of that other mosquito; there is no alkali yet found strong enough to neutralise the drop of venom found at the end

of a woman's tongue, thrust into the blood—not, maybe, out of virulence at all, but out of playfulness, out of wantonness. O the hours, the days, the months of tossing, of torment, even of delirium, caused by one little word at the point of a soft little red tongue, shot into the veins and curdling the heart—shot in, in a moment of vexation, without premeditated malice. We may run away from the tormentor, but we carry the poison with us. Perhaps the mosquito is surprised at the effect of its fangs, and would recall the poison if it could; but it cannot; and it comes whirring its wings and tossing its plummy head and piping softly in our ears—asking to be allowed to apply its lips to the wound; but we shrink away; the lips frighten us—behind them lurks the poison. O ye mosquitoes, I pray you be pitiful towards us rude men! We are incapable of protecting ourselves. We cannot permanently abide behind mosquito curtains. But, alas! what avails a cry for mercy? As long as the world lasts, women must sting, and men must weep; and the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.

Richard stood under the flowering lime in which the bees were busy, leaning against the palisades, with heaving breast and hands clenched at his side, and brows that lowered and dripped with agony. Real physical pain was at his heart, a pain that affected respiration and pulsation alike, a pain that numbed his brain and hindered it from articulate thought. He had loved Josephine. An uncultured man looks up to a lady of refinement with reverence and worship, such as she herself can hardly understand. To him, she is something so ineffably perfect, that he is ready to become her slave, and ask for nothing in reward for his fidelity and adoration but a smile. It is the most unselfish, ethereal, of all love. It is like that which the Minnesingers felt for princesses in whose courts, beneath whose footstools, they knelt and sang. To Richard Cable, Josephine had been such an ideal; he had looked up to her with infinite love, as to one unattainable; and yet in this looking up was associated a feeling of vast compassion for the girl in her loneliness, her ignorance of the highest aims of life, and a longing to touch her hand with respect and lead her into the right way. What a mistake he had made! He lead her! She had bewildered him, and he had lost his knowledge of the compass-points. He saw that he could be of no use to her, that he was to her an encumbrance and a source of daily irritation. She was out of ease when he was present; his voice scalded her ears; his attitudes offended her; his boots made him insupportable in her room. He set his teeth. A glimmer was in his eyes, like the light beneath a thunder-cloud. He would not bring his children into the house. They should remain with their grandmother at the cottage, and he would spend most of his time with them, and teach them Gospel maxims—the Sermon on the Mount—without suffering her to overhear and scoff at his lessons. No; on no account should they be brought to the Hall, where they might learn to laugh at their father, for his brogue, his boots, his blue kerchief. In the cottage they were encircled with simple and healthy surroundings, and were taught to look up to and reverence their father. He would not have them reared to an artificial life, to be made young ladies of, wincing

at his *Vs*, and turning away their faces from his boots. He looked at these boots. They had been serviceable to him on many a rough night. It was true that the leather was greased, and perhaps the grease had not always been fresh. The boots had kept his feet dry when the waves washed the deck. Sailors cannot wear patent-leather dress boots.

Richard could endure a great deal; he was so humble, that he was ready to accept correction; he was so forbearing, that he could allow for the infirmities of the weak; but his patience had its limits. He could not endure the thought of becoming despicable in the eyes of his children. The notion that such an eventuality was possible had never before occurred to him; now it seemed certain, were his little ones to be brought into association with his wife. He put his hand to his head. His rough strong hand was shaking as though he were recovering from a long illness. A qualm almost like that of sea-sickness came over his heart; indeed, everything swayed about and under him. His knees were weak, and would hardly support him. He laid a hand on the top of the palisade and rested his head on it. In a few moments the giddiness would pass away. He put out his other hand on the palisade and shut his eyes. Then he felt something alight on his finger and press it. He looked heavily up, and saw that Josephine's bullfinch had come out of the lime-tree and had perched on his hand. He shook the bird off; but little Puffles, after hovering about a moment, returned and re-alighted on his finger.

What did the bullfinch want? Was it already weary of its freedom and desired to be returned to its cage? Was it frightened at the vastness and complexity of the world, into which it had been launched, and longed for the narrowness and simplicity of the world within bars? With Puffles it was other than with Richard. He chafed at the restraints which encumbered him on all sides, and the bird was frightened at its freedom. He looked at the bullfinch some time dreamily, wondering. He held his finger very still, and the bird began to polish his beak on it. Puffles was pleased to grip a warm hand instead of cold twigs. The pressure of the little feet and claws sent a thrill of pleasure along Richard's arm to his heart. In it was an appeal to his protection; and like his mother, Richard's heart at once responded to the appeal of feebleness. He raised his head and put his other hand over the back of the bird. 'Come, Puffles!' he said; 'each to his proper element. You, to bondage. I—I—God alone knows when and how I shall escape!' Then he went in, through the garden, very gently, holding the little creature covered with his right hand, and walking evenly. The bird made no attempt at escape.

At the pantry window stood the butler and the boy, looking out, whilst polishing the silver and glass; and they chuckled as they saw him come along. No doubt he looked absurd, walking slowly with one arm extended, and the other covering the tiny creature that rested on his finger.

'It's o' no use winking at facks,' said the butler, 'or trying to disguise 'em. Master ain't an atom of a gentleman. He don't look it; he don't feel it.'

When Cable reached his wife's room, carrying the little bird, he replaced the creature in its cage and looked about him. Well, it was not fair to her for him to give liberty to her pet without asking her leave. Perhaps he had aggravated her to speak more sharply than she intended; perhaps now she regretted what she had said.

'I'm glad the bird is back,' he said. 'She will be pleased, and think more kindly of me.' His angry mood gave way to gentler feelings. He saw that she had scattered her clothes about the floor as she had taken them off, and left her drawers and wardrobe doors open. He took up and folded her dress, shut the drawers and closed the wardrobe. 'I'm a porpoise in a whiting net,' he said. 'What a different sort of place this is from my cabin in the lightship or my room at the cottage! No nicknacks there. Well, I suppose I must accommodate myself to my shell, as the chicken said that had to be hatched. I can't make my shell fit me like the lobster.'

When a cool leaf is applied to a wound, the fever ceases for a while, but the relief is only momentary. Presently the fire makes itself felt as hot as before. The calmness that had come over Richard lasted only so long as the pressure of the little claws remained on his finger. No sooner had he left the room, than his pain and heat returned. The poison was in his blood. Little Puffles could not undo the mischief done by Josephine. The poison had penetrated to the heart.

He went out of the house once more, and through the garden to the seawall. As he walked he had his hands in his pockets; but suddenly recalling the offence he had given to Josephine by so carrying them, withdrew his hands and folded them before him. How many commandments were there, he wondered, in the social code? The moral was simple enough, contained in two tables. How would he ever master the many and complicated rules, many and complicated as the hieroglyphs of the Chinese tongue, where every word has its special character? A Chinaman learns to read as he learns to speak; from infancy, as his ear catches a sound, it is associated with a symbol to his eye. So a gentleman or a lady grows up amidst the intricacies of social life, and all its symbols and rules become familiar from early childhood. But was it possible for a man like Cable, in manhood, to enter into this sphere and speak and act according to its regulations? Was it not as impossible for him as to acquire Chinese writing and the Chinese tongue?

Then another current of thought set in through his brain. His hands had strayed again to his pockets, and in them turned over a few coins. He was now without a profession. He earned nothing; with the exception of a few pounds in the savings-bank, he had nothing of his own; he would therefore have to apply to Josephine for money wherewith to feed and clothe and school his children—ay, and provide for his mother as well. There were small bills due to the grocer and dressmaker; there was the rent for the house. Must he go to his wife with these accounts and ask her to settle them? The thought was unendurable to a self-reliant, proud man. It galled him to the quick to think that

his dear little ones, Polly's children, and his mother, should be henceforth dependents, not on him, but on Josephine.

No; to this he would not submit. There was but one mode of escape from the difficulty—he must enter into some profession, in which he could earn sufficient for the support of his family. But for what profession was he now qualified? It must be one that was gentlemanly, or Josephine would oppose his proposition. And for a gentlemanly profession he was unsuited, because he was not by breeding a gentleman.

As he puzzled his head with these thoughts, he was roused by a slap on the shoulders from a heavy hand. He looked round and saw Jonas Flinders.

'How are you, old boy?' asked his brother-in-law. 'I'm right glad to come across you. You're all with the dress-circle now, and we in the pit ain't fit to be spoken with, I suppose.'

'You are not just,' answered Richard composedly; 'I have never shown any pride.'

'Well, you're so engaged, we can't get a sight of you. Now you're coming on to the *Anchor*, I hope? All your chaps from the *Josephine* are there. You're not going to give them the slip, I hope?'

Cable started. He had forgotten the supper to the crew. After all, Josephine was in the right; he must be present at that. If he absented himself, he would give offence. Why did she not simply say so, and not insult and wound him?

'I fancy you'd forgot about it. My stars! you've got too grand to remember such little matters.'

'I had been reminded of it. For the sake of attending the supper, I did not go out with my wife; but it is true that for the moment I had forgotten. I was busy with my thoughts.'

'I hope they were pleasant. It don't seem as if they were, judging from your face. Why, as I came up, your face was a-twitching and a-wincing as if you'd been stung by some nasty venomous creature. But there—come along. Treat things unpleasant like Pharaoh and his host—drown 'em.'

FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY BADGES.

WE do not propose to speak here of the various early revolutionary emblems adopted at different periods of the eventful history of France, each one of which marks a crisis in the nation's onward career, but simply to trace a short history of the badges assumed during the troubles of 1789 and following years, and their subsequent appearance on the world's stage in 1830, 1848, and 1871. Much that is both interesting and new to many of our readers might be said on the two-barred cross of the Holy League; the loaded sling, bunch of coloured ribbons, and wisp of straw of the *Frondeurs* and others; but this would extend the subject beyond reasonable limits.

The most prominent among these badges are the cockades; an old institution in France, they having been introduced to the army by Louis XIII. The cockade is, as a political emblem, essentially French. These quick-tempered and easily moved

people, who love to shout forth their heart-felt convictions to admiring crowds or the coldly indifferent world at large, must have some outward sign of their political sympathies and convictions; naturally enough, therefore, the cockade comes foremost, as the most simple, inexpensive, conspicuous, and visible badge. It is within the reach of poor and rich alike, and may be worn in the buttonhole, or coquettishly ornament the hat. It was regarded as the emblem that excited the soldiers to brave deeds:

L'ornement galant et terrible
Par qui, désormais invincible,
Je puis affronter les hasards—

as 'le gentil' Bernard, court-poet to Louis XV., sings.

These well-known rosettes, made of coloured ribbons, became of real political importance, especially in Paris, between the years 1789 and 1800. It was during the Convention and Directory that the cockades were most in use, and perhaps had the greatest importance attached to them; for then, if the red or tricolour was not worn, the man, woman, or child ran serious risk of being maltreated by the mob, if not dragged before the 'tribunals,' by the *sans-culottes*, a fate even worse than the former. Everybody, from the little street *gamin* to the wealthy merchant and high officials of the Convention, wore them; they formed part of the uniform of the soldier, the sailor, and the commissary of police. Ladies of fashion had rosettes arranged in their hair, as well as the *tricoteuses*, who pinned them on their *bonnet rouge* while they danced the hideous *Carmagnole* round the guillotine.

Some time before the destruction of the Bastille, the black cockades, which had been adopted on the expulsion of Necker, the popular minister, were almost entirely put aside by the people for tricolour ones. Blue and red—being the colours of the city of Paris—were adopted by the National Guard; and white was added as a symbol of the brotherly love that ought to exist between the National Guard and the royal troops. But before this, a green cockade had been adopted by Camille Desmoulins, and it was under this rallying sign that the Bastille was attacked and pulled down. For a brief period the reforming green was mixed with the Bourbon white. In October 1789, the 'three hundred,' or National Assembly, decreed that no other cockade but the tricolour one, which they authorised, was to be worn in public. During the debate, Lafayette rose and said, 'Messieurs, je vous apporte une cocarde qui fera le tour du monde'—words that proved to be almost a prophecy, the French soldiers, a few years later, making the cockade well known to many nations, carrying it over Germany, Italy, Austria, even to the gates of Rome, and into the Silent City of the Doges and many other states. Louis XVI. at last had to countenance the three-coloured rosette, always wearing it when in public, as a kind of peace-offering to his persecutors. But it was not well received among the loyalists. Many a dangerous hubbub was caused by the innocent-looking cockades. At a royal military dinner, given by the king at Versailles soon after having been forced to adopt the popular cockade, an officer of the

royal guards rose from his seat and cried aloud, 'A bas les cocardes de couleur; vive la cocarde blanche, c'est la bonne;' and immediately everybody present trod under foot the national cockades, replacing them with white. This scene gave great umbrage to the liberal party, and was the forerunner of many very serious disturbances, arising from the hatred cherished by the mob for all cockades of only one colour; thinking, and perhaps rightly, that they only helped to encourage party feuds. One day in October 1789, in the Palais-Royal, five of these offending badges were torn from the hats and coats of the wearers and trodden under foot, the wearers being maltreated by the excited crowd.

Orators all over Paris exclaimed against the wearers of the single-coloured rosettes, adding, 'We will hang up to the nearest lamp-post those who dare to wear the anti-patriotic cockades;' for at that time the red cockade was as much abhorred as the white. But, unfortunately, this did not last; the tricolour was little used, and its place usurped by a blood-red rosette. The poor young Dauphin was made to wear that red badge, the symbol of the revolution that had brought his father and mother to a terrible and cruel death.

A curious engraving of a 'popular cockade' is given in Prudhomme's *Révolutions de Paris*, a publication contemporary with the revolution. According to Prudhomme, the cockade was adopted as the national badge by the patriotic General Lafayette, who was then in command of the National Guard, and is probably the identical one which he showed to the Assembly in October 1789. The design was printed in red and blue on a white background. The nation, typified by a female figure, treading upon documents representing the privileges of the nobility and clergy, is seated, and holds in one hand the tables of laws, while in the other she grasps a bundle of rods tied round a huge club surmounted by a Phrygian cap. A medal with the portrait of the king is attached by ribbons to the bundle of rods; and in the corner lies a shield bearing the three *fleurs-de-lis* of the Bourbons. These cockades were extensively sold by the editor and his various agents in Paris. Still, the red cockade gradually crept in and became predominant. At last, great extravagance was expended on these bunches of ribbons; and popular trinkets were devised to replace the simple button: these were small Phrygian caps, and models of the terrible guillotine, horribly christened by the rabble *le rasoir des nobles*, which were made in more or less precious metals, so as to suit the purse of the *sans-culottes* and the gaudy taste of the *merveilleux* and the *incroyable*. In due time, the more simple tricolour, and the plain blue or violet (the Bonapartist colours), for a short time came into favour, until they were ousted by white favours and Louis XVIII.

During the three days of the revolution in 1830, Lafayette, who was general-in-chief of the National Guard, distributed large quantities of tricolour cockades both to his own men and to the mob who were fighting in the streets behind the barricades.

When the Parisians got tired of their Citizen King, Louis-Philippe, and were busily erecting barricades in all the principal thoroughfares of

the capital, the tricolour ribbon was again the rage. But, unfortunately for the good city, the red cockade raised its head for the space of four days—from the 23d to the 26th of June 1848—and became rampant. So fierce was this rising, that even women were to be seen going about distributing these red favours and exciting the men to deeds of desperation. A horrible scene took place during the third day of the *émeute*. While the troops were taking one of the barricades and the insurgents fleeing from their posts, a woman wearing a huge red cockade shot one of the National Guards dead, and seized the red flag which he had just pulled down from its staff on the barricade, and waving it above her head, dashed down towards the attacking party, braining one of the men with her staff. She was shot. Immediately another woman lifted up the flag which had fallen from the stiffening hands of her dying companion, only to be shot down the next minute. Such severity was necessary, for these women were only too often the leaders of desperate but helpless rallyings of the rebels. During these four days, four generals were shot. General Bréa was taken prisoner at an early period of these miserable conflicts, and was treacherously murdered by the insurgents for not commanding his troops to lay down their arms. He bravely refused to listen to every entreaty and menace of his enemies, preferring to die rather than dishonour his name. The Archbishop of Paris was shot while trying to pacify the rebels; he died the next day from the wounds he had received. The other generals killed were Negrier, Reymond, and Martin Gourgond. General Duvivier died of his wounds, while others were seriously wounded.

Again, the red cockade appeared in Paris, especially at Montmartre and Belleville, and also in Marseilles, during the sanguinary Commune of 1871. The tricolour cockade is still a French official badge, worn alike by the general and the police-officer.

Such was the importance attached to a mere bunch of ribbons variously dyed. Many lives have been sacrificed over these little innocent cockades. They were the symbols of ungovernable political passions, which were at first guided by a handful of unscrupulous men; the general populace, overawed by these tyrants, adopted the badge; and thus the few dissentients were made the more conspicuous, and suffered accordingly.

The Phrygian cap is the next badge of importance. A writer in a revolutionary pamphlet of 1848 gives the following curious origin of this red cap as an emblem of Liberty. He tells us that on the 31st of August 1790 a regiment of Swiss troops, in French pay, revolted at Nancy. After having successfully overcome their officers, they plundered the military chest, and committed other thefts and outrages. A considerable force was obliged to be employed to capture the mutineers, which feat, however, could not be effected until after a long and sanguinary fight in the streets of the city, where, according to another authority, even cannon had to be brought into action. The captured men were sent off to Brest under a strong escort, to work in the galleys for various long terms. However, in 1792, the Commune being in full sway, these galley-slaves

applied for a total pardon, which was immediately granted. Their friends and sympathisers welcomed them back with great rejoicings, thus turning the convict soldiers into momentary heroes. They entered the city still wearing the little red cap, the most conspicuous part of the convict costume, and hereafter to be called the Cap of Liberty. The populace took these caps from the convicts' heads and coifed themselves with them; and thus, through their desperate deeds, they made it an appropriate emblem of a successful and bloody revolution. The writer already mentioned adds that 'this coiffure became the fashion and the sign of ardent patriotism;' and he goes on to say: 'This cap will henceforth only exist as the symbol of Liberty on the plebeian escutcheon, a symbol for ever immortal as Liberty itself.'

However, with all due deference to this authority, we must evidently go to an earlier date for the origin of the badge. It was clearly considered as a national emblem long before 1792, for on the curious cockade already mentioned the cap is shown; and the cockade, Prudhomme states, was accepted by Lafayette some time in November 1789. Again, Prudhomme in a frontispiece to the number of his journal for the 8th of May 1790, places the Phrygian cap in a conspicuous position. The cap appears on two medals struck at Paris in July 1790: one represents the king as taking the oath to a new constitution; and the other commemorates the confederation of the French people. Although these instances point out that the cap was a national badge long before the mutiny took place, it is nevertheless probable that the badge originated with the red convict caps. Many convicts, after having had their prisons broken open and made good their escape, assumed the position of leaders of the rest of the rabble, who looked up to them as heroes and martyrs. This cap, at the height of the Reign of Terror, was almost universally worn by the advanced radicals and the abominable *sans-culottes*. To use the words of a contemporary of the revolution of 1848, the '*bouquet rouge*' lived in the hearts of the people, and was venerated by them, as the symbol of the sufferings of the poor down-trodden people of France.'

The bundle of rods tied up round an axe was another of the revolutionary badges, adopted from the emblems of the ancient Roman lictors. The bundle of rods and the axe represented justice and the strong arm of the law. In France, the place of the axe was taken by a large and knotty club, to represent the force of the people over the higher ranks of society. These last badges were officially recognised, and were used on the coins, bank-notes, and other government property.

The famous tricolour, or French flag, composed of the three colours adopted for the cockades, began its illustrious career as an emblem of the revolution, and a substitute for the more sanguinary red flag, under whose shade some of the most bloodthirsty and inhuman deeds ever recorded in history were perpetrated. It became very popular, and has since deservedly obtained the high esteem of all true French patriots. Under this flag and the eagles of Napoleon Bonaparte, the fiery French soldiers were led to the conquest of Germany, the defeat of the Russians, the complete

subjugation of Italy, and the humbling of Austria. And although it nearly suffered an eclipse in 1871 and 1873, it still rears its head as the proud emblem of the great French nation.

B L O O D - M O N E Y .

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAP. III.—UNDER A DAN.

'Do you think I have been kind to you, Lizzie?' the father asked by-and-by, and he had to make an effort to speak loud enough for her to hear, although they were so near each other.

'Yes, indeed, papa; you have been kind in everything'—She paused—cheeks flushed, and anxiety in her eyes on his account as well as her own, for he seemed to be very ill.

'Except in one respect, and in it you regard me as acting cruelly,' he said, completing the sentence for her. 'Well, you are mistaken; for in that, too, I am trying to be kind, and wish to be so.—I suppose you, Lizzie, like everybody else, think I am a most fortunate man—that the wealth which flows in upon me day by day, and the success which attends every speculation I enter upon, should make me a contented and a proud man?' His manner was so strange, that she was becoming more and more nervous about him, more and more eager to avoid saying anything which might add to the distress he was so evidently afflicted with at this moment.

'Everybody says that you have been wondrously successful.'

'Yes, I have made money,' he said bitterly, 'and I have been miserable. I have worked, as some men drink, to stupefy myself—to obtain forgetfulness. Mother, sister, wife, children—all save you were taken from me. Upon you I concentrated my last hopes of finding some consolation for the past suffering. I have watched over you as a man drowning watches the distant life-boat, and whilst counting the seconds as hours, struggles with all his might to keep himself afloat until the rescuers reach him. I wanted to see you honoured and admired, high amongst the noblest; I wanted to hear your name mentioned as that of one who used wealth wisely and well in relieving the people around you from the sordid cares of life. But you, too, fail me.'

'I would do anything, father, that could afford you comfort; but I cannot think that you would wish me to sacrifice my peace of mind for a position I cannot endure the thought of occupying. Dear papa, I am not fit to play the part of a great lady. The thought of it frightens me; and besides, I could not—I cannot regard Sir Joshua as a woman should regard her husband.'

'You can respect him, and that is enough. I have known some cases, and I have heard of so many more, in which girls, prompted by the sentimental idea of what is called love, have defied their parents, refused their counsel, and have quickly had bitter cause for repentance; that I want to guard you against this danger. Why, you cannot know what you talk about. You are too young, and are moved by your own imagination. Love only comes when we have sounded the depths of suffering.'

'Have I not suffered something in knowing that I displease you?' she said sadly.

'Are you then prepared to put me aside for this man you have known barely two years? Are you prepared to inflict any pain on me so that you may please him? Are you ready to learn what poverty is, for his sake?'

The questions were hard ones for the girl to answer. At the same instant the sense of duty told her that she should say 'No,' and love told her that she must say 'Yes.' She spoke quietly and truthfully, according to her feelings: 'I think I could endure anything for his sake; but—O papa, I do not want to cause you pain.'

'And yet you do it. No doubt you soothe your conscience with the thought that I am unjust to Corbet, and that—as he was bold enough to tell me—in barring your union I am seeking to gratify my own vanity, rather than to assure your welfare.'

'No, no; I do not think that. I don't know what to think or say; I only know that I am very wretched.' She wiped her eyes, but she could not suppress the sobs which were choking her.

He rose hastily and paced the floor, his right hand grasping the wrist of his left, as if to constrain the fierce throbbings of the pulse. That voice was again ringing its monotonous cadence in his brain, and the words were the same as before: 'Am I right, or is this another act of betrayal?' Suddenly he halted, and, resting his hand tenderly on the girl's head, he said huskily: 'For the sake of a dead friend, I wanted to see you in high places, because I know it would have pleased him. Money is nothing to me now except to buy pleasure for you; and it seemed to me that I had discovered the best way of doing that, when Sir Joshua asked me for you. I felt as if the great ambition of my life was attained. I was glad and proud, and believed that my work was accomplished. But I will not force you, however bitter the disappointment may be to me.'

'O papa,' she interrupted, as she sprang up and flung her arms round his neck, weeping for joy, 'what relief you give me!'

He trembled slightly under her embrace: he had no doubt that this time he had given her pleasure. 'I am glad of that, Lizzie.—Now, will you do one thing for me, before we finally decide how to act?'

'Anything—anything you wish.'

'Then will you try to think quietly over this matter for—say a fortnight, without seeing Corbet or writing to him, or reading a letter from him, and then tell me the result of your reflections?'

'I promise; and he will be glad to know you are so good and kind to me.'

The bright look of joyful and affectionate gratitude with which she regarded him was surely compensation enough for the abandonment of his cherished scheme for her exaltation. After all, if carried out, it would apparently only have gratified himself, and perhaps his friend the baronet. He became entirely reconciled to the new order of things, by the transformation in Lizzie during the fortnight in which she had agreed to forego all communication with her lover. The dull and half-frightened manner, which had been growing daily more marked for nearly a year past, disappeared. The sunshine was in her eyes and on her face again,

and her father could hear her singing merrily with the birds in the early hours of the morning.

For one day, Lizzie had thought it strange that Corbet had made no attempt to communicate with her; but she was relieved of all uneasiness on that score when her father mentioned casually that he had been summoned to London in connection with some proposed new railway in South America. She was content to think that her lover had not written, as he would no doubt calculate that his letter would be intercepted. But although, having pledged herself to hold no communication with him for the brief period her father had fixed, she would not have read any letter she might have received, she could not help at some moments feeling a little disappointed that he made no effort to send her some token that he was thinking about her. It seemed very strange that he should not have done so; and when the fortnight had passed, she became eager to have news of or from him. She told her father that she was still of the same mind as when they had last spoken of George Corbet.

'Very well, Lizzie,' he said, patting her on the head. 'You two have conquered. You can write to him, and say we will be pleased to see him whenever you like. But he has not returned from London yet.'

The change in Mr Edwards was as great as that in his daughter. He walked with a lighter step than formerly, and there was a sense of relief pervading his whole conduct. He spoke more softly than he had been accustomed to do; he was more forbearing towards the blunders of others than he had ever been known to be. Hope of peace had entered the man's heart, and he was glad because Lizzie was glad.

She wrote a short letter to Corbet, telling him that he would now be welcome at Riveling Hall, and asking him to come soon. But when another fortnight passed, and there was still no sign from him, she was disturbed, although quite satisfied that, for some reason, he could not have received her letter. The father observed her agitation, and comprehended the cause. 'I understand this business in which Corbet is engaged is one of great importance to him,' he said reassuringly; 'and he must be very much occupied in preparations for his journey. It may be, also, that as I spoke to him so decisively at our last meeting, he is waiting for me to speak. I shall call at his place to-day, and ascertain when he is likely to be in Sheffield.'

Mr Edwards learned from Corbet's clerk that his master was making arrangements to close his office, and was not expected to be in the town for more than one day in order to wind up his affairs there. Mr Edwards thereupon wrote to his prospective son-in-law, telling him that all objection to his suit was withdrawn, and that Lizzie was waiting for him anxiously.

To this he received what was to him a very strange reply:

MY DEAR SIR—I am obliged by your letter. But since we spoke together, I have come to the conclusion that you were perfectly right—your daughter will be much happier with the man you have chosen for her than she ever could be with me. I am unable to write to Miss Edwards

to explain that I am leaving England, and will probably not return for many years, when I hope to learn that she is happy, and has forgotten yours truly,

GEORGE CORBET.

The chagrin with which this epistle inspired Mr Edwards was mingled with a certain degree of cynical self-satisfaction. So, then, he had been right. This young fellow's passion for Lizzie had been prompted as much by the knowledge that she would inherit a large fortune as by her own attractions; and as soon as he saw his way to making a position for himself, he callously rejected the girl who had fought so devotedly, so desperately for him. He was not worthy of her.

Edwards folded up the letter carefully, replaced it in the envelope, and put it in his pocket. But what was he to say to Lizzie?—how persuade her that she had made a lucky escape from a man who valued her only as a stepping-stone to fortune? She would not believe it, and again there would be pale cheeks and sad silence in the house.

Yet Edwards felt somehow that there was a false note in this extraordinary missive; there was a suggestion of something behind, when read in the full remembrance of that interview at the foot of the park. Corbet must have been moved by something more than a sudden conviction that the father was perfectly right in opposing the match, before he could have so completely belied the protestations he had then so boldly made, that no power save Lizzie's own request could induce him to abandon his suit.

Edwards decided to say nothing about the letter until he had seen Corbet and obtained a full explanation from him. His silence, however, did not avail much; for Lizzie's anxiety increased day by day, and he no longer heard her singing with the birds in the morning. He was distressed and perplexed. He began to consider whether or not it would be best to wait until he could see Corbet, or to show her the letter, and so get the worst over at once. But he hesitated when he looked at the piteous face, and noted the eager watchfulness for every post, followed by the shadow which fell upon her when there was still no letter from her lover. He determined to end this suspense one way or another. At breakfast, he announced that he was going to London, and would return on the following day. This was nothing extraordinary, for he had occasion to make frequent excursions to the metropolis on business. But this time his journey had special interest for Lizzie, and with flushed cheeks she inquired: 'Do you think you will see—Mr Corbet?'

'Of course I shall see him,' he answered with affected gaiety. 'Have you any message for him?'

'I don't know. I should like him to tell me whether he has got my letter—I should like him to write,' she said with pensive confusion.

'I daresay he will write if he cannot come. I must say that he does not seem to be so eager to come, now that the door is open to him, as he seemed to be when it was closed. Perhaps that is only due to the contrariness of some natures.' This was spoken jocularly, but with a view to prepare her in some degree for the result which he anticipated. She said nothing; but the shaft

had struck home, and the question arose in her mind—had not her father prophesied truly, that this feeling they had believed would endure for ever, was—on one side at anyrate—only a fleeting passion or fancy, which faded whenever a new object was presented to the mind? Then she started away from what was to her a horrible thought—that George Corbet could be false.

'I am sure he will come when you tell him that he may do so,' she said with forced calmness, and bitterly conscious that she did not quite believe what she was saying—that she was only trying to defend the man who had said he loved her, and who had won her love.

The father understood and spoke hopefully; but in his heart he had a feeling of fierce resentment towards Corbet. He believed him to be false, and was angry at the thought that for such a fellow he had given up one of his most cherished projects. However, he telegraphed to him that he wished to see him at Anderton's Hotel, in Fleet Street, that evening at seven on important business. Seated in the train, Edwards tried to see his way through the maze, whilst to his fellow-passengers he appeared to be engaged with a newspaper. He had not one jot of regret on his own account that the match was to be broken off by Corbet, and that his daughter should learn what he regarded as a salutary although severe lesson. He would indeed have rejoiced if he had not been troubled by the fear that the shock might seriously injure her health, and that she, too, might be taken from him. He was also indignant that his approval, which had been so inopportunately sought, should be insultingly rejected when given. He had a right to know the meaning of the fellow's inexplicable conduct, and he would know it.

At the appointed hour Corbet presented himself in the private room engaged by the great Sheffield merchant in the hotel. Evidently, he was not in a happy frame of mind any more than Lizzie, for he looked pale and worried. He bowed on his entrance, but did not offer his hand; and Edwards, who had extended his, instantly withdrew it, whilst he stared at his visitor with an expression of angry perplexity. 'Upon my soul, Corbet, your manner in meeting me is as peculiar and ungracious as your letter. What is the matter with you? Have you got entangled with anybody else, or are you guilty of some fraud which is about to be discovered?'

'Neither of your agreeable surmises, Mr Edwards, is correct,' rejoined Corbet gravely.

'Then I cannot be wrong—anyway, I hope I am not in supposing that you are sorry for the way in which you have befuddled my daughter?'

'I am sorry for her,' was the answer, and there was a nervous twitch of the lips, a slight tremor in the voice, which testified to the sincerity of his words.

'Then perhaps you will be good enough to explain this repudiation of your engagement to her—an engagement made against my will, and which only a few weeks ago you told me would hold good in defiance of my wishes and authority. I have come to London expressly to obtain this explanation, and I do not think you can refuse it, if you wish to be regarded as an honourable man.'

Corbet looked, as he felt, decidedly uncomfort-

able, and he seemed to be unable to meet the stern gaze of Lizzie's father. He answered in a low mumbling way: 'I am sorry; but I cannot explain. You desired to break off our engagement, and now it is done, why are you not satisfied?'

'But you shall explain, I say. Has she done anything to justify this action of yours?'

'No; *she* has done nothing,' replied Corbet emphatically, and for the first time he looked straight in the eyes of his interrogator.

'Then you must have done something which makes you feel unworthy of her. If that is so, I can respect the feeling; but you must yourself tell her why you break all the pledges you have given her.'

'You are mistaken, sir; I have done nothing to forfeit my own or her respect.'

'Then, as I am utterly unable to guess at the motives which have prompted you to adopt this course of deliberate insult to my daughter and myself, you are the more bound to help us to understand the position. You are perfectly aware that you are safe from an action for breach of promise; and you are also perfectly aware that I have had no desire for an alliance with you. But as a mere matter of courtesy towards my daughter, I must insist on an explanation.' He spoke with contemptuous indifference as to what the explanation might be, as if convinced beforehand that it must be some flimsy excuse to veil the fact that the man thought he could make a better bargain elsewhere.

'I have already said that I can give you no further explanation than that I believe you are right—my union with your daughter would not be a happy one.'

'In that case,' observed Edwards, more scornfully than before, 'you must be prepared to hear yourself called a liar and a coward. A liar, because you deceived my poor child by pledges of fidelity which you did not mean to keep—or, at anyrate, do not intend to keep now; and a coward, because you refuse to say why you offer her this unpardonable insult.'

It was evident that Corbet felt keenly this forcible denunciation of his behaviour, and that he had to make violent efforts to maintain self-control, for his cheeks tingled and his eyes flashed fiercely whilst his hands were clenched, as if he were about to strike the speaker down. 'For her sake, I will allow you to say what you have said without thrashing you, as I would have done any one else who had dared to utter one of the words you have used.' He spoke rapidly and with much emotion. 'You do not understand what it has cost me to come to the decision expressed in my letter to you. I have borne your taunts for Lizzie's sake, and that should be proof enough that my feelings towards her are unaltered—and they never will alter. But in her name, and on *your own* account, I ask you to be satisfied, and to seek no further explanation than I have given.'

'But I am not satisfied; and I must take back to my child some information which will content her that this breach is made by you after full deliberation, and confirms the objection I raised when the affair first came to my knowledge.'

'Will you look back twenty years or so, and then insist?' queried Corbet pityingly.

Edwards lifted his heavy eyebrows quickly, but he replied with calmness, although there was an uneasy under-current evinced by the searching gaze which he fixed on Corbet. 'I am puzzled by your request, but I still insist.'

'Then, if you will have it, blame yourself. The reason why I can neither marry Lizzie nor explain to her is summed up in the name of a man—Jack Wolton.'

Edwards's face became like stone and his lips were parched. 'Well?' he queried stolidly.

'He was my brother,' answered Corbet passionately; 'and you are Ned Altcar.'

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER HEADLINES.

THERE does not seem much art about giving a suitable heading to an article or a paragraph of news, yet experience proves that a novel or striking headline attracts attention, and causes to be read that which might otherwise be passed over. One of the most successful of English editors fully recognised this, and himself wrote every headline which appeared in his paper; but in this country the reporter generally writes headings to his own articles, and if he use ordinary intelligence, they are rarely altered. In England, sensationalism and anything approaching 'smartness' are avoided; but in America, the very opposite is the rule. Indeed, so much attention is paid to headlines in that country, that there is engaged on the staff of every newspaper of importance a gentleman whose duty it is to supply headlines to articles and paragraphs. Some of these headline writers are paid large salaries, and have a wide reputation.

Mr George Augustus Sala once said that American journalists rarely take anything seriously; they are perpetually trying to be smart and amusing. Few people who have even an elementary knowledge of American newspapers will call into question the truth of Mr Sala's assertion. The American journalist is nothing if not original; and this ruling passion is strikingly exemplified in the very headlines. We have, for instance, never seen but one heading in English newspapers for those simple announcements which never fail to interest female readers—we mean the Births, Marriages, and Deaths. In America, however, they use such headlines as Cradle, Altar, Tomb; Hatches, Matches, Despatches, and so on; while one original genius sums up life thus—Births, Flirtations, Engagements, Breakings-off, Marriages, Divorces, Deaths. Then, instead of the familiar heading, Poetry, we find Lays of the Latest Minstrels, or The Warblers' Corner. The columns of clippings, however, afford scope for the most variety. One editor heads his column of jokes, Render unto Scissors the Things that are Scissors; while another follows with Aut Scissors aut Nullus. One Thing and Another, Drops of Ink, Various Topics, Microbes, Nuggets, All Sorts, Faggots, Pressed Bricks—these are a few others taken at random. Hash is, however, perhaps the most appropriate of the lot. These headlines appear very strange to us; yet it should not be forgotten that, nearly one hundred years ago, the *Times* published weak jokes under the extraordinary head of 'Cuckoo!'

The Fargo (Dakota) *Press* has some of its headings in rhyme. Here are two specimens :

Picknickers on a Sunday Boat are lost—A Judgment Sure.

But Lightning Strikes a Meetin' House—The Reason's More Obscure.

If with a Girl Alfonso's Blessed, from Jail the Cubans Shoot;

While if it be a Boy, they get a Chromo each, to boot.

According to the *Detroit Free Press*, another Fargo paper came out with the following specimens :

In the Spring
The Maiden's Fancy Lightly Turns to Thoughts of Love.

In the Spring the Festive Oil Can Hoists a Servant Girl Above.

In the Spring
The Kansas Farmers for Sweet Rain begin to Pant,
And in the Spring the People's Hopes are centred
Hard and Fast in Grant.

This style of thing was kept up for some time, always ending with 'Grant.'

Sensationalism is the great characteristic of American newspaper headlines. When General Grant died, the *Times* headed its article, 'Death of General Grant.' This is how the heading appeared in the *New York Herald* :

Dead !

General Grant Surrenders to the Grim Conqueror.

A Peaceful End.

His Deathbed Surrounded by His Weeping Family.

Nine Months' Agony.

Suffering the Pangs of his Cancer with quiet Heroism.

Medical Skill Useless.

The Sure and Stealthy Progress of his Dreadful Disease.

Story of His Life.

Events of His Varied Career from Cadet to President.

Hero of Many Battles.

Playing a Giant's Part in Crushing the Rebellion.

Gratitude of the Republic.

Twice Elected to the Exalted Office of Chief Magistrate.

His Tour of the World.

Here is another specimen of sensationalism :

Wedding Bells.

Marriage of the Princess Beatrice of England.

Prince Henry of Battenberg.

A Forecast of the Ceremony which will be held to-day.

Revelations of the Programme.

Scene Within the Church of St Mildred at Whippingham.

The Ministers of State.

Queen Victoria Wearing the Crown and Mourning Robes.

The Guests of Royalty.

Breakfasting at Osborne. The Fruits and the Cakes.

In a Floral Bower.

Voyage of Inspection Among the Dresses of the Bride.

Visions of Fair Millinery.

Laces from Ireland, and Tartans from the Highlands.

Myrtle and White Heather.

A Veil that was Worn at the Marriage of the Queen.

Tennyson's Epithalamium.

In some few of our English newspapers there are occasionally seen sensational headlines ; but we have never seen anything nearly so startling as the two specimens we have quoted, each of which headings occupies more than half a column of the *New York Herald*. We believe that in some American papers even more space than this is occasionally occupied by headlines to a comparatively short article. One New York journal, indeed, goes the length of having all its headlines printed in red ink. We have not seen this periodical ; we make the statement on the authority of a trade journal ; but to many journalists

and printers the difficulties of carrying out this plan in the case of a newspaper of even a moderately large circulation seem nearly insuperable. Most English newspapers have no headings to leading articles, and in America we believe the headline to them is rarely allowed to exceed one line. The only noteworthy innovation of late years in the matter of headlines is to be seen in the *Daily News*, in which the headings to the leading articles are what is technically known as 'let in' at the side, a style which is frequently adopted in certain books.

JONAH FROTH.

JONAH FROTH lay a-dying. Some of the crew, of whom one was a negro, had tenderly propped up their venerable skipper on several pillows, and covered his lower limbs with a tarpaulin. The negro was particularly assiduous in his attentions, and from time to time would heave a deep groan, as if his heart were breaking. The cabin window of the *Flying Scud* was wide open, and through it could be discerned the wharfs and houses of Singapore, and several vessels riding at anchor.

My acquaintance with Froth had been but of short duration ; but I had seen and heard sufficient of the old salt to feel more than a passing interest in the career of this extraordinary person ; and when, one morning, I was summoned to attend his dying bed, and to hasten thither with all despatch, I confess I departed upon my errand with a considerable weight of sorrow at my heart.

As I entered his cabin, the negro quickly rose from his seat at the bedside and addressed me in an excited manner, but in tones sufficiently inaudible to preclude the possibility of their reaching the ears of the dying man : 'Mass'r Froth, em be berry sick dis marnin.'

Five or six big seamen, who seemed evidently embarrassed at the novelty of the situation, were leaning against the wall with their hands in their tarry pockets. Their presence could be of no avail ; they were exhausting all the fresh air that could possibly come at the patient, so I motioned to them quietly to retire. They went out one by one, and very softly, taking one long parting glance, which had in it the significance of a final farewell, at the pale features of their dying master.

An inarticulate ejaculation from Froth drew me at once to his bedside. I lifted his powerful hand in my own and gently pressed it ; it was as if a child should dandle the paw of a bear. The fingers were enormous, yet they were in perfect keeping with the immense muscular strength and stature of the man ; but the temperature was that of death, and his pulse was barely perceptible. I inquired if he were in pain.

The negro here interposed in a low whisper : 'Mass'r Froth, em hab no pain de ole of de time ; but em berry sick dis marnin, em keep nothing down.'

I administered a slight cordial, which considerably revived him, and, to my astonishment, he

clasped hold of the tarpaulin and gradually drew himself upwards into a sitting posture. It was but a momentary reassertion of his old strength; and I assisted him back upon his pillows, where he lay panting with exhaustion, with his eyes closed. Presently, he re-opened them, as if a thought had struck him, and he began fumbling with great earnestness in his breast-pocket, as if he would dislodge something that was there concealed.

'Em hab a letter from em missus,' promptly suggested the indefatigable negro; 'see em put em in em pocket yester marnin; em no read yet—sure ob dat.'

I saw the whole situation at once. A letter from his wife in England had arrived by yesterday's mail; he was too ill to open it; and nobody on board was sufficiently scholar enough to decipher its contents. I proffered him my assistance in the matter, which he readily assented to; and putting my hand in his breast-pocket, I drew forth a rather soiled packet which bore the following inscription: 'MR JONAH FROTH, Skipper, c/o the *Flying Scud*, Singapore.' I put the letter into his hand, and he grasped hold of it with great fervency; he then raised it slowly to his lips, and returned it to me with one of the most beautiful smiles that ever suffused the rugged countenance of a British seaman. Here the negro uttered a deep groan and wrung his hands, as if in the direst despair.

Froth signalled to me to unfasten the packet and read the contents aloud. I broke the seal, and proceeded with my task, which was one of great difficulty. At first sight, the whole appeared like a mass of Egyptian hieroglyphics; it was the worst writing I had ever seen. The syntax was infamous, and the inflections of many of the words were quite new to me. But what the document lacked in scholarship, it made up in the beautiful and faultless language of the heart. Nothing could have been more tender and playfully confiding. After two or three careful perusals, which occupied several minutes, I considered myself sufficiently prepared to venture on a reading of it aloud to the one man in all the world on whose ear alone could fall, like softest fingerings of invisible strings, the odd and unmelodious accents of its speech. For Froth it was destined to be the last earthly record of the devoted and unalienable affection of that creature to whose bosom he had once been pleased to impart the mysterious secret of his soul's love. The writer (God pity the relict's lot), ignorant of the terrible event that was at this very moment in progress, and all unsuspecting of the store of infinite suffering that was in preparation for her, began in the liveliest vein, and ever and anon would make some jocose sally, evidently intended to disturb the risible faculties of her rugged spouse. Alas, for the irony of Fate! Alas, that the sprightliness and unchecked license of her cheerful, loving heart should, at so inopportune a moment, have led her to wanton around the flickering consciousness of the dying man! It was as if she could be merry over the chill pallors and distressing incoherencies of death. To Froth, the reading of the letter would probably occasion a large amount of mental agitation; not through the lack of all anxiety and distress on his wife's part on account of his present state, but

through the utter absence it would convey of any taint of suspicion that such a state was considered at all probable.

I have not considered it necessary to transcribe the whole of this remarkable document—which now lies in one of my private drawers—nor to adhere always very rigidly to an exact rendering of the original, retaining only such passages as bear more immediately on the present narrative, or that may be of general interest to the reader.

My DEER HUSBIND—I am quite well and jolly and i hope you be to. Missus bunday says i am gettin stout and deer miss edith the parsins dorter says as how you wont no me in the new cap wich she give me new years day. Mister Tom the squeers son have been a drinkin agen sumit awfu, and missus Emblem she have brok her legg wich is very bad for her. As god dellived jonah out of the wale so may he do to you from the danegers of the see. you are a bad chap to stay away so long this time, i dont mind your goin to see as you was born their and its quit materul. Aint i proud of my saylor thats all. me and you niver had a hot word together as i can mind and you aint no fool be you tho you was brought in the world all fools day come ome when you can thurs a deer sole. the cow wich you give me last sumer crope thro billy jones hedge munday nite and tredded down his grass wich made un sware bad and the ole sow has had some more piggs. i hope mister Ambatch the black man is well, giv my respects to un and tell un to mind an air your clean close well of a Saturdy nite.—Your own SUSAN.

When I had finished the reading of the letter, I folded it carefully up and replaced it in Froth's breast-pocket. To my surprise, a triumphant smile was gleaming in his large blue eyes. He lay perfectly motionless, but was muttering indistinctly between his teeth. What that something was, who will ever know? During the final collapse of all that intricate and harmonious structure which constitutes what we term a human life, who shall tell what vestiges of the decaying order are invisibly being woven into and incorporated with the new; deriving from their association with the transmuting principles of the fresh being a colour and a breadth of glorification little dreamt of by the sorrowing spectator. I said Froth's was a triumphant smile; then a triumph that indicated the apotheosis of human affection and the purely spiritual appreciation of its object. If so, then the inaudible utterance was the involuntary shout that acknowledged the total surrender of the soul to the satisfying bounties of the revelation.

At this moment, the negro, whose vanity was highly gratified by the allusion to himself, and who had entirely lost the forlorn expression that had hitherto rested upon his elon countenance, pushed his woolly head in close proximity to my own, and volunteered a personal statement: 'Mass'r Froth's missus em berry nice lady. Ambatch em always ar Mass'r Froth's lily cloz well; em no cotch cold dat way. Like Mass'r Froth's missus: send respec to ole nigger—dat good joke.'

The negro was grinning from ear to ear; and

had I not at this instant clapped my hand tightly over his yawning orifice, he would fairly have given way to a hearty peal of laughter. He came to himself immediately, and looked perfectly miserable at the thought of having so grossly violated all the principles of decorum in an hour of such solemnity. He gradually sank more and more into an inconsolable mood, and went and seated himself over against the door of the cabin, wringing his hands and wagging his head to and fro. I addressed him in a reassuring manner, but all to no purpose. His conscience, like an inexorable judge, had passed sentence of condemnation upon him, and he writhed beneath the lashes of the avenger.

I turned again to Froth. He was beginning to grow extremely restless, throwing his huge arms about, and continually shifting his head from one side to the other. I spoke to him soothingly, and bade him signify if there were anything he would still wish done. He turned and looked at me and smiled serenely—such a smile as only irradiates the face of an upright man upon his dying bed. It was a smile of perfect peace and satisfaction. Death was standing at his side ready with his uplifted dart to strike, but he saw not the monster. Presently he feebly raised his hand and pointed with his forefinger to a corner of the cabin. I looked in the direction indicated, and perceived a large sea-chest lying open, full of a confused mass of books and papers.

'Ambatch,' I cried, 'what is it your master wants? He is pointing at the big chest.'

'Specs em wants em private logbook,' replied the negro, still rocking himself backwards and forwards in an agitated frame of mind.

'Then bring it me at once,' I returned.

The negro did as he was commanded; and after a short and brisk search, he uncarthed a dingy-looking pocket-book with brass clasps, and tied about very securely with a piece of red tape. I took the volume, and held it before Froth's eyes. He looked pleased, and made a supreme effort to speak. I stooped and applied my ear to his mouth. A low sound was all that he emitted. I quickly unwound the tape; and having unfastened the clasps, I laid the book open before him. I noticed that one page was doubled under; at this place he inserted one of his fingers, and then pushed the book feebly towards me, looking earnestly round the room, to see who were present. Perceiving that Ambatch and I were alone, he composed himself on his pillows, and made a motion to me to commence reading.

The entry, though made in a somewhat shaky hand, was perfectly legible, and free from all erasures and interpolations. The orthography was correct, and what struck me as being particularly remarkable, the composition was generally grammatical, and always vigorous and well arranged. The thoughts were not loosely jumbled together like coloured papers in a bag; there were no tedious retrogressions and iterations. It was a straight logical course, with but one beginning, one middle, and one end. The whole was a brief and pithy moral retrospect of his past life, concluding with a short appendix, that consisted of a cluster of chronological dates, to each of which was affixed some important event in his private history. It was dated exactly a

month before his decease. I commenced reading as follows:

'I, Jonah Froth, skipper of the *Flying Scud*, with the apprehension of the near approach of death upon me, have thought it right and fit to here set forth, for the warning and encouragement of all those who hereafter shall sail in this craft, some few of the leading principles that have actuated my conduct during the term of my mortal life. I do it with all modesty, conscious of innumerable imperfections, and mindful of frequent departures from the straight path of duty.' This was the preamble. Then followed a brief list of what Froth considered to be the more essential virtues to be cultivated by every seaman. These were—sobriety, honesty, purity, and valour. Then he went on to say:

'As to sobriety, I never was intoxicated in my life, and have often been laughed at for my abstemious habits. In the year 1840, one of my shipmates died from the effects of dram-drinking at Bombay. From that moment I resolved solemnly to give up my one daily glass of grog, and have nothing to do with a fluid that was capable of taking away the life of a fellow-creature. That was more than forty years ago. I have kept my vow. As to honesty, I have never told a lie to any man, that I can remember; and in all my dealings with my fellows, I have ever laboured to be straightforward and above-board. With reference to purity, no one dare tell Jonah Froth that he ever spoke an obscene word. I have never mixed with low company; and as to valour, I have never been frightened of any man. Of the Evil one I have always been afraid; for to be cast upon a lee-shore with the fiend for a companion has always struck me as being the worst of ills. Now, one may be sober, honest, pure, and brave, and yet be a dunderhead; and as I was unfortunately born at two o'clock in the morning, on the 1st of April 1810, it has always been painfully evident to me that I must therefore have consequently been a born fool.'

Honest, simple-hearted Jonah! Who but himself would have had the candour to own as much? And he went on to say: 'No doubt, to this circumstance I must ascribe my thick-headedness in running the *Woodlark*, nine hundred tons, ashore on the Coromandel Coast, in the year 1849, in broad daylight, and with a moderate breeze blowing from E.S.E. The same event probably accounts for my misadventure in the Java sea, on the night of the 1st of August 1856, when I allowed a horde of vagabond pirates to board my vessel the *Sea-swallow*, and batten us down beneath the hatches for sixteen hours, when we were released by an English cruiser that providentially hove in sight. At the same time, I, Jonah Froth, have ever striven to do my duty to the best of my ability. What shall I say more? My hour draws near.'

Here I interrupted my reading. Froth's hour had come. His eyes were fixed, and a glassy film sparkled on their entire surface. I looked at the clock, which was ticking away unconcernedly over the head of his couch: it indicated exactly two hours after noon. Duty it announced the time of day; and then, suddenly as if by magic, the revolution of its invisible wheels was arrested. The pendulum gave one or two faltering oscillations to left and right, and

finally became stationary. At the same instant, a vivid flash lighted up the cabin and shed a momentary radiance over Froth's pale distorted features. It was followed by a tremendous peal of thunder, that shook the timbers of the *Flying Scud*, and went rolling away over the distant waters of the ocean. For a second, Ambatch stood transfixed, with eyeballs bursting from their sockets; then he fled from the cabin and bolted up the companion-ladder like an imp of darkness. Froth neither saw nor heard; Death and I were alone in his chamber.

Children of the ocean, seamen of this worthy craft, away each to your allotted task! An excellent man, a very excellent man, hath passed from your midst. In his name, in the name of Jonah Froth, whose spirit shall walk these decks as your presiding genius, even unto this good ship's final voyage, I exhort you to be men—men of whom old Neptune shall be proud, and whom Britannia shall not be ashamed to call her sons. Would to heaven, I thought, as I dropped into the boat that was to convey me back to the shore—would to heaven that throughout our 'leviathans afloat' and richly freighted argosies, down even to the craziest brown-sailed smack that goes a-trolling in the waters of the North Sea, might be infused the leaven of Jonah Froth! With the entire quantum of British seamen, naval and mercantile, as a multiplicand, and for a multiplier the person of the worthy skipper himself, and I think I see such a solid and irresistible product as might well intimidate even a combination of the war-fleets of entire Europe.

The startling phenomena attendant upon Froth's death have ever since haunted my imagination. The sudden stopping of the timepiece precisely at the hour of two, which, as he himself writes, was the very hour of his nativity, together with the grand but awful accompaniment of a tropical tempest, were of such a kind as to work an immediate revolution in the whole of my moral being, and to convert me from the enviable condition of a cool and practical observer of nature and her diverse operations, into one of constant apprehension and vigilant watchfulness for signs and tokens of approaching events.

SINGULAR GOOD-FRIDAY CUSTOMS IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

A quaint and curious custom has been practised for over four hundred years on Good-Friday in the churchyard of St Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, once the finest Norman church in London, and still exhibiting in what is left of it great architectural beauty in the grandeur of its Norman arcades. In this churchyard, on Good-Friday, twenty-one poor widows, belonging to the parish, are assembled round a flat stone tomb of an 'unknown person;' and each widow 'picks up' therefrom a new sixpence, twenty-one of these coins having been placed there by the churchwardens. The origin of this charitable dole is unknown. There are no traces of any will, nor is there any fund set apart for this purpose; but the few shillings necessary are usually subscribed for by two or three of the parishioners. The legend referring to the dole is, that some centuries ago an old widow lady, a resident in the parish, directed by her will that her tomb in the

churchyard should be visited by twenty-one aged widows after matins every Good-Friday morning, and that they should 'there and then each pick up a new sixpence,' to be laid on the flat top of the stone in readiness for them. Although this curious custom has been observed for four hundred years, the name of the founder has been lost, and even her tomb is unknown. The old ladies, however, are accommodated at a large flat stone without a name, where the dole is regularly paid every Good-Friday morning.

Another very fanciful custom is observed on Good-Friday morning by direction of a pious citizen named Peter Symonds, who died in 1586. By his will he directed that sixty of the youngest boys of Christ's Hospital, commonly called the 'Blue-coat School,' should attend matins every Good-Friday morning in the church of Allhallows, Lombard Street, the testator's parish; and after the service was over, each boy was to receive a new penny and a bag of raisins. This practice is strictly carried out at the present day; the raisins are placed in paper bags, and the pennies, perfectly new from the bank, procured for the occasion. Fully appreciating the good deed of Symonds, another citizen, William Petts by name, who died in the year 1692, by his will directed that 'the minister who preached the sermon on Good-Friday morning to the sixty Blue-coat Boys should receive a fee of twenty shillings; the clerk, four shillings; the sexton, three shillings and sixpence.' This ceremony is strictly carried out every Good-Friday morning, the churchwardens benevolently adding an additional grant, in order that the children of the ward and Sunday schools might also be partakers of some of the nice things appertaining to the Good-Friday hospitalities. On the last occasion, a very large congregation assembled at the church of Allhallows to hear the sermon and witness the singular and interesting ceremonial.

The ancient city of London is remarkable for many curious customs having their origin centuries back, to which, perhaps, we may allude more fully at a future time. The two above referred to are, however, the only ones we believe associated with Good-Friday.

SONNET.

THERE is a hallowed sweetness in the name
Of Poet. Human power may make a king.
The gift of song is such a holy thing,
So bright, apart from wealth or worldly fame,
That wheresoe'er 'tis found, men know it came
From God. The lark that with untiring wing
Mounts heavenward morning's sweetest hymn to
sing,
Could not his source of song more surely claim
Than he who, though by earthly ills oppress,
Sings, as God bids him, of eternal truth;
Tears cannot quench the fire within his breast,
Which burns more brightly, fanned by grief and pain.
Though death destroy the body, it is vain!
The soul lives on in Song's perpetual youth.

W. G. GRIFFITHS.

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CHILDISH THINGS.

WHILE human nature is ready enough to follow the apostolic example, and 'put away childish things' when the age for them is past, it is as ready from time to time, if it be sound and healthy human nature, to share in the many interests of childhood, or to forget family cares and business worries in a game of romps with the little ones. This occasional return to youthful fun and frolic is such an inborn necessity in some natures, that one is sometimes inclined to call the generosity of toy-giving aunts and take-you-all-to-the-pantomime uncles not altogether disinterested. A gray-haired grandfather will go on his hands and knees to superintend the growlings and prowlings of a mechanical bear, with a face of extreme absorption, while the children for whose amusement he labours have grown tired of the toy, and are taken up with something else. Bachelor lawyers who have no juvenile excuses of their own, are known to fish desperately for invitations to join the circus-going parties of their neighbours' children; nay, in extreme cases, as many as four or even five grown-ups have gone to the pantomime under cover of *one* child. One reverend father in Scotland, famed as a preacher, having no children at all, yet buys unto himself stores of nursery picture-books, and will spend a whole evening in admiring discussion of Caldecott's *Queen of Hearts* or the *Jovial Huntsmen*. Which of us, indeed, in his inner consciousness, cannot confess to a sneaking enjoyment of the pleasures we ostensibly provide for our juvenile kith and kin?

Like all humane sympathies, this sympathy with the concerns of children has increased of late years. All the surroundings of child-life receive increased attention. The nursery, once the limbo of old carpets and ancient furniture, old chairs, and out-of-date engravings, is now brought into the realm of art. Stained floors, soft rugs, tiled basin-stands; wall-papers, whereon Bo-peep, Little Boy Blue, and the Four-and-twenty Blackbirds repeat themselves; pretty cups

and saucers, tablecloths with dainty coloured borders—these graces of life are all to be found in the modern nursery. And engravings of ruined castles by moonlit seas, the Four Seasons, our beloved Queen in the days of her youth, and the Prince Consort (smiling in a meaningless fashion at each other), are swept away, and their places filled by coloured pictures of child-life. Sympathy half with the children of to-day and half with those children of the past, ourselves 'as was'—a kind of self-pity when we reflect how we *would* have liked such things—such sympathies make us lavish.

Only the other day, visiting at a crowded country-house, I was lodged with many apologies in the nursery of two little girls who were away from home at the time. Full of comfortable arrangements and contrivances, it was a room not to be despised; and when I woke in the morning and looked up, lo! the roof was painted blue like the summer sky with little white clouds, and a cornice of garlands and Cupids charming to behold! I thought of the night nursery of my childhood in the attic flat of a town-house, with furniture Spartan in its simplicity. I recalled those weary hours of open-eyed wakefulness, called by nursery-maids going to sleep, and the fascination and terror of a sloping window in the roof almost above my bed, which from its position was uncurtained, and through which, in the dark winter nights, we from time to time thought we saw eyes look in. The mere suggestion was enough to make us bury our heads under the bedclothes in shuddering fear. That the window was too small to admit the burglar whom we imagined to be lurking outside it and watching us, was but small comfort—the thought that he *was* there filled us with inexpressible dread. Reason and observation have since convinced me that burglars do not habitually spend the night on steep-pitched snowy roofs, and that it was only some homeless, hungry cat whose dimly seen face, looking in, raised our childish terrors. But I have a kind of pity still for those little fluttered hearts in the old night nursery.

Among other childish things, besides nursery furniture, undergoing improvement, picture and story books must not be forgotten. The coarse, almost repulsive, little woodcuts, sometimes daubed with colour, which, intended to assist, really served to fetter our imaginings of Red Riding-Hood and Golden Hair, are things of the remote past, and nursery classics receive the most perfect illustration at the hands of skilled artists. A thousand elucidations of meaning, too, we owe to these gifted pencils and brushes. Who, for instance, knew the real facts of the case when 'the Dish ran away with the Spoon,' before Mr Caldecott explained them in a few magical strokes? We have all repeated the words of the story, thinking them a mere farrago of nonsense. We had no idea of those clandestine meetings, connived at evidently by his relatives the Plates, leading up to the rash elopement. We were quite ignorant, too, of its tragical dénouement—how he fell, and was smashed into little bits; and she, poor thing, was marched off between her hard-featured, unrelenting father the Knife, and her mother the Fork—the latter a strait-laced dame, of whose very existence we had no idea.

Who had discovered—to take another instance—what led the Cat and her kittens to the spot just at the critical moment of the Frog's wooing? Why, on that of all occasions, should they have come 'tumbling in,' to quote the brief but forcible words of the text? History was silent; but by one of those happy glosses which we feel to be an inspiration, Mr Caldecott enlightened us. The Rat, in after-dinner geniality and ease, allowed the end of his tail to hang out of the open window near which he sat. It was a fatal carelessness!

Mr Caldecott threw much light, too, on the character of that nameless and charming *She* who went into the garden—her head stuffed full of silly romances, doubtless—and cut a cabbage leaf, of all things, wherewith to make an apple-pie. When this shiftless young person came to marry the Barber, we feel sure, with an apology to Foote for differing from him, that the imprudence was on the barber's side, not hers, and indeed *She* was very well off to be wooed and married at all! Then the Garyulies came to the wedding. We had very vague ideas before as to who they were—though we could conjure up the great Panjandrum; but now, when we see their friendly talkative faces, we know them at once for the very embodiments of the garrulous folk of all time.

Not in his mirthful pictures only has Mr Caldecott endeared himself to children and to all who care for childish things. As long as Mrs Ewing's beautiful stories of *Lob lie by the Fire*, *Daddy Darwin's Dovecot*, and *Juckanapes* have power to charm, so long will his illustrations of them delight us. There is a pathos he little dreamt of in his sketch of a young child coming to lay a wreath of remembrance on the grave of her who was the children's favourite story-teller. It seems doubly pathetic now that he, too, has been taken by death, and silently claims our remembrance.

M. Ernest de Chesneau, in *La Peinture Anglaise*, remarks, that from the 'honest but fierce laugh of the coarse Saxon, William Hogarth, to the delicious smile of Kate Greenaway,' there has

passed a century and a half. But in the department of nursery literature, fifty years have sufficed to effect as great a change; Mrs Ewing's genial teachings have superseded Mrs Sherwood's grim severities; and the rod of castigation so vigorously used by the author of the *Fairchild Family*, turns into a fairy wand of enchantment in the fingers of Madam Liberality. Oh, little children of fifty years ago, how you were goaded to righteousness! How narrow and strait was the way made for your feet!

One of the most deservedly popular nursery classics is a translation from the German of the well-known *Struwwelpeter*, and to a recent edition there is added an author's preface. Herr Hoffman, the author in question, tells how he came to write the book. On his little boy's birthday, his wife charged him to bring home a picture-book. He went accordingly to the bookseller's and looked over a number; but all were the same namby-pamby tales and pictures of good children who were invariably rewarded, and little sinners who came to grief. The monotony and prosiness of all the books he saw struck him so forcibly, that he bought a book of blank pages, and took it home to his wife, announcing his intention of filling it himself; and so we have the famous *Struwwelpeter*. That Herr Hoffman was no artist, matters little; the pictures and stories are genuine good fun. The morals, too, are essentially nursery ones. Johnny Head-in-Air, Fidgety Phil, Shockheaded Peter, and Augustus who 'quarrelled' with his soup, illustrate and satirise faults to which children are really prone, and which they need to be laughed out of. Then, what could be more purely comical than the reversed positions of the greencoat man and the hare, when she has stolen his gun and spectacles, and

Runs after him all day,
And hears him call out everywhere,
Help! Fire! Help! The hare—the hare!

Or more impressive than the little black silhouettes of the naughty boys whom Great Agrippa dipped in the ink because they jeered at the harmless blackamoor! Every page is certainly a mirror held up to child-nature, and that the reflection is a good-natured caricature does not take from its interest.

Among childish pleasures, perhaps the most enviable and, we fear, the most unattainable to us older folks, are those of the imagination. If Mr Ruskin's 'great law of noble imagination,' as he calls it, be indeed true, our case is all the harder. 'It does not create—it does not even adorn,' he tells us; 'it does but reveal the treasures to be possessed by the spirit.' The visionary world in which children pass so many happy hours is round us too, if we could only see it; but our eyes are holden by the cares of this world, perhaps. We listen to, wonder at, are amused by their glowing fancies; but are ignorant and unaware, except when they choose to interpret. Ruskin says of children: 'They are forced by nature to develop their powers of invention, as a bird its feathers of flight;' and we might add, the inventive faculty, like a bird, is apt, when fully grown, to fly away. Then, when their own imaginative resources begin to fail them, one observes children begin to

read books of adventure with avidity—at the age, say, of ten or twelve years. Before that, no Rover of the Andes or Erling the Bold can equal the heroic achievements they evolve from their inner consciousness. Who, for instance, could hope to 'put a patch' on the experiences of those two little boys who spent a snowy day during the Christmas holidays tiger-shooting in their father's dining-room; and as one, making his cautious way among the legs of the dinner-table, for the nonce a pathless jungle, was hailed by the other with, 'Any tigers there, Bill?' he answered gloriously: 'Tigers? I'm knee-deep in them!'

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXVII.—IN THE 'ANCHOR.'

THE parlour of the *Anchor* had a cosy look. Although the time of year was summer, yet on the coast the evenings were at times sufficiently cool to make a fire acceptable. On this evening a small fire of wreck-timber was smouldering on the hearth, emitting its peculiar gunpowdery odour, and the glow gave geniality to the little room, as a smile to a plain face. The window was small, with red curtains to it; and before the supper was over, the curtains were drawn and a lamp lighted. Some lumps of coal were put on the fire, and bubbled and burst into puffs of flame.

Richard knew the room very well. He had often been in it, and had spent there many a pleasant hour. As he sat in it now, a sensation of relief came over him. He was once more among friends, among men of his own educational stamp, men he could understand, and who understood him; men who were not on the watch to find fault with him, who respected, and did not look down on him. Richard had always been a sober man; but he had been no teetotaler; he took a glass with his mates, and made the glass last a long time. He had never been a sociable man, but had always been kindly, ready to listen to yarns, and patiently bear puzzle-headed arguments, and laugh at jokes, and take interest in the affairs of his comrades. He was no talker, but a capital listener. When asked for his advice, he gave it modestly, and made no remarks if it were not followed. Should the talk take such a turn as offended him, he showed his disapproval by rising and leaving the room. On one occasion only had Richard occasion to speak out, and that was when his brother-in-law intercepted his exit. Then he said gravely: 'I cannot bear it, mates—because of the little uns at home. When I'm with you smoking, I take the smell of the 'bacey home with me in my jacket; but that don't hurt. But when I hear you talk this way, I'm feared lest the taint of it go home in my clothes to my innocent children.—No offence; I must go. There are six of 'em, and the youngest is a baby.'

Richard Cable, as all the men knew, was a long-suffering man, slow to take offence, and never giving it. That fellow must be uncommonly provoking who roused Dick to anger. He could bear much chaff, taking it good-humouredly,

and he did not resent, though he disliked, a practical joke. How his comrades would have marvelled had they been able on that evening to see into his breast, at the fuming, tossing fever that there worked, kindled, stirred up by a woman's tongue!

'I faith, Dick,' said Ephraim Marriage, the mate, when the steaming grog was brought on the table with the white clay pipes, 'I'm glad you've come. Jonas said we should see no more of you, now you'd gone away from us for ever; but I didn't think it; I knew you better.'

'Give us a paw, captain, over the table,' said a sailor, glowing with affection and animation at the sight of the spirits and hot water and sugar.

'Every wessel,' said Moses Harvey sententiously, 'is marked with the mark of the port to which she belongs; it is C.H. for Colchester, and H.D. for Hanford; and wherever she may go, into whatsoever seas, a-trawling, or a-drudging,* or a-coasting, she's known by her marks whence she comes and to what she belongs. Now, mates, our good friend Cable was built and launched here at Hanford; and though he may cruise away into oceans and seas and spheres to us unbeknown, yet wherever he spreads his sail, there it will be known he don't belong to no ports or harbours of them there foreign parts or spheres, but to us: he's marked H.D. right over his bows, and got it writ in his inmost heart, in the log o' his good conscience.'

A rapping on the table, a clinking of spoons, a stamping of feet under the table, and a 'Hear! hear! hear! Right you are, Moses.'

'I've heard tell,' continued Harvey, stimulated by these tokens of approval, 'that in disturbed and warful times, wessels sail and traffic under foreign colours. But I don't care what colours our captain, Dick Cable, may hoist; we look to his letters, not his flag; and we recognise our old friend and mate by the H.D. on his bows.'

Renewed applause.

Cable's heart was soothed by these tokens of welcome and affection and regard. These men said what they thought, and spoke out the feelings of their hearts. There was no humbug in them; they were honest and true throughout.

Perhaps Josephine was right when she said that Lady Brentwood had invited him to dinner only that she might laugh at him. Perhaps the Admiral, the Lord of the Admiralty, the Justices of Peace, the Baronet, would have been civil to him with their lips to his face, to make jest of his manners and mode of expressing himself behind his back. He did not understand the ways of that class of life, and Josephine did. She belonged to it.

Then Cable stood up and pulled off his frock-coat, and folded it up and put it aside on the cupboard. 'I can't bear to sit in it any more,' he said. 'It is like as if I were in a 'trait-waistcoat in an asylum. I'll sit with you, mates, in my shirt sleeves, as I've no jersey.'

'You put off the gentleman along with the coat when with us, eh, Dick?' asked Jonas Flinders.

'I never was, and never shall be, a gentleman,'

* 'Dredging' in the Essex fisherman's vernacular is 'drudging.'

said Richard with a little warmth. 'The making of one is not in me—what with my pockets and my handkerchief and my *Wees*. I'm a plain man, always was, and always will be.—They tried to put my hands into gloves,' he went on, waxing hotter—'kid gloves they were; and I busted 'em right down the back, as I've seen a taut sail go in a squall. They tried to get my feet into fashionable boots, and I was like a cat in walnut shells, or a Chinese lady, needing ladies'-maids to hold her up when she sets her foot to the ground.'

The men laughed. Richard, with shaking hand, refilled his glass. He was angry at the recollection of what he had undergone. He swallowed half the contents of his tumbler, and went on irritably: 'Whatever you do, mates, keep clear of polite society. It is like the Dol-drums, where you never know which way the tide is running and from what quarter the wind will catch you.'

'Not much chance for any of us to get into it, captain,' said one of the men; 'the luck don't come to every one to marry an heiress.'

'Leave my wife out of the game,' said Richard hastily; 'I'm not alluding to her in any way. I'm speaking of polite society in general, and them as have the misfortune to swim in it. I've seen this day a bullfinch that wasn't content to live outside a cage, and liked to hop about from one dry stick to another. There are folks that have been bred and grown up in social cages, and they are only happy inside of them. Give them a little red sand, and a few drops of water and some chickweed and a lump of white sugar, and they are content. They don't care for the green trees and the free wind, and the grass twinkling with morning dew. All that is barbarous to them.'

Richard had become loquacious. The fire burned in his heart, an angry resentment against the new world into which he had been introduced, and for which he was unsuited; and his heated feelings relieved themselves in words. His pride, which had been broken down, reared itself again.

'It must be uncommon irksome,' said Ephraim, 'having to wear a coat to your back all day, as if you were always going to church or chapel.'

'It is not only that—you are tied and encumbered in everything, Eph!' answered Cable. 'When David the shepherd boy wanted to fight Goliath, King Saul must needs clap on his head his helmet, and wrap his breastplate over his breast, and put greaves of brass on his legs. Then David could not get along a step, and he said: "I cannot wear them—I have not proved them." It is much the same with me. They're a-girding me and an arming of me, brass here, brass there, brass everywhere, and I am nigh on crushed with the weight.'

'It must be terribly inconvenient,' said one man, 'to have to wear a good cloth coat and waistcoat and trousers at meal-time, and instead of enjoying your wittles, to be a-thinking and a-pondering and a-considering all the time, lest a drop of gravy or a bit of butter should come on the cloth and spoil it. Heart alive! what it must be to have the mind a-travelling over one like an invisible cloth-brush cleaning off the crumbs and specks all the time one is eating!'

'I suppose,' said another man, 'you've got to be wonderfully choice what you say?'

'That's another of the waxing things in polite society,' answered Cable. 'Did you ever hear Tom Catchpool tell of the juggler he saw in India? He saw a native conjurer dance blind-fold among knives and razors stuck in the ground with the blades upmost, where a false step might have cost him his life. He danced for an hour and did not get a scratch. For why? Because he was brought up to it from a baby. It is just the same in polite society: there every blessed letter of the alphabet sticks on end, sharp as a razor, and I defy'—he beat his fist on the table—'I defy any man who has not been brought up to it to get along among them without getting gashed and spiked at every turn.'

'And,' threw in Moses Harvey, 'what they call the vowels is the wust.'

'I've been aboard a vessel all my life,' said Cable grimly, 'but I can't pronounce *He* right.'

'I suppose you live like a fighting-cock at the Hall?' observed Ephraim.

'There's enough there and to spare,' answered Cable. He emptied his glass. He flushed hot with the remembrance of the indignities he had undergone on account of his mode of eating. 'Polite society knows how to cook its food, but is mighty particular how you eat it.—But there, mates, we've had enough about polite society. I've seen at Orford or Alkborough or thereabouts—I can't at the moment mind exactly where it was—a tree growing that folks say was planted upside down, and the roots have grown into branches, and the boughs have been converted into roots. That is what polite society is—the honest world turned topsy-turvy. You have my last word on it. God save the Queen!'

'When shall you be going another cruise in the *Josephine*, captain?' asked Ephraim.

'I'll have Jim Cook to repaint the name of the yacht,' said Cable; 'she's not to be called the *Josephine* any more.'

'Change her name!'

'Ay, change her name. You see, mates, it's the name of my—my wife, and I don't care to have it in every man's mouth. Besides, we none of us speak it aright. There's properly no *Joss* in it at all.—But there; you need not try to give it right. The name shall be altered to-morrow.'

'What will you call her, Dick?'

'The *Bessie*—that shall be her name henceforth.'

Then up stood Hezekiah Marriage, captain of a small oyster smack, and said: 'Fill your tumblers, gentlemen. I rise on my legs—on my hind-legs, gentlemen!'

He was interrupted by Cable, who exclaimed roughly: 'We are none of us gentlemen, I least of all.—Call us mates.'

'Very well, Captain Dick,' said Marriage. 'I rise to my hind-legs, mates; I accept the correction with a grateful heart. We are not gentlemen; we don't belong to polite society; we are rough Skye terriers, every one of us. I rises!—He paused—he was not a fluent man. 'Gentlemen!—I axes pardon, I mean, mates—you have not all got your glasses brimming, and the toast—I rises to propose is one that demands the—the flowing bowl.' He cleared his throat noisily and looked round. His face was moist, the strain of elocution was enormous. 'I rises on my'—

'All right, Captain Marriage; you've been a-rising on them hind-legs a score o' times; keep up on 'em, and don't come down again,' said Jonas Flinders.

'Allow me to get along as I can,' entreated the speaker, 'or I shan't get along at all. I propose the full and flowing bowl to be emptied to the health of Mrs Captain Cable, the real old and original Josephine.'

'I object!' shouted Richard, starting up and striking the table. 'I have said already that I will not allow my wife's name to be brought in. I refuse to permit the toast.'

'Having risen to my hind-legs to propose it,' said Marriage argumentatively, 'I can't a-draw it in again. Toasts ain't like snails' horns.'

'I will not have it drunk,' said Cable angrily. 'Do you want to offend me, and make me your enemy, Mr Marriage? You all?'

'No offence is meant; the contrary was intended,' argued Hezekiah. 'How can there be offence in proposing or in drinking the health of Mrs Cable?'

'I have said I will not permit my wife's name to be introduced here,' cried Richard. 'You have all heard me announce that.' He looked angrily round the table.

Was this the same Richard Cable whom all had known?—this irritable, touchy man? What had transformed his nature, once so placable? Only a drop of poison on a tongue-point introduced into his veins.

'Now, look here, mates,' said Marriage. 'The toast is out, and it's unconstitutional to haul it in again; but I'm a peaceable man, and I'll tell you how we'll compromise the difficulty—we'll drink the health of Mr Cable and all his belongings.'

Richard was in that chafed temper that takes umbrage at trifles; but he saw that he had acted unreasonably, and he raised no further protest. The toast was drunk, but with an abatement of enthusiasm. Then he stood up to reply, having first fortified himself for the effort with his glass. 'Mates,' he said, leaning over the table, resting on his knuckles, 'I'm nought as a speaker, as you all know. I thank you for the cordiality with which you have drunk my health. As I said afore, so say I now; I'm not a gentleman, and never will become one. Silk purses are not made out of sows' ears. I dare say you've all heard of Mahomet's coffin that hangs betwixt heaven and earth, held up by a lodestone. The coffin that contains the corpse is of iron. Well, mates, I'm not altogether like Mahomet, but I am in part. I'm lugged up by the feet; but my head and heart are down below, and the position is neither becoming nor comfortable. Moreover, in the place where my feet now are, in the elevated region of polite society, my feet are objected to because my boots have been greased against seawater, and they will take no polish, and are otherwise objectionable. I'd like to draw my feet down to my head, mates—but—I can't. I thank you all.' Then he emptied his glass and sat down.

'You'll excuse me for rising,' said Marriage, blowing with excitement and nervousness, 'because I have a duty to perform. I meant no offence before, and I rise now to make what amends for any mistake I may have made. I'm a poor hand at speechifying. It is like running

in a boat over the flats when the tide is setting outwards, and you feel beneath you the farther you go that the water is a-shallowing and a-shallowing, every pull that brings you nearer the shore. The toast, my mates, that I rise—that I rise to propose is one, I'm sure, you will all drink with the greatest cordiality and with three cheers. The toast, mates, I rises on—I mean I rises to propose, is to them dear little childer, seven in all, nestled as doves under Master Cable's spreading vine. I say, mates, though we be rough old water-dogs, that we've got tender hearts, and we respects and admires a lovely sight, such as them seven little innocents, beginning with Mary down to the baby, all brought up as they ought to be, in the fear of God, and in order and love and peace; and I do but express the feelings of all here present when I say—God bless the darlings all.'

Then the room rang with cheers; and Richard, with the tears rising into his eyes, leaned over the table and clasped the hand of Hezekiah Marriage and shook it again and again and again; but he said not one word; he did not thank him, for his heart was full and he could not speak.

(To be continued.)

WILD MEN AND WOLF-CHILDREN.

As a general rule, the line of demarcation between mankind and the lower creation is sufficiently sharp and well defined. Even those savage races who appear to us to stand on the lowest round of humanity exhibit several most essential points of difference from the brutes. Yet, though no large number of men has ever been found without some of the distinctive marks of humanity, we cannot say as much of individual human beings. Even when we ignore the exaggerated accounts of popular tradition, there still remain some well-authenticated cases of unfortunate beings who resembled the rest of mankind in nothing but their human form. They are mostly children who, through accident or neglect, have grown up without any human nurture or care, and who have adopted the habits of those animals with whom they have been compelled to associate. Under this head we may mention the case of the lad whom Gilbert White describes in his *Natural History of Selborne*. This delightful author tells us that in his village there used to be an idiot boy, who from a child showed a strong propensity to bees. They were his food, his amusement, his sole object. The winter he used to doze away, after the manner of that insect, in an almost torpid state by the fireside; but in the summer he was all alert, and in quest of his game in the fields and on sunny banks. Honey-bees, humble-bees, and other kinds he used to seize with his unprotected hands, without any apprehension from their stings, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom between his shirt and his skin with these captives. As he ran about, he used to make a humming noise with his lips resembling the buzzing of bees. The lad was

lean and sallow, and of a cadaverous complexion; and, except in his favourite pursuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding. When a tall youth, he was removed to a distant village, where he is said to have died before he arrived at manhood.

More to the point, however, is a case related by the German philanthropist, Count von der Recke, who, after the Prussian war of independence against Napoleon I., opened a Refuge near Dusseldorf for the many hundreds of miserable children whom the distress of the times had driven forth from their ruined homes into the fields and woods. One day a lad was brought to this Refuge who had been found crawling on all-fours among a herd of swine. His body was incased in a thick crust of dirt. Only a few rags remained of what had presumably been his clothes. His bleeding face bore witness to the stout resistance which he had offered to his captors. It appeared that he had formerly been employed as a swineherd by a farmer in one of the neighbouring villages. In the night, he had been shut up in the pigsty together with the objects of his care. As his master did not give him enough nourishment, he had indemnified himself by making one at the trough, and by sucking the teats of the sows. When his master's farm was destroyed by the French, he had fled with his pigs to the woods, and had lived there ever since. All this was discovered long afterwards, for the lad himself could only speak a few words: his only answer to the questions that were put to him was an inarticulate grunt like that of a pig. Great difficulty was experienced in keeping him away from the lettuce-beds; he used to crawl on to them and begin to graze like a four-footed animal. The lad had probably never been much better than an idiot. His head was small, his forehead low, his eyes bleared, and his jaws protruding. He never lost his fondness for pigs. To the last he loved to associate with them, and they seemed to understand him.

Another wild boy who was received into the same Home exhibited no small resemblance to a bird. His eyes moved about in their sockets like those of a bird; his face wore a bird-like expression. He could not utter any articulate sound; but he imitated the notes of the songsters of the woods with marvellous skill and correctness. It was supposed that he had spent the greater part of his life in the forest, where he had sustained nature by climbing the trees and sucking the eggs of birds.

A similar story is told by Procopius the historian. In his time, Italy was repeatedly laid waste by the incursions of the Ostrogoths. In one of the deserted villages a little child and some goats were left behind. One of the animals appeared to have established herself as the foster-mother of the child; for when the parents returned after some years, they were greatly surprised to find the boy still alive, though he had in the meantime contracted many of the peculiar habits of the goat. He was called *Ægisthus*, or 'Goat-child.' The historian adds that he himself saw the lad, and was therefore able to vouch for the authenticity of the story.

In the early traditions of most nations we meet with tales of animals suckling infants who have been exposed through the jealousy of some tyrant, and who afterwards become great kings or heroes. We need only remind our readers of Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire, who was saved through the kindness of a female dog; and of Romulus and Remus, to whom it was believed that a she-wolf had given sustenance. In most of these stories the wolf plays a very prominent part. It is needless to add that they are all mere myths, and as such, unworthy of credence. But the same cannot be said of the possibility of a child growing up among wolves, which is suggested in them. The following facts—the substantial truth of which there is no reason to doubt, since they are related by the eminent Anglo-Indian Sir William Sleeman—would seem to prove that such a thing is not altogether so impossible as at first may appear.

In the wild glens through which the river Gumti rushes down into the Ganges, wolves are still common; and they frequently carry off children out of the towns and villages. The Hindus are withheld by superstition from killing these animals within the precincts of their own habitations; for they believe that a village in which even a drop of wolf's blood has been shed is doomed to destruction by fire and sword. The consequence is that, in spite of the rewards offered by the government for the heads of these animals, many victims are still year after year devoured by wolves in India. In the town of Sultanpore, Sir William was shown a boy who, in his habits and his general appearance, bore the most wonderful resemblance to a wolf. He had been found crawling on all-fours, in the company of a wolf and her three cubs which had come down to the river to drink. Since his capture he had made repeated attempts to escape. Cooked meat he rejected with gestures of loathing and abhorrence; but when he was offered raw meat, he devoured it with avidity. He would allow dogs to share his meal; but if approached by human beings at such a time, he would growl in a threatening manner. When he saw children, he would rush at them, bark like a fierce dog, and attempt to bite them. The lad was subsequently received into the house of Captain Nicholls, of the First Oude Infantry Regiment. Under the kindly care of this gentleman he lost some of his ferocity, and was broken of his habit of biting. He also learned to eat cooked food, though he still continued to prefer raw meat. He was very fond of bones, which he would crunch like a dog. When food was given to him, he would run up to it on all-fours and devour it greedily, pulling it about and tearing it in a wolf-like fashion. His voracity was all but unappeasable. He would eat half a lamb at a meal, wash it down with a vast quantity of buttermilk, and then swallow some clay and small stones. Children of his own age he would have nothing to do with: his favourite playfellows were a small pariah dog and some jackals. These animals had to be shot, as they helped themselves too freely to the food which had been placed for the boy. Their death did not, however, seem to give him any concern. Clothes he could not endure, and he impatiently tore them off, even in the severest weather. A mattress stuffed with cotton was given him to sleep

on; but he tore it up, and swallowed the cotton with his bread. He never spoke a word till a few minutes before his death, which took place in his twelfth year, after a short illness. Just as he was about to breathe his last, some reminiscences of his early childhood seemed to come back to him. He put his hand to his head, said that it hurt him, asked for water, and then died.

Sir William describes seven other 'wolf-children,' the majority of whom he declares that he had seen with his own eyes. One of the most remarkable of these cases is that of a boy who in his third year was carried off by a wolf while his parents were at work in the fields, and who was recovered six years afterwards as he was going down to the river to drink with the old wolf and her young ones. A mole and a scar on his left arm led to his identification. When Sir William saw this boy, he had already been in some degree tamed. But he never learned to speak. He refused to wear clothes. He walked on all-fours, and preferred raw meat and carrion to any other kind of food. Frogs, which the village children caught and threw to him, he devoured with avidity. At night, he would often run off into the woods, and on such occasions his parents had great difficulty in recovering him.

It is curious how closely most of these Indian stories of 'wolf-children' agree in their general features, and even in some of their details. The manner in which the capture of these children is effected is, to say the least, suspicious; the constant recurrence of the wolf going to the river to drink gives that part of the story a somewhat mythical tinge. We cannot, of course, refuse to believe those facts which came under the personal observation of Sir William; but the earlier part of the narrative may possibly have taken some of its colouring from the exaggerative tendency of the Oriental imagination.

A glance at the kindred cases recorded by European writers reveals a striking resemblance to these Indian stories. In Wilhelm Dilich's *Hessian Chronicle*, purporting to be a truthful narrative of the events which happened during the author's lifetime, we are told that in the year 1311 some hunters found a boy among a pack of wolves. Dilich does not say whether he saw the child with his own eyes; but he describes him as walking on all-fours, shrinking at the approach of strangers, and crouching under tables and benches, and refusing all cooked food.

A Hanoverian writer of the seventeenth century relates that in 1661 two children were discovered in the company of bears in the forest near the Polish town of Grodno. One of them escaped together with the bears; but the other, who was a boy of about eight or nine years of age, was taken to Warsaw, and there presented to the king, John Casimir. The king for some time kept him about his court, had him christened, and then turned him over to Peter Opalinski, one of his chamberlains, who attempted to utilise him as a scullion in the royal kitchen. In a long Latin poem, written by some scholar attached to the Polish court, a complete history of the wretched lad is given from his first arrival at Warsaw till his final escape into the woods. Like all his companions in misfortune, he is represented as moving about on all-fours in a heavy, lumbering way. He would eat anything, but was particularly

partial to raw meat, ripe fruit, honey, and sugar. It was also remarked that when he walked erect, as he sometimes would do, his general resemblance to a bear became more striking than ever.

Among other more or less genuine cases of this kind we may mention the 'wild boy' who bellowed like an ox, and who some time ago created a great sensation at Bamberg in Germany; the girl who was captured at Chalons in 1731, and of whom it was said that she had been living in the river Marne like a fish; and the wretched creature in whom Lord Monboddo thought he had discovered a specimen of primitive man.

It cannot be fairly maintained that these and similar stories contribute much either one way or the other towards the solution of the great question at issue between anthropologists in regard to the origin of man, for none of the facts are sufficiently removed beyond the shadow of a doubt to afford ground for a scientific theory. In matters of this kind, even the most truthful and sagacious of men are prone to exaggeration and error; and for a great many of the facts we are dependent on witnesses whose accounts are by no means unimpeachable.

BLOOD-MONEY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAP. IV.—ATONEMENT.

To be suddenly stricken to the earth when one feels firm of foot and sure of the way he is going, is a calamity which none would survive but for the merciful stupefaction that accompanies the blow. Edwards, assured of his wealth, full of cynical satisfaction at what he imagined proved that his objections to Corbet had been just, had spoken to him with the authority of a man who had been wronged and had the power to resent the wrong. Now, half-a-dozen words had brought him down from his high pedestal; and he felt like the guilty man who, having accepted trial by combat, finds himself prostrate with his antagonist's sword-point at his throat. It was by no force of will that he did not wince or tremble or remove his stolid gaze from the flushed face of the man to whom he had spoken so contemptuously. He was for the moment numbed in mind and body, and he stared at the speaker as if under the spell of some horrible fascination. At length he found voice, and although it sounded somewhat hollow, it was distinct. He did not attempt to deny his identity. 'I knew Wolton many years ago. We were friends—close friends; but you cannot be his brother. You are too young, and you do not bear his name.'

'And you are not generally known as Altcar. You have forced this explanation from me; but I do not wish to worry you more than is unavoidable, although what you did years ago, and the manner in which you have treated me now, would excuse anything I could say. The thought of your daughter is your shield.'

'You are most kind; but I am not aware of any necessity for your consideration.'

'I will answer your questions first, and you can afterwards measure my forbearance by your own conscience.—Jack was the eldest of a numerous family, and I the youngest. After his death, my mother decided that to protect us from the shame attaching to the memory of it, our name should be changed to that which was hers before her marriage. I was too young at the time of poor Jack's misfortune to be told or to understand, if I had been told anything of the affair. My mother kept silence; and I grew up ignorant that my name had ever been other than Corbet, and ignorant that my brother had been executed for murder.'

'I do not see how all this affects me or my daughter,' commented Edwards mechanically, his position unchanged. He wanted to learn how much the man knew of the past, whilst he felt that the last hope of attaining peace of mind was being dragged away from him.

'Look at this, then, and read it if you can. If you cannot, I will do it for you; and when you have heard it, say if Jack Wolton's brother can marry your daughter.—Poor Lizzie, poor Lizzie! I do wish there were any way of sparing you.' The last words were spoken to himself, as he took from his pocket a faded sheet of notepaper and placed it on the table before Edwards. The latter looked down at it, but did not touch the paper.

'Can you read it?' continued Corbet. 'My mother only showed it to me when I came to London a few weeks ago, and told her that I was to marry the daughter of Richard Edwards of Sheffield without her father's consent. She tried first to dissuade me on the ground that it was wrong to oppose your will. Finding that argument failed, she told me the whole sad story, and gave me proofs, through one of your Leeds friends, that Richard Edwards was the name Ned Altcar assumed when he settled in Sheffield.—Read this letter, and then say whether I am to explain personally to your daughter why I cannot make her my wife; or you will accept the sacrifice I am prepared to make in allowing her to think me faithless, rather than that she should know her father's fortune was made out of the money he received for delivering up my brother—his friend—to the hangman.'

Edwards did not reply, and he tried to avoid the letter, which lay on the table before him in the full glare of the gas, for he fancied that he would see, not writing, but Jack Wolton's face! A kind of mesmeric attraction overcame his will, and he looked. The penmanship was well known to him; and whilst his eyes were riveted on the paper, he did not seem to read, but to hear his old friend's voice speaking the words.

The letter had been written in the condemned cell, and there was a manly resignation in the tone of its contents. First, there were expressions of regret for the shame and sorrow his fate would entail upon mother, brothers, and sisters; then the assurance that he was content—nay, glad that the end was so near. He had suffered so much torture of mind during the days and nights he was hiding from the police, that his arrest was a relief to him. Next came the words which stood out from the rest like letters of fire to the eyes of the man who was now looking at them:

'Don't blame poor Ned Altcar. He was in sore straits; and he did try hard to warn me of my danger, and I would not heed him. He was in a state of actual starvation, and the temptation of such a big sum as they offered for me was too much for him. Poor chap! I hope the money will bring him luck. I bear him no grudge; but rather think he has done me a service, for I could not have lived, haunted by the face of that dead man, scoundrel though he was.—Ned does not know that I saw him lurking behind a bush in the garden as the constables took me away; but I did, and understood who had brought them upon me. Leave him to think that I died in ignorance as to who earned the blood-money.'

Edwards was cold and hot by turns; but the words, 'I bear him no grudge—he has done me a service,' sounded like a loud paean of joy in his ears. He was forgiven—he was pitied, excused, and almost thanked! Jack had been glad to escape from the torments of remorse; and Jack had been right; for Ned Altcar had learned during the last twenty years that 'riches fineness are poor as winter' to one whose conscience is not clear. He would give the whole world to be back again in the poverty-stricken cottage; to have all the horrors of starvation to endure, and all the agony of seeing his mother perish for lack of the necessities which she required, if he could only feel that his hands had never touched blood-money!

The fiends had mocked him with riches, piled them upon him until he was surfeited; but his mother had not been saved; his sister had not been spared, and he had found no pleasure in anything. His touch withered everything that might have given him gladness, and only the cursed gold came dancing into his coffers, laughing and jeering at his misery.

But Jack had forgiven him, and in that thought he experienced the first thrill of joy he had known since the horrible night on which he betrayed his friend. And now, what was to be the next step? Was he to accept the sacrifice Jack's brother was willing to make on Lizzie's account, or was he to absolve Corbet from all blame by telling her the truth? It might be some atonement, but it was hard to make. He had believed that his secret was safe in the archives of the police, and he had hoped that she at any rate might never know it. The question thrust itself upon him: 'In which way will she suffer least? Will she find least pain in the revelation of what I wanted to hide from her, and have so striven to hide, or in believing her lover false?'

He clutched at a straw in his despairing eagerness to keep his present place in her thoughts. There was a possibility that Corbet might be only taking advantage of this discovery in order to break off the engagement for some other reason. But the straw was instantly cast away, and he spoke gloomily: 'You say that your feelings towards me—towards Lizzie are unchanged?—that but for this letter, you would still have married her in spite of me?'

'Yes,' was the low and earnest answer. 'I have changed in no way towards her, and what I am willing to let her think of me, should satisfy you on that score.'

Edwards walked across the room: his tongue and lips were parched, and he could not speak.

He took a glass of water, and again confronted his visitor. 'Perhaps I can help you out of the difficulty,' he said hoarsely, 'and spare Lizzie the bitterness of thinking that you had jilted her.'

'It is impossible,' rejoined Corbet regretfully.

'You see that your brother forgave Ned Alt carr, and thought he had done him a service.'

'That cannot matter to me: the knowledge that she is your daughter must part us. She herself would be the first to say so.'

'She need not know.' This was uttered questioningly; and the speaker's brows were knit as if with pain whilst he watched the effect upon the hearer.

'Enough. I cannot discuss this matter further. I leave you to decide for yourself whether she is to blame me for what I have done, or to learn to forgive me through your confession.—Good-night.'

He was going; but Edwards motioned him to stay, and presently found voice again. His words came slowly, as if each one gave a separate wrench at the man's heart. 'If you are honest in saying that there is only the one cause for your desertion of Lizzie, I can remove it.—She is not my daughter.'

'Not your daughter!' ejaculated Corbet, astounded, and for a moment experiencing a thrill of relief. But the feeling was only momentary. As he looked at Edwards, and noted the painful quiverings of his pallid features, he doubted the truth of the assertion, whilst he pitied the father who made this desperate move in order to secure his child's happiness.

'I see you doubt me,' Edwards proceeded, more calmly than he had last spoken, 'and I am not surprised. But if your mother has told you everything, she has told you about the cause of Jack's misfortune.'

'Yes; it was the falsehood of Percy Arnold to the woman Jack loved.'

'True; and that woman was the mother of Lizzie.—Sit down, and I will explain.'

Corbet obeyed, but Edwards remained standing. He seemed loth to begin the promised explanation, and once more moved gloomily from one end of the room to the other.

'I did not think it would ever become necessary to make this statement,' he said; 'but as I believe Jack would have wished me to make it if he could have been here, I submit. Ever since that night, I have attempted to do whatever it seemed to me he would have liked to have done. My first step was to find Lizzie Holroyd; and after a time I discovered her in Harrogate, in a state of poverty such as I had known. Her father had refused all help; and the Arnolds would do nothing but heap scorn upon her, as the cause of Percy Arnold's death. They were a callous lot, and had no pity for the poor girl whose life had been spoiled by their son. I saw to her comfort; and when she died, I had the infant Lizzie brought up as my own child. All this was done because Jack would have wished it; and in so doing, I hoped in some measure to atone for my—well, let me say it out—my treachery.' He clenched his lips and hands, staring before him into space. He was looking back, and all the scenes at which he only hinted in his words were passing before his mind's eye with agonising vividness.

Corbet listened in wondering silence, and with rapidly increasing faith in the truth of what he heard.

Edwards roused himself, and continued: 'I wanted the child to grow into a woman accomplished, talented, and beautiful. She has fulfilled these hopes; and more than that—she, believing in our relationship, has been fond of me, and compensated for the loss of my own children. She has been dutiful in every respect except in regard to you. I had vicious thoughts of raising her by my wealth to a position in which her success would humiliate the Arnolds, and make them regret the cruelty with which they had treated her mother. You spoiled that idea. But I desired most of all that she should be happy, and living in ignorance of the past, still regard me with affection. I prayed that this might be granted to me—that she would remember me kindly when I had gone away.'

Corbet was moved by something more than pity now. He felt sorry for the man whose life had been outwardly a brilliant success, and in reality a bitter failure in all that makes life precious. He had no longer the faintest doubt that Edwards had spoken the truth, and he responded with some emotion: 'I am glad you have made me your confidant, and Lizzie shall be happy if it is in my power to make her so. This will be the one secret I shall keep from her—that you are not her father, and that includes everything you wish to be buried in the past. But—neither she nor I will ever touch one farthing of your fortune.'

'So be it,' said Edwards, sitting down exhausted and satisfied.

People wondered at the hasty marriage at Riving Hall of the great heiress to the young engineer. They wondered still more when the newly united couple started immediately for South America, not on a mere honeymoon jaunt, but for a sojourn of several years. Of course the newspapers duly announced that George Corbet, C.E., had obtained an appointment of great importance in connection with various railway and canal projects. In their absence, the wonder was directed to the father of the bride. His conduct was so strange that people began to suspect that the lucky Edwards had taken to excess in liquor, or had lost his wits in some other way. It soon became known that he was losing money even faster than he had gained it, in rash speculations on the Stock Exchange, whilst he was giving away larger sums than ever to charities and hospitals. The final proof of his insanity was seen in the announcement of the sale of all his property in order to satisfy his creditors. The creditors were paid; and a sufficient surplus was left to give Edwards a small annuity and a cottage in which to end his days. There were not wanting sneers from those who had envied him in his days of triumph, and who declared that they had always said as he went up like a rocket, he would come down like the stick.

But Ned Alt carr in his cottage was again at peace; and on the return of Lizzie and her husband with their two children, he welcomed them to his humble home with a smile full of such pleasure as the daughter had never seen

on his face before. Corbet kept his promise; and his wife never knew her supposed father's secret, or the way in which he had brought her lover back.

THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED TOMB-TEMPLES AT SIDON.

THE news has just reached us of the discovery of a very perfect and beautiful Greek tomb-temple near Sidon. The American missionary, the Rev. W. K. Eddy, is the happy finder of it; and from his account, it may very likely prove of value both artistically and archaeologically. His observations were made hurriedly and under difficult circumstances, and it will be the fortune of others to be able thoroughly to explore and bring to light the treasures of this temple, but to Mr Eddy belongs the honour of having found it out. It lies about a mile from Sidon, towards the north-east of the town, and is reached by a shaft thirty feet square and from thirty-five to forty feet deep. Apparently at this depth, Mr Eddy and his excavating party came upon four doors, made in the perpendicular wall, and leading into four different chambers, the doors being opposite each other. They entered the south room first, and there found a chamber about fifteen feet square, cut out of the solid rock. In this, standing side by side, were two sarcophagi, one with a peaked lid and very plain, of black marble; the other, of immense size, and of the most beautiful white marble. This latter sarcophagus was eleven feet long, five feet wide, and twelve feet high, and was constructed of two solid pieces of marble. The top formed an arch, which was divided into two panels at the back and front. From the sides sprang four lions' heads. On each panel, with uplifted wings and facing towards each other, was an animal with the head of an eagle. On the front was a fallen warrior struggling to defend himself by a shield from two centaurs. The sides were also covered with figures of horses, human beings, a hyena, and other animals. At the back were birds with extended wings, but with men's heads—centaurs again; and a band of figures—evidently a hunting scene. Of course the tomb had been rifled, though not much damaged; and three skeletons and five long-nosed dogs' heads were all that was found in it.

In the eastern chamber were also two sarcophagi—a small, very simple one, and another larger and more ornamented. This chamber appeared to be a lovely little Greek temple, constructed of white marble, and described by Mr Eddy as 'translucent as alabaster.' The roof slants, and has tiles represented in carving upon it, 'strips of metal covering the joints, and pretty carved knobs where these strips crossed the ridge.' This temple appears to be full of carving, and, wonderful to relate, in perfect preservation. The body of the chamber has a 'porch of columns' all round it, and between these stand eighteen little statues of white marble, each about three feet high, looking as bright and fresh as if straight from the artist's studio. Upon the upper part of the sarcophagus is represented a funeral procession, the car with the body resting upon it,—some figures expressive of deep grief—and two riderless horses. Needless to say, this tomb also

has been robbed, the top right-hand corner of it having been broken open for that purpose.

The north chamber contains one plain sarcophagus.

In the west room are four sarcophagi, one of which appears to be very beautiful indeed. It is made of marble like the others, and covered over with sculptured figures coloured with paint, and many exquisite designs. In fact, it seems to be a perfect specimen of the highest Greek art.

Apparently, there are no inscriptions to tell us who built these tomb-temples, or whose bodies were here laid to rest amid such artistic surroundings. Judging from the money which must have been lavished upon them, they were the burying-places of persons of rank and wealth; though why one or two of the sarcophagi are so extremely plain it is difficult to say. We can only hope that the party gone, with Professors Porter and Fisher, from Beyrout to thoroughly inspect these tomb-temples with magnesium light will find a clue to their history. It cannot fail to be most interesting, and we are eagerly waiting for their report.

A LEGEND OF KUNAI.

MANY years ago, when I was in the army, my regiment was suddenly ordered to India. We were stationed in the Bengal Presidency. Shortly after our arrival in the country, when I was quite a 'grill,' I was sent with a detachment of men to a place called Fort Kunai, situated on the banks of the Ganges. At that time this was one of the most dreary stations I have ever been at. Everything about it reminded one of its past greatness, which contrasted painfully with its present desolation. It was built on a small hill, at a point where the river takes a sudden bend; and from our quarters, the Ganges could be seen wending its way for a considerable distance on each side.

At the time that I was stationed there, the only European inhabitants consisted of the colonel commanding, the padre, the doctor, and myself. Shortly after that, the colonel went on leave, and I took over command. Then the padre was ordered to another station, and his duties also devolved on me. Finally, the relief of the doctor was ordered; but as I was not skilled in medicine, another was to replace him. The doctor had two very nice spaniels that I had taken a great fancy to; and as he did not wish to take them away with him, he presented both of them to me shortly before he left. I must tell you that, in India, the man who usually looks after one's dogs is the *malter*, or sweeper, a man of very low caste, or perhaps of no caste at all. These men often become absurdly fond of the animals under their charge; and Tajoo, the doctor's sweeper, was no exception to the general rule. The parting between him and Beauty and Bouncer was most affecting. Lest they should get away and follow him, I shut them up in the one remaining room of the old palace in which the rajahs formerly used to live. It was an odd-looking room in its way, and no one lived in it then. It was approached by a flight of well-worn stone steps, and was probably used in former times as a lookout tower. The

floor consisted of large flagstones; the walls were of solid masonry, about three feet thick; the roof was vaulted. There was at that time but one small window—the rest being walled up—and that looked on to the Ganges. A metal ring was fastened into one of the flagstones, and to this I tied the dogs.

The next day, Tajoo came to my room in a state of considerable excitement. He had brought a note—or *chitti*, as they call it in those parts—from the doctor for me, and had evidently noticed something on his arrival which exercised him greatly. In the intervals between his numerous salaams, he wrung his hands and jabbered away in a most incomprehensible manner. I occasionally detected the words *kutta* and *kutti* in his incoherent ramblings, so knew that he must be saying something about the dogs, that word being the Hindustani for dog. More than that I could not understand. In perplexity, I sent for my moonshee. After an animated dialogue between Tajoo and himself, the moonshee then told me the cause of Tajoo's grief. It was a long story, full of eastern hyperbole; but I shall endeavour to condense it as far as possible, adding, where necessary, facts that afterwards came to my knowledge.

It appears that in the days of the East India Company, some soldiers, while out shooting, were met by a party of villagers in the neighbourhood of Kunai. A quarrel ensued, which was followed by a fight, and a European was killed. The quarrel arose out of the Europeans having killed a peacock, which is a sacred bird in that part of India. The villagers took refuge in the fort. The Rajah of Kunai was called upon to give them up to justice; but he, secure in his fortress, bade the messengers return and tell their sahib to come and fetch them himself—if he could. Only one result could follow such a reply. The East India Company had long cast an envious eye on this strong and powerful fort. This was an opportunity not to be neglected. An army was sent to subdue the imperious Rajah, and his territory was proclaimed. The fort was soon besieged. Without adequate artillery, it seemed as if the besiegers would succumb to the effects of the climate long before the besieged were reduced by starvation.

For many weary months the siege went on. Kunai would never have been taken had there not been a traitor within its gates. The Rajah had a lieutenant, by name Muttri, in whom he placed the greatest confidence. Though Muttri feigned the utmost devotion for his lord, his heart was black with treachery, for he had dared to lift his eyes to the beautiful Ranee, and he loved her. Day and night he cherished his passion, and thought how he could make her his own. All the favours that he owed to the Rajah's generosity were forgotten. Love alone for the Ranee burned in his soul, absorbing every other passion. At last a plan suggested itself to Muttri's mind by which he thought he could gain his ends. Amongst the garrison were certain relatives of his own. He took them into his confidence, and the promise of a large reward made them his devoted tools. That night, when all were at rest except the sentries, a swift messenger left the fort for the English camp. He returned unperceived, and was admitted by

Muttri. The reply he brought was favourable. Muttri's black eyes gleamed with savage delight. Alas for the poor Rajah! There was no one to warn him of the diabolical scheme on foot.

A few nights afterwards, Muttri and his friends were all on guard at the principal entrance to the fort. While the Rajah was sleeping in fancied security, stealthily steps approached; the gates were silently opened; one by one the English soldiers crept in, and still the Rajah slept. Then came a sudden shout, followed by a heart-rending cry. One of the soldiers on guard at the palace, within the citadel, had seen the intruders, and gave the alarm at the same moment that he received his death-wound. Then, in that still night, followed the din of war and the clashing of arms, confusion and dismay. The victory was not a bloodless one, for the Rajah, at the head of a few staunch adherents, fought desperately, with all the courage of despair, while the Ranee, with her young child, was being lowered from the walls overhanging the river. She escaped by way of the Ganges. Shortly afterwards, her gallant lord fell mortally wounded.

In the morning, the English were masters of the fort. The heads of the villagers who had killed the European were hung over the gateway by which they had entered. War in those days was a much more savage game than it is now. Then Muttri claimed the fulfilment of his compact, which was, that his life and those of his friends should be spared; also, that he was to be left in command of the fort. The English were in such sore straits when they were offered these conditions, that they were only too glad to accept them; so they retired, and Muttri ruled in place of his master. But with him, power was only another name for tyranny. Having committed one crime, he tried to drown the reproaches of his conscience by still further excesses.

The Ranee in the meantime, hearing that the English had withdrawn, collected a great force and led it in person on Kunai. On her arrival, the gates were joyfully flung open by the garrison; the traitor Muttri was made a prisoner by his own servants. He was brought before the Ranee to receive the sentence that his perfidy deserved. Before she could utter a word, he flung himself at her feet and poured forth his tale of love with all the ardour of a pent-up passion suddenly broken loose. His story made his traitorous act appear doubly black. The Ranee heard him in severe silence; then a smile of bitter scorn curled her lips, and she briefly pronounced his doom. Muttri was a brave man; but even he shuddered to hear his fate. At a sign from the Ranee, he was removed. The Ranee had decreed that never from that moment was he to taste water or other liquid again.

He was taken to the room that I have described as being now the only one of the old palace left standing. There his terrible sufferings soon began. Chained to the ring in the flagstone that still remains, his chain was just long enough to admit of his dragging himself to the window to watch the Ganges flowing ceaselessly by. He could hear it rippling and gurgling as it passed, while his parched lips hungered for a few drops of the precious fluid. His sufferings were beyond all description; but the Ranee's heart softened not. Savoury-looking dishes were placed before him;

but they were only temptations to be resisted, for in the sauce of all was brine. As the end drew near, Muttri's ravings made the night seem hideous. His bloodshot eyes, swollen tongue, lacerated lips, and haggard features made him a spectacle awful to behold, as he crouched by the window and watched the waters of the Ganges flowing by, and shrieked out the single word *Pani, pani, pani!* (Water, water, water!) The word 'Traitor, traitor, traitor!' seemed to come back in mockery as an echo. At last, one gloomy midnight, his fearful torments ended in death. None mourned his fate.

At dawn next day, the following legend was found, scrawled in letters of blood, on the wall of his prison:

Whatever sleepeth here again,
Shall ne'er a year its life retain.

The servants read the words, and trembled; the Ranees heard them with a shudder.

Muttri's head was severed from his body, and hung over the gateway that he had surrendered to the English. His body was flung into the Ganges for the alligators to devour.

Neither man nor beast was again allowed in the room in which he died; yet, at night, the servants would start from their sleep and huddle together in fear, declaring that they heard wailings and unearthly moans coming from that deserted chamber. The natives are a grossly superstitious race, and they fully believed in the potency of the writing on the wall to do them evil.

A few days after Muttri's death, the Ranees' only child escaped from its nurse, and wandering about the palace, came at last to this ill-fated room. With child-like curiosity it entered and began to play about on the floor. Tired at last of playing, it lay down on a mat and fell asleep. When the frightened nurse found him, the boy was dead. One hand was grasping the ring on the floor, and the other was held over his eyes, as if he was endeavouring to conceal some awful object from his sight. When the news of this death spread in the city, the superstitious populace repeated to each other in awestruck tones the prophecy that they had heard was written on the walls. The fulfilment in this case had followed quickly on the event. No man would henceforth dare to doubt it.

The Ranees and her followers once more fled from Kunai. The palace was allowed to crumble away in ruins until the English again took possession of the fort.

Such was the story that the moonshee related to me. It was easy to see, from his tone, that he fully believed it. The sweeper, he said, feared lest the evil *rackshas* (demon) who inhabited the room would come some day and steal away the lives of the two dogs. I tried to reason with both of them; but a people steeped in superstitious lore are deaf to all reason. 'Allah,' the sweeper said, 'had willed that it should be so. The ways of Allah were inscrutable.' He besought me to remove the dogs at once. At last, in order to get rid of him, I promised to do so. He left me full of forebodings that some evil awaited his pets.

Shortly before I left Kunai, one of the two dogs, Bouncer, went mad, and had to be de-

stroyed. I thought very little of this at the time, as the heat was very excessive, and dogs often went mad at that period of the year.

A short time after Bouncer's death, I was relieved by another detachment, and returned to the headquarters of my regiment, taking Beauty with me. Slowly the year went by; the hot weather gave place to the monsoons, which were heralded as usual by some heavy dust-storms—an extraordinary sight to those who see them for the first time. Then the monsoons yielded grudgingly to the winter—delightful months as long as they last. Once more the summer burst upon us, hotter and more shrivelling, if possible, than it had been the previous year. One special Sunday—I remember it well—the heat was almost suffocating. During the early morning church parade, several men had to 'fall out.' Yet the irritating movements of the punkah, as it passed backwards and forwards before my eyes, made me feel so giddy that I could hardly endure it. In the afternoon, I went for a ride. Beauty wanted to follow, as usual; it was so hot, however, that I would not take her out. It was a little after sunset when I returned. On the doorstep was Beauty, anxiously watching for us, she and the pony being great friends. She barked joyously, and ran across the compound to meet us. As I was to dine with some friends that evening, I entered my bungalow and began my toilet at once. A few minutes afterwards my sweeper rushed into my room in great consternation, and cried out: 'Sahib, sahib, the dog is dead!'

I ran out, and there she lay panting in the veranda. I dashed a bucketful of water over her; it did not revive her in any way. In a few moments she had breathed her last. A few minutes before, she seemed full of life; now, she was dead. Suddenly the prophecy in connection with the room at Kunai occurred to me. I sought my diary, and turned over the pages to the date on which the two dogs had been given to me. April—May—June. Yes, there it was, June 17th—a year that very day! Both dogs had died within the specified time.

I thought over this curious coincidence on my way to dinner, and was not a little disturbed at it. During dinner, I was rallied on my silence, and, by way of excuse, related to my host the legend of Kunai, and the strange fulfilment of the prophecy that very night. I had hardly concluded, when my *khidmutgar*, who was standing behind my chair, started forward and shouted: 'Sahib, sahib, *deko!*' ('Sir, sir, look!') His black face was almost blanched with fear, as he turned and fled from the room, his snow-white *puggaree*, which had tumbled off in his haste, streaming behind him.

I looked in the direction in which he had pointed. I, too, was startled. Outside, on the lawn, I saw through the glass door the full outline, clear and distinct, of the dog that I had just left dead at my bungalow. Unearthly, unreal, it appeared, as it stood rigid and motionless, the rays of the full moon falling upon its form. Its eyes, which glowed like coals of fire, seemed to look a mournful farewell at me. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. In that moment, the spectre had melted away in the dim shade. I could see nothing. Was I awake, or was I the victim of a dream, or

was this but a freak of vision? I looked at my host in blank amazement. He had seen nothing. I was about to explain, when—a yelp and a cry, and Beauty herself came bounding into the room *in propria persona*. No ghost this time, but solid flesh and blood. She had only had a fit, after all, and recovered shortly after I had left my bungalow. My sweeper had followed me with her, to show me that she was still alive.

We laughed heartily over the occurrence, and it was a long time before my 'Legend of Kunai' was forgotten in the regiment, for the story soon got wind. Beauty lived for many a year after that. When she did die, it was of a prosaic disease called old age.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WHAT is described as 'the severest and longest earthquake that has been felt in Japan for many years,' occurred in January last, and extended over a land area of more than twenty-seven thousand square miles. Happily, the disturbance did not reach the dimensions of a catastrophe, and although many buildings were injured, there seems to have been no loss of life. But the university authorities at Yokohama, with praiseworthy promptness, at once sent a native expert, Professor Sekiya, to report upon the occurrence, with a view to adding to a branch of knowledge which is more cultivated in earthquake-ridden Japan than in any other country of the world. The professor went about his task with that thoroughness peculiar to Japanese workers; and six weeks afterwards read a paper upon his researches before the Seismological Society. Most Japanese earthquakes have been attributed to the underground explosion of steam; but this is believed to have been due to a sudden faulting or dislocation of strata. The buildings in Yokohama were knocked about terribly, those which stood on soft artificially-made soil suffering far more damage than those built on solid ground. In Tokio, the shock was not so severe, and here many observations were made with regard to the nature of the earth-motion. Professor Sekiya's Report is a most valuable addition to the scanty literature of seismology.

The burning of the Opéra Comique at Paris, with its hundred unfortunate victims, partakes more of the nature of a crime than an accident. Within recent years, science and ingenuity have contrived all manner of methods for dealing with and preventing conflagrations. Curtains, hangings, and garments, those of ballet-dancers especially, can be made fireproof with the greatest ease and with little expense; woodwork can be coated with inflammable paint; canvas can be dressed with waterglass, and so protected from fire; and last of all, buildings can be rendered inflammable as a whole. But, in spite of all this acquired knowledge, things are allowed to remain as they did of old. The inventor has worked in vain, for the results of his labours are not adopted. In the case of the Opéra Comique, a very heavy responsibility rests upon the Fine Arts Department, under whose control the building was placed. Six years ago, and

often since, have they been warned of the risks to which this particular theatre was by its construction exposed; but they took no heed.

The beautiful optical instrument called the stereoscope, by which two pictures taken from slightly different standpoints are made to blend into one image, has hitherto been regarded merely as a pleasant manner of examining photographs, and, most unaccountably, it seems to have gone completely out of fashion. According to a French paper, it is made to fulfil a very useful office at the Bank of France, it being employed there for the detection of spurious bank-notes. For this purpose, a genuine note is placed side by side with the suspected one inside the instrument; and when the two images are superposed, the slightest difference between them becomes at once evident. It is said that a forged note which appears perfect to the unaided eye cannot bear this stereoscopic test.

A striking instance of the danger of neglecting sanitary laws in building construction has recently been exemplified at Paris, where three members of one family narrowly escaped death from poisoning by undiluted sewer gas. A broken drain-pipe allowed this gas to issue without hindrance into the sleeping apartment of this family, with the result that one morning they were found insensible in their beds. A search soon led to the discovery of the broken pipe. In this case, the effects were sudden and serious, and the leakage was discovered in time; but we know that there must be thousands of cases in which this sewer gas is working silently and with deadly effect, although its effects may be spread over years rather than hours. In our own cities and towns, these matters receive more attention than they did a few years back; but in Paris there is still much room for improvement.

The Report of the Registrar-General for the past year contains much upon which the modern dwellers in the metropolis may congratulate themselves. The death-rate, 19.90 per thousand inhabitants, is four and one-fifth less than that of either Paris or Berlin. In the year 1840, London had the same death-rate as that which Paris has to-day, so that it will be at once seen that there has been a distinct improvement. The chief factor in the welcome improvement is the great reduction in cases of death from zymotic diseases, such as scarlet fever, typhoid fever, and smallpox; and we may be almost certain that if the general public were as careful in their sanitary arrangements as they might be, and as some few are, such diseases would in time be entirely stamped out. It is a triumph for those who believe in the benefit of vaccination, and the reverse for those fanatical individuals who do their best to combat legislation in this direction, that in London, last year, there were only twenty-four deaths from smallpox. Let us remember that there are many now living, and who have hardly reached middle age, who can remember how common it was in our metropolitan streets to meet with persons who were horribly disfigured by this terrible scourge. It is now happily an exception, rather than the rule, to meet with such unfortunates.

Lord Mount Temple has recently called the attention of parliament to the regulations for the prevention of hydrophobia. He thinks, with many other persons, that the muzzling of dogs

is both injurious to the animals and inefficient for the purpose of preventing the spread of the disease; but his opinion is not borne out by a reference to statistics. Two years ago, 'rabies' rose to such an extent in the metropolis that one veterinary surgeon alone treated seventy-seven cases; and in the same year twenty-eight people died of hydrophobia in and about London. After the police regulations with regard to muzzling were put in force, the cases fell to an insignificant number; and we have a further proof that this method of dealing with the matter is an effective one, from the fact that in Berlin—where formerly hydrophobia prevailed to an alarming extent—its adoption has almost eradicated the disease. There is no reason to fancy that a properly constructed muzzle upon a dog's mouth is as disagreeable or more injurious than a respirator on that of a human being. But it is a curious feature of civilised life that many good people feel more for the sorrows of domestic animals than they do for those of their fellow-creatures.

The astronomical Conference which recently sat at Paris, at the invitation of the Academy of Science, has agreed upon a plan to be generally adopted for charting the heavens by means of photography. The President chosen was Admiral Mouchez, the Director of the Paris Observatory, who, by the way, has recently published an illustrated manual giving some very interesting particulars with regard to the astronomical photographs obtained at that establishment. The committee formed to consider the kind of instrument to be employed in this national work have decided upon apparatus identical with that which has been employed with such success by the Brothers Henry in Paris. The limit of the magnitude to be recorded on the photographic plates, each of which is to be in duplicate, is that known as the fourteenth. It is calculated that the exposure of each plate will be twenty minutes; but this will give very little indication of the time which will be required to carry the entire work to completion, for there are many nights when the light of the moon or the state of the weather will render photography impossible. Seven observatories, four of which are French, have already signified their intention of joining in this work; and there is little doubt that every observatory of note will ultimately take part in it.

Although Professor Tyndall has been obliged reluctantly to retire from the professorship which he has held and adorned for so many years at the Royal Institution, it is satisfactory to know that his services will not yet be lost to the public. It is stated that he now hopes to devote his time to original research; and those who are aware of the useful work that he has already done in this direction, will look forward to the benefits which will most surely accrue to science from the efforts of his busy brain.

In the United States, electric trams and railways are becoming common, for there are at present twenty-three towns in which this mode of locomotion has been adopted; and there are almost as many places where arrangements are being made for lines on the same plan.

The Turners' Company again offer prizes for the best specimens of hand-turning in wood, glass,

&c. In awarding the prizes, the following qualities of the work will be taken into consideration: (1) Symmetry of shape, utility, beauty of design, and general excellence of workmanship. (2) Copying of any object so that it shall resemble exactly the copy in shape and capacity, and so on. (3) The fitness of the design and the way of carrying it out for the purpose for which the article is designed. (4) Circular and oval turning. (5) Novelty in design or application of the lathe. (6) Carving and polishing, which, however, must be subsidiary to the actual turning of the work so decorated. Amateurs will be allowed to compete in a special class, and it is almost certain that professionals will find among them some adversaries who will be very difficult to beat.

From time to time during the last thirty years, it has been proposed that capital punishment should be supplanted by means of electricity. If we remember rightly, Dr W. B. Richardson performed some experiments in London about twenty years ago, showing that by means of a powerful current, sheep and other animals could be instantaneously and, as far as can be judged, painlessly killed. The Senate of Pennsylvania has lately passed a Bill providing for the infliction of death punishment by this means. There are several difficulties surrounding the subject, which any electrician will at once acknowledge, but these lie chiefly in trusting such a terrible power to unskilled hands. If death punishment be an actual necessity of civilised life—which many people doubt—it should most certainly be carried out in the most humane manner; and perhaps the electric power would be the best means of accomplishing this end. It is probable, too, that the mystery attached to it in vulgar minds might have a deterrent effect upon the criminal classes.

A new method of bookbinding has been introduced. This consists in the employment of sheet-metal for covers, in lieu of the millboard or card which ordinarily forms the foundation to which the leather or other material is attached. The metal employed is very thin, and can be bent and straightened again without damage. For school-books, hymn-books, &c., which are subjected to much wear and tear, this method of binding is said to be very useful and efficient.

A correspondent of an American paper—presumably a doctor—advises those who wish to gain flesh and strength to assimilate oil through the pores of the skin, instead of by the stomach. The patient is to take a warm bath, so as to thoroughly open the pores of his skin. He must then be rubbed dry with rough towels in a heated atmosphere, after which, any pure oil is rubbed into the skin. Cod-liver oil is said to be the best; but olive oil will do. By this means, it is said that an invalid will be able to assimilate ten times more oil than his weak stomach could possibly digest.

During the current summer, a class will meet at King's College for the purpose of a course of instruction in bacteriology. The object of this class is that those attending it may receive a practical knowledge of the more important micro-organisms which are now known to scientists, and for the purpose of studying the methods by which their presence may be detected. This class

will be under the care of Mr Cruikshank, who has recently returned from a visit to various continental laboratories, where prominence is given to this important branch of physical research.

The St Mungo Chemical Company of Glasgow has adopted a new method of making white-lead, by which the manufacture is robbed of its usual pernicious effects upon the health of the workmen employed. From first to last, the material is not handled, but is put through its various stages by automatic machinery. The Company also manufactures a special white pigment which is said to possess all the advantages of genuine white-lead, and to have actually better 'covering' power. It will mix well with other colours, and is not poisonous.

The applications of electricity to operative surgery are continually being added to, and perhaps one of the most important is represented by the electro-osteotome, recently invented by Dr M. J. Roberts of New York. This instrument enables the surgeon to perform what was before a very difficult and tedious operation with mathematical nicety and in very brief time. It consists of a small circular saw, which revolves at a great speed by the aid of an electric motor. Its purpose is to remove portions of bone, when that course is rendered necessary by disease or deformity. Such operations have before only been possible by very clumsy methods, which were more akin to carpentry than to surgery, for the operator employed a modification of the chisel and hammer. With the new instrument, such operations can be not only done in a far more scientific way, but with far less shock, and therefore less risk to the patient.

The manufacture of paper bottles is said to be becoming an important industry at Chicago, and the process adopted is that invented by Mr L. H. Thomas. These paper bottles, which can be made of all shapes and sizes, are cheaper than those made of glass or other material, although, from the published description of the process, this would hardly seem to be possible. A sheet of paper cemented on one side is rolled on a mandrel, after which the neck is fashioned, and a bottom of paper or wood inserted into the cylindrical vessel. An outer glazed-paper covering is next added; and the interior of the bottle is lined with a fluid composition, which speedily becomes hard, and resists alkalies, acids, spirits, and everything else. The bottles are unbreakable, and require no packing in transit. For various purposes, such as the carriage of ink, blacking, varnishes, and paints, these bottles will doubtless be found useful; but for wines, spirits, medicines, &c., glass, which has the advantages of transparency and great cleanliness, is likely to hold its own.

The disease among the silkworms which has lately threatened to ruin the silk-trade of India, has hitherto defied every remedy which has been tried. A number of infected cocoons have now been sent to Paris for examination by M. Pasteur and his pupils, and it is to be hoped that they may be able to discover some method of successfully combating the disease.

The slag which results from making steel by the Thomas-Gilchrist process, and which was once regarded as a waste product of no value, was found, by experiments conducted in Germany a

few years ago, to possess valuable manurial qualities. It contains both iron and phosphorus, the latter in the form of phosphoric acid. The results obtained in Germany have been fully confirmed by more recent experiments in this country. It is found that when the slag is reduced to a fine powder and is used as a top-dressing, it has a very beneficial effect upon the crops grown on the soil so treated. As we have recently stated in these pages, the use of sulphate of iron alone has been of great advantage to certain crops; and it is thought that the presence of the same agent in this slag may have something to do with the recorded results of the use of that material.

A correspondent of the *Times* calls attention to the fact that the Red Sea, which forms the great highway to the East, is so badly lighted that wrecks are common upon its shores. He tells us on the authority of the best chart we have (Imray's) that captains of vessels have to exercise the greatest caution because 'the Gulf of Suez is but imperfectly surveyed. The currents are irregular. Owing to the prevalence of mirage, the eye cannot be relied upon in judging of distances; and for the same reason the character of the horizon is so deceptive, that the accuracy of solar observations is open to doubt.' At present, he tells us that there are not half-a-dozen lights visible in the 'fairway' from Aden to Suez. He looks upon the remedy for this state of things as being an international affair, and believes that if the underwriters of the various countries would take up the matter as a thing closely associated with their own interests, a general system of efficient lights could soon be established.

An ingenious method of ascertaining the 'flash-point' of mineral oils has for some time been practised in America under the name of the Seybolt process. The oil to be tested is placed in a suitable vessel open at the top, contained in a water-bath. The water-bath is gradually raised in temperature, while a thermometer in the oil records the increase. Just above the surface of the oil, a pair of electrodes are adjusted, which are in connection with an induction coil, so that a stream of sparks is constantly passing from one to the other. At a certain heat, the oil will give off an inflammable vapour, which is ignited by the electrical sparks. The temperature recorded by the thermometer, when this occurs, marks the 'flash-point' of the particular oil under trial. It is said, however, that this plan is open to error, and that a more accurate method would be desirable.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE MESSINA TUNNEL.

A PROPOSAL has been made by Signor Gabelli, an eminent Italian engineer, to construct a tunnel beneath the Strait of Messina from Italy to Sicily. The idea is not a new one, but its revival seems popular in certain circles in Sicily. The length of the work would be about eight miles and a half, and it would be carried at a depth of at least five hundred feet below the sea-level, and would occupy about five years or more in cutting. But the cost is a serious item, the engineer's estimate being three millions sterling! Care has been taken to procure reliable

surveys and careful soundings, and the seabottom is reported to be highly favourable for the construction of a submarine tunnel.

Another proposal has been made to connect this island with the mainland of Italy, and that is the construction of a bridge of over nine miles in length to cross the strait. The sea here is often agitated by sudden squalls, peculiarly dangerous, and often very destructive; so that, in all probability, if the scheme for connecting the two shores is ever carried out, it will be by a tunnel under the sea.

BRIQUETTES.

The utilisation of coal-dust—technically known as 'slack'—in the manufacture of briquettes has rapidly progressed of late, and the new form of fuel is now frequently met with, not alone for household purposes, but on the more extended scale of industrial undertakings. A briquette is simply an admixture of coal-dust with pitch, moulded under pressure and heat, the latter substance being introduced to form the cementing material. The size most generally adopted is about double that of the common building brick, weighs about ten pounds, and is sold at a cost of one penny each. For household and domestic purposes, the smouldering qualities of the briquette give it especial value; it will remain alight for seven or eight hours, and can at any moment be roused by the poker into a cheerful flame. The heat given out is equal to that obtained from coal; whilst the absence of all smell in burning, and the fact that briquettes do not deteriorate by keeping, form additional evidence in their favour.

The process adopted in the manufacture of briquettes may be briefly sketched. The coal-dust having been thoroughly cleaned by a stream of water from all particles of pyrites and shale, is well dried in a cylindrical tube, previous to mixture with lumps of pitch in a disintegrator, which thoroughly combines the two ingredients, prior to their delivery into a vertical 'pugmill'—a machine similar in design to, though differing somewhat in detail from, the well-known pugmill of the brickfield. Steam is now introduced into the pugmill, rendering the pitch viscid and adhesive; the mixture, thoroughly amalgamated, then passes into moulds cut in a rotary die. Powerful rams, exerting a pressure of twenty pounds per square inch, force the material into each mould as it passes in rotation beneath; the mechanism regulating the joint action of mould and ram being particularly ingenious and skilful. Nothing further remains but the delivery of each briquette after moulding on to a creeping band, where it is met and cooled by a current of air from a fan, and delivered into a wagon below.

It is stated that several foreign railways have already availed themselves of the advantages attending the use of briquettes, and in this direction unquestionably a large field presents itself. The manufacture of this comparatively new form of fuel is rapidly extending; and colliery owners, under the stress of hard times, gladly turn themselves to a waste product, long regarded as valueless; now rendered serviceable and profitable, and offering every prospect of extended development in the near future.

MAKING AN 'INLAND SEA.'

Sir F. de Lesseps has lately communicated to the Institution of Civil Engineers an interesting account of a curious work carried out in Tunisia by Colonel Roudaire. This gentleman appears to have spent many years in Tunis levelling, boring, and making experiments of various kinds, and has come to the conclusion that four depressions, or 'shots,' as he terms them, which he names Tedjed, Djerid, Rharsa, and Melrir, and are situated seventy-seven feet six inches below the sea-level, could by means of a canal be readily formed into a large inland sea or lake, which would have the effect of influencing for good the climate and fertility of the surrounding country to a considerable degree. This lake is stated to be three thousand one hundred and sixty-four square miles in extent. In order to prepare for the vast expense which such an undertaking must involve, the colonel proposes to sink artesian wells, for the purpose of cultivating the country; and the rent paid for the water thus obtained might be applied, the whole or in part, towards the construction of the proposed canal. In 1855, the first well was sunk to the depth of two hundred and ninety-five feet, when water was found flowing at an average of seventeen hundred and sixty gallons per minute the first year, which has now increased to nineteen thousand eight hundred gallons per minute. Sir F. de Lesseps says: 'The banks of the river Melah, which fifteen months ago were deserts, are now populated; and very shortly the canal is to be commenced, so that the civilisation of the French African possessions must come from below; that is to say, must of necessity depend for water-supply on wells only.'

WAITING.

ONCE, in the twilight of an autumn day,
I stood upon a beaten path, that led
The shepherd lads to where their charges fed
In pastures high above the upland way:
Solemn, and lone, and still, the mountain lay;
And, like a dome above a temple spread,
The blue sky stretched its beauty overhead,
With not one floating cloud to preach decay.
Always—above the hush, through the soft light
Slow waning—the wide solitude was fraught
With mystic impulse from the silence caught—
Half intonations heralding the night—
That to my heart, awe-bound, conveyed a sense
Of calm expectancy and questionless suspense.

ALFRED WOOD.

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THE COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

THE new buildings of the College of Preceptors in Bloomsbury Square are not unworthy of the largest examining body in the United Kingdom; for none of the universities or great educational corporations can show such an annual total of examinees. Nearly sixteen thousand men and women, boys and girls, were examined by the College during last year. Hitherto, the practical difficulty of finding room for the enormous numbers who present themselves at the various London examinations has proved almost insurmountable. The house in Queen Square has long been ludicrously inadequate for requirements of this magnitude. But in its new home the College is comfortably housed. The hall is spacious enough to seat easily a thousand students at the same time; and it is probable that the operations of this indefatigable corporation will develop into still more huge proportions when it is no longer trammelled for space.

Few people probably realise the work which has been so thoroughly, although so unostentatiously, performed by the College of Preceptors during its forty years' existence. In the examination of teachers alone, it has discharged a duty of incalculable importance. It is one of the many functions of the institution to provide facilities to the teacher for acquiring a knowledge of his profession, as well as to examine and to certify as to his fitness; and in this way it has more than fulfilled the objects with which it was founded. Then the half-yearly examinations of pupils, which is another distinct branch of its work, afford a most useful test of their progress, whereby both teachers and the public can form a satisfactory criterion of the value of the instruction received and given. In this respect, too, the College was a pioneer, for its pupil examinations were founded some years before the institution of the University Local Examinations, and even before those organised in 1856 by the Society of Arts. For more than thirty years, immense numbers of boys and girls have every half-year presented themselves

for examination, while visiting examiners are also appointed by the College for the inspection and examination of public and private schools. Another subsidiary but important branch of the operations of the College is the organisation of courses of lectures on 'the Science, Art, and History of Education.' In 1873, moreover, the Council instituted a professorship—the first established in this country—of the Science and Art of Education as a special subject of instruction. Lessons on the methods of teaching various special subjects are also arranged from time to time, and meetings are held monthly for the purpose of discussing educational topics. There is, too, a library of educational works for the use of members.

Established in 1846, the College of Preceptors was incorporated by royal charter in 1849, 'for the purpose of promoting sound learning, and of advancing the interests of education, more especially among the middle classes, by affording facilities to the teacher for the acquiring of a sound knowledge of his profession, and by providing for the periodical session of a competent Board of Examiners, to ascertain and give certificates of the acquirements and fitness for their office of persons engaged or desiring to be engaged in the education of youth, particularly in the private schools of England and Wales.' The charter declares that the persons whose names are entered in the register-book shall be members of the corporation, and constitutes them one body, politic and corporate, to have perpetual succession and a common seal. The corporation is, moreover, empowered to purchase and hold personal property, and, notwithstanding the statutes of mortmain, such lands, buildings, and hereditaments as may be necessary for the purposes of the College, provided these do not exceed fifty acres. The charter goes on to provide that there shall be a Dean and Secretary and a Council of forty-eight members, of whom one shall be President and three Vice-presidents, and one-fourth of whom are to retire from office annually. The affairs of the corporation are

managed and directed by this Council, which has the custody and control of the common seal.

So much may be said for the constitution of the College, as provided for under the charter. But it would be tedious to detail the curiously exact provisions made with regard to its management; it will suffice to say that so far these have worked well. And so, too, have the bylaws, which provide, amongst other things, that all persons engaged in education who have passed an examination satisfactory to the Council are admissible as members.

We have already indicated the two main divisions into which the work of the College is divided. As to the first, the examination of teachers, it may be added that there are three grades for which diplomas are granted—Associate, Licentiate, and Fellow. The subjects for the diploma of Associate include the English language with special reference to its grammatical structure; the outlines of English literature; English history with special reference to the leading constitutional changes; geography, arithmetic, the theory and practice of education; and either classics, a modern language, mathematics, or science. Candidates for the diplomas of Licentiate or Fellow pass a harder examination in the theory and practice of education, and have to take up two or three respectively of the extra subjects. Women—and it may be mentioned that they now form a large proportion of the candidates at the examinations for diplomas—are allowed to substitute either the theory of music or drawing for mathematics. From all this, it will be seen that these examinations afford a sound test of general knowledge.

It is unnecessary to go into further details as to their scope. It may, however, not be without interest to add that the subjects of examination in the theory and practice of education include mental and moral science, logic, physiology, lesson-giving and criticism of methods, and the history of education. As to the examinations for certificates, held half-yearly at various centres and at schools 'in union with the College of Preceptors,' it may be remarked that they are divided into five classes—first, second, and third, and higher and lower commercial. For the first class there are eight obligatory subjects, including English grammar, English history, geography, arithmetic, algebra, Euclid, Latin, and either French or German, Spanish or Italian, or Greek; and candidates may be examined in not more than five of the following additional subjects: Scripture history, plane trigonometry, mechanics, mensuration, experimental physics, chemistry, natural history, political economy, book-keeping, music, and drawing. The second-class examination consists of six obligatory, and not more than four optional subjects; and the third class, of four obligatory, and not more than four optional subjects; while the higher and lower commercial examinations are the same as those for the first and second classes respectively, with the substitution of a modern foreign language for Latin.

The higher certificates of the College are recognised by Her Majesty's judges and by the General Medical Council, so that the holders of them are exempt from the preliminary literary examinations held by the Incorporated Law Society and by the various medical corporations of the United

Kingdom. All first and second class certificates the holders of which have passed an examination in Latin are, moreover, recognised by the Pharmaceutical Society and by the Royal Veterinary College. In fact, the examinations of the College of Preceptors have come to be regarded as a sort of general preliminary examination, a fact that accounts in some measure for the enormous numbers who avail themselves of their advantages. It is satisfactory to know that the number of girls' schools from which candidates are sent up periodically is now very considerable, and is rapidly increasing. In the case of all female candidates, it should be mentioned that algebra, geometry, and Latin are optional, and may be replaced by any three other subjects.

The College has, indeed, already come to exercise a very appreciable influence upon middle-class education, and in its development will probably become still more influential. In giving cohesion to the individual efforts of private middle-class schools, it has accomplished a great work, the real importance of which has yet to receive the recognition it deserves. Owing to their isolation and their want of co-operation, private schools are largely lost sight of, whereas they perform functions which are every whit as important as those discharged by the great public schools. In the same way, too, so far as female education is concerned, the real value of the work done by the smaller schools is to a large extent dwarfed by the factitious importance which is given to the high schools and colleges.

It should, moreover, be borne in mind that the College of Preceptors has been the first to establish in this country a chair of Education. In the coming time, it may be that educational history and the science of teaching will form a necessary part of a liberal education. But it is not so today. Even the very names of many of the great educators have an unfamiliar sound. Sir Thomas Elyot's *Governour*, and Roger Ascham's *Schole-master*—those two great authorities for physical education—and John Brinsley's *Ludus Litterarius*, are almost forgotten books. It is as Provost of Eton that Sir Henry Wotton is remembered, and not as the author of *A Philosophical Survey of Education*. The *Treatise of Education* is the least known of John Milton's writings. Few except educationists have probably even heard of Sir William Petty's *Plan of a Trade or Industrial School*, which appeared in 1647; and Samuel Hartlib's *Propositions for erecting a College of Husbandry* are almost unknown even in these days of agricultural colleges. Of Comenius, who is perhaps the true founder of educational science, it is safe to say that few people know much. Nor has the influence of Pestalozzi and Froebel yet become so highly valued as it deserves. Here, indeed, lies a rich field of study, and this the College of Preceptors has made its own.

Two projects, it should be added, are at the present time engaging the attention of the Council. The one, the registration of teachers, has long been outstanding. As long ago as 1861, a circular of the Council brought a proposed Scholastic Registration Act before the heads of the principal schools in the country, and the plan has not been lost sight of. The second scheme is comparatively new. The Council, now that it has disposed of the building difficulty, proposes to

accumulate a fund from the surplus revenue of the College for the purposes of founding scholarships for intending teachers, and for the establishment of a Training College for teachers in secondary schools. But we have said enough to indicate the wide usefulness of this great educational corporation.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE WORKING OF THE POISON.

WHEN Richard Cable left the *Anchor*, the hour was not late, but he had drunk more than his head could bear. He had always been an abstemious man; consequently, a glass or two more than what he usually allowed himself greatly upset him. On this sole occasion he had not exercised that self-restraint which was habitual with him, for on this evening the fire in his blood had urged him to slake it. But that was not all. He had felt real pleasure in being once more in congenial society—in society which exercised no thralldom over him, in which he was relieved from the suspicion that he was being watched and criticised. This sense of liberty after irksome bondage impelled him to relax, and for once to forget that there were limits he had been accustomed to set himself. He appreciated the kindness of the men he was with, and he sought to meet them on their own ground, to show them good-fellowship. As the fever in his veins cooled and his wrath passed away, he became cheerful, and for the first time for many days—happy. It is said that children brought up under stern discipline become dissolute when emancipated from parental governance. Cable had been for some time under discipline peculiarly galling, and now that for a moment he was free, he forgot that his liberty was not absolute.

Richard left the *Anchor* on the arm of Jonas Flinders, his brother-in-law. He was in good-humour. 'The yacht shall be rechristened to-morrow,' he said. 'She shall be called henceforth the *Bessie*—that will please my mother; she is Bessie; and the baby is called after her. The best of boats shall bear the name of the best of women and the dearest of babes.'

The air from the sea was cold; it fanned the hot face of Richard. The sky was without cloud. There was no moon, and many stars were visible; not that the sky was crowded with them, as on a winter night, because there was twilight in the heavens; nevertheless, many showed. The evening star twinkled. Sirius turned red and green and gold, flashed and winked like a diamond. The night was so cool, the breath from the sea so fresh, that Richard's hot head seemed to him to steam. 'There is the Big Bear,' said he, leaning heavily on the arm of Jonas, and pointing to the constellation known to every child. 'There

he is turning about on the end of his tail. He's got his nose high up now—he'll have to bring it down before morning. Often have I watched him go round like the sails of a windmill, when I've kept watch on board the lightship.—Jonas! I think I'm turning about myself, like the Great Bear; but my head is the point on which I revolve. It's a wonderful consideration to me, Jonas, that the Great Bear always knows what to do with his front-paws. They are the pointers. Draw a line through them wherever they may be, and it touches the north star. And when you consider that the Bear is never still, always turning about on the tip of his tail, I say it is marvellous! There is instinct for you. I couldn't do it. My paws are never in place. If I stick them into my pockets, I am wrong. If I put them down straight and stiff, one on either side of me, I'm wrong again. If I plant them on my knees, it is worse than ever. If I draw the back of one of them across my face, it is as bad as murder. Then, Jonas, whatever shall I say about my hind-feet, as Hezekiah Marriage calls them? I can't keep them anywhere where they do not give offence. I've curled them in a sort of knot under my chair where I've been sitting, and I was told I looked absurd—ill at ease. I've stretched them out straight before me, and I was informed I was uncouth. I've put one on one side of my chair and the other on the other side, and that was not right neither; and then the boots have been so smeared with rancid tallow, to keep out the water, that they won't do neither. I'm well aware, Jonas, in the sphere to which I'm elevated, that I'm looked on much as a great ungainly Bear; but I wish in that same firmament I knew how to dispose of my extremities. Oh, the agony of mind those extremities of mine have caused me! Why is it, Jonas, that no beast or bird or creeping thing has any thought about or difficulty with its extremities, but only man?—and we're made to believe he is the lord of creation.—I tell you what I think, Jonas—you're not laughing at me. It is in polite society only—we get laughed at and sneered at. It is not my feet, but *her* eyes that are the pointers; they are for ever pointing out my extremities, turn them about and put them where I may. Take her bright brown eyes and draw a line through them?—He checked himself, and said hastily: 'I'm not speaking of my wife; I'm not going to have her alluded to in this company, nor her name named, because your mouths have not been fashioned to pronounce it right, nor can your heads understand her ways of going on, and I won't have any commenting on and criticising of what you do not understand. We'll turn the conversation to the *Bessie*.'

The cold night-air was affecting him. He who was usually so little of a talker, had become loquacious; but then for many days he had been afraid to speak lest he should commit a solecism, and now that the fear was removed, he talked a great deal.

'There is the light out yonder—or two, is it?—where I used to be in the boat. They have put another vessel there now, and another man is in

it. Why! Jonas, I almost wish I were back at the old work, cleaning of the lamp, instead of always being a-snuffing and cleaning and polishing of myself—and never able to get myself right, always smudges somewhere, and rust-marks, and smoke and smut. Out yonder, one day passed much like another, and all peaceable. True enough, we had storms, and I was tossed about; but there never was any storm and tossing about inside of me; and now it is all inward, and none without. I'd rather the billows ran mountains high and the breakers foamed over my head, than have the seas so heavy within.—What creatures we are, Jonas! When I was on the boat, I was always longing to be ashore with my little ones; and when I was ashore—somehow, I wasn't altogether sorry when my time came to return to the ship. So, I guess, when a man's a bachelor, he longs to be married; and when he's married, he looks back on his singleness with great longing. We always wally what we haven't got. Man is a perverse animal, Jonas.'

'Polly was a good wife. You think of her at times still—though she wasn't rich and accomplished.'

'Polly!'—Richard tried to recover himself; he was lurching against his brother-in-law. 'Polly was an excellent wife.—But, Jonas, I will have no comparisons drawn. If you mean to insinuate anything against my present wife, you make me your enemy for life. Polly was everything that was right and good in her way; and I have no doubt that—that *she*—her name is more than we can pronounce right, we uneducated folk—*she*—What was I saying? She also is all that is excellent in her way. We do not compare them; they are different.—Let us turn the conversation. The Great Bear stands in the sky, always a-turning on the end of his tail, which is a moral lesson to us always to keep the conversation a-turning.'

The two had nearly reached the cottage. Richard's talk became more disjointed, his walk less steady. The cold air ensuing on the heated atmosphere of the tavern parlour, exercised its usual effect. He had left the *Anchor* exhilarated; he was now intoxicated.

Was this the same Richard Cable who was wont to return home with raised head and even step, and whistling, to let his little ones know that their father was coming to them to kiss them ere they closed their eyes in sleep? Was this the same Richard Cable now reeling along the road maundering nonsense? What had occasioned this change? Only a drop of poison infused into his blood. The boys in *Æsop's* fable threw stones at the frogs, whereon one of the tribe raised his head out of the water and said: 'What is fun to you is death to us;' and so may many a man croak in his pain, when merry creatures pelt him with hard words: 'What is fun to them demoralises me.' Richard was already demoralised. His self-respect had met with a mortal wound. This self-respect was the stay which had held up all his other virtues. Strong in his manly dignity, he had been gentle, patient, self-controlled, modest, and temperate. Josephine had struck at his sense of moral dignity, and when that gave way, every grace that had leaned on it went into the dust at the same time.

A Spanish bull-fight is by no means the even

conflict of equally opposed antagonists that we supposed in childhood. The bulls have no inclination to fight; their disposition is peaceable. It is only after persistent and prolonged efforts, that the matadores can goad them into pugnacity. They endure without resistance the stab of knife and the prog of lance. They turn their heads away, so as not to see the fluttered scarlet cloaks. And we men are much the same—placable, indisposed to gore, ready to rub our noses against the hands of our gaily tricked-out tormentors, against hands wet with our blood. We thrust our stupid heads against their breasts, asking to be patted on our flanks or rubbed between the horns. We do not want to fight, not we! We would not tear away a ribbon or a lace, or trample on a bugle off the frippery that adorns our tormentors. We have been stabbed, but we submit to wounds, and when next goaded, limit our protest to a subdued bellow. Possibly, we shake our heads in threat, but we mean no harm. When at length, with cruel ingenuity, our pretty persecutors drive barbs into the open wounds, and these barbs are armed with crackers and squibs and Catherine-wheels; and when they dribble Greek-fire and flaming sulphur into our sores, then, in our agony, we toss our heads and paw the ground, and strike the barriers of plank with our horns, ripping them like rushes, and we race, bellowing, blinded, mad, round the arena—then woe to those who stand in our way; we are no longer responsible for our actions.

Bessie Cable was sitting in the cottage by the table, in the front kitchen. She had been cutting out a dress for baby, a little pink dress with white sprigs on it, a very small pattern; and Mary sat on a stool beside her, hemming the pieces together. The cut-out scraps lay on the table, some ready for Mrs Cable to sew together. Near her feet was the cradle, in which baby lay asleep.

'O grannie!' said Mary, 'will she not look sweet in this pink dress? And she will have a red sash and red bows on her little shoulders. She will be a sweet little rosebud, will she not?' Then Mary stooped over the sleeping child. 'Do, grannie! look at her,' she said. 'Was there ever such a darling! What a pretty little dimple she has! She is laughing in her sleep. I do believe she is dreaming about her new frock.—Do you think, grandmamma, that babies know what is going to happen? I suppose the angels do, because they are so near God, who knows everything that is to be. I daresay little baby-souls that have just come down from God can see a little way into what is going to happen, and that is why Bessie is laughing now—she sees the pink frock in which she will be so smart on Sunday.'

'I do not suppose babies see into the future, dear Mary, not even little pink frocks with carnation bows. I do not think it would be well for them. They would see many sorrows and pains; and then, instead of smiling in their sleep, their tears would trickle over their cheeks. They are happy because they are blind to what is to be.'

'Grannie,' pursued Mary, 'how do babies' souls come to them? Father took me outside one night and let me see the falling stars, and he said they were baby-souls coming down out of

heaven from the hand of God. Why do the falling stars always go out when they come near the earth?'

'Because, I suppose, they enter into the little bodies.'

'But—grannie,' Mary went on—she was a thoughtful child, and asked more questions than Bessie Cable had the wit to answer—'how is it that there are no rising stars? They are all falling, and none flying up. It ought not to be so. If we see the little bright souls come down when babies are born, then, when good people die, we should see their souls like bright stars mount up to heaven.—Have you seen them do that?'

'No, dear, never.'

'But why not, grannie?'

'Because the souls get so dust-clogged and darkened and stained with their sojourn on earth, that the brightness is dimmed, and God must clean them again before they shine.'

Mary considered a while, and then said: 'I don't think father's soul will need much cleaning, it shines so bright now.'

'Hark!' said Mrs Cable. 'There is his tread.—No; it is not his tread.'

A hand on the door; it was thrown open, and Richard Cable staggered in, without his coat, which he had forgotten, and left on the cupboard in the *Anchor* parlour. His face was red, his hair disordered, his eyes wandering.

Mary looked up, sprang to her feet with a cry of delight, and with open arms prepared to run to him. His mother laid her work on her lap, and looked at him with doubt and alarm. Mary was arrested by something in his appearance so unusual as to frighten her.

'Richard!' said Mrs Cable, 'what has happened?'

'She shall be christened to-morrow,' he replied; 'rechristened to-morrow—and called henceforth the *Bessie*.'

His mother knew what had occurred. The tone of his voice, the drawl in his speech, his position lurching from one foot to the other, declared it.

'Father, dear,' said little Mary, 'how strange you look!'

'Mary,' said Mrs Cable hastily, 'go away. Run up-stairs at once,' rising and catching Mary by the hand. 'Your father is—is unwell. You must go instantly to your room. Say your prayers by yourself, and pray for him.' She hurried the child to the stairs.

Mary went reluctantly; but she was a docile child, and did not venture to disobey. On the stairs she stood and blew a kiss to her father from her little palm. 'Grannie,' she said, 'he is not very unwell, is he? He will be well to-morrow.—Dear father, try to be quite well soon.'

'Halloo!' said Richard, staggering to the table, 'what have we here? A new frock for little Bessie! Ha, ha! Shall we have the yacht new christened to-morrow? No disrespect meant to my wife. No slur cast. But we can't pronounce the name right, so had better not pronounce it at all.' Then he went to the cradle. 'Bessie!' he said, 'come along and crow over giving your name to the yacht. A fine boat that answers her helm, as a racer does a touch on the bridle.'

He stooped, put his hands into the cradle under the child, and raised it out of its crib. 'There's the grog in the captain's cabin,' he said, swinging the sleeping child aloft, 'there's water down below.—Halloo! at sea already—life on the ocean wave and on the rolling deep! Up we go! Down we go!' He lurched over.

'For heaven's sake, Richard,' cried his mother from the staircase, where she stood holding Mary's hand—'Richard, let the baby alone! Put her back in the cradle.'

'Don't you fear! The *Bessie* shall rake the stars with her topmast, and dance in the foam of the ocean. Sha'n't she, my baby! Up she swings with straining timbers, down she goes!' He lost his balance, fell over the cradle; and the child dropped from his hands on the stone floor, before Mrs Cable had time to unlock her hand from Mary's clutch and fly to catch the babe from his uncertain hold. The little creature uttered a cry and was still. But oh!—with a shriek, piercing, tearing through the house, frightening the children in their beds, the father picked himself up on his knees and clasped his hands, one on each side of his head, sobered in one moment of supreme agony and remorse. He knelt as one turned to stone, with his eyes riveted to the white motionless child lying on the pavement, his face turned to the hue of death. Was the little one killed? Was it severely injured?

'Run, run for the doctor!' ordered Mrs Cable, coming up, yet shrinking from laying her hand under the fallen child, fearful what she might find.

Still, frozen, so immovable that he did not even tremble, Richard knelt, upright, holding his head, with elbows out, and gray lips unclosed, and blank eyes. The child lay on its back, with the little arms apart, motionless, with eyes fixed, and no colour in the face, no movement of the breast, no pulse beating, only a bubble hanging between the lips.

'Run, run for the doctor!' again ordered Mrs Cable.

Then Richard staggered to his feet like one suddenly roused from sleep, and yet under the influence of a dream. Still in his shirt sleeves, and without thought to put on his hat, he went to the door, and ran. He stayed at the doctor's door, but he did not wait for him and return with him to the cottage. He ran on, ran for an hour without stopping in one direction—towards Brentwood Hall.

BLIND JACK OF KNARESBOROUGH.

THERE is a wonderful law of compensation in nature, if we read her aright; for if she deprives us of one sense, she so quickens the apprehension of the rest that in time we are scarcely conscious of our loss. Blindness has ever been considered the most terrible of such calamities, from the utter helplessness and dependence it is supposed to entail upon its unhappy object. Probably the most extraordinary instance on record of man rendering himself, as it were, wholly independent of eyesight, and actually excelling in such pursuits as depend most upon the visual organs, is that of

John Metcalf, whose life, under the name of 'Blind Jack of Knaresborough,' has been recorded in two curious old tracts. As his sobriquet implies, John Metcalf was born at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, in the year 1717. His parents were working-people; and when the boy was about six, he was attacked by smallpox, then a scourge as deadly as the plague. He recovered, but with the total loss of sight; but, strange to say, there was nothing in the appearance of the eyes themselves to indicate that they had lost their power; and throughout his life, no one ever suspected, from his look or manner, unless previously informed that such was the case.

By the time he was ten years old, he seems to have experienced little inconvenience from his loss; he could find his way about any part of Knaresborough and join in all the sports and mischief of boys of his own age. Having a taste for music, he was taught the violin. One Squire Woodlands took a great fancy to the poor lad, used to have him up to the Hall, and take him hunting; for, strange as it may sound, there was not a bolder rider in the county of York than blind Jack. No kind of sport came amiss to him. He learned to swim in the Nidd, and soon became so expert that he was employed to dive for the bodies of the drowned. He gained his living principally, however, by playing his violin at weddings and village merry-makings; and in 1732 he received an offer to play at the Harrogate Assembly Rooms. This was some forty years before the immortal Humphry Clinker paid his visit to the northern spa; but the description given by Melford of the public room where the company 'drink tea in the afternoon, and play at cards or dance in the evening,' would equally apply to this period. How primitive the company were may be gauged from the fact that the previous fiddler, the sole musician of the place, was nearly a hundred years old. Jack was highly successful, and soon made himself a favourite with the visitors and the resident gentry, to whom he recommended himself by his love of all kinds of open-air sports, especially those of hunting, cock-fighting, and horse-racing. He was a constant attendant at the York race-meetings, mixed with the Squires as an equal, betted, and was so fortunate, that he was able to buy a racer of his own and run him for small plates. He once rode a match himself for a heavy wager under most difficult conditions. A one-mile circle was marked out by posts, and this was to be ridden thrice round. Large sums were laid that Metcalf would never be able to keep the course; but at each post he stationed a man with a bell, and as this was struck on his approach, he knew exactly when to turn, and so came in the winner, beating his competitor, who had eyesight in his favour.

At bowls, which would seem to depend so much upon accuracy of sight, Metcalf was a great proficient. Yet more marvellous was his skill at card-playing, at which he became such an

adept that few could beat him. He played with cards on which the figures were raised; and his fellow-players named their cards as they laid them down. Boxing is another art that would seem to be unattainable by a blind man, and here again Metcalf upsets all preconceived ideas. There was a gigantic bully at Knaresborough who had constituted himself the terror of the place. One day he insulted a friend of Jack's in a public-house, whereupon the latter challenged him to fight. The fellow eagerly took up the glove, making sure of an easy victory; but in the course of twenty minutes, Metcalf, without receiving any injury himself, had inflicted such a thrashing upon his opponent that he howled for mercy.

Jack was a fine-made man, stood six feet two in his stockings, and was robust in proportion. Although disfigured by the smallpox, he was a great favourite with his companions of the opposite sex; but in consequence of some disagreement on this score, he found it necessary to quit Harrogate for a time, and took the opportunity of paying his first and last visit to London. While in the metropolis, he met several of his Yorkshire patrons; and upon his return to the north, some months afterwards, one of these, Colonel Liddell, who was on the point of starting on the same journey, offered to take him down in his chaise; but Jack gratefully declined his offer, saying he preferred to walk. The two travellers started at the same hour; but at every stage the pedestrian was in advance, and at nightfall put up, by previous arrangement, at the same inn as the colonel. On the Saturday night, the latter expressed his intention of resting through the Sunday; but Jack was determined to push on, and so arrived at his destination a day in advance of the chaise. This would have been a remarkable feat for a man possessed of all his faculties; but for a blind man to outstrip a chaise the whole way in so long a journey was little less than marvellous.

Jack had fixed his affections upon a Miss Benson, the daughter of a Harrogate innkeeper; and upon returning to that town, was greatly concerned to hear that her parents—who looked much higher for their daughter than a blind fiddler—had forced her (during his absence) into an engagement with a young man of property; that the banns had been published, and the wedding-day fixed. On the evening before the bridal morning, Jack received a message from his lady-love asking him to meet her that night in the neighbourhood of the inn; and there he had the delight of hearing that she was still faithful to him and hated his rival. Being a bold fellow, he proposed that they should run away together and get married in a neighbouring town; and the lady, nothing loth, consented. In the meantime, the bridegroom-expectant had made great preparations for celebrating the happy event, ordering a dinner for two hundred persons. But when morning came, the bride was not to be found; nor was anything heard of her until the next day, when the runaway returned as Mrs John Metcalf. It may be added, that she never repented her hasty act; for John made the most devoted of husbands, never forgetting the excellent home from which

he had taken her, and always doing his best to surround her with such comforts as she had been accustomed to enjoy. After his marriage, Metcalf purchased a house in his native town, but still continued, with the help of a boy, to constitute the entire orchestra of the Harrogate Assembly Rooms. He also set up a four-wheeled chaise and a one-horse chair for the accommodation of visitors, these vehicles being the first public carriages ever started there. About the same time, he entered into the fish-trade, making journeys with packhorses to the coast, and thence conveying his goods to Manchester or Leeds; and so indefatigable was he, that he would frequently walk two days and a night with little or no rest.

During the rebellion of 1745, a gentleman of Harrogate named Thornton raised a company at his own expense, to help to repel the invaders, and asked Metcalf to join and assist him in rousing the military ardour of the rustics around. Our blind hero willingly answered to both demands; and being sent out with a recruiting sergeant, worked so zealously, that in two days he had induced one hundred and forty men to join. And when the company started to meet General Wade at Newcastle, Jack, dressed in his blue and buff uniform, with a gold-laced hat upon his head, marched at the head of the company, fiddle in hand, playing *Britons, strike Home*, and other patriotic airs, which he accompanied with his voice.

During his brief military career, Metcalf met with many adventures. Captain Thornton's company was in the surprise at Falkirk, and was dispersed, the leader being taken prisoner, a fate which ultimately befell his faithful henchman, John Metcalf, who was captured by Prince Charlie's men as a spy. His blindness, however, obtained his acquittal, after which, though with much difficulty, he succeeded in rejoining the king's forces in time to be present at several engagements. Jack, from his affliction, was one of the lions of the army, and the Duke of Cumberland was greatly struck by the accuracy with which he kept step and performed all his duties. His musical abilities came in well when the Duke gave a ball at Aberdeen, where for eight hours Jack fiddled away to twenty-eight couples, eliciting frequent cries of 'Bravo!' and 'Well done, Metcalf!' from His Royal Highness, who had taken a great liking to the blind soldier, so much so, indeed, that had Jack chosen to follow him to London, the Duke would have taken him under his patronage. But after the battle of Culloden, our hero went back to his wife and children, to his old post as the Harrogate orchestra, and gave up soldiering for the rest of his life.

Always sharp and shrewd, however, he had picked up some ideas during his campaign which he quickly put in force; and as soon as peace and order were restored between the two countries, he journeyed into Scotland, and bought up certain articles of native manufacture then little known in England, and did a good trade in retailing them on the southern side of the Border. Those being the days of smuggling, he also did a little in the contraband line. Then he started as a horse-dealer, and was considered one of the finest judges of the equine race in Yorkshire; for so marvellously acute was his sense of touch, that he could almost unerringly judge an animal by

simply running his hand over it. Among his other ventures, he started in 1751 the first stage wagon that ran between York and Knaresborough, driving it himself, and performing the journey twice a week in summer and once in winter.

But not even these multifarious callings were sufficient to exhaust his energies. During his leisure hours he studied mensuration in a way peculiar to himself; and given the length and girth of a piece of timber, could with surprising rapidity reduce its contents to feet and inches. These studies suggested to him the idea of road-making. His first essay was a piece of three miles in length between Fearnby and Minship. He was perfectly successful; and hearing that a new bridge was to be constructed at Boroughbridge, he applied for the contract. 'What do you know about bridge-making?' was the half-contemptuous question his application was greeted with. With the most perfect lucidity, and on purely scientific principles, he explained his plans, and obtained the work. There was another piece of road which all the surveyors had pronounced impossible to construct, on account of the underlying bog; but Jack undertook to accomplish the task; and by making a foundation of brushwood—an idea that at that time it would seem had not occurred to any one—he succeeded in making a perfectly firm and dry causeway. For many years he now solely devoted himself to repairing and making roads and bridges in different parts of Lancashire, Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire.

Though arrived at a somewhat advanced age, Metcalf could not even yet conquer his restless disposition. One of his daughters had married a man in the cotton business, and he was at once seized with a desire to embark in cotton speculations; so, in 1781 he bought spinning-jennies and a carding-engine, spun yarn and manufactured calicoes and printed goods, and took them to Knaresborough to sell, sometimes carrying as much as five stoneweight for many miles. He continued to live with this daughter in Cheshire until 1792, when he returned to his native county, and settled, with another married daughter, at Spofforth, near Wetherby. He now employed himself buying hay and timber-trees. He would measure the stacks with his arms, ascertain the height, and then calculate the number of solid feet they contained. He went through a similar process with the timber. In the year 1800, being then eighty-three years old, he determined to pay a visit to York, in which he had not set foot for thirty-two years; yet he found his way about the streets with perfect ease. During his peregrinations, he passed along a certain road which he had not traversed for sixty years, yet such was his marvellous memory, that he discovered a difference in the hanging of the gates leading to a gentleman's mansion he used to visit as a youth. Going among such of his old friends as were yet in the land of the living, he proved to be as cheerful and convivial as ever, playing his fiddle for the young people to dance to, and thoroughly enjoying the sport himself. Still firm on his legs, he trudged all the way from York to Knaresborough, doing his ten miles in three and a half hours. Long ere this, in 1788, he had lost his faithful partner, who preceded him to the grave by twenty-two

years, for it was not until 1810 that this extraordinary man, hale and hearty and in full possession of his faculties almost to the last, passed away.

CHECKMATED.

CHAPTER I.

THE position of Mr David Chester—sometimes known as 'old Davy,' and very often as 'old Chester'—at the time our story opens was one which is only too common, is very sad and hard to bear, and which receives less sympathy than should be awarded to it. He was a clerk out of a situation, and not likely soon to obtain one; for he was turned fifty-five years, and with his thin gray hair and spare wrinkled face looked fully his age. Now, too, he had grown shabby, although decently so, and this added in no slight degree to the difficulty, which needed no addition.

Everywhere it was the same story—he was too old. David strove to show that his experience made him valuable, and that he would come cheap; but he knew beforehand, without the bitter experience he soon obtained, that there is not much virtue in arguments addressed, under such circumstances, to possible employers. 'We prefer younger clerks,' was a reply which could not be gainsaid.

So on one particular day—which, however, was not special in its character—he was standing in Cheapside, hesitating which of two visits he should pay first. A friend had told him that a certain firm was taking on clerks for temporary work, and he thought Chester would be just the man for them. So David went to this house first. He was not kept long in suspense. 'All openings filled,' settled the matter; but, in addition, the clerk who spoke to him added cheerfully: 'We have turned away nigh upon a hundred fellows to-day.' Poor Chester having grown used to these rebuffs, the sting was not so keen as it once had been; nevertheless, he was a trifle more depressed in his air as he left the counting-house.

His next visit was to Brisby, Gadham, & Co., merchants and Indian agents in Great St Amyott's Court. This was a more trying and, he feared, even a more hopeless visit than the other; for David had served the house when old Peter Gadham ruled there—there had been no Brisby for many years—and had sat for fully a quarter of a century in the dull, sky-lighted office; and with no great salary, no great ambition, perhaps with no great abilities, had jogged on contentedly enough. But old Gadham died. His heirs and successors, on coming into the business, saw that the staff were a drony lot, a long way behind the age; and as they wanted a more go-ahead set of people about them, most of the clerks were dismissed.

David Chester would doubtless have received his dismissal in any case. In old Gadham's family there had been jealousies and heartburnings, such as will gather where the wealth of a bad-tempered, tyrannical old man is coveted and hungered for by a circle of relations; and there had been deeper cause even than this for ill-blood. We

need not go very closely into these matters; it will be enough to say that the son of old Gadham, his only son, who naturally expected—or at one time had done so—to inherit his father's wealth and business, was wholly excluded, and another branch of the family succeeded. It need hardly be said that there was a great deal of ill-feeling over such an arrangement; and as David was supposed to be a partisan of young Ernest Gadham, he was a marked man with the new people. Poor David was wrongly suspected, for he really disliked the young man, who, if only half of what was said of him was true, quite deserved the treatment he had received—was, indeed, let off easily. But some circumstances had given David the repute of being Mr Ernest's adherent, and he was accordingly the first to be paid his month's salary in lieu of notice.

The reader can now understand the clerk's reluctance to call on this firm to ask the boon of some employment as messenger, office-keeper, or anything, in their own or some other warehouse. He had called upon them several times, meeting scant encouragement, but had not tried such an appeal as this, the making of which was terribly painful.

He saw the head-clerk, which he deemed fortunate, inasmuch as this gentleman was well disposed to David and sorry for his ill-luck. He listened to the story the clerk had to tell; told with some sorrowful touches which showed the need of the applicant.

'Upon my word, Chester, I hardly know what to say,' began the head-clerk. 'Things are dreadfully flat; yet, if'—He ceased abruptly; and David, looking round, saw that the head of the firm had entered the office.

This was a portly but harsh-looking gentleman, over whose features came a sterner cast as he met the visitor's eyes. 'Chester here again! What does he want now?' This was of course addressed to the head-clerk, who told in very few words the substance of what he had just heard; and David sought to add something about his long service in the firm; but the principal, either not hearing or not heeding him, said: 'I thought you understood, Chester, that there was nothing for you here. You had better understand it now for good and all; and I do not care about finding you hanging round the place.' As he finished, the principal turned and left the office by his private door, as he had entered, without speaking further to the head-clerk, a pretty clear proof that he was out of temper. So the head-clerk looked at David and shook his head ruefully; and the unlucky visitor left the office, mortified and ashamed.

'He always has been a bitter enemy to me,' muttered David, as he plodded on his long, fagging, familiar walk to Kentish Town, where he lived. His worn and wearied look, as he entered his little parlour, told his story plainly enough to Josie, his daughter, the whir of whose sewing-machine, audible enough in the passage, had ceased when he appeared.

'Well, father,' exclaimed the girl, assuming a cheerful smile, 'have you any good news to-day?—Never mind,' she continued, as he shook his head dolefully; 'business will be brisker soon, and then you will be all right. I have had some fresh work in to-day, so there is some

good news.—Now, have your tea; it is all ready.'

Whatever other desirable properties might be lacking to David, he usually possessed a good appetite, this, not unfrequently, when it was rather inconvenient; but to-day he could make no way with his little stew, savoury though it was; and his daughter, checking herself in her cheerful gossip, asked him if he were ill, or had over-walked himself, or had had one of those nasty headaches again.

'No, Josie,' returned her father; 'I have suffered from nothing, and nothing has happened that might not have been foreseen. I was foolish enough to try again at Gadham's; and Mr Robinson, the chief bookkeeper, would have listened to me; but Mr Gadham came in.' He then detailed, with perhaps some added colouring, the unpleasant interview with the head of the firm, his daughter making various sympathetic comments as he proceeded. 'It is all through that business of Mr Ernest and his father,' David concluded. 'Because it is known I was the one generally chosen to take messages backwards and forwards, after the quarrel—which I could not help—these people think I was all on Ernest's side, and tried to prejudice the old man against them. I have always said, that while Mr Ernest behaved very wrongly, especially in drawing bills or cheques on his father without permission, yet he did this for no great sum, and, as an only child, he took liberties. But he was punished too severely—too severely for that fault, Josie. Yet he was not a good young man. But there!' he exclaimed, rallying with an effort, 'I need not go over all this again. Let me eat my dinner, and be thankful I have such a nice dinner to eat.'

Josie resumed her sewing-machine; and after finishing his meal, David sat and smoked his pipe by the open window, for it was summer-time; and a belt of garden lying between the house and the pavement of the quiet street, made the lookout quite secluded, if not absolutely country-like.

Josie being busy, and David occupied with his own thoughts, they had not spoken for some time, until the garden gate creaking, the latter looked up, and saw Minnie coming in. 'And some one with her, Josie!' he exclaimed. 'A man. Who could it be?'

A knock following, he rose to open the door; and Josie, pausing to listen, turned scarlet—she was usually pale—which grew deeper in colour as she heard a laugh at the door, with an exclamation of surprise from her father: 'Come in, my boy! Come in, and let us have a good look at you! Who would have dreamed of seeing you so soon!—Why, Josie, it is Geoffrey—Geoffrey Coyne!'

Minnie, a girl of sixteen, but a big and bouncing lass, came first, and was followed by a well-built, good-looking young fellow of some three or four and twenty. His bronzed cheeks and a certain roll in his gait bespoke the stranger to be of the 'seafaring persuasion,' as indeed he was, being employed on a large ship as clerk, store-keeper, purser, or whatever the proper nautical description may be.

'Yes, here I am!' he exclaimed.—'And how are you, Mr Chester? I met Minnie at the top

of the street; she could not say anything then, but I know she is glad to see me.' With this he kissed the smiling Minnie; and having previously shaken hands with Chester, there was no reason why he should not kiss Josie as well.

The sewing-machine was at once abandoned, and Geoffrey became the centre of the little group, telling of his adventures, his promotion, his hopes for the future, which latter, from his appealing so often to Josie, who sat by his side, included perhaps more than he brought prominently forward. It appeared that the young fellow's mother had been for many years housekeeper to the chief owner of the 'line' in which Geoffrey was employed, and from this humble but creditable influence, his position was secure, and his advancement had been rapid. Even the ill success of David was brightened with a tinge of the cheerfulness which the newcomer diffused around him.

'We will soon make that all right!' he cried, with a hearty slap on the old fellow's shoulder. 'I will see our owner; and if you would like to have something down at the waterside offices, I have no doubt I could get you an offer. They do not pay high salaries there, but the hours are easy.'

David of course expressed his pleasure at hearing this, and also his readiness to accept any position. Then the young man had to hear, from father and daughter, an account of the injustice and cruelty of Mr Gadham, at which he was sympathetically indignant.

He turned the conversation, however, by suddenly exclaiming: 'I quite forgot! I have two Australian presents for Josie and Minnie.—Minnie's is the prettiest. What do you think it is?'

The pleased and blushing Minnie guessed several of the objects most dear to the girlish mind, but in vain.

'Nothing of the kind,' returned Geoffrey. 'It is a treasure from an Australian chief—his greatest treasure. A necklace, Minnie, beautifully made of the skin of a snake'—here both the girls shuddered—'and fibre from the bark of a tree, ornamented with twelve eye-teeth taken from the heads of his dead enemies—all taken by himself or his tribe.'

The girls, with something like a scream, protested against such a present; while even David gave it as his opinion that 'it would not do.'

'To tell you the truth, I do not think it would,' said Coyne, laughing. 'I could have had it, however, from my friend Jack—Cloudy Range Jack—who insisted upon giving me some little keepsake; so I chose two others, not half so much prized as the necklace had been.—A brooch for you, Minnie, studded with nuggets of gold, just as they came from the mine. The same for Josie, a trifle larger, with a circle of garnets as well.'

The brooches were produced, examined, fastened on, and pronounced 'lovely;' David adding that he thought it very generous of Mr Jack Cloudesley.

'No, no!' interrupted Coyne; 'not Cloudesley, but Cloudy Range Jack. I never knew his other name. There are plenty of men over there who are called after the ranges, or districts, or diggings where they have been working, and it is not

considered strict etiquette to inquire further. Jack had been living at Cloudy Range; so you see how he got his name. It was through a little adventure on his part—and I suppose on mine also—that we became such friends. One night I had been a few miles up the country, and while walking back I saw, by the light of the half-moon, two men standing under the shade of a tree, evidently hiding. I thought they were after no good, so went cautiously and on my guard towards them; but a man, walking in the other direction, came up first, and the thieves sprang upon him. He was knocked down by a blow which laid his head open, and I think they meant killing him; but, luckily, I was armed, and fired a couple of shots from my revolver at the fellows. They were both hit, but were able to make off; and I helped the stranger up. He went back to the city with me. He, as you have guessed, was Cloudy Range Jack, one of the best fellows I ever met; and I believe we shall be friends for life. But I did something after that which Mr Chester may not think very business-like.

'I don't suppose I shall set myself up for a judge of what is business-like or not,' said David, with a smile which was anything but cheerful; 'but let us hear it.'

'Well,' continued Coyne, after a moment's hesitation, 'Jack had heard of a land or mining spec. which he was sure was good, although the owner had grown tired of it; and as he gave me the chance, I joined him. It took my savings and an advance note on our agents; but at the worst, I can sell for what I gave; in fact, I had a slightly better offer before leaving; but Jack, who knows all about the spot, says he would not take ten times the money. This was only just before I sailed for home.'

David said nothing, though in his heart he did not think highly of the speculation—with a man whose name, even, Geoffrey did not know! But the girls were hopeful, as Geoffrey was.

On inquiry, Geoffrey found that his chief—the shipowner—was out of town, but was sure to return before the *Royal Oak* sailed, and the young man felt confident that his application on behalf of his old friend would be successful. So David Chester made up his mind to bear the delay hopefully; but every day made it worse and harder for the little family to struggle on, as Minnie earned but a trifle, while Josie had to toil very hard at the machine to provide even the plain food which satisfied them. The mother had been dead some years.

'Thank heaven!' the clerk was wont to say, 'she was spared this trouble.—I had thought,' he would often continue, 'that I never, never could be reconciled to her loss; but now I can say I am thankful she is gone.'

Partly from force of habit, and partly because it was so dull and dreary to sit all day at home, the clerk made his usual visits to the City, and called occasionally at some friendly office, but with the invariable result. Upon a certain day, as Chester was going slowly home, tired as usual, and full of misgivings as to his young friend's influence proving sufficient to serve him, a voice, hearty, or at anyrate loud, exclaimed: 'David Chester!—honest old Davy once again! How are you, my old patriarch?' The person

who spoke was a tall man, well dressed, with a larger beard and moustache than is commonly seen, and he was probably nearer forty than thirty years of age. He smiled as he met the inquiring look of the old clerk, then, clapping him on the shoulder, laughed openly. 'Don't you know me?' he asked.

'Yes, yes; I think I do,' hesitatingly replied Chester; 'but I cannot call to mind where'—

'Ah! ah! you cannot!' laughed the other. 'Well, the middle of Aldersgate Street is not a good place for indulging in sentimental reminiscences. Come in here, and try if a glass or two of wine will not freshen your memory, although, David, I did not think a few years would have made such a difference.' He turned, and Chester followed him; the old fellow was not proof against the temptation of a glass of wine, a luxury unknown to him through all these dreary days of failure. Enconced in the private bar of a tavern hard by, the stranger ordered the wine, and then faced Chester again.

'Do you mean to say that you cannot— Ah! I see you do, now,' he cried; 'I see it in your eyes.'

'Yes, I know you,' said Chester; 'you are Mr Ernest Gadham. I knew your voice at first, and there was something in you— But how changed you are! You are stouter; you had no beard or moustache in those days, and your dress'—

'All great improvements, no doubt you mean to say,' interrupted the other. 'Well, never mind those points. Here is your health, my old friend; I know you will pledge mine.'

David readily did so, and his companion proceeded: 'They thought—you know who I mean—that I was dead; they hoped it; and hearing nothing of me, believed it. I suppose you are not with them?'

This was a subject on which Chester required small pressing, and he launched out into a history of the firm of Brisby, Gadham, & Co., with lengthy episodes detailing his own grievances, and the atrocious treatment he had experienced at their hands.

'There has been foul-play among them,' said Ernest, when at last the history was finished. 'My poor old father did not bear such malice against me. You know he made a will in my favour, shortly before his death.'

'Did he indeed?' responded Chester, sympathetic in his turn.

'Did he!' echoed Ernest. 'Why, you know he did; you witnessed it, with Sperbrow—that ill-looking fellow who called himself my father's confidential clerk.'

'Yes, you are right,' assented Chester. 'I witnessed a will with Sperbrow; but I did not know what was in it. Was it in your favour?'

'Of course it was. And where is it now?' exclaimed Ernest. 'Those who benefited by the old will, no doubt could tell. But anyhow, I understand you to say you did witness a will with Sperbrow?'

'O yes; I can swear to that!' answered David. 'Where is Sperbrow now, I wonder?'

'Oh, he is dead long ago. Died in New York, I have heard,' said Ernest. 'If I had heard of his being hanged there, I should not have cared; it would have served him right.—Now, David,

what are your prospects? Perhaps I can help you a little, as I have still a few friends left. You want a situation, I suppose?'

This was another theme on which David's tongue was easily set in motion, and he told his hope of a situation at the docks. 'Oh, nonsense! That will not do for you,' said his listener. 'You would have to move from Kentish Town to the Isle of Dogs, or somewhere near; eighteen shillings a week salary, and be turned off directly business grew dull—not to speak of breaking up your home and losing the little connection your daughter has built up. No; that will never do.'

Had David been in a less excited mood, he might have felt some wonder as to how Mr Ernest should know that his daughter had a dress-making connection, as he had certainly not alluded to it; or, for the matter of that, he might have been surprised at Mr Ernest knowing that he had any daughters at all. Just now, however, he was hardly in the condition to analyse closely the utterances of such an unexpected friend, and felt nothing but the deepest gratitude when Ernest said he would call upon him next day, before which time he would consult some of his friends. And so they parted.

The clerk's exhilaration lasted after the effects of the wine had ceased, for now, at last, there was to be a change in his luck, and all the way home he was picturing brilliant visions of the future. Once or twice he found himself speculating as to the part of the conversation in which he had given Mr Ernest his address; he could not clearly make this out, so he dismissed it as of no consequence.

'And was Mr Spurbrow such an ill-looking, bad fellow as Mr Ernest describes, father?' asked Josie, when she had heard his story.

'No; I always thought him a very nice decent sort of party,' returned David. 'Perhaps Mr Ernest knows something more about him; but I never heard a word to his discredit, and I am sorry he is dead.'

Whether David had or had not given his address to Ernest, the latter was true to his word and called upon the clerk the next day. His manner was particularly pleasant when speaking to Josie, openly paying her compliments on her good looks, which, although well deserved, were embarrassing, and then excusing himself by referring to the rough society in which he had lived for a long time, which had rather unfitted him for English circles.

One of his friends, he mentioned in the course of conversation, was a person of much influence in the theatrical world, and so he, the speaker, was enabled to promise Miss Josie admission to some of the best theatres in London. Josie's eyes sparkled at this, and so did David's, for this was a treat rarely falling to their lot, and they were enthusiastic lovers of all dramatic exhibitions, from the circus, which they had seen, to the opera, which they had never seen, but pictured as something almost beyond mortal beauty.

Then as to David's future: one thing was certain, Mr Ernest explained, which was, that the clerk must give up all idea of drudging at the docks. He had already seen a gentleman, who had promised that at the turn of the season—poor David did not know what turn or what season was meant—he would give him a befitting

situation. Meanwhile—this was in a whispered conference apart from the girls—there was a five-pound note for present use; and he, Mr Ernest, would take care that his old friend Chester should not run short, until he was fairly lodged in such a berth as would enable him to manage properly.

The reader, then, may guess the impression left by Ernest Gadham, and the praises which were sounded on his departure, after a tolerably long visit. What made his conduct the more gratifying, as David explained to Geoffrey—who was, unfortunately, too late in his visit to see the gentleman—was, that he had no right to expect such kindness.

He had never been a special favourite with young Mr Gadham; on the contrary, though he did not like to say it, he had somewhat disliked the young man. He preferred to account for this marked kindness by supposing that Mr Ernest had been pained to find how he had been persecuted and punished merely for his devotion to the old firm, and felt that he ought to be compensated.

The praise of Mr Gadham did not diminish when, on the very next morning, tickets arrived—'Dress circle and all, father!' as Josie said, with something approaching to awe in her voice—for a popular play. It was not easy, in the face of Minnie's arguments, to decide who should use these tickets; but it was a great deal less easy to decide what Josie should wear on such a state occasion. A few tears of vexation found their way to the girl's eyes when she reviewed her scanty wardrobe. She was a thoroughly amiable girl, bright and cheerful, but she was mortal, and she was feminine, and it would be asking too much of feminine mortality to expect a girl of nineteen to be superior to such considerations. The tickets, it was decided, should be used by Josie and Geoffrey.

It was in the interval between the second and third acts of the last piece, when Josie was just beginning to regret that all would soon be over, that she gave a little start, and uttered an ejaculation which drew Geoffrey's attention.

In answer to his inquiry, she said: 'I have just seen Mr Gadham; I am sure it was him. Yes, there he is, leaning against the column in the corner. I think he saw me; but do not let us appear to be watching him.'

Geoffrey looked earnestly in the direction intimated, anxious to see their generous patron. He saw him leaning against the pillar as described; but a rush of returning seat-owners took place just then, in anticipation of the rising of the drop scene, and when this had subsided, he had either taken a seat where he was hidden, or he had left the house, for they could see him no longer. But as they were leaving the theatre at the close, they saw Mr Gadham emerge from a lobby at the foot of the stairs. He smiled at them, and waved his hand, then stopped, evidently intending to await them. But as he did so, a man, tall and well dressed like himself, but scowling and ill-favoured—so Josie afterwards described him—came out from another lobby, and recognised Mr Gadham. The exclamation he uttered attracted the latter's attention, who started as he turned round, but shook the other's hand warmly; then both hurried off in the direction of the refreshment bar.

All this could be seen by Josie and her companion, for they were within a dozen steps of Mr Gadham when he disappeared. They were astonished and disappointed, and of course talked it over as they rode home in the omnibus. Geoffrey said it was no business of his, and Mr Gadham must do what he pleased, yet it was plain that for the time, his admiration of that gentleman had somewhat abated. He could not understand his conduct. 'And in fact,' said the young man, 'I do not quite understand what he means by this sudden friendship for your father, for whom he never seems to have cared before. I don't quite understand it—I really do not.'

FISH OVA AND FISHERY WASTE.

CONSIDERABLE attention has lately been directed to what is called 'fishery waste,' and by-and-by plans for the utilisation of much valuable material that is now entirely lost, or at least only partly made use of, will no doubt be devised. In the meantime, it may prove somewhat useful to show—even in that rough-and-ready way which can only, for want of definite information, be adopted—the difference between the seed sown, or not sown, and the harvest realised. The prodigious powers of reproduction with which nearly all fishes are endowed have been often noticed in connection with their natural history; nor, extraordinary as they may appear to those not familiar with the subject, has there been much exaggeration in the statements made. Taking the herring as an example, the fact of its fecundity can be easily ascertained and established. Throughout Scotland, it is a condition of 'the cure' that the fish salted must be 'full fish'—in other words, must contain the whole of their spawning substance, in order to entitle them to be branded by the Fishery officers, as a mark of their having been cured in the manner prescribed by the Fishery Board. By means of this rule, we obtain an opportunity of becoming familiar with the reproductive power of the herring. Cured herrings from Loch Fyne and elsewhere in Scotland are on sale in many places, and as most of them contain their roes (and milts), we thus find out that the eggs of the herring are almost incredibly numerous, especially when it is taken into account that the fish is not a big one; as a rule, it requires two and a half, and sometimes three or even more herrings to weigh a pound. To ascertain the number of eggs in the roe of a herring is not a difficult task. The simplest plan is to tie the roe in a bit of muslin cloth and drop it for a couple of minutes into boiling water; then carefully weigh the whole mass of roe; after which, cut the ligatures that bind the eggs together, and fill a thimble with the ova. Count the number of eggs in the measure; finish the process by weighing the lot, that is, the thimbleful; and then you possess the clue to the total figure, which is obtained by dividing the weight of the whole by the

weight of the thimbleful. A herring roe usually weighs about an ounce, less or more; and the number of eggs—taking a reasonable average, formed from the counting of some score of roes—will be thirty-one thousand.

The destruction of fish ova annually is enormous, and is not confined to any one fish, as will be shown when we come to consider the case of the cod and haddock. As regards the waste of herring-roes—in one night's fishing at a well-known herring-fishery where, during the season, from eight hundred to one thousand boats are usually at work, it has been ascertained that many barrels of spawn—literal tons, in fact—are wasted because of the fish of the shoal hit upon being almost in the act of spawning. Instead of being restored to the sea, the ova are usually sold to farmers for manure along with other offal! That the eggs so disposed of are ripe, is proved by their exuding freely from the fish; and as they have had the chance of being well mixed while in the boats with the milt of the male herring, the proportion of the sexes being about equal—a case, as we may say, of accidental pisciculture—they would, in all probability, had they been restored to the water whence the herrings which produced them were taken, have hatched, and thus contributed to the millions of fish destined to compose future shoals. Despite such waste, herrings continue, according to some accounts, to be more abundant than ever. During the fishing season of 1885, it may be considered to be pretty near the truth if we state that about two million barrels of herrings were captured off the Scottish coasts. Of that quantity, 1,572,952 barrels were cured; whilst the remainder were sold directly from the boats as fresh herrings; and as each barrel contains at least seven hundred, we can arrive at an idea of the total number captured in one season, which we place at 1,400,000,000 of individual fish. But man, it has been affirmed, with all his cunning devices of capture makes almost no impression on the herring shoals. It has been computed that cod and other fish will consume every year 29,400,000,000. Another factor in the figures of herring consumption is the number eaten by gannets, which has been estimated at 1,110,000,000 of individual herrings. Dogfish and the numerous other enemies of the *Clupeidae* may be set down as consuming every year as many herrings as are taken by the fishermen of the United Kingdom, which brings out a total in this range of calculation of say 35,000,000,000 of these fish. What, it has more than once been asked, will be the dimensions of a shoal of herrings? It is not possible to do more, we fear, than guess at the area occupied; but if the spaces taken up by all the public parks of the kingdom were joined together and filled with herrings five deep, the area so obtained would not probably be so large as some of the Scottish shoals. On some places off the Scottish coasts as many, perhaps, as a thousand boats will be fishing on the same evening, each boat carrying a train of nets extending from two to three miles in length; and that extent of netting will enable our readers to judge how numerous the fish must be that require such an engine of capture.

The herring has been designated the 'poor man's fish;' and the salmon may certainly be

called the fish of the rich man; it has been named the 'venison of the waters.' A sixty-pound salmon is nearly all the year round of more value than a Southdown sheep. These fine fish when brought to market range in weight from about eight to thirty-five pounds; but occasional big ones are taken which vary from thirty-eight to sixty pounds; such fish are not, however, very plentiful. Taken all over, salmon average not less than twenty pounds per fish, though a few years ago the average had sunk to eighteen pounds. Grilse, the young or unspawned member of the salmon family, generally run from four to seven pounds; and the average weight of these fish may be taken at five and a half pounds. A salmon of the weight of about twenty-five pounds will yield twenty thousand eggs. These must be deposited in fresh water—although the fish is also able to live in the sea—and require from one hundred to one hundred and twenty days to hatch, according to temperature. During a very mild winter, the period of hatching is not so prolonged as it is in severe weather. In protected places under cover, salmon ova hatch in from sixty-five to seventy-five days; but in the old ponds at Stormontfield, on the river Tay, and in the river, the eggs seldom yielded their young under a period of four months. Although the salmon, as compared with the herring, may be said to deposit its eggs in a protected place—in the tributary waters, that is to say, of some great salmon stream—a vast number of them are wasted. Spawning takes place in the running water, so that many of the eggs exuded are rapidly borne along by the rushing stream, and are lost so far as the future salmon supply is concerned. Under such circumstances, thousands of the eggs escape the fertilising power of the milt of the male fish, while further thousands are devoured by numerous enemies, which hover around to prey upon them, many kinds of birds being among the number, while the trout inhabiting the same stream of water gorge themselves with the dainty morsels.

In offering any remarks on the stock and marketable fish of a salmon-river, it must be borne in mind that a given expanse of water will only breed and feed a given number of fish. It is not a little remarkable that while it is somewhat of a merit to capture herrings while full of their spawning matter, salmon when filled with milt and roe are protected by statute; for such fish there is a close-time, and during its observance it is a crime to capture them. It ought to be known that during their spawning seasons fish, as a rule, are unfit for food, their flesh being poor, watery, and probably unwholesome, in consequence of their fat-forming materials being diverted to the formation of their reproductive substances.

The sea-fish which are endowed with the power of reproducing their kind in millions are the conger eel, the turbot, the cod-fish, and two or three of its congeners. Examples of the conger containing from six to fifteen million ova have not been unfrequent, and yet this fish is very rarely seen in our fish-markets or fishmongers' shops: there seems to be a prejudice against it. Congers are frequently sold in foreign fish-markets. Abroad, that member of the eel family seems to be appreciated. Its flesh is excel-

lent, and highly susceptible to the art of the cook.

The classic turbot yields its eggs in millions; one of these fish, weighing twenty-three pounds, being found to contain a mass of roe that, when manipulated, was resolved into fourteen million eggs. The turbot, although not what may be termed a scarce fish, is not so plentiful as it apparently ought to be, judging from its reproductive power. Taking it all the year round, the turbot is a costly fish, and much dearer usually in London and other large cities and towns than even the salmon. Forty years ago, a turbot could be purchased at many places on the Scottish seaboard for twenty pence, that could not now be bought for the same number of shillings. A considerable number of the turbot which are sold in Billingsgate are brought from Holland by Dutch fishermen. It is to be regretted that large numbers of very young turbot are frequently caught in the trawl-nets, in which they are suffocated by the weight of other fish. These are lost to the table.

As has been indicated, the cod-fish and two or three of the other members of the *Gadidae* family yield their eggs in millions; the roe of a large cod-fish will weigh seven or eight pounds, and will contain from five to eight million ova. Actual counting is the best guide to the number of eggs which any single fish contains. In America, the number of eggs in various individual fish have been ascertained by actual counting. In each of two cod, which weighed seventy pounds, the number of ova exceeded nine million, the net weight of the mass of eggs being in each case eight pounds two ounces. In other examples, the eggs ranged from about nine million in a fifty-one-pound cod-fish, to nearly three million in one which weighed twenty-one pounds.

The herring, taking its size into account, is as prolific as the cod. Estimating the common run of these *Clupeidae* at three and a half fish to the pound, it would take about seventy herrings to equal the weight of a twenty-one-pound cod-fish, and such a number of herrings would yield, in all probability, considerably more than three million ova. The cod-fish is wonderfully abundant within the range of its habitat. The officers of the Scottish Fishery Board, in accordance with instructions, keep a note of the quantity cured under their superintendence. From a special Report, we learn that, in the course of one year, three and a half million of cod, ling, and hake were caught to be cured in Scotland, whilst a large number was also taken to be sold fresh. But the take of cod in Scottish waters is small when compared with the total number of these fish which are caught all over the world. We have it on pretty good authority that in a recent year seventy-five million of cod-fish were taken from European waters, and seventy-nine million and a half from American waters; while half that number, it is thought, will be wasted in the prosecution of the fishery. As for the numbers of these animals that never arrive at maturity, it would be vain to make an attempt at computation. With regard to the eggs which float on the water till the infant fish is able to burst from its fragile prison, millions upon millions fall a prey to the numerous animals which seem created to devour them.

In addition to what may be termed the accidental losses occurring from causes over which man has no control, there is carried on, chiefly from Norway, a trade in cod-roes, which is always in demand by the French fishermen for use as a ground-bait. Seventy thousand barrels filled with the roes of the cod were exported from Norway in the year 1880; and as each barrel on the average will contain three hundred roe-bags, we have thus a total of twenty-one million cod-roes put to a non-productive purpose.

The roes, as we may say, are an accident of the cod-fishery. Cod-fish are not caught purposely in order to obtain their eggs; but fish with spawn being taken, that substance is at once utilised by being salted down for export to France. When the trawl-net is hauled on board, it contains a vast percentage of immature fish, which are usually rejected, and thrown into the water; but as many of them are dead, they are lost to the future. In line-fishing, the capture of the animal living is what is always aimed at, as one living cod-fish is worth three or four dead ones. A cargo of live cod is valuable, as the fish can be housed in perforated boxes, and be killed for market as the demand arises. Fish so caught, if about to spawn, ought to be restored to the water.

Another member of the cod-fish family which is also wonderfully abundant is known as the haddock, and is really an excellent and much appreciated table-fish, either served fresh, or smoked as a 'Finnan haddie.' Nearly two million eggs have been found in one of these fish, the weight of which was nine and a half pounds. There is almost no other fish which is brought to market in such quantities in an immature state. This can be seen by any person who will take the trouble, during the earlier months of the year, to glance at the displays of haddock in our fishmongers' shops, where hundreds of these small fish may be seen that have never had the chance of spawning, and most of which are not more than three or four ounces in weight—'fine frying fish, five to the pound.'

Those fish which seem to have been from the beginning destined to the frying-pan, the toothsome flounder and others of the flat-fish family, are also wonderfully fecund, and yield very large numbers of eggs. Selecting the sole as an example. It is one of our most popular fishes. It is certain that during the last twenty years we have been eating more soles than the stock can fairly yield; in other words, the sole is being 'overfished.' One would suppose that a fish which yields its eggs in hundreds of thousands would always be plentiful; but in the case of the sole we have evidence to the contrary. It has been fished for as if the stock would never go done, and thousands of soles are sold which are a long way from maturity. 'Slips' these little fish are called, and they are not bigger than a dainty lady's hand, say a hand for which 'number sixes' would be almost too large. No soles ought to be brought to market which are below the size of a big man's foot. Evidence has been offered of the destruction of immature soles which is constantly taking place. Hundreds of thousands are annually captured which those who capture them are afraid to bring on shore, they are so small.

As regards the common flounder, the fact has been placed on record that on one occasion two and a half million of these fish were taken. The plaice is a plentiful fish—over thirty-three million of it have reached Billingsgate and been disposed of in the course of a year. In one particular season, the consignments to that piscatorial bourse of the smaller flat-fishes became so great, the fish being so plentiful, that on some especial days they were given away in any quantity to all who came for them. The largest of all the flat-fishes is the halibut, examples of which have been taken weighing from twenty-five to eighty pounds. That fish is also a prolific breeder.

From the figures already given, and others which might be adduced, if further proof were necessary, the difference between the seed sown and the harvest gathered is not a little startling. The seed is sown in millions, but it is only in thousands the harvest is gathered. A time is coming, however, when such waste as is really preventable will be prevented. As has been hinted in the course of the preceding remarks, fishermen have but little chance of selection, and can only capture such fish as enter their nets; hence the vast numbers of small and immature haddocks and soles which are offered for sale in our fishmongers' shops. Hence also it is that about Easter the roes of our chief round-fish are always to be seen on sale. These can be so cooked as to form appetising *plats*, and having been obtained, it is proper they should be utilised; but, nevertheless, the fact of tons of this spawn being on sale shows us in some degree the fishery waste that is always going forward. The philosophy of a close-time is that fish may have leave to spawn unmolested by man; but so long as it is a condition of the herring-fishery that only 'full herrings' can receive the highest brand, there can never be any rest for that popular and abundant fish; indeed, it seems to be a condition of nature that these animals of the great deep are most accessible to man at that season of their lives only when they stand most in need of his protection.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

I sit alone. The night-wind sighs about my humble biggin. The streets are quiet, for the old clock 'ben the hoose' has just struck twelve, and my thoughts, as they are wont, wander listlessly about the room. The flickering fire reflects its fitful light about me, and casts weird shadows along the floor, for my lamp has burned low. From picture on to picture my eyes wander; but the uncertain light will not stay with them. The oaken sideboard, which has been an heirloom in the family now for generations, stands dull and dead beside me. The otherwise meagre furnishings of my lonely room offer little food for meditation, and I gaze upon the dying embers before me until the glowing tiny casements fall one by one in total wreck and ruin, and their place is marked by blackened ashes.

Upon the mantel-shelf are ranged, with studious care, the little trinkets of a happier time. Here, my mother's tiny oaken workbox, beneath the

unlocked lid of which are placed her silver thimble, that she loved so well; her needles, now besmeared with rust, from lack of use; and her little odds and ends, so needful once, and once so much respected. And there is father's silver snuff-box, with initialed lid and well-carved top; and when I take it from its place, the happier past reveals itself to me. I see his comely face reflected on the lid; I hear his kindly voice speak words of homely comfort and correction, as I have often heard in days gone by. I look, and as I look, the face is gone, and the merry chat of old familiar friends, friends of my father's, strikes upon my ear. The merry song, the merrier laugh, the joyful click of glasses when the toasts are pledged—these bring me back to past festivities, rare, though always happy. The sounds and faces vanish. I open wide the lid, and in the corners of the box there still are seen small particles of my father's favourite snuff. Even now, it has not lost its flavour; and as its minute atoms seek my brain, I think I sit once more with him in the 'auld kirk at hame.' I hear us chant in dragging measures the solemn psalm, and favourite of my father's, 'Old Hundred.' I hear the earnest pastor pray, and the lesson read; and when the sermon is begun, I see the 'snuff-mull' passed from hand to hand; and involuntarily, I stretch it out at arm's-length, even now. Old faces, familiar with their friendliness, appear before me one by one; and forms that I used to know stand betwixt me and the fire. I shut the snuff-box lid, and faces and forms sink away from me. But what is this that lies beside the box? A silver watch with dimpled case. Ah! that, too, tells its tale! Full many a time I have seen that old watch wound and carried forth in hands that used to hold me as a child, and clasp in firm grip with mine in meetings and partings of the later years. I have seen it in its brighter days, when its works were active, and not dead, as they have been for so long! Its owner too! Ah me! how short and yet how long it seems since he took me on his knee and told the story of that very watch.

'The dimple on the case?' he'd say, in answer to my childish query. 'Why, my lad, I've told you that a thousand times, I'm sure.' And now, I hear the story told again. I see the opposing forces stand at Waterloo; I hear the heavy guns burst in upon my ear, the yells of pain and shouts of exhortation; and among the British ranks stands one I know to be my father. The bullets, bringing death, whiz past in fast succession. I watch my father with his brave companions fighting in the thickest of the fray. I fear his death, and pray for his deliverance. A bullet strikes his breast. 'O God,' I cry, 'he's gone!' I look again; but still he fights right manfully. How is this? That silver watch guarded the spot where the bullet struck. My father's life was saved! I hear a cheer that shakes the earth on which I stand; I see the stubborn foe disperse

like chaff; and now I know that Waterloo is won. The scene of carnage melts away. I put the watch back to its sacred place, just as the dying notes of victory touch my ear.

Beside the watch there lies a time-stained case. I open it, and find therein my father's and my mother's spectacles. As I draw them from their place, I am once more a reckless lad at home. I sit before the glowing fire, upon the favourite footstool at my mother's knee. She wears her spectacles; and as she strokes my head with her soft hand, I hear my father's voice. Before him lies the 'big ha' Bible,' and from its well-thumbed page he reads the 'old, old story.' Worship done, I feel the gentle pressure of my mother's lips as I say 'Good-night' to her. Again I look at them, and other scenes break in upon my view. My father sits in his armchair and reads; while mother plies her stocking-wires, that always went so fast, and all to keep her 'dear boy' and his father comfortable.

Again I am a schoolboy, and once more I see my father 'put his glasses on,' and with the handle of his snuff-spoon, point the lines as I decipher them.

I close the case, and as I try to think, the solemn strains of music strike upon my ear. It is the deep notes of a funeral service. My father's chair is empty, and my mother weeps. A sad and slow procession wends its way along the country road; and now I stand within an old churchyard, close beside an open grave. I see the coffin lowered, and something tells me that it is my father's. I hear the sullen thud of the dank mould upon the coffin lid. I feel my senses reel—and then there is a blank which I can never fill.

I put the ancient case away, and as I do so, a curious tremor seizes hold on me. I stand beside a bed, and on it lies my mother. I watch her as her fitful breath tells that the flickering flame of life is all but gone. I feel her press my hand, and hear her tell me, in a faltering whisper, not to grieve, but to put my faith in Christ, and we should meet again, though not on earth. Again I stand beside an open grave and sob, as her 'narrow bed' is hidden from my sight; and then the melancholy scene falls back and disappears.

Once more I scan the mantel-shelf, and there, half hidden in a crevice of the wall, I see a tiny paper parcel. I open it, and find within a lock of yellow hair. Ah me! that golden ringlet opens out a volume of the past. I feel that I am young again and full of hope. The moon shines down upon the glassy lake, and I stroll listlessly with a fair companion along the woodland path, and speak of love and future happiness. I feel the gentle pressure of my loved one's hand, and hear her tell me that she'll aye be mine! But darker days come on. I watch the progress of that dry, harsh cough; I see the face grow wan and pinched, the eyes grow dull, the shoulders stoop, the hands grow thinner by degrees. She tells me she is dying; and I know she speaks the awful truth. My hopes and aspirations fall, for they were all built up in that sweet form! I watch her while

she dies—by day and night I watch, till the change comes, and I am left alone! But on the evening that her spirit fled, she gave me that yellow curl from off her head, and there and then I vowed to keep it sacred.

I hear the old clock chime the hour of two; I look around me, and the room is dark. My fire is out; my oil-lamp burns low; and I have been amidst the Shadows of the Past.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MEMORIAL TO MOZART.

AFTER much discussion, it has at length been decided that Mozart is to have a statue erected to his memory in front of the Opera House at Vienna, which is said to be one of the finest and most appropriate sites that could have been selected throughout the city. The design for the statue it is understood will be thrown open to competition. Public and private subscriptions have at present brought in upwards of five thousand and two hundred pounds, so that it is to be hoped that the memorial will be one worthy of him who was not only one of the most accomplished musicians of his day, but the most graceful and melodious of writers, and who raised the tone of opera in Germany to the high position it subsequently obtained and retained. The music of Mozart, whether sacred or secular, will surely live in the hearts and minds of all true lovers of the 'divine art,' and of all who can appreciate the polished melodies of genius wedded to the learned harmonies of science, so long as music itself exists. But, by a strange irony of fate, Mozart, the amiable and gifted composer, popular everywhere, admired by all, died a very poor man; and his son was allowed to eke out a precarious existence by teaching music in the capital where upwards of five thousand pounds has been readily subscribed for the erection of a statue to the father, who was in his own day left almost to the tender mercies of poverty!

THE EXTINCT AUSTRALIAN LION.

It has long been a disputed point, and indeed a vexed question, as to whether the so-called great Australian lion ever existed. Some interesting discoveries, however, have been recently made in the Wellington Caves, New South Wales, of undoubted remains of this animal. The bones are at present deposited in the Mines Department Museum, Sydney, and consist of several very complete jawbones, containing the teeth in an excellent state of preservation. Prior to being publicly exhibited, they were submitted to the inspection of Professor Sir Richard Owen, of the British Museum; and his opinion is, that the animal was a marsupial or pouch-bearing lion, fully equal in size to the existing African species. Discoveries of leonine remains have at various times been made in New South Wales, and also in Victoria, and the specimens in question are well preserved. They have been excavated from post-pleiocene deposits; and in connection with them were the remains of what are known as the Tasmanian Tiger and the Tasmanian Devil. An equally interesting fact is that Professor Owen, when referring, many years ago, to the herbivorous characteristics of the 'Australian Diprotodon,'

expressed his conviction that some large carnivorous animal must have been co-existent with him, to keep the race in check, and that probably lions then inhabited Australia, an hypothesis which has been fully verified. These facts are interesting, as helping to establish the fact of the existence in former ages of the lion in Australia.

FRIENDSHIP'S MESSAGE.

I.

FRIEND ever faithful, as I sit alone,
Sad as the gloaming that infolds me round,
Dead embers dropping on the white hearthstone
Fall on mine ear with melancholy sound,
And the low winds are sighing with regret,
Though dying day is faintly smiling yet.

II.

The moon has risen o'er the silent street
Like the pure soul of the departed day,
Shedding from heaven a benediction sweet,
The while her silvery beams like spirits stray,
With noiseless footsteps through my open door,
And gently wander o'er the cottage floor.

III.

Dreams of delightful moments passed with thee
Come to me, dearest, with this pensive hour;
Through shadowy trees thy lilac robe I see
Sweeping so lightly o'er each slumberous flower;
I see the dewdrops twinkling here and there,
'Mid the dark tresses of thy clustering hair.

IV.

As with the tinkling brook our voices blend,
I mark the flush upon thy dumpling cheek,
And whisper softly in thine ear: 'Sweet friend,
They know thee not who say the world is bleak;
To me at least 'tis neither bleak nor drear,
So long as thy warm heart is throbbing near.'

V.

And as I speak, my hand steals into thine,
Like a tired bird that seeks some resting-place;
I know, I feel, thy precious love is mine,
By thy fond eyes and sympathetic face.
My voice is trembling, as I tell thee how
Life would be dark without thy friendship now.

VI.

Let it be changeless, dear, through good and ill.
When friends less loved shall coldly pass me by,
I will not mourn, if thou art faithful still.
How could I miss them, sweet, when thou art nigh?
Ah, I could even smile, and let them go,
Content with thee, because I love thee so.

VII.

When sorrow's tears have dimmed thy gentle eyes,
Thy sacred grief shall chain me to thy side:
He will not shrink from cold December skies,
Who won thy friendship in the summer's pride:
Then in our hearts shall summer roses blow,
For love alone can thaw the wintry snow.

FANNY FORRESTER.

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THE LAND OF SALMON.

Nor Scotland, reader, nor the north of Ireland, nor even the wonderful land in the Far West, where fish by the thousand become the property of the enterprising 'canniers'—no; but away to the East, at the *Ultima Thule* of Asia, which drops like a pendule from the continental bulk into the waters of the North Pacific. In other words—Kamschatka, the little-known peninsula to the west of the strange seal-world of which we have lately seen something in these pages (see No. 152). Kamschatka still belongs, as the Seal Islands used to do, to Russia; and it has been very much of a 'sealed book' to Europeans generally, however much it may be known to the officials of the great White Czar.

The history of Kamschatka may be said to date from 1690, for in that year it is supposed to have been discovered by Morosco or Moroskoi, a Cossack chief. Seven years later, Russia took formal possession, without knowing much about the new land; and only in 1728 was it demonstrated by Behring to be a peninsula. Captain Clerke, the successor of Captain Cook, voyaged up to its shores, but died as soon as he sighted them in 1779, and was buried at Petropaulovski. This place, which may be called the capital of Kamschatka, was practically founded by Behring, who wintered there in 1740, and established a little settlement, which he called after his two vessels, the *St Peter* and the *St Paul*. It was from this place that, in the following year, Behring started on his last eventful and disastrous voyage to the north. As he sailed he would doubtless see, one hundred and forty-six years ago, what a traveller of our own country saw in 1882, and has thus described: 'Rarely have I seen a wilder-looking coast than that of South-eastern Kamschatka. The brilliant sunshine which poured upon rock and headland (it was the month of August) redeemed it from gloom, but the wildness and desolation of the scene were indescribable. Precipitous cliffs, at the foot of which none but a bird could land; deep valleys, running down to the sea, at whose mouths

still lay the accumulated masses of last winter's snow; pinnacle rocks, like rows of iron teeth, shown to warn off any one rash enough to contemplate a landing—this was what met our gaze, as we anxiously scanned the coast with our glasses. Beyond, the land rose in abrupt humps and irregular masses, and appeared to be clothed with a uniform growth of low but dense under-wood, above which the distant cones of snow stood out clear and hard against the sky. It was an impracticable-looking country enough; but we had visited it with the firm intention of going through it; and experience in other lands having taught us how often difficulties disappear upon a closer acquaintance, we did not allow ourselves to feel discouraged. An hour or two later, we arrived at the narrow entrance of Avatcha Bay, and shaped our course over a smooth sea for the little harbour of Petropaulovski.'

Thus wrote Dr F. H. H. Guillemard, who, in the yacht *Marchesa*,* visited many lands, but none more remarkable than this of which we are now writing. Avatcha Bay is stated to be one of the finest harbours in the world, outrivalling even the bays of Rio and of Sydney, which are usually accorded the first place. It is a nearly circular basin of about nine miles in diameter, with a narrow entrance to the south-south-east, with a depth of ten to twelve fathoms, no dangers, and surrounded by superb scenery. To the south of Avatcha Bay is the volcanic mountain Vilut-chinska, rising in a cone to seven thousand feet, now quiescent, and with a flat-topped neighbour, rising to eight thousand feet. To the north there is a trio of volcanoes 'such as one rarely sees'—towering masses of glittering snow, around whose summits light vaporous streamers float out.

Petropaulovski (or Petropaulsk, as the people call it 'for short') is a mere hamlet, with more houses than inhabitants. It is no longer a military post and arsenal, and the entire authority is

* See *The Cruise of the Marchesa* (John Murray, London, 1886). We here acknowledge our indebtedness to this work for much of the information we now present.

vested in the Russian representative or *Ispravnik*. There are some ten European residents, six gentlemen and four ladies, the former employed in superintending the operations of the Alaska Commercial Company and other fur-traders. There is also a doctor, Dybowski, whose district extends over *one hundred thousand square miles*! This Dr Dybowski is a great naturalist and geologist—a Pole, exiled to Siberia, then pardoned, and made government doctor in Kamschatka. He occupies himself with science in the summer, and visits his patients during the winter, when travelling is easier by means of sledges.

Salmon is the great wealth of Kamschatka. At one haul of the seine in the bay, a boat's crew landed three hundred. The Avatcha River is teeming with the fish; and at one little village of ten huts, twenty thousand fish is said to be no uncommon single day's take! This is where they are permitted to stake the river; but everywhere the harvest is more than abundant. During the season the people work day and night, in order to lay up a store for the winter; for they both live among and live upon salmon. The air is laden with the odour of the fish, and the people are permanently saturated with it.

The way they dry the salmon is this: They have in each village a set of open sheds, in which they hang up the fish across sticks, after splitting them down to the tails, removing the heads, and cleaning and washing the insides. The sticks are placed a few inches apart, with the ends resting on poles which run from end to end of the sheds, so that they are exposed to the air, but protected from the sun. They are also hung so as to be out of reach of the numberless dogs which the natives always have about them. And there they hang until they are swarming with maggots; then they are buried in pits for three or four months; and if so much decomposed as to have to be laded instead of lifted out, so much the better for their tastes!

A Russian traveller, Krasheninikov, one hundred years ago, wrote that 'the fish come from the sea in such numbers that they stop the course of the rivers, and cause them to overflow the banks; and when the waters fall, there remains a surprising quantity of dead fish upon the shore, which produces an intolerable stench; and at this time the bears and dogs catch more fish with their paws than people do at other places with their nets.' The fish begin to ascend the Kamschatkan rivers from the sea in May, and continue to arrive up to about the middle of August. They go up to spawn; but few ever come down again; in fact, in the case of some of the species, every fish appears to perish in the rivers—by overcrowding, and at the hands of man and other natural enemies; for all the birds and beasts of this strange land seem to live on salmon.

Dr Guillemard, who is not prone to exaggeration, says that he never realised how vast are the numbers of salmon until he saw the rivers. Their back fins would be in sight as far as the eye could follow the stream; hundreds would be aground and gasping in the shallows; hundreds more dead or dying on the banks; while those in the waters were absolutely touching each other; and in ford-

ing, the horses could hardly avoid stepping on them. In such circumstances, fishing is useless; you simply walk into the water; select your salmon as you would at the fishmonger's, and spear him at your leisure—that is, if you are more epicurean than the natives, who eat them all, fresh or foul, dried or rotten. And yet the millions which are caught and eaten annually are as nothing to the millions which perish naturally, and line the banks of the streams with their rotting carcases.

One cannot help thinking what a vast waste of natural wealth there is in this curious land, and how, if commercial enterprise would engage in utilising it, even the 'canneries' of the Pacific States and Labrador might be reduced to insignificance in comparison. But distance from markets, and climate, are important factors; and besides, imported skilled labour would be needed for the 'canning' process. It is not so easy to see, however, why Kamschatka should not export large quantities of dried, salted, smoked, and kippered salmon—work quite within the capacity of the native labour.

Besides being the home of the salmon, Kamschatka is also the home of a much more valuable animal, commercially speaking—the sable. The fur of this animal is the most valuable export of the country, and a large proportion of the inhabitants are solely engaged for the greater portion of the year in sable-hunting. The export trade seems to be practically 'controlled'—as the Americans say—by a Russo-American Jew, who is familiarly known as the 'king of Kamschatka,' and who is said by Dr Guillemard not to be at all a favourite, either of the Russian government or of the hunters and inhabitants generally. He takes all their skins off their hands—usually at a 'slump' price per head, good and bad together—and he pays them pretty much on the truck system, having a general 'store' at Petropaulovski, to which they must all resort for their needful supplies. We learn that 'in St Petersburg the price of a single sable skin ranges from two to twenty-five pounds. In Kamschatka, the wretched peasant, living upon half-rotten fish, and exposed to the rigours of a climate which in its severity surpasses that of almost every inhabited region of the world, receives nominally an average of sixteen roubles* per skin. In reality, he has to take out this value in goods. He is wise if he does so, and can keep clear of the brandy, which, in spite of the law which forbids its sale anywhere but in Petropaulovski, has proved the ruin of so many of his countrymen.'

The fur of the sable is in best condition in winter, and it is trapped then; for in the spring, even if the winter coat remains, the hair drops out after the skin has been prepared. The hunters usually start for their winter's expedition about the end of September, and they have trained dogs with them, a good sable-dog being one of the most valuable possessions of a Kamschatkan hunter. Twenty sables in a season are considered a good catch; but a party of four will sometimes bring in one hundred and twenty or so for their winter's work. There is no official record of the

* The Russian paper rouble is worth nearly half-a-crown; the silver rouble, about three shillings and sixpence.

number annually exported; but the most of them go through Petropaulovski; and it is known that in 1882, the individual called 'the king' shipped from that place over two thousand. Another portion, however, does not come south, but finds its nearest market at a settlement called Tigil, in the northern part of the peninsula. Perhaps we might place the total export at somewhere about three thousand skins.

The following notes on the animal and the method of hunting, &c., are by Dr Guillemard: 'The sable is always skinned from the tail—bag-shaped; and while performing this operation in the approved fashion of the country, we listened to a sermon on sables and sable-hunting from Afanasi (a native). They are, he told us, for the most part of nocturnal habits, and though they occasionally feed by day, generally spend that period of the twenty-four hours in holes at the roots or in the trunks of trees. They dislike the presence of man, and are rarely to be found in the neighbourhood of the villages, their favourite resort being the depths of the forests least frequented by the natives. It is considered that the most inaccessible and least known parts of the country are the best hunting-grounds. They live on hares, birds of all kinds, and in short, almost any living thing they can kill; but they are also said to eat berries, and even fish. There are, indeed, but few animals apparently which do not live on salmon in Kamschatka. Sables have only one litter during the year, generally in the month of April, and bring forth four or five young at a birth in a nest in the holes of trees. When the hunter is bitten for the first time by one of these animals, the bite is almost invariably followed by severe illness; but on subsequent occasions no ill effects are produced, with the exception, possibly, of slight inflammation of the wound. There are various methods employed in catching sables; but there are fewer of them trapped now than used to be the case. Dogs are almost invariably employed to run them down in the deep snow, or to "tree" them; and they are also smelt out by these trained animals in their holes at the roots of trees. The great object is to tree the sable, if possible. The hunter then surrounds the base of the tree with nets, and either shakes down his quarry or knocks it off the boughs with sticks. If it does not fall into the net, it is run down by the dogs, or compelled again to take refuge in a tree. Should the tree be too high for this method to be successful, it is cut down, or the sable is shot; but the hunters generally avoid the use of the gun if possible, as it is apt to spoil the skin.'

One sable shot by the Doctor's party measured twenty-seven inches in extreme length, and the tail, which in winter is furnished with a thick brush, which disappears in summer, was seven inches long.

Bears are very numerous and of great size. They are hunted in July, August, and September. A single hamlet will sometimes shoot and trap as many as ninety in a season; and there are hunters who boast of having killed more than four hundred bears in their lifetime. Foxes also abound, and a great variety of winged game.

One of the most remarkable animals of Kamschatka is the Bighorn, or wild sheep, which for the most part frequents the precipitous slopes of the sea-cliffs, but is also sometimes met with

in the interior. This interesting animal is thus described: 'The general colour of the Kamschatkan wild sheep (*Ovis nivicola*, Eschscholtz) is a brownish gray, and the hair is very long and thick. The head and neck are more distinctly gray than the rest of the body; the forehead is marked with an ill-defined dark patch; and the lips are nearly white. On the anterior aspect, the legs are of a dark glossy brown; but posteriorly, a narrow white line runs down the entire length of the limb. The tail is short, and dark brown; the rump and the centre of the belly pure white. The ears are remarkably short.'

The measurement of an adult male Bighorn was found to be sixty-seven inches extreme length, fifty-five inches greatest girth, and thirty-nine inches height at the shoulder. The length of the horns round the curves was thirty-five inches, and the breadth from tip to tip about twenty-five inches. Bighorn keep usually in small herds of from three to nine individuals, the males apart from the females and young. The flesh is said to be delicious, superior in flavour to that of the finest domestic sheep.

In winter, the people are clothed in garments of dressed reindeer skin. The *kuklankas* is a loose sacque, composed of pieces of the skin sewn together with the sinews of the animal, and provided with a bearskin hood, to draw over the head. Below is worn a pair of breeches of similar character, and then boots, made of soft leather throughout, sole included. Leprosy is very common in Kamschatka, although less prevalent in the interior, and is supposed to be due to the fish diet.

The aboriginals of Kamschatka are Kamschatdales and Koriaks; but little is known of their origin, and both have decreased in numbers since the Russian occupation. The country is now chiefly peopled by Siberian-Russians, and by a race the product of intermarriage between them and the aboriginal Kamschatdales. This new race it is usual to distinguish as Kamschatkans; and a greedy, disagreeable kind of people they seem to be. They are of a low order, and live in summer either in wretched huts by the river-banks, or in lofts above the sheds in which they hang their fish. In winter, they have semi-subterranean dwellings. Their habits and diet are alike filthy; and their notions of honesty meagre. The pure Kamschatdales, on the other hand, appear to be a kindly and a hospitable people. The houses of the better class of natives of Russian blood are usually log-built, unpainted, containing usually two, and sometimes, but rarely, four rooms, in which will be found a few chairs, a rough deal table, a tawdry gilt *eikon* of the Russian Church, and any number of cockroaches and unmentionable insects. The houses are in many places raised above the ground, either upon stones, like haystacks, or upon low wooden pillars. The floors are boarded, and the house is warmed by means of a huge brick stove built in between the rooms, which develops immense heat. The diet of these 'upper classes' is—besides fish—milk, sour cream, ryebread, and bilberries. The bilberry seems to be the only fruit in Kamschatka. A few patches of potatoes and cabbages occasionally surround the better villages; but, unless at Melcova, there are no cereals, although it is stated that rye would do very well in some parts of the valley of the

Kamschatka River. The harvest of the river and the sea is enough, however, to occupy all the time and thoughts of the Kamschatkan, and he has neither the leisure nor the taste for agriculture.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CUTTING THE CABLE.

JOSEPHINE's spirits went up like a cork in water when she left Hanford. She liked Lady Brentwood. She was fond of society, and the society met at Brentwood Hall was usually agreeable. Lady Brentwood was an admirable hostess; the baronet, a cheery, kind man who rather petted and flattered Josephine. But these were not the prime causes of her exhilaration. She was rejoiced for a few hours to be free of Richard, who was to her a constant cause of anxiety and annoyance. She, in her way, was feeling the same reaction that rushed over Richard when he came among his friends at the *Anchor*. She asked herself now why she had married him, and was not able at once to find the true answer. She had, in fact, taken him for several reasons. She never had really loved him; but she had been grateful to him, and she had been attracted by his simplicity, integrity, and manliness—by the contrast he presented to her father. But perversity had had its part in bringing her to marry Richard. She knew that by so doing she would anger her father and offend her aunt; and having lost all respect for both, she went headlong in a course which, because disapproved by them, she argued must be right. Without any fixed standards of right, she was swayed by her impulses, often good, but sometimes exaggerated till all the goodness was lost. She had felt her need of a guide; but Richard was useless to her; he was a drag, an encumbrance, a cause of perplexity. Now, she recognised the justice of her father's opposition, and regretted that she had not received it with respect. In her self-condemnation she was drawn towards her father as she had never been drawn before. She had revolted against his contemptuous disregard for truth and cynical disparagement of sincerity. Now, she began to see that he was not wholly in the wrong. Truth, sincerity, are raw and rude virtues, not to be taken up in their natural state in the lump, but to be minced, and spiced, and rolled into forced-meat balls, or tucked into pâtés, and garnished and glossed over, and served round as a *hors-d'œuvre*. Life is not to be sustained thereon; they are to be picked at and taken in small portions at the end of a fork.

Naked truth is a savage virtue fit only for naked savages, suitable to an age when men ate acorns and beechmast. Civilisation from its first initiation was a covering up and disguising of truth. No cultured man speaks the bare truth to his neighbour, but rubs off its edges and smooths and polishes it. The bare truth blinds like the sun, and must be looked at through smoked glass. The perfectly true man is insufferable to every man he comes in contact with. Aristotle may have called the perfect man *tetragonos*, four-square, but such a man is full of angles, which impinge on and bruise his neigh-

bours. Everything in life is full of disguise; truth is enveloped in as many coverings as a Chinese ivory carved puzzle-ball—the charm lies in the sculpture of the coats, not in the pip within. Our clothing, from the first apron of leaves, is disguise; our speech is the veil we throw over our thoughts; the courtesies of life are the figments which interpose between us and our fellows, to prevent our coming to blows. These thoughts passed through Josephine's brain; and she began to admit that her father was not so much in fault as she had supposed, and that she was premature in condemning him. She gravitated towards him, now that she was in this humour; and his quick observation showed him that he had acquired an ascendancy over her he had not previously possessed.

When they were at Brentwood Hall, some time elapsed before dinner, whilst their hostess was engaged. Then Josephine took her father's arm, and they wandered together into the conservatory. He saw that she desired to speak with him on what was uppermost in her breast, yet was shy of opening the subject. 'Do you care for begonias, papa?' she asked. 'I think they are not attractive plants. They have nothing but their colour in their favour.—Oh, do look at the maiden-hair fern. How prettily it is grown in cork along the walls; and see! it springs up luxuriantly in every cranny between the joints of the pavement. It will not flourish thus with us.'

'It wants warmth, and hates a draught. To every plant, a proper climate is needed that it may thrive. Bring the coarse bracken in here, and it will spindle; put a maiden-hair out of doors, and it will languish.'

'What a pity it is, papa, that there is no managing a fernery at our place. The pipes heat the vines and flowers; and if another house were added on, there would not be heat enough to warm it. It is a pity Cousin Gabriel contrived his greenhouses so badly that there is no enlarging them without complete reconstruction.'

'My dear, we should build our houses and shape our futures without corners for pities to lodge.'

'What do you mean, papa?'

'I mean, that we should well consider what we are about to do; and then, when we have acted, we shall not be exclaiming: "What a pity! what a pity! I did not see this before." In all our plans, we should contrive to let the pities be outside, like the vents for sewage gas.'

Josephine knew that her father was thinking of her and what she had done. 'We cannot always help ourselves; the pities will come.'

'They may come, where forethought has been exercised; where it has not, they will come.'

'And when they are there?'

'We must get rid of them if we can.'

'That is easier said than done,' observed Josephine.

To which her father remarked in answer: 'Where there is a will there is a way.'

They walked on together for some little way without speaking; but presently, Mr Cornellis said with a tone of voice that conveyed a sneer: 'Among the many pities that occur, there is one strikes me with peculiar force at this moment—that the Wadi el Arabah is dry.'

'Why so?'

'Because, if there were water-communication between the Gulf of Akabah and the Dead Sea, that intelligent and adventuresome sailor, your good husband, might be sent in the yacht to Jericho.'

'Papa!' Josephine sighed.

'As there is not,' pursued Mr Cornellis, 'might he not be induced to attempt the north-west passage? There would be, to be sure, the chance of his getting crystallised in an iceberg—like a mastodon.'

Josephine shrank from her father; she unlocked her arm from his; his tone offended her.

'One thing is certain,' said he. 'Richard is reduced to abject misery; he is weary of life among us. I give him his due. He knows he is out of his element. He wants but a touch to convert his rotary orbit about you into a parabola, with a perihelion at remote intervals.'

He waited a few minutes for her to speak, but she said nothing. Her face was troubled.

'It is said,' continued Mr Cornellis, 'that if you give a man rope enough, he will hang himself.—You, my dear—he looked at her out of the corners of his eyes—'you have been given plenty of Cable, and are beginning to throttle—in self-defence, you must cut *your Cable*.'

This was all that passed between them, but it sufficed. Her father had shown Josephine the only way out of her present difficulties. The alienation must be made complete; she and her husband must separate without scandal, with mutual consent. Each was in a wrong position, and felt uncomfortable. But would Richard as readily agree to this arrangement as herself? He loved her, and she did not love him. He had his nice notions of duty, which might keep him dangling about her. But there was a greater impediment than this—his children. Would he be induced to leave them? Would he be persuaded to depart with them? How could she even suggest to him that he should do this? For the first time, she felt an impatience of the children boil up in her. 'Little cumbersome pests!' she said, as she put on her bracelets, but she did not allude to the bracelets.

She was beautifully dressed at dinner—a creamy white silk with orange flowers and lace; round her neck was a chain of pearls. She looked strikingly beautiful. Her clear olive cheek was flushed with excitement, and her large brown eyes were full of light. By day, the white would not have suited her complexion; but it was otherwise at night. She was taken into dinner by the baronet, and she exerted herself to be agreeable. Sir John was a very old friend, whom she had known since she was a child, one who had humoured and encouraged her, and laughed at her sharp speeches. Not a word did he say about Richard. He expressed no regret that he was not present. He asked her about her voyage, about Heligoland and Bremerhaven, and Hamburg and the Danish Isles, which she had visited on her wedding tour. He had a yacht of his own, and at one time had gone about in it a good deal; but of late years he had felt his age, and given up the boat to his son. As we get old, we do not lose our love of the amusements of our youth; but we feel the labour that attends them, and the effort we make in taking our pleasure neutralises the pleasure itself.

On the other side of Josephine sat Captain Sellwood, who had taken into dinner a heavy young lady. The captain made a few cumbrous attempts at conversation, which fell dead, and were followed by periods of silence.

'I hear the discharge of minute-guns,' said Josephine in a low tone to him. 'You and your convoy make no way. I am a fast clipper, and have come to the rescue.'

She was in good spirits. She was sorry for the captain, whom she had affronted when he proposed to her, and she was eager now to make all the amends in her power. Accordingly, when not engaged with Sir John, she threw herself with energy into the difficult task of waking up and maintaining a conversation with Captain Sellwood and his partner. She was only partially successful. She was like a boy trying to fly a kite when there is little wind. When he runs and lugs at the string, up goes the kite; when he desists, it heads downward and lies inert upon the grass. As the captain was at her side, Josephine was not subjected to the gaze of his solemn ox-like eyes. This was a relief to her; she could not have endured the scrutiny. With some, when they look at you, you can see in their eyes what ideas they have formed, favourable or otherwise, concerning you. There is a certain amount of satisfaction in that; but with Captain Sellwood it was not possible to do so; there was no reading anything in them.

Josephine was playing an unreal part. At the bottom of her heart lay a leaden burden of care and mortification, but she gave no token of it in her conduct. Her face was full of smiles, her eyes of humour.

'When are you going back to India?' she asked of the captain.

He did not know exactly—he had a long leave of absence, on account of ill-health.

'General torpidity?' asked Josephine.

'A torpid liver—yes. Perhaps I may have to leave the army.'

Then she turned to Sir John Brentwood, and noticed Lady Brentwood bowing; so she rose, and the ladies followed her into the drawing-room. As she passed her father, she caught his eye; it said plainly: 'You are queen here now only because Richard is absent.'

The drawing-room of Brentwood House was a long room, occupying the entire garden front of the mansion. It was lit with tall Queen Anne windows, now covered with pea-green curtains embroidered with yellow and brown heart's-eases. The room was panelled and painted creamy white, the mouldings picked out with gold. All the furniture was in white and gold and pea-green. The ceiling was remarkably rich with wreaths of plaster-work flowers and fruits in the style of Grinling Gibbons. Between the windows were full-length family portraits, some of great beauty—giving colour and depth of tone to a room otherwise pale in its decorations. There was one famous painting there, by Gainsborough, of a Lady Brentwood seated by the seashore under a tree, listening to the murmur of the waves in a shell that she held to her ear. She was in white satin, with a black lace scarf thrown lightly over her head. Blue bows adorned her dress. Gulls flitted over the deep-blue sea in the background. The expres-

sion of the sweet face was one of melancholy ; and a look of yearning for something far away was cleverly depicted in the eyes. That something far away was her husband, Sir Beaulieu Brentwood, who hung between another pair of windows—a gorgeous figure in crimson satin. He went by the name of Red Ruin in the family, because of the disasters he had brought on it. The picture had been painted in Italy. The dress was fantastic, worn at a masquerade, borrowed or hired from the *garde-robe* of some theatre—red stockings, slashed trunk-hose and jacket, a hat with a crimson feather.

'You are looking at Red Ruin,' said Lady Brentwood. 'Fortunately for the family, he fell abroad in a duel. He had eloped with a Roman princess, and was run through the body by the husband. If he had lived a year or two longer, the Brentwoods would now be nowhere, the estate sold, the family irretrievably impoverished.'

Josephine studied the Gainsborough.

'His poor wife,' said Lady Brentwood, 'looks like patience on a monument, smiling at grief. He deserted her, treated her shamefully, hardly allowed her enough to live upon; and yet she forgave everything, and was, I believe, the only person who wept true tears at his death. I do not think I should sigh, and look so longingly for his return, had Sir John played me these tricks. I am cast in another mould. Some folks would be glad enough to be rid of their husbands. You, my dear, have not been married long enough to know what a relief it is to be quit of them for a while.—Bless me! what is all that noise in the hall? What a clatter the servants are making.' Just then, a footman entered. 'Thompson,' she said, 'what is the meaning of this? Are you all gone mad?'

'Please, my lady, might I speak to your ladyship a moment outside?'

'What is it? I insist on knowing. What has happened? Speak out, Thompson.'

'My lady, there's—a man, a fellow got into the house in his shirt sleeves and without his hat.'

'Well, turn him out.—Is he tipsy?'

'We can't make out, my lady, exactly. The butler has had a deal of work getting him into the housekeeper's room.'

'How vexing! Send for the gamekeepers, and have him expelled. Is he insane?'

'We don't know what to make of him, my lady. He says he's come after his wife.'

'Wife—wife! She's not here. He must be tipsy.'

'He's very hot and excited, my lady; he says—as his name is Cable.'

Lady Brentwood started.

Josephine's blood rushed in a wave to her heart, and then poured through all her veins, like the bore in the Severn. For a moment the room spun round and she saw nothing distinctly; but she speedily recovered herself, and with crimson brow and eyes that flamed with anger, she said: 'Let me go, dear Lady Brentwood. I will see him.' Then she left the room, with firm foot but bounding heart, and pulses in her temples that smote like hammers. 'Lead the way, Thompson!' she said

haughtily. 'The man desires, possibly, to speak with me.'

The footman conducted her along a passage and down steps to the parlour of the housekeeper, a room that smelt of preserves. She was followed by her hostess, ready to retire if need be, but desirous to be at hand to prevent scandal.

In the housekeeper's room was Richard Cable in an armchair, the butler and the housekeeper by him endeavouring to compose him. He was in a condition of great agitation. His face hot, his hair wet, he was panting for breath; his sleeves were unbuttoned at the wrist, his tie twisted to one side of his neck. His collars were limp and crumpled.

'If you will kindly leave me alone with him,' said Josephine, controlling herself, and turning to the housekeeper and butler, 'I will send him away.' Turning round, she saw Lady Brentwood in the doorway.—'Dear Lady Brentwood,' she said, going a step towards her, 'I am ashamed and grieved that you should have been disturbed. Let me manage this matter. I will dismiss him very speedily.'

Her hostess at once withdrew, and the servants disappeared. When she was left alone in the room with Richard, she stood opposite him, looking at him with angry brow and eyes that darted flashes of fire. Her teeth, her lips, her hands were clenched. Her eyebrows were contracted, so that they met above her nose. His breast was heaving; drops of sweat stood on his brow and rolled down his face like raindrops.

'Well,' she said at length, 'are you going to speak and inform me as to the reason of this new outrage? Are you bent on driving me to curse the day that I ever took your hand to raise you out of the gutter?'

He did not answer; he could not; his breath was spent; the blood boiled and sang in his ears. Perhaps he did not hear her words.

Why had he come? He did not ask himself this question. It did not occur to him to ask it. He had come, impelled by a natural instinct, not by any articulate reason. She was his wife, the one who stood nearest to him in the whole world. He had committed a crime; he was conscious of an agony of remorse and terror which filled him. To whom should he fly in such an hour of supreme pain but to his wife, to pour into her ear the story of his trouble, to ask her sympathy, her assistance?

He had not stopped to consider; had he done so, he might have hesitated; he might have doubted whether she was a person ready to meet him with open arms and comfort him in his sorrow. But he did not stay to think; he ran straight forward, thrust on by remorse. His mind was dazed with despair, incapable of thinking, and so he acted upon natural, unreasoning instinct. To whom other than a wife should he turn—the refuge of a tortured soul, the proper sharer in every sorrow, the only one who with a ray of love could enlighten the darkness which enveloped his brain and heart? Now his wife stood before him, with bare bust and arms, in white silk and lace and flowers, wearing pearls about her neck and sparkling brooches on her arms, with long white gloves, neatly buttoned, and a fan in one hand.

Richard Cable looked at her; and now, for the first time since he had started on his run, did the thought emerge out of the confusion and pain in him, that this beautiful, dazzling, stately creature was not one to solace, advise, and help him.

'What is it?' she asked in a hard tone; and as she spoke, there sprang up in her mind the recollection of her father's words, 'Cut your Cable,' and she saw that the desired opportunity had arrived.

She waited a moment, and then said again: 'I have asked you twice, what is the meaning of this insult?' Then, with concentrated bitterness: 'Are you too tipsy to speak?'

He raised his hands and clasped his head: 'I have killed—or hurt'——

'Whom?'

'Little Bessie! I let her fall—on the stone floor—little Bessie!' Then he broke down, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed.

She stood unmoved before him. She waited a moment for him to recover himself, then in the same hard tone she asked: 'What have you come here for?'

'For you.'

'For me? Why? Bessie is no child of mine. Go back!'

'Will you not come with me?'

'I—I go with you!' She laughed contemptuously. 'Ici je m'amuse parfaitement bien. You do not understand French. It does not matter—you can gather the sense.' She turned her back on him and left the room.

A NIGHT WITH A VOLUNTEER LIFE-BRIGADE.

How many readers of this *Journal* have spent a night with a Volunteer Life-brigade on a rocky coast during a storm? Probably few. Yet good, humane work is done on our shores by these Brigades, and it is well that their self-denying labours should be more widely known and acknowledged. All are more or less familiar with the work of fire-brigades; indeed, the London fire-brigade has gradually won by its promptitude, its daring, and its achievements, a national position, and Englishmen speak of it with feelings of pride. Let us, then, try to interest our readers in another Brigade, not so well known as the band of brave men who rescue their fellow-creatures from a terrible death by fire, yet who have saved many lives from a watery grave during those tempestuous nights when people are mostly safely housed and wrapped in refreshing sleep.

The Volunteer Life-brigade was conceived on a stormy night in November 1864, at the mouth of the Tyne. The ill-fated steamer, the *Stanley*, was making for the harbour amid a blinding storm of wind, rain, and snow; but in the darkness, she missed the channel, and ran upon the rocks to the north of it. Here she grounded, about two hundred yards from the shore. Besides the usual crew, there were many passengers on board, and their cries for help during the night were heart-rending. The lifeboat was useless, since to come near those rocks with a raging sea dashing against them meant destruction. The Coastguard did their utmost to form a line of communication between the ship and the shore, but it was all in

vain. They were too few in number to fight successfully with the difficulties on that terrible night. Thousands of people, as the night sped, gathered on the shore, and all were willing, nay, anxious to help, but were powerless, since they did not know how to do it. There was the helplessness of ignorance, and also the confusion of ignorance. They ran hither and thither, or stood bewildered in their powerlessness, knowing, as hour after hour passed by, that the ship was slowly breaking up, and that the people on board, whose cries reached them only too plainly during the pauses of the tempest, were being swallowed up mouthful by mouthful by the angry, ravenous sea, and all the time they were powerless to give any assistance.

When the morning came, and the storm had somewhat abated, and the tide gone down, the remnant of the ship was there; and dead bodies were picked up, to be sorrowfully claimed and reverently interred. And what else? The minds of a few gentlemen who had been present during the night were stirred to do something, that such a disaster should not take place in the future, if any means could be devised to prevent a similar loss of life. In a few days, a small committee was established; and it was ultimately resolved to form a Brigade of Volunteers, whose self-imposed duty should be to render skilled assistance to the Coastguard. Volunteers from all classes came forward willingly; and soon four companies, of thirty men each, were formed, with a captain to each company, elected by the members.

The duty of each volunteer is to become as efficient in using the life-saving apparatus as the Coastguardmen whom they are to help. For this purpose, the Brigade is drilled at regular times all the year round in rocket-practice; for, be it remembered, that when a ship runs aground, the one great object is to establish communication between the stranded ship and the shore by means of a line or rope. Of the numerous plans devised, the rocket-apparatus is the most successful, partly because the rocket-stand is so light that one man can carry it on his shoulder, being simply a triangular framework of tubular steel, and from it the rocket is fired. The apparatus can be fixed on the rocks, or beach, or cliff, or pier, or, if need be, a boat. The rocket has a light line attached to it; and in the case of a ship, this line is sent, if possible, over the vessel between the masts. If the shot be successful, and the stranded crew know how to work the apparatus, they seize the rocket-line, haul it in as rapidly as possible, for attached to it is an endless line called the 'whip.'

(The seamen on board some ships do not know the use of the rocket-apparatus; for not many years ago, a French vessel came ashore at Hartlepool, and every man could easily have been saved, but only one was, and that by drifting ashore. When questioned about their apparent negligence in not seizing the line thrown over the ship, the man said they did not know what it meant, but thought that the English were firing upon them. A similar occurrence took place near the mouth of the Tyne.)

Well, we will suppose the 'whip' is secured to the mast, well up; the next step is to carry to the ship, by means of the whip, a strong three-inch rope, called the 'hawser.' The hawser is fastened

to the mast also, a little above the whip. A travelling block is placed on the hawser, and upon this travelling block is suspended the 'breeches-buoy,' which is an ordinary cork life-buoy, with the addition of a bag of tanned canvas, with two holes in the bottom, so that the persons to be rescued may pass their legs through. When the whip is secured, 'clove-hitched' to the traveller, all is ready to carry the breeches-buoy backwards and forwards along the hawser between the ship and the shore. Great care must be taken—and it is the greatest care at this stage—that there are no 'turns' in the whip, so that the travelling block may pass to and fro easily.

Having thus prepared the way, let me give my experience of a night with a Life-brigade. I am a landsman, and was staying with a friend living on the north side of the mouth of the Tyne. He was a member of the Life-brigade; and on a December evening, when he came home from his daily duties, he remarked that the wind was strong from the east and steadily rising, and that a friend he had met on the way home told him the sea was 'making' fast. Showers of rain and sleet had fallen through the day, and the bank of clouds to the east gave every appearance of a 'nasty night' at sea, as darkness closed in.

We partook of tea; and in the well-lighted, comfortable room, my friend, his wife, and family were enjoying the evening, when about seven o'clock the conversation and laughter were brought suddenly to an end by a loud report. 'The guns! Listen!' said my friend Frank. A second report. 'Two; but wait for an answer, and make sure,' he said. In about a minute's time, two cannon were fired in quick succession. A short pause was made, and then little Jack broke silence eagerly with: 'On the north shore, father; you will have to go.'—'Yes, my boy. I hope we shall have a successful night, and that no time will be lost.' And at once he went to prepare for his duties as a Life-brigade man.

During his absence from the room, Mrs Holmes explained to me that a battery placed on the cliff at the mouth of the river fired two guns if the man on the lookout gave notice of a ship in danger on the north side of the harbour; and three guns on the south side. And to make sure that the Brigaden men throughout the whole of the borough should know, Her Majesty's ship *Castor*, anchored in the river, and used for the purpose of training the men of the Royal Naval Reserve, answered back with two or three shots, as the case might be. Nothing stirs the hearts of the people at the mouth of the Tyne so much as 'the guns.' Almost every one has friends aboard ship, and a vessel in danger may mean the life of some friend, near and dear, in peril.

In a couple of minutes Frank returned to the sitting-room in his flat-topped sailor cap, a blue jersey, and a strong, light-coloured, worsted belt round his waist, with the initials of the Brigade worked upon it. The belt is worn in order to enable the men to get a good grip of each other when clambering the cliffs, and so on. I expressed a wish to go to the shore; and Frank agreeing, I got ready, and we set off for the Life-brigade watchhouse on the cliff. In a blinding storm of sleet and rain, we hurried on, and in twenty minutes came to the Brigade-house. This is a comfortable wooden house, with a watch-tower

at one end—tables, chairs, and seats in the main part of the building; and snug, half-closet beds arranged at the other end, where a good fire was blazing. Some sixty or seventy men had already arrived, and each was told off to his post. A doctor had made his appearance, and was prepared to give every assistance to drenched and perishing seamen. The chief-officer of the Coastguard at this station had the rocket-apparatus ready to distribute to the different divisions; all ropes and tackle were in due order; and the word was given to march to the end of the north pier, as the men in the lookout tower were confident a ship was in distress there.

As an outsider, I could only look on and hang about the outskirts of the Brigade. I admired the earnestness with which everything was done, and the cool way that the captains kept their younger members from losing their heads. In a short time, a move was made, and rapidly the Brigade with their apparatus took the best road, although a little about, to the pier. I followed as closely as I could; for, although I knew the ground fairly well by daylight, I found that on a dark stormy night I should soon be lost, and go over a cliff before I was aware of being in danger. A lantern here and there among the Brigade showed where they were, but seemed to make the darkness still darker. There were many onlookers besides myself, and keeping together, we seemed to be a protection to each other. All turned down the dip under the castle rock, and hurried along the pier, the wind driving the rain and sleet against us; and the flakes of spume or sea-foam which were whirling about occasionally made a dab against our faces.

The vessel—which afterwards proved to be one of those iron screw colliers so common on this coast—had struck on the end of the unfinished pier, and as it was low water at the time, it was some distance off. Mr Brown, the chief of the Coastguard, with his men, led the way, and had charge of the rocket-apparatus. Soon all was fixed, and the rocket rushed with its hissing kind of roar towards the stranded ship; but what with the darkness, the sudden gusts of wind driving the sleet and rain, the doubts as to the precise position of the vessel, and the difficulties experienced at night, which all Life-brigaden men know so well, it was not till the third shot that the crew got hold of the line and secured it to the mast. With reasonable promptitude they drew in the whip, and got a hawser made fast, when the steamer gave an ugly lurch. She was, in fact, fast settling down, for the hole made in her iron side was a large one. The breeches-buoy was sent off, and two passages made successfully; but the rescued ones told the men to make all haste, for the ship could not hold together as she was for long. The cradle went a third time to the vessel; but there appeared to be some negligence at this point. My friend, who told me all this afterwards—for I could only guess at the time what was going forward—was of opinion that the ship was filling so fast that the seamen were trying some other and more rapid means of safety, for no response was made when the buoy went across the third time. Of course all this was only guesswork, since it was pitch-dark, with sleet and rain driving all the time. Frank told me that the minute they waited seemed like half an hour,

when in a moment the vessel heeled over, snapped the whip, and a parting shout—so it appeared—from the mariners told the Brigade that some other means must be used to save them.

The body of the Brigade now broke up at the end of the pier, and came rushing past us (the spectators), and disappeared in the darkness, while shouts here and there from comrades were heard telling of each other's whereabouts. It appears they thought that the crew would take advantage of such lifebelts and other floating articles as they possessed, and try to drift ashore; and being ebb-tide, the water on the inner side of the pier just covered the blocks and large stones visible at the foot of the masonry at low water, and the men mostly clambered down there, hoping to find some of the crew drifting towards them. They did manage to rescue three men, but it was almost as dangerous for the rescuers as the rescued. Two of the men picked up were exhausted, but conscious. They were carried to the Brigade-house, and the ordinary means were quite sufficient to put them right. But the third was found apparently lifeless; and one of the doctors of the Brigade, with help from some of the members, laboured for half an-hour before they were rewarded by signs of animation.

When the ship went down, I made my way back to the watchhouse, and on the outskirts picked up this information; and as I had been about two hours exposed to the pitiless storm, with little means of shelter, I returned to the home of my friend. I sat comfortably over the fire, chatting with Mrs Holmes, and thinking over the experience of the evening, with the words running in my mind:

Ye gentlemen of England,
Who sit at home at ease,
Oh, little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.

I envied the members of the Brigade the feelings they must have when they succeed in saving lives on such a night as that now passing; and my imagination began to picture scenes of seamen greeting anxious wives and families, who, but for the philanthropic labours of the Life-brigade, would be bereft of their bread-winners.

But my wandering thoughts were recalled about midnight by the arrival of my friend Frank. Supper now appeared on the table as if by magic, for Mrs Holmes knew well enough that Brigade-work in real earnest on a 'nasty night' is no child's-play; and although warm coffee is provided in the Brigade-house for the members, some substantial refreshment is needed on returning from duty. During supper, my friend confirmed the impressions I had received of the night's events, and added: 'When I came away, no other bodies had been found; and we shall have to wait till morning to know the exact state of the case. I heard in leaving, however, a rumour that Robson, of Number Three Company, was missing by his friends. He was last seen climbing down to the rocks, and it is feared that a large wave suddenly came upon him and washed him off. Out of a crew of eighteen men, we have rescued four or five, so far as we know, and probably lost one of our own men. The lifeboat was useless, for it would have got entangled

among the rocks. At anyrate, we must wait till morning to know how things really are. A sufficient number of men remain on duty for the rest of the night to render any assistance that may be needed.'

In a few days I returned to my inland home; but when the storm is raging, especially from easterly quarters, I live over again the two hours I spent on the sea-coast with the Volunteer Life-brigade; and next morning I cast an eager glance over the newspapers, to learn what has taken place at the different stations where I know Life-brigades are placed; and with the brief accounts thus given, I can easily fill up the outlines and make the scenes on the shore overnight my own.

'And is this desirable?' says some one.

Certainly it is. To enlarge one's sphere of existence, to widen our sympathies, is to live more truly and fully. Look at old men who have lived in a narrow sphere, and have passed year after year in a routine of work which was simply mechanical, how stunted in mind they have become! How different they are from those philanthropic, active men who have tried to bless others in various ways! The world teems with interest to such in every quarter; it is to them an ever-moving diorama; and as the scenes undergo transformation, you will find they pass away from the canvas in brighter and happier colours than they came on, for the handiwork of kind-hearted labourers will tell where they have been. Human sympathy is the sunshine of the world.

CHECKMATED.

CHAPTER II.

THE fear which had haunted Chester, despite of all Mr Ernest Gadham's kindness, that the gentleman would lose sight of him in more important business, proved groundless. He was at Chester's almost daily, meeting Geoffrey there, but only once or twice, as the young man came in the evening, Mr Gadham usually leaving earlier. He was very patronising to the young fellow, was quite magnificent in his offers of assistance, or rather in his promises to speak to divers eminent firms in his behalf. Yet Geoffrey did not take to him; and the more he was patronised, the less he liked his patron.

Not so was it with David; he was never tired of talking to Geoffrey about the friend they had made; and when, one afternoon, Gadham offered him the use, as he phrased it, of twenty pounds, he was more than ever ready to admire 'young Mr Ernest.' 'I do not mean to give it you,' said that gentleman, as he shook twenty sovereigns from his purse on to the table with an air of supreme indifference, as if such sums and such coins had, from excessive familiarity, ceased to interest him; 'but you shall pay me when you have been with my friend Sir Peter's firm for a year. I say this, because I know you were always of an independent turn. If you do not get the situation, of course you will not think of paying it. I will just take a "memo." of it.'

The 'memo.' was on stamped paper, and already drawn out. Chester signed readily enough, because there was the money, sufficient to put

him 'to rights' once more, and he had known nowhere where he could turn for such a sum; so why should he hesitate or criticise? The bill he had signed said nothing about any situation, it was true, and it was made payable to some strange name; his clerkly habits enabled him to note these points; but if Mr Gadham preferred this form, why should he object?

The landlord and the baker, David's only creditors, were at once dealt with in a manner satisfactory to all parties; and the better raiment in which David now appeared was due to a visit paid to the poor man's banker, the pawn-broker, who had held charge of David's 'Sunday clothes' for some months past.

Mr Gadham on this day prolonged his visit considerably, and on the next called for Josie and Minnie, to give them a drive round the parks, the latter having obtained a half-holiday. The girls were delighted with the excursion, which to them seemed to be reaching quite the apex of fashionable life, and they came home all blushes and exultation at the remembrance of the aristocratic circles in which they had been moving, and, it is possible, in belief of the admiration they had attracted.

What Geoffrey thought of the matter was hardly made plain by his remarks; but the reflections of Mr Chester, as he sat apart and smoked his pipe, in the twilight, took a strange colouring. 'It seems hardly possible,' thought the old clerk; 'but if Mr Ernest's attention to our Josie don't mean something, I am no judge. It is hardly fair to Geoffrey; and though this is, of course, a fine chance for Josie, yet, somehow or other, I don't quite like it. I would rather see the girl left in her own circle.'

David was not the only member of the family who had a suspicion in this direction, for Minnie was continually launching jokes and mysterious innuendoes, which told on her sister, confusing her and flushing her cheeks and brow, yet pleasing her; beyond doubt. She infinitely preferred Geoffrey, but what girl of nineteen could be insensible to such a conquest?

On the day after this excursion, David received a letter from Mr Gadham, desiring him to be at a certain office in the city, where he would meet the writer, who wished to see him *on a matter of the highest importance*. This was trebly underlined.

'A situation for me, and a better one than he had expected,' thought David.

The office appointed was not exactly a mercantile office, such as he had expected to find. It was a dull, gloomy house, let out in floors, as the inscriptions at the door clearly showed, to lawyers, and on the ground-floor were 'Ellitt and Barrable, Solicitors'—the names he had been given. 'I hope it is nothing in the man-in-possession way, or the serving of writs, or anything of that kind,' he muttered; 'I am sure I shall not like that.'

The room he entered was dull; a few heavy leathern chairs were in it, and a large table strewn with bundles of writings and the like, after the fashion of a solicitor's office; and at this table was seated the only occupant of the room, Mr Ernest Gadham. That gentleman started up and welcomed David, congratulating him upon his punctuality.

'I have preferred to speak to you personally, Mr Chester,' he continued, 'rather than allow my solicitors to open the matter to you, although it is, of course, in their way of business. I thought you would rather talk it over with a friend, in the first instance.'

'You are very kind, sir; I am much obliged to you,' said David, as the other paused.

'An extraordinary discovery has been made,' resumed Mr Gadham.—'The fact is, Chester, my father's will—his true, his proper will—has been found. It is witnessed by yourself and Sperbrow, your fellow-clerk; and the whole of the property is left to me—it is mine!'

'Good-ness me a-live!' gasped the clerk; 'this is news indeed! And how was it found, sir, and where has it been all this time?'

'Both turn out to be the simplest matters possible,' returned Mr Gadham. 'The will was made, as you know, and as you can swear so far as your own signature is concerned.'

'To be sure I can,' exclaimed David; 'and glad I shall be to do so.—But I beg your pardon, Mr Ernest; please go on.'

'A Mr Harrison, a solicitor, was sometimes employed by my father in legal matters, although not his regular attorney. A short time before his death, he sent to the solicitor a packet of papers referring to some hopeless debts; and my father dying soon after, they were thrust into a room devoted to such rubbish. After a time, Mr Harrison also died; and then nobody knew or cared anything about these papers, which were indeed as a whole of no value to any one, and the only wonder is that they were not burned or sold to the paper-mills. But lawyers are a careful race; and on the chambers being let, when Mr Harrison's affairs were settled and the business transferred—only the other day—a man was employed to examine these papers, and among them he found my father's will! Whether the old man had thought to hide it there, and afterwards forgot it; whether he fancied it would be safer there than elsewhere; or whether it was merely an accident, will now, we may be sure, never be known. The document is in the hands of my solicitors, who will lose no time in reclaiming my property. We have sent for you, David, to know if you can unhesitatingly swear to having witnessed such a will?'

'Swear! I should think I could! I forget the date, but yet I remember the day as well as if it was yesterday. I remember Sperbrow making a little joke over our fees.—He's dead, poor fellow, you tell me?'

A few more questions were asked by Mr Gadham, all of which were answered by David in a manner which evidently gave satisfaction to the gentleman. The latter then proposed a glass of dry sherry, so drew a decanter and glasses from a cupboard and poured out a liberal measure.

David made quite a neat speech in proposing health and success to his patron. Gadham shook hands with him, and declared that as soon as he should be settled in his rights, he would see that his old friend David should be placed above the necessity of seeking any more situations—no more toil for him and his.

'Him and his!' thought David; that was Josie. He hardly liked the idea of behaving unfairly

to Geoffrey; but even if he made up his mind, could he be sure of Josie? The tempers and whims of women were so unreasonable, that she might— But surely, with such a chance she would not be perverse!

'And now, Mr Chester,' said Ernest, 'I will call the gentleman who has charge of my affairs, and settle your part of the business at once. He rose, and going into the next room, returned almost directly with a gentleman, whom he introduced as Mr Ellitt. This was a stern-looking man, with bushy black whiskers and beard, no moustache, but thick penthouse-like brows, which added markedly to the harsh character of his face.

'This is Mr David Chester,' said Gadham, introducing the old clerk, 'the witness to the will; Mr Ellitt.'

The lawyer looked keenly at David for a few seconds from beneath his overhanging brows, during which scrutiny David, although he knew there could be nothing to find fault with in himself, felt very uncomfortable.

'A very suitable man, I should say, for a witness,' said Mr Ellitt, which even at the moment appeared an odd form of expression. 'Then we will take your affidavit, Mr Chester. Here is the will. You remember it, I have no doubt; and here is your signature. The signature below it is of course Sperbrow's.'

'I do not remember the will at all,' said David, 'for I saw nothing of it, except where I signed. That is my signature, and that is Sperbrow's; but'—

'But what, my friend?' asked Mr Gadham, with a smile. Before speaking, however, he had interchanged a glance with the solicitor, in which neither of them had smiled. 'But what, David?—Speak out.'

'It does not matter. I must have been mistaken; but I fancied Sperbrow signed above me. However, there it is.'

'Yes; there it is; and, as you correctly say, you must have been mistaken,' interposed Mr Ellitt. 'The material point is for you to swear to your signature. Here is the affidavit. I will read it over to you.'

The solicitor accordingly read a good deal of what sounded like so much jargon to the clerk; but among it all there was, he could distinctly understand, his declaration that he had witnessed the will of Mr Peter-Gadham, at the latter's request, and, of necessity, in his presence. Then, observing certain formalities prescribed by the solicitor, he signed, and the business for the present was over. David thereupon left, both gentlemen shaking hands warmly with him.

'Surely, Mr Ernest means to marry Josie,' said old David to himself as he walked home, thinking of what Gadham had said. He unconsciously held up his head rather more than usual as he walked along. As he turned into his street with an air which was positively buoyant, whom should he meet but Geoffrey Coyne!

The young fellow coming up with his usual friendly smile, and speaking in his usual cheerful tone, much of the effect of David's recent meditations vanished at once, and he found himself treating Geoffrey as heartily as though no visions of a more influential son-in-law had ever crossed his mind.

'Can you spare me one minute before going

in?' asked Geoffrey. 'I have a few words of some importance to say to you.'

'With pleasure, my boy,' replied David; but as he uttered the words, he seemed to hear the faint echo of the trouble which had but recently left his mind.

The young man was silent until they had turned into a half-finished, little-frequented square hard by.

'I thought I would tell you at once,' began Geoffrey. 'I believe you will be pleased at what I have to say; I am sure I hope you will. It is only to say that we—I mean, of course, Josie and myself—are engaged; and I hope to be able to marry within the year. That is all.'

'Oh!—That is all, is it?' said Chester. He made such a pause before answering, and spoke in so queer a voice, that the young man looked round in some surprise.

'That is all,' he returned; 'excepting that I am happy to tell you of a promise I have had from our principal. I saw him at his house yesterday. He gave me a promise which I think justified me in asking Josie to be my wife.'

'And she accepted you, I suppose, as you say you are engaged?' returned David, slighting the reference to the important interview with the principal, and still speaking in a lethargic manner.

'To be sure she did!' exclaimed the young man. 'Have we not been sweethearts, so to speak, ever since we were children at the same day school! I daresay I told her a hundred times, before I was ten years old, that she was to be my little wife; and now, you see, it will be true, after all.—Come, Mr Chester; rouse yourself!' A friendly shake of the arm accompanied this speech. 'Say that you are glad to hear my news, and that you wish us joy. I am sure you do.'

'O yes!—no doubt, I do,' replied David, with a desperate gulp. 'But you must make some allowance for my astonishment. I was thinking of—of a subject so totally different, as I came along, that I could hardly bring my mind to—to understand such a surprising announcement.'

'I was in hope that there would have been nothing of a surprise in it; I thought I had made my feelings pretty clear. But I am forgetting all about my chief's promise. We will walk round the square once more, while I tell you my good news and what my prospects are. If there is one man in the world, above all others, who will rejoice to hear it, that man is yourself.'

David heard the explanation of his friend, and parted from him in as friendly a style and with as good a grace as he could assume. It was but a brief parting, as Geoffrey told him he should be round again in the evening. His ship was to sail soon, so he could not afford to lose any time. It seemed certain that this would be his last voyage, for the promise given by his chief included permanent and profitable employment on shore as his own private clerk, a post much coveted by a person in the position of Geoffrey.

On entering his house, the clerk noted the brightened eye and heightened colour of his daughter, who was evidently nervous and excited while getting his tea, and looked wistfully at her father ever and anon, expecting him to speak, as he could see plainly enough.

He had been sadly disappointed by hearing, in all the flush of his new hope and new ambition, Geoffrey's announcement; yet he did not blame the young people for this, knowing that only a short time before it was the news which he would have been delighted to hear. So, with an effort, he mastered his feelings, and said: 'Well, Josie—I met Geoffrey Coyne up the street, and what do you think he told me?'

'I believe I know, father. I hope it has made you as happy as it has made me. We have known Geoffrey so long, and he is so good and so truthful.' This was evidently cold, tame praise compared with what her heart prompted, for her eyes were moist as she spoke, and her colour deepened.

'Did you never have any ambition to rise above his—I mean, our sphere?' said David. 'Did you never fancy you might make a—a loftier match? Not a better, as regards the young man, certainly not; but that is, you see, I mean a wealthier—a—a'—His speech faded out here, while he was conscious that he was not doing very well, and that Josie was staring at him in amazement.

'Wealthier and loftier!' exclaimed the girl. 'Not I, father, even if I could have had the chance. But the days are past for fairy princes, or kings' sons and Cinderellas. We shall be quite happy as we are; and we shall live close to you, of course.'

Josie ran on in this strain for a good while. Her heart was so full of her new happiness, that she did not dream of watching to detect in her father's face anything which might appear like a shadow of trouble in the midst of all this brightness.

The week which elapsed before Geoffrey sailed was, in one important respect, a very quiet one; no news reached Chester about the impending lawsuit, and no visit from Mr Gadham was made. But it so happened that on the very next day after Geoffrey had sailed, Mr Gadham called upon David. The visitor was all good temper and compliments.

'A treat now and then for you or your young people, I may promise,' said Gadham. 'I have thought of one or two little excursions which I am sure would please Miss Josie, who, I find, has seen scarcely anything of the world. With your permission, then, I will call for her now and then, and we will try to see the best of the country outside London. I used to think myself a pretty fair guide; I must polish up my memory.'

Josie was out when this speech was made, at which David was glad; but Mr Ernest prolonged his visit until the girl returned. When Josie came in, Mr Gadham was more loquacious than before, offering all sorts of treats to her and to Minnie, and Josie recalled, with a little shudder, what her father had said about a wealthier lover. She knew at once what the speech had meant. It was impossible for a young feminine mind not to feel a trifle dazzled by such a preference, about which Minnie had so often jested with her. Now, however, there seemed no jesting; and now, too, she did not admire Mr Gadham so much as at one time she had persuaded herself she did. This change of feeling may have been due to Geoffrey's influence.

The discovery had one good effect—it put her on her guard, and prevented her from committing herself by various promises which, in the heedlessness of her ignorance, she might have spoken. David was silent as regarded his visitor when he left; so was Josie; but Minnie made up for their taciturnity by chattering about the numerous trips they were to make, the sights they were to see, and the general outshining of all their friends which was to follow.

Josie and Minnie were going out to make one or two small purchases—an event not quite so rare, since the loan of the twenty pounds, as before—and were standing at the parlour-window with their bonnets on, saying a few words to their father, when a tap was heard at the door. Supposing this to be the landlady, or one of the family, for the reader has no doubt divined, much earlier in our history, that David was not a householder, he gave the usual command of 'Come in.'

The tapper complied. It was a tall gentleman, whose broad shoulders, black beard, whiskers, and heavy brows, David recognised as having recently seen, although for the moment he could not remember when or where.

'I must apologise for my abrupt appearance,' said the gentleman, lifting his hat to Josie and Minnie; 'but on coming to the outside door, I saw an elderly lady, who, in answer to my inquiry for you, directed me to knock here. My name is Ellitt.—You remember me, Mr Chester?'

'Oh, certainly!' exclaimed David, who now recalled the solicitor at whose office he had sworn his affidavit.—'Pray, come in, Mr Ellitt. These are my daughters—Josie and Minnie.'

'I am pleased to see them,' returned the solicitor, who looked at the girls with a glance keener than ever—so David thought; unpleasantly searching and harsh, the girls felt it. The latter went out at once, supposing, as Minnie said, that the gentleman had come to talk business.

'I daresay he has,' said Josie, as they turned out of the little garden; 'but who do you think he is? Why, he is the man who came up to Mr Gadham at the theatre, just as he was going to speak to us. I did not like his look at all.'

'And I am sure I don't like it, and never shall,' said the outspoken Minnie, and the sisters discussed Mr Ellitt unfavourably as they pursued their tour.

'My errand here is a business one,' said Mr Ellitt to David, 'as you may suppose, but I am glad it has had a pleasant cast given to it by my seeing your daughters. I have heard of them—at least, of Miss Josie, the elder. I had heard of her good looks, but had no idea she was so strikingly handsome.'

'She is pretty,' returned the clerk, who was easily led to talk upon this subject, as well as on many others. 'Everybody thinks so. Too many think so, I may almost say.'

'Cannot be too many, Mr Chester,' said the visitor cheerfully. 'She will find a rich husband some day.'

'She is engaged to be married to a very nice young fellow,' replied David. 'As for a rich husband—Well, who knows?' said the old man in his simplicity.

Mr Ellitt laughed heartily at this, as at a good jest; then displaying more interest in the subject

than might have been expected, he followed up his inquiry; and, ere he left the theme, David had given a number of tolerably clear and strong hints as to Mr Gadham's attachment.

If this introductory discussion could scarcely be called business, the same could not be said of that which followed. Another discovery had been made, slight enough in itself, yet of value as bringing out strongly the fact that Sperbrow knew he had signed his employer's will. Among the miscellaneous papers stowed away with the will, a brief note had turned up, addressed to Sperbrow, and the presumption was that this had been written by David. 'Here is the document,' concluded the solicitor, laying a letter on the table. 'It is only signed D. C.; but of necessity it must have been you who wrote it, and you will no doubt remember doing so.'

'I don't remember it in the least,' said Chester, after putting on his spectacles and examining the document.—'It is certainly like my writing, and I do not believe there was any other D. C. about the place; yet I never wrote that letter.'

'Would it not be more feasible to suppose you have forgotten it, Mr Chester? You will recall it, I am confident, on reflection. We must prove it, if possible; the death of Sperbrow makes it important.'

'I shall not recollect it, if I try for a week,' returned David, shaking his head gravely. 'I never wrote to Sperbrow on that or, I should say, any other subject.'

'You ought to make an effort, you really ought, when you think how generously Mr Ernest intends to behave to you. I have seen the figures; but, as a professional man, I cannot reveal them. Besides'—he paused ere continuing this sentence, and gave a peculiar smile—'there are your other expectations. All may depend upon the identification of this note.'

'How can I identify a note which—which I can't identify?' said David. He felt that this was hardly a neat form of speech, but he could not help stumbling.

'You are making a difficulty where none should exist,' persisted the lawyer. 'You know that you must have written this note—that no one else could have done so. You have indeed owned that there was no other D. C. in the firm. Use your memory, Mr Chester!'

'I am doing so,' responded David, growing a trifle dogged in his manner under this pressure; 'and the more I think of it, the less I believe I wrote that letter. That is my answer, and I should say that was enough.'

There was a great deal more said on both sides; but at last Mr Ellitt smilingly observed that he supposed nothing more could be done that night, and left.

TAKING THINGS COOLLY.

OUR neighbours across the Channel are fond of relating humorous little incidents of *sans froid* in which an Englishman usually acts the rôle of chief character. As, for instance: A man entered a furniture-shop and said: 'Have you any old furniture?'—'No, sir; but we can make you some!' This reminds us of the Englishman in a restaurant who called for stale bread. 'We have none, my lord.'—'Make some, then; I will

wait,' was the calm reply. Instances of remarkable coolness and assurance amongst adventurers 'out West' are only to be expected. To begin with a small example. A boy who comes of a chronically borrowing family, went to a neighbour's for a cup of sour milk. 'I haven't got anything but sweet milk,' said the woman pettishly.—'I'll wait till it sours,' said the obliging youth, sinking into a chair.

But in many of the cases now under consideration, foreigners of several nationalities will be found to have figured conspicuously in the matter of taking things coolly.

It is related that a lady and gentleman came to a ferry, and the boatman deputed his grandson to row them across. 'Why do you not manage your boat yourself,' asked the lady, 'instead of letting this child do it?'—'Oh, don't you be afraid, ma'am,' answered the ferryman; 'the lad can swim.'

Equally indifferent to the fate of others was one of the sufferers by a late railway accident. He was seen rushing anxiously about, when some one asked if he was hurt. 'No; but I can't find my umbrella.'

About a year ago, when the upper part of an hotel was on fire, one of the servant-girls was directed to awaken two gentlemen who were asleep in an up-stairs room. She knocked at the door, and, with the greatest simplicity, said: 'I beg pardon, gentlemen, for disturbing you, but the house is on fire.' This case of what may be called ludicrous politeness brings to mind another. 'Hi! you dropped a brick up there!' shouted a pedestrian on whose shoulder one of those articles had fallen from a three-story scaffold.—'All right,' cheerfully responded the bricklayer; 'you needn't take the trouble to bring it up.'

'What is the matter?' asked a lawyer of his coachman. 'The horses are running away, sir.'—'Can't you pull them up?' 'I am afraid not.'—'Then,' said the lawyer after judicial delay, 'run into something cheap.'

Lawyers remind us of judicial matters, and the latter have often to do with the career of burglars. To one of these nocturnal visitors, who had entered a gentleman's bedroom, and was seen standing in front of the bureau, the question was put by the roused sleeper: 'Well, what do you want here?' 'I want money and bonds,' hissed the burglar through his clenched teeth, 'and quick about it too.'—'My friend,' returned the occupant of the bed, 'I've been looking for those things for the last twenty years without success. But go on with your burglary; I'm sleepy.'

Another cool business character, on leaving the city for a trip to Paris with his family, placed a placard just inside the hall door, couched in the following language: 'To Burglars.—All my plated jewellery and other valuables are in the Safe Deposit Company's vaults. The trunks, cupboards, &c., contain nothing but second-hand clothing, too bulky to remove, on which you would realise comparatively little. The keys are in the left-hand top drawer of the side-board. You will also find there a cheque to bearer for twenty pounds, which will remunerate you for your loss of time and disappointment. Please, wipe your feet on the mat, and don't spill any candle-grease on the carpets.'

The facetious writer of such a notice must surely have been a relative of the gentleman who, on being told by a beggar whom he refused 'to tip,' that he would commit suicide with a razor, asked him to do it outside, and not spoil his floor.

There is a probably well-known little humorous account of an Irishman who went to the theatre for the first time. Just as the curtain descended on the first act, an engine in the basement exploded, and he was blown through the roof, coming down in the next street. After coming to his senses, he asked: 'An' what piece do yez play next?'

A Danish officer is pictured to us making observations in regard to the deviation of rifle bullets. One day, when walking on the ramparts at Duppel, he saw a Prussian sharpshooter taking aim at him. While the soldier placed himself against a tree, in order to take a steadier aim, the officer raised his glass to watch his movements. 'This is all right,' said he; 'the musket is just on a line with my breast—we shall see!' The trigger was pulled, and the Danish officer quietly wrote down: 'At a distance of about five hundred yards, the deviation of a ball from a rifled musket is about one metre.'

A certain American sea-captain was a perfect philosopher, and no amount of ill-luck ever depressed his faith or good spirits. Coming into the harbour once with an empty ship, after a three years' cruise, he was boarded by a townsman, who inquired: 'Wal, cap'n, how many barrels? Had a good voyage?'—'No,' responded the skipper. 'I hain't got a barrel of ile aboard. But,' said he, rubbing his horny palms with satisfaction, while his hard features relaxed into a smile, 'I've had a mighty good sail.'

Another imperturbable character was the hero of the following little incident. A gentleman was travelling in a smoking compartment on the Midland Railway, and at a certain station a German entered the carriage and took his seat opposite him. When the train had started, the foreigner, noticing the other's Havana, inquired if he could oblige him with a cigar. The Englishman, astonished at the request, reluctantly pulled out his case, and saw with disgust the other select the best he could find, and take a match from his pocket and light it. After taking a few puffs with evident enjoyment, the German, beaming at his companion through his spectacles, affably continued: 'I vould not haf droubled you, but I had a match in mein boggit, and I did not know what to do mit it.'

Blondin is said to have given the following caution to a nervous man whom he was carrying on his back across the Niagara Falls: 'I must request you to sit quiet, or I shall have to put you down.'

The wife of a Parisian returning home, rang at her own door. Nobody came, so she rang again. Still nobody appeared. Finally, at a louder and longer ring, the man-servant concluded to show himself. 'Pray, are you deaf?' said the lady.—'I beg pardon, madame,' said he tranquilly, 'but I heard only the third ring.'

That servant's remarkable composure was quite equalled by a countrywoman's of his employer's, who entered the house of one of her lady friends

on her usual day for receiving visitors. 'Dear me, what has happened? you look so pleased,' said the lady of the house.—'My dear,' replied her visitor, 'I am quite proud of myself. Only fancy, while driving here, my coachman, clumsy fellow, did not observe a gentleman who was crossing the street; the horses ran against him, knocked him over, and sent him rolling in the mud.—Well, would you believe it? I wasn't frightened a bit.'

A Spaniard can prove not a whit behind other Europeans in acting with provoking coolness when it so pleases him. A traveller, on reaching a Spanish country town, went to a shoemaker, as one of his boots needed repair. He found the honest tradesman reclining in the shade in front of his cottage and smoking. 'Could you mend me this boot at once?' he inquired. The worthy master looked at him, made no reply, but called his wife. 'How much money have we left?' he said. The wife pulled out an old leather purse and counted the money. 'Twelve pesetas.'—'That is enough for to-day and to-morrow,' observed the shoemaker; and added, lazily: 'No, sir; I cannot comply with your wish.'

The ladies, we should think, would not recommend the cool behaviour of a Danish bridegroom on his wedding day to be extensively imitated. A wedding was arranged to take place at a little church in the north of Jutland. The bride was there to the minute; but the indispensable bridegroom was long in making his appearance. At last he came, carrying a spade on his shoulders. The railway had been snowed up, and not wishing to miss the chance of earning an honest penny, he had helped to clear the line. Putting down the spade, he went into the church. At the conclusion of the ceremony, he escorted his bride to the church door, where he left her, as if nothing had happened, and walked off to the railway to indulge in the useful pastime of clearing away the snow. Reaching his home after dark, he expressed his satisfaction at having killed two birds with one stone.

But perhaps few instances in the way of treating the affairs of life with calm equanimity are more amusing than the one with which we conclude. Professor B—, of the university of Bonn, is a very absent-minded man. He was busily engaged in solving some scientific problem. The servant hastily opened the door of his studio and announced a great family event. 'A little stranger has arrived.' 'Eh?'—'There is a little boy.' 'Little boy! Well, ask him what he wants.'

FULFILMENT OR COINCIDENCE?

TOWARDS the end of the second decade in the present century, there stood, on the southern borders of Yorkshire, a fine old Elizabethan house, called Holyoake Manor, which for several generations had belonged to an old Yorkshire family named Holyoake. At the commencement of our story, the only surviving members of the family were Squire Holyoake and his son Harry, a highly promising young man of nineteen. Those who were intimate with the Holyoakes were often heard to say that two happier men than the Squire and his handsome son did not exist; and

their merry company, and in particular the younger man's, was sought far and near.

In his twentieth year, young Harry Holyoake was sent by his father to Cambridge, to complete a hitherto somewhat erratic educational career; and several months after his departure, the Squire was seized with a worse than usual attack of his old enemy, the gout. Now, the most amiable of temperaments will sometimes give way under the agonies of such a complaint; and the Squire, thoroughly good-natured and kind-hearted though he naturally was, proved, on this occasion at least, no exception to the rule. News was brought to him one morning, during a severe attack of pain, that a strange tribe of gypsies had encamped in the park adjoining the house, and that neither by threats nor by entreaties could they be induced to leave. This so enraged the sick man, that he determined he would himself drive out the intruders. He was well known as a man who, whether for good or evil, never violated his word; and accordingly, a few days later, he, with considerable difficulty, succeeded in reaching the encampment. The first person he encountered was a withered-looking old gypsy woman, who, seeing him approach, advanced with tottering steps to meet him, evidently bent upon conciliation; but the thought that, for the first time in his life, he was being bearded, on his own domains too, by a parcel of thieving rogues, as he called them, for the moment quite overpowered the Squire's better nature, and in a fit of irrepressible rage, and before any of the athletic-looking gypsies standing around could interfere, he seized the old woman by her struggling gray locks, and after belabouring her with a stout cudgel which he carried, flung her, with his remaining strength, bleeding and half-senseless, upon the ground.

After a few moments of dead silence, during which the Squire's better feelings had reasserted themselves, the woman slowly rose, and, with intense malignancy glaring out of her sunken bloodshot eyes, over one of which a thin stream of blood trickled, addressed him thus: 'A curse—the curse of the old gypsy queen alight on you and yours for ever! For this work of to-day, you shall live to see the last of your race and home, and then you will remember the gypsy's words.'

The Squire was momentarily appalled at the depth of hatred which accompanied the words; and before he had quite recovered his accustomed equanimity, the encampment, at a sign from the old woman, was being rapidly broken up; and a few minutes later the hindmost of the tribe was seen disappearing among the trees.

Some six months after these events, as the Squire was one morning about to sit down to a rather late breakfast, an important-looking letter, bearing the Cambridge postmark of that period, was placed in his hands. If the covering looked important, the contents, to judge by the pallor that overspread the Squire's usually rubicund face as he perused the lines, must have been infinitely more so. After gazing for a while in a vague, helpless manner, first at his faithful old attendant, and finally around the comfortable-looking room, he suddenly started to his feet, and in concentrated tones ejaculated: 'He, a Holyoake, to do it! Curse him! a thousand times curse him!' The old attendant was startled still

more immediately after to see his master, whom he had known and loved since a child, fling himself upon the floor and burst into uncontrollable grief, murmuring brokenly: 'My boy, my own dear boy! Even your death I would gladly have welcomed before this.'

The news gradually leaked out that Harry Holyoake had brought disgrace upon the old name—that he had long been suspected of cheating at cards; that one night, while heavy with drink, he had been undeniably caught in the act, and had in consequence been summarily expelled the university.

The day following the receipt of this announcement, another letter was received from Harry himself, stating that he could never again face his father after the disgrace, and begging the Squire to accept the care of his (Harry's) wife—to whom, it was now known, he had been clandestinely married at Cambridge—and little child. Before the Squire had decided upon his reply, the young wife and child arrived at the manor, and were kindly enough received. The child was several months old, and his endearing little ways quickly won the old man's heart.

Of Harry, nothing more was heard for many years.

Twenty years slipped rapidly by, and the incidents already related were well-nigh forgotten in the neighbourhood of the manor. Harry's wife had died shortly after her arrival; but the child had grown up into a stalwart, handsome young fellow, the darling of his grandfather's heart, and the pride of the whole country-side. The young Squire, as he was universally called, was first everywhere and in everything; there was no more fearless rider in the hunting-field than he, nor a more active partner in the ballroom. On his twenty-first birthday there were great rejoicings at the manor, which was wholly given up to feasting and merriment in honour of the occasion. It had been a long-standing arrangement that Everard—he had been named after his grandsire—should, on attaining his majority, spend a few months' holiday on the continent, in conjunction with a young man of somewhat similar age, named Dick Houghton, the son of a neighbouring Squire. Accordingly, the festivities over, the young men started, full of health and spirits, for their projected trip.

One wild, tempestuous night towards the close of January 18—, a man, closely wrapped in a great-coat, and wearing a full dark beard, might have been seen, apparently with no specific object in view, walking down one of the narrow, disreputable-looking streets diverging from the Rue de S— to the river-side. Externally, there was nothing about this man deserving other than a casual attention; but could one have divested him of the disguise which he wore in the shape of the full beard referred to, and effaced the slight limp which showed itself as he walked, the consternation that would have been manifested by the criminal portion of the *quartier* would have been unbounded, for he was no other than Monsieur Jules Bertholot, the most renowned of the Parisian police of that day, and the especial fear and aversion of Parisian criminals; the man who was

indeed popularly supposed to be gifted with second-sight, so successful did his professional ventures generally prove. It was well known that a gang of more than usually lawless desperadoes infested the *quartier*, and it was more than suspected that their headquarters were situated in the narrow street down which Monsieur Bertholot was now limping. The master-spirit and leader of the gang, and by far the most daring and reckless of them all, was said to be an Englishman, who, thanks to a long residence in Paris—which had probably obliterated any insular eccentricities that might otherwise have betrayed him—had hitherto managed to elude a highly deserved punishment.

We need hardly say that Monsieur Bertholot was on the track of these men. Not many days previously he had visited, as usual disguised, one of the numerous drinking saloons by the river-side, where he had been struck by the general superiority of one of the frequenters over the rest of the *habitués*. The slight, indeed almost imperceptible foreign accent of the man further impressed him, and he decided upon cultivating his acquaintance. This he did, with the result that in a few days he, the prince of the Parisian police, found himself wholly hand-in-glove with the very man who had so long baffled him.

It had been arranged that this night the gang was to be taken. After limping some distance down the street, the detective halted before a large sombre-looking house, the door of which he tapped in a peculiar manner. After a pause, the door was cautiously opened, and Monsieur Bertholot entered, and followed his conductor some distance along a labyrinth of intensely dark rooms and passages, and finally stopped before a door, through the chinks of which a brilliant light was visible. After some more cabalistic tapping, the door was thrown open, and Monsieur Bertholot found himself—not for the first time—in a room with a long table running its entire length, around which sat some twenty or thirty men, intent upon a game of hazard. The new arrival, after a boisterous welcome, seated himself near to two young men, who, with eager flushed faces, were absorbed in the game.

The play had proceeded for some time with apparently varying luck, when one of the young men suddenly sprang to his feet, and directly charged the leader, a determined-looking man of near middle age, with foul-play. The words were no sooner uttered than a pistol report rang out sharp and clear, and the young man's body fell heavily forward upon the table at the instant the door was burst open, and a body of police filled the room and secured the ruffians, who were too much taken by surprise to make any resistance.

It transpired at the trial that the murdered man was one Everard Holyoake, of Holyoake Manor, Yorkshire. From the moment this was known, the demeanour of the accused underwent a complete change; his callous indifference disappeared; and he seemed as one overwhelmed with remorse and grief. That night he managed to commit suicide in his cell, and a piece of paper was found upon him in which it was stated that the dead man was his own and only son!

The terrible news nearly killed old Squire Holyoake. But his cup was not even yet full. One evening, after the inmates of the manor

had retired for the night, it was discovered that the house was in flames; and though all escaped with life, the structure by the next day was a mass of smouldering ruins. Some of the neighbours had seen a tribe of gypsies in the vicinity on the night of the fire, and one man had detected two members of the tribe lurking near the house. Nothing, however, was definitely proved, for the gypsies had disappeared as mysteriously as they had come.

The Squire did not long survive this last blow; he died soon after, bitterly regretting his harsh treatment of the old gypsy woman, and firmly persuaded that his misfortunes were due solely to her execration.

OUT AT SEA.

I know that I am dying, mate; so fetch the Bible here, What's laid unopened in the chest for five-and-twenty year;

And bring a light along of you, and read a bit to me, Who haven't heard a word of it since first I came to sea.

It's five-and-twenty year, lad, since she went to her rest

Who put that there old Bible at the bottom of my chest; And I can well remember the words she says to me:

'Now, don't forget to read it, Tom, when you get out to sea.'

And I never thought about it, mate, for it clean slipped from my head;

But when I come from that first voyage, the dear old girl was dead.

And the neighbours told me, while I stood as still as still can be,

That she prayed for me and blessed me as was just gone out to sea.

And then I shipped again, mate, and forgot the Bible there,

For I never give a thought to it, a-sailing everywhere; But now that I am dying, you can read a bit to me,

As seems to think about it, now I'm ill and down at sea.

And find a little prayer, lad, and say it up right loud, So that the Lord can hear it, if it finds Him in a crowd. I can scarce hear what you're saying for the wind that howls to lee;

But the Lord'll hear above it all, for He's been out at sea.

It's set in very dark, mate; and I think I'll say good-night.

But stop—look there! why, mate, why, Bill, the cabin's turning light;

And the dear old mother's standing there as give the book to me!

All right; I'm coming! Bill, good-bye! My soul's going out to sea!

J. S. FLITCHER.

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THE INFLUENCE OF THE STORY-BOOK.

IN all ages and in all lands, the art of narrating a story by word of mouth or by the ready pen has been practised; and a few individuals among the rest of mankind have been gifted with this faculty, which they have exercised in preparing food for the fancy of their hearers or readers in fable, epic, or the modern novel. These few are akin to the artist who differs from the mere portrait-painter. The last-named can produce a resemblance which may be perfect in light and shade, and even in expression; but though this may give us pleasure, it does not stir in us the admiration that we award to one who can produce a situation calling forth our emotions. The faculty which is able to produce this is much more rarely met with.

A well-told tale is as rare as a perfect day; it is the result of happy influences, and, like a well-developed man or woman, requires favourable circumstances for its development. It owes much of its interest to the language used in telling it, and the skill with which it is illustrated, as in the plays of Shakspeare. The plots of many of these plays are not original; but the way in which the author has made, from what were originally but phantoms, galleries of life-like figures, is a striking proof of his power. A similar effect is often produced by writers of tales.

It shows great merit in a story when the incidents of it linger long in the memory. *Silas Marner*, by George Eliot, is a remarkable instance of this quality. Any one who has read this tale must have noted the ease with which each incident may be recalled, even a long time after it has been read; and this characteristic seems to result from its being free from superfluous matter, from the way in which the main incidents are grouped, and from the beauty and simplicity of the *tout ensemble*.

Love and war, with the troubles resulting therefrom, form the materials of most of the ancient stories; while the situations of the modern novels are the results of complicated difficulties

incident to a more advanced stage of civilisation. Life abounds in incidents for the modern tale-writer. There are many people who confine their generosity to what they consider their own class, and who spend time and money in deeds of charity, yet think nothing of wounding the feelings of those a little beneath them in rank. They are kind after their own fashion, but would sacrifice their dearest friends rather than lose an inch of their hard-won social station. Such people are common both in real life and in novels, and when the story of their doings is well told it excites in the reader much interest.

To read a good story has a similar effect to spending a few hours in pleasant company; it cheers and relieves the mind; the small troubles that may have vexed us lose their hold upon us; and when we return to them, we are so refreshed and invigorated by the action of change, that they weigh but lightly upon us. Sometimes an incident recalls to our memories some of the pleasures and pains of that brief season of early youth of which we all like to prolong the remembrance. Stories from other lands have a great charm for young people and children; there is for them the novelty of learning about foreign customs, and seeing that human nature is alike in its deep experiences, under very different outward ways and manners.

The beauty of many simple stories, some of them of a past age, yields us as much wonder and admiration as the more lengthy and artistic compositions of to-day, from which they differ as the wild-flower does from the more gorgeous production of the hothouse. Thus the bloom of the common furze, with its outer petals protected with down, and its brilliant yellow colour set off by dark prickly foliage, well repays close inspection. So does a homely story. We have many of them in the world's literature. We will mention a few, without regard to order of merit. There are the English *Vicar of Wakefield* and *Robinson Crusoe*; some of the American tales by Nathaniel Hawthorne; the German *Undine*;

and for the young, *Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia*; and numberless others that blossom in every language.

Among modern novel writers, we sometimes meet with one who can sketch out the plot of a story, but cannot fill in the finer details. A story, like a statue, may be rough-hewn, or it may be carved and finished by the patient toil of the skilled artist. There is nothing to object to in a rough-hewn story; we know of one or two that we should be sorry not to have read. Our objection is to one in which the details are not filled in in a consistent manner, and in which the characters are made to act as we feel no real persons would act. This kind of tale is often hastily produced by the fashionable novelist; but it is soon forgotten, and cannot take a lasting place in literature. They please in some cases, before the taste is acquired for better productions; as a youth, before he has learnt to draw, may be attracted by a gaily painted picture, in which, after he has gained some knowledge of art, he finds many defects.

We meet in books with all sorts of people pictured for our amusement. Almost all classes of society have had among them some one who has portrayed the incidents and characters that grow out of different social conditions, as most of our best stories are the results of the writers' personal experience of life. Thackeray, who had lived among the aristocracy, has dispelled many an illusion as to their freedom from vulgar faults, in pictures that we feel are almost as truthful as reflections in a mirror. Dickens and Mrs Gaskell have shown us that there are subjects of interest even amid the flats and plains of humble life, and display to us as exciting scenes as we meet with among the great. Mrs Gaskell began to exercise her talent for writing through the want of an absorbing occupation to abate the feeling of loneliness caused by the death of a child. Exercising this talent benefits the writer as well as the reader, by affording scope for the higher faculties. In George Eliot's series of tales we see the different degrees of middle-class country-life drawn with skill both as to general effect and minute detail, especially in her earlier works; the later ones often contain too much philosophical matter; this sometimes breaks the interest of the story.

People in the country who have long uninterrupted winter evenings appreciate the sensation novel to an extent that those who live among the more real excitements of London or other large towns can hardly realise. To the latter, life is seen to be full of touching experiences, and they are familiar with the reverses of fortune. And sometimes situations in novels that are intended to rouse great emotion, do not appear to them to be so real: they are quicker to detect their extravagance and inconsistency, than the less experienced dwellers in country places.

Who that has watched a young girl absorbed in the reading of a story-book, her face beaming with genuine emotion; or a boy leaving for a time the rough games that boys delight in, for a tale of peril and adventure, is not thankful to the writer for providing our young friends with so much innocent amusement, to fill up what would be otherwise vacant hours, and to supply the need of the young for something different

from the ordinary every-day wants of life—a want that shows itself in their dreams of future travel and adventure—and to put before them heroic ideals for their imitation? And when sometimes we who are grown up have spent half an hour of an evening talking with a friend and recalling old favourite tales, are we not glad that we have a subject of such interest to talk about? We feel that impressions more lasting than perishable ink and paper have been left upon our minds; and we are thankful for the time that we have snatched from the more practical duties of life, to indulge our love for that fascinating class of literature which comes under the head of fiction. We learn to value the presence of the novelist amid life's scenes, as we should the one guest at a party of pleasure to whom, among the many that contribute to our entertainment, we owe the most, and who gives enjoyment alike to old and young. To make another comparison: reading a story which depicts life in unaccustomed forms, is like a visit to a spot where nature displays rare and uncommon beauty, and wild-flowers bloom of varied hues, delighting us all the more because they do not develop their fragrance in the grimy town where our working hours are spent.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXX.—NOT TO BE RESPICED.

ON the modern stage, when persons have to disappear or properties to be removed without interruption of scenes, a steam or smoke is raised, or veils of imperceptible gauze are let down, behind which the requisite operations can be performed unobserved by the spectators. Similar appliances have been in use on the social stage for many generations to disguise what we do not wish to be seen. It was so on this occasion. The movement of social entertainment went on uninterrupted; the gentlemen came from their wine; the tea was handed round; ladies sang and performed on the piano; Lady Brentwood had agreeable things to say to all her guests; the smoke of small-talk and the veil etiquette screened the unpleasant episode which had just been enacted, and which had created some disturbance.

The hostess herself knew no particulars, and she was careful to ask no questions. When Josephine reappeared, she covered her embarrassment cleverly by thanking her for having fetched her music, and insisting on her taking her place at the piano and giving the company one of her charming songs. Josephine went to her portfolio and took out the first piece that met her hand without particularly noticing what it was. She knew perfectly all the pieces she had put together, and there needed no choosing where music is used not as a delectation, but as a cover to the voices of talkers. When she took her place on the stool and unfolded the paper, she found that she had selected the mermaid's song from *Oberon*. She struck the first chords listlessly, and then regretted that she had taken this piece, for with the air came over her the recollection of the lightship and of Dicky Cable's whistle. 'I will never, never sing it again,' she

thought as she closed it. 'That is the last of the Mermaid.'

Next day, Lady Brentwood persuaded Josephine and her father to prolong their visit over another night. There was a garden-party that afternoon, and another dinner in the evening, when a very musical acquaintance, a man who wrote critiques in some of the papers, a man steeped in Wagner to the chin, was coming; and Josephine, said her host, would be sure to like to meet him and discuss Wagner with him and the merits of her favourite Weber. Josephine was a heretic; she despised Mendelssohn, thought him a great prophet of musical commonplace, and had shocked Lady Brentwood. 'My dear,' she said, 'we will refer the matter to Mr Wayland Smith; you must stop for dinner, and hear what he has to say about Mendelssohn. I daresay you may be right about these Songs without Words, but none but a master could have written the Scotch Symphony.'

So Josephine and her father remained; and at table her hostess managed to set Mr Wayland Smith next to her, though he did not take her in to dinner. Josephine was passionately fond of music, but she had not had extended opportunities of hearing much. Her father took her to town occasionally to concerts and the opera; but, after all, the circle of operas performed in town is a small one—*Trovatore*, *Roberto*, the *Prophète*, *Rigoletto*—now and then *Lohengrin*, *Trovatore* again, *toujours Trovatore*. Mr Wayland Smith had gone through a German course, hated Italian music, and had much to say about composers of whom the English musical world knew nothing, and whom, therefore, it despised—*Marschner*, *Lorzing*, *Nicolai*, &c.

Josephine spent a very enjoyable evening. She sang for Mr Wayland Smith, and very good-humouredly and frankly accepted his criticisms. He looked over her portfolio, and with a blue pencil scored some of her pieces. 'When you get home,' he said, 'tear these to fragments and strew them to the winds; it is worse than waste of time to play rubbish.'

Josephine quite forgot about Richard Cable and his injured child, in the interest she felt in the conversation of the musical critic. She made him write down a list of pieces for her to get and learn.

'I knew,' said Lady Brentwood, 'that you would enjoy yourself when I persuaded you to stay.'

'Dear Lady Brentwood, I have not spent such a pleasant evening for a long time. I forgot all my worries.'

'You have worries?'

'Like every one else. But—I am glad now to learn that I am not alone in my heresy. Mr Wayland Smith shrugged his shoulders over Mendelssohn, and said the Songs without Words were fit only for school-girls.'

Josephine had banished her worries from her thoughts while at Brentwood House; but when she returned to Hanford they returned with renewed force to disturb her peace. Her conscience, which had slept whilst away from home, now uncoiled and stretched itself. She felt qualms at the recollection of her treatment of Richard.

Her father had asked no questions about what

had happened; he seemed to have divined all. As she descended from the carriage, and he gave her his hand, he said: 'Take care—no respicing of cut Cables.' In no other way did he allude to what had occurred.

Richard was not at the house when they arrived. He did not come out into the porch to meet her. She hardly expected to see him, yet she felt disappointed that he was not there.

'Is Mr Cable about the garden?' she asked of the butler.

'No, ma'am; he's not been here for some time. —There's been an accident, ma'am.'

'Is the child much hurt?' she inquired with a slight tremor in her voice.

'I do not know, ma'am, for certain. Shall I send the boy down to inquire how the young lady is?'

Young lady! Tiny Bessie, a young lady! What condescension of John Thomas to call the poor little child, the sailor's babe, a young lady!

'Never mind,' she answered. 'I daresay I shall step down myself and ask. The case is not serious?'

The butler bowed, put his hand to his mouth to cover a cough, and said in an apologetic tone: 'Certainly not, ma'am—only the spine is injured, and the child will be a cripple for life.'

Josephine shuddered and turned white. Then she went up-stairs; her hands shook as she removed her bonnet. What should she do? Ought she not to go at once to the cottage? She and her father had lunched at Brentwood, and did not return till the afternoon. As she sat and thought what line of conduct she should pursue, the first bell rang for dinner. She dressed hastily. It was too late for her to go then. Perhaps she would run down after dinner.

Josephine could not eat anything at dinner; she picked the food in her plate, and sent it away. She could not talk; she had lost her interest in Wagner, and her prejudice against Mendelssohn. Her aunt asked whom she had met at Brentwood, and how she had amused herself; and her father watched her; she changed colour during dinner several times, and complained of the heat, though the evening was cold. She was thinking of Bessie, the poor little blue-eyed, fair-haired child, that had put its little fingers to her mouth, and whose palm she had kissed. This little creature crippled for life—a whole future darkened! How had the accident happened? Richard was so careful, how came he to let the child fall? Josephine knew how his heart was wrapped about his little ones, how especially dear to him was that innocent babe, and she knew that he must be suffering acutely. He had been suffering whilst she had been enjoying herself. Whilst she had been discussing Mendelssohn with Mr Wayland Smith, he had been eagerly questioning the surgeon as to the life of the sufferer. Richard would never forgive her for her want of sympathy. She had cut her Cable indeed—through and through, with sharp knife and remorseless hand.

She could not remain with her aunt in the drawing-room after dinner; she went into the hall and threw a shawl over her head and wrapped it round her neck. Now she was cold, shivering. A moment ago she was hardly able to breathe, and was fanning herself because of the heat.

Her father came out of the dining-room. 'Whither are you wandering, my pretty maid?' he asked. 'After poppies and nightingales?'

'Papa,' she said, 'I must go. It is wicked not to make inquiries. I cannot send; I must go myself. Richard will never forgive me.'

'Well,' said he coldly, 'it is best as it is. Good words will not mend broken bones. You have missed the chance, if you sought reconciliation. It is too late now. I will go to the cottage and make inquiries. Let matters take their course. Penelope unstitched at night what she had sewn in the day. Do not you try to sew up what you have unravelled.' He took her shawl off her shoulders. She submitted, and went back into the parlour to her aunt. He was right; it was too late.

Josephine retired early to bed; she was too uneasy to talk or settle to anything. When in bed, she could not sleep. Her mind became restlessly active; every trouble doubled itself in bulk. Wrongs done her grew in grievousness, her own faults darkened in colour. When she thought of the annoyance Richard had caused her by his ill-considered action in coming to Brentwood, her veins glowed, her head throbbed, and her eyes burnt in their sockets. She could not forgive this—this humiliation, to which he had subjected her before her hostess and the servants of the house. If he took offence at her conduct, it was unreasonable of him; the aggravation had been excessive. If he refused to be reconciled, it was well that it should be so; she could be happy without him; it was abundantly proved that she could not be happy with him. Next moment, she thought of Richard running to seek her, to pour out his grief into her bosom. She saw him, under the starlit sky, in his shirt sleeves, running with the sweat streaming from his face, and his breath issuing in snorts through his nostrils. Why had he come for her, instead of going straight home to his child? He had run to her in perfect reliance on her goodness of heart and ready sympathy. She was ashamed of herself; she had wounded his heart where it was most susceptible. She resolved, in spite of her father's advice, to go to the cottage next morning, acknowledge her fault, and make her peace with Richard. Then she saw rise up before her in the darkness of her room the white form of Gainsborough's Lady Brentwood, with the shell to her ear, listening to the roar of the sea, with a far-off, wistful, longing look in her eyes. Would she—Josephine—ever feel such a longing for her husband as Lady Brentwood had for Red Ruin? No—that was not possible. A woman might lose her heart to a rake in satin and velvet, might forgive infidelities; but she could not love a common sailor, and pardon a lapse in grammar. Red Ruin had deserted his wife, but he did not put his knife in his mouth; he had eloped with a princess, but he had held fast to the letters *h* and *v*. Therefore, it was quite permissible and possible that Lady Brentwood should feel tenderness for Sir Beaulieu; but she, Josephine, could never experience such a yearning of the soul for her husband, were he to be absent and become indifferent. The clock struck four before she fell asleep.

When she woke, she had come round to her father's opinion—that the breach having once been

made, it must not be filled in. She regretted that she had appeared unfeeling in the matter of little Bessie; but we cannot pick our occasions, and if Richard came to interrupt her with unwelcome news when she was engaged—she very naturally lost her temper and spoke unsympathetically. A rupture with Richard was inevitable; the occasion had come; it was not quite such as she would have chosen, but having come, she must take advantage of it. It would pave the way to a separation, and Richard might be induced to leave Hanford. If he would not go, she was resolved to depart herself; they could not live together in the same place in different houses and moving in different social spheres.

In this mood she abode the whole forenoon; but after lunch, she sat in the garden by herself. Aunt Judith had gone up-stairs to take a nap; her father was away with the agent who had called. Then a reaction set in, and she felt that she had been heartless. Her better self prevailed. Her pride stood in the way for some while, but went down at last. She tried to stay it up with the thought that Richard could not care much for her, or he would have returned to the Hall; but her efforts availed nothing.

She rose from the garden seat, went through the gate, and walked to the cottage, without saying a word to any one.

The elder children were at school, to be out of the way. Mrs Cable had gone to the surgery for medicine; and when Josephine entered the house, Richard was there alone in the kitchen, watching and soothing the baby.

He looked up as she entered. He was on one knee by the cradle; the afternoon sun streamed in at the little window on his face and dazzled him, so that at first he was unable to distinguish his visitor. Josephine noticed a change in him. His cheeks seemed to have fallen in; his eyes were hollow, and his hair had lost its spring and curl. The temples stood out, but the flesh had sunk into pits beneath them. He looked ten years older. But she saw that there was change of another sort in his face as well. The expression was altered. The light, the trust had vanished from it; its frank kindliness had disappeared. Across the brows lay deep furrows, and the mouth was contracted. The man was not so much oldened as embittered.

'Richard!' said Josephine, 'I have come to know the truth about dear little Bessie.'

He started at her voice; the furrows on his brow became deeper, and his teeth clenched, giving his jaw a heavy look it never had worn before. He put up his hand to shade his eyes from the sun, and he looked steadily at her for a minute without answering. In the shadow of his hand, his eyes looked large and threatening. Presently, in a strangely altered voice, he said: 'Bessie is no child of yours, and concerns you not.'

'I beg your pardon, Richard,' said Josephine, after a constrained pause. She was hurt by his rebuff, though she acknowledged to her heart that it was deserved. 'I am sorry that I spoke petulantly the other night; but you must acknowledge that you did a very unwise thing—certain to exasperate me. You put me in a most awkward dilemma.'

She waited for a reply. None came. 'Tell me, Richard, is poor dear Bessie gravely injured?'

I have heard no particulars. Tell me how it happened.'

'How it happened!' he repeated hoarsely, and rose to his feet, because he could not bear the sun on his face as he spoke with her. 'Ay! I will tell you how it happened.—Stand off! Do not come near the child. Away from this side. The shadow of you has fallen on her and fallen on me already. Your shadow blights.'

In truth, she had stepped into the sunbeam and had intercepted it. Now she moved on one side; she was humbled, not greatly, nor had she changed her determination, bred of her father's advice, to separate from Cable; but she was touched and pained by the sight of the suffering child, and its equally suffering father.

'I will tell you all,' he said in a tone charged with suppressed thunder. 'You were right when you said at Brentwood that I was drunk. It is true I was drunk when I did it. It was because I was drunk that I let my Bessie fall. I had rather, ten thousand times, have broken my own back and lain a crippled, tortured creature thus—through an eternity—than have hurt her. That God knows—if He knows and cares for aught that goes on below.' He did not salute, as he named the Almighty, as in the former times.

'I am very, very sorry, Richard.'

'I do not want your compassion,' he retorted fiercely. 'I loathe it—I despise it. It was your doing that my poor baby lies here'—

'Richard,' interrupted Josephine, with a flash of anger at what she conceived his injustice, 'because you forgot your self-respect and drank, and let Bessie fall, am I to be blamed? This is too much.'

'I do blame you,' he said. 'It is all your doing. Was I ever drunk before? Never—never! My mother can tell you that. And why did I drink at the *Anchor*, but because you had stung and insulted me past endurance! I forgot my self-respect! I had none. You had kicked it and trampled it in the dirt. You had killed it. I always held up my head and could check myself. I never did anything that could bring shame on my face, and tears in my mother's eyes before, because I respected myself. But you would not rest till you had beaten my self-respect down and ground it into dust. I drank because of the pain in my heart, and to forget what you had done to me. Then—after poor Bessie was hurt—I ran to find you. Now, I see I was mad or drunk to run to one so heartless, so cruel; but in the moment of my despair, I forgot all the wrong you had dealt me, and remembered only the tie that bound us. I ran to you, because I was burning with thirst, as a man in a desert runs when he sees, far away, green leaves that promise a well. I ran to you for pity and love, and you mocked and drove me from you.' His breath came with a hoarse rattle from his labouring lungs. 'And now you have come to see the wreck you have made; not of my sweet baby only—but of me—of me.' He came up to her with every muscle in his face and throat distended, and with clenched hands and nerves that stood as knots in his wrists and arms.

Josephine stepped back. 'Are you going to strike me, Richard?'

'No,' he said; 'I do not touch women. I almost wish I could seize you by the throat and wring your venomous tongue out, as I might tear out the sting of a wasp.—I love you no more. I loved you once, loved you!—you stood far above me as the silver moon. I thought you the most beautiful and holy and pure of beings; and now I see your soul is full of ugly pits and scars and blemishes; and your light has no warmth in it—it chills, it drives a poor stupid man like me crazed—so crazed that I have crushed and nigh killed my child. So crazed am I, that I have lost all I had once that made me happy—my content, my peace of mind, my trust. I have looked up at you, and been blasted; and now—I cannot look up at all.' He clasped his hands over his head, and stood with widespread feet and elbows, glaring at her.

'I pitied you with all my heart,' he continued, 'when you once told me that you could not look up—and then, in my folly, I thought I would take you by the hand and hold you, and put my finger under your chin, and speak to you of love and faith and the trust of a little child to a loving Father, till your tossed heart grew still, and its fret passed away, and you raised your eyes to what is above us all. But I never, never supposed that you would drag me down and blind me, so that my power of looking up should be taken from me.'

He trembled with vehemence as he spoke, and Josephine was silent; she quailed before his indignation. Then he was silent, standing looking at her; and she glanced at him, to see if there was any softening in his face, any forgiveness in his stern eyes.

'Can you not see, Richard,' she said, 'that you tried me beyond endurance? I may have lacked consideration for you, but you also failed in thought for me. Forgive me.'

'No,' he answered; 'never—never!'

'Then,' she said, 'if that be so, it is best for us to part—to separate. We both of us made a mistake. I did not know what I was about when I took you; and you over-estimated your powers when you accepted me.'

'Very well,' he said. 'We part; we see each other no more. But the past can never be undone; it can no more be repaired and made straight than the back of my poor baby, who is crippled for ever.'

'You blame me unreasonably,' remonstrated Josephine; 'you are blind to the wrongs done to me. Nothing is easier for a man who has made a mistake, than to toss the responsibility on to the back of another who is too weak to defend herself.—Let me kiss little Bessie, and then I will leave you.'

'No,' he answered; 'you shall not touch her, nor go near her.'

Then in at the door came his little troop of girls, returning from school—six, and as they entered, the sunbeam lit one golden crown after another. The sun's ray lay along the floor. Richard pointed it to his children. 'Mary, lead the way; all of you follow her; keep along in the sunbeam, and so come to me.—Leave the lady in the shadow, in the dark; do not step out of the sunbeam to her—do not let her come near you.'

The docile children obeyed, walking in line, bathed in pure light, taking care not to put one little foot into the shadow.

Richard waited till they had all come to him and were gathered round the cradle, looking lovingly, expectantly, somewhat wonderingly, up at him. Then he waved his hand to Josephine, and said: 'Go out! Hanford Hall is your home, and this cottage my home. I banish you from my roof, as you have driven me from under yours.—Go!—Would to God, when I shut the door on you, I could drive the thought of you out as well, and be rid of the evil you have brought on me and mine, as I rid myself of your presence!'

PEARLING.

WHEN Shakespeare makes Clarence talk of seeing at the bottom of the sea

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

he gives expression to the old-world idea that the ocean concealed strange treasures in its depths. Probably this idea had its origin in exaggerated accounts of the eastern pearl-fisheries. Pearls are, in fact, the only gems drawn from the depths of the sea, unless coral shells for cutting cameos can be counted as such. The real treasures of ocean are those that are gathered in such marvellous abundance by the fisherman's net; and probably at the present time the Yarmouth herring-fleets bring in from the sea more valuable spoils than all the pearling fleets of the world.

But while herring-catching seems very prosaic work, there is something of romance about pearling; so at least it seems to us; but doubtless, to those engaged in the actual work, it soon becomes as monotonous and matter-of-fact a business as any other. There is, however, always just the chance of a big 'find;' but even here the popular mind is full of exaggerations. Thus, the author of *Festus* talks of the 'two points in the adventure of a diver'—

One, when a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
One, when a prince, he rises with his pearl.

But pearls are not diamonds, and single pearls that are in themselves a fortune are rare indeed; what is more, the case is rarer still where they would become the diver's property. Pearling has now been organised into a regular business, in which the diver works for a fixed wage, and what is found in the shells he brings up belongs to his employer.

The oldest pearl-fishery in the world is that which has been worked from time immemorial on the shores of Ceylon and the opposite coast of Southern India; but at the present day the region where the pearling business is carried on most systematically and successfully lies more to the eastward, in the seas between the north-western coast of Australia on the south and Borneo and the Philippines on the north. Visitors to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of last year will remember the great pillars glittering with mother-of-pearl shells that decorated one of the Australian courts. These were some of the 'exhibits' of the north-west Australian pearling industry. The pearls themselves were to be seen in the same

department of the Exhibition, the gem of the whole collection being the curious natural cluster known as the Great Southern Cross Pearl. Mr Streeter, the greatest living authority on such subjects, thus describes it in his recently published work on *Pearls and Pearling* (George Bell and Sons, London): 'So far as is known, it occupies an absolutely unique position in the history of pearls. It consists of a group of nine pearls, naturally grown together in so regular a manner as to form an almost perfect Latin cross. Seven pearls compose the shaft, which measures an inch and a half in length; while the two arms of the cross are formed by one pearl on each side, almost opposite to the second pearl, reckoning from the top downwards. The component pearls are of fine orient, and would be of good shape, were it not that, by mutual compression during growth, they have become slightly flattened on their opposed sides; while some of them, though round in front, are distorted into drop-shapes at the back.' The owners of the cluster value it at ten thousand pounds; but experts hold that this price is much too high. It was found in 1874 at Roeburne, near the headquarters of the Australian fishery.

Pearling began on that coast not quite twenty years ago, and, like many great and successful enterprises, it began in a very small way. At first, the shells were simply picked up on reefs left dry at low water; then rowboats with a few native divers began to work in the shallows near the shore. Now, the work is carried on in deep water by a considerable number of schooners and other smaller craft which can venture out of sight of land in search of shell-bearing reefs. The work can be carried on for only about six months of the year. The stormy season, with its occasional hurricanes, puts an effectual stop to pearling, and at that period of the year the pearlers find some work on shore, generally sheep-farming. In the fine weather, the pearling fleet is at work at various points along the two thousand miles of coast from the North-west Cape to Torres Strait. The day's work on board a pearling schooner is a hard one. Her crew usually consists of a few white men—made up of the owner and his partners, and perhaps some hired hands—and a much larger number of black men, these being generally native Australian divers, though, on some of the ships, Malays, Soolorese, and other natives of the Indian Archipelago are employed. The day begins at six A.M., when the pearl-shells collected on the previous day are examined. The shells are opened and cleared out, the body of the fish being carefully examined for pearls, the best of which are usually found wholly or partly imbedded in its soft substance. The shell itself is carefully scrutinised for pearls adhering to it; and if there are any suspicious-looking blisters on its surface, it is split up with a chisel, the result sometimes being the discovery of a pearl imbedded in the coats of the shell. Pearl-finding is of course very uncertain work; sometimes, hundreds of shells may be opened without finding anything. But the pearler has the consolation of knowing that even in such a case his work is not labour lost. As the shells are cleaned, they are piled up on the deck, to be packed, later on, in big barrels, to be sent to England and sold by auction at Mincing Lane.

And here, as in so many other things, slow and sure gains ultimately bring in more than chance strokes of good-luck, and the pearl-shells pay better than the pearls. Thus, in 1883, while the value of the shells raised was thirty thousand three hundred pounds, the value of the pearls was only six thousand pounds.

After the work of cleaning and searching the shells has been completed, there is a substantial breakfast, and then the day's fishing begins. The boats are manned, the full complement for a schooner being half a dozen. Each boat carries a white man and a number of black divers. The white man sculls the boat and superintends the day's work; the divers plunging in, coming up with the shells held in their hands, or grasped with the toes, or sometimes under the arm. They climb into the boat, rest a while, and then go down again. The day's work lasts eight hours. Each diver's shells are piled apart in the boat, for they are paid by piecework. The diver works well if one dive in eight produces a pair of shells—that is, one shellfish; and his day's take will range from ten to twenty-five. A man has been known to bring up a hundred in a day, but this would be exceptionally successful diving.

Late in the afternoon, the boats pull back to the schooner; perhaps they have been as much as six miles away from her during the day. The shells are piled on the deck, the number brought by each diver being noted to his credit. The boats are cleaned and secured for the night, and then there is dinner, after which the blacks set to work to clean ooze, mud, &c. off the shells. The opening of them is done by the white men in the morning.

Mr Streeter, whose book on *Pearls* contains a rich store of information on the modern fisheries, keeps a number of schooners employed in pearling on the Australian coast. His little fleet was specially built for the purpose, under the superintendence of an English naval officer, who also directed its first operations. Mr Streeter's vessels have not only worked on the old fishing-grounds, but they have made successful prospecting voyages for the discovery of new haunts of the pearl oyster. His agents have also introduced the use of the diving dress, one of the chief advantages of which is that it completely does away with the peril from sharks. But notwithstanding this, the old methods seem still to hold their own in the fleet, and most of the work is still done by naked native divers.

In the Torres Strait, where there is tolerably good weather at all seasons, the pearlers work all the year round. (So they nearly all do along the coast now, but are compelled to use diving dresses.) But this fishery depends almost entirely on the shell for its profits, for though pearls are found, they are of very inferior quality.

Some of the best divers employed on board of Mr Streeter's ships come from the Sooloo Archipelago, between Borneo and the Philippines, where there is a very successful native fishery. Here the natives employ several ingenious devices for getting the oysters out of water too deep for diving. One of the simplest of these is a kind of wooden rake with long curved teeth, which is sunk to the bottom by means of a heavy stone, and then towed after a canoe, and hauled up occasionally to be examined. The oyster lies on

the bottom of the sea with his shell slightly open, which closes with a grip like a vice on anything that is put into it. Thus, if any of the teeth of the rake enter the opening of a shell, the oyster seizes it immediately, and holds on to it till he is forcibly pulled off in the boat. Young pearl-divers not unfrequently come up with oysters gripping their fingers in this way. The older men know better how to handle the shell with safety. Among the Sooloo divers are some of the best in the world. Mr Haynes, Mr Streeter's agent, on one occasion saw a diver reach the bottom at seventeen and a half fathoms (one hundred and five feet), and many men can do fifteen fathoms, or, as they sometimes call it, *thirty*—that is, 'fifteen down and fifteen up.'

America possesses pearl-fisheries in the West Indies and the Gulf of California; but at present the best pearling-ground of the world is the seabottom to the north of Australia. Most of the pearls now supplied to the European market come from there. The supply from India and Ceylon seems to have fallen off; it is largely absorbed by India itself, where the numerous native courts alone absorb a considerable quantity of pearls. The old fisheries of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf produce but little now. The north-west Australian coast and certain portions of the Indian Archipelago will probably long be the happy hunting-ground of the pearler. A pearl weighing forty grains was found in the Montebello Archipelago on December 26, 1884. This magnificent pearl is of the finest quality ever seen. It is perfect in shape; and it may be added, came from a very inferior shell.

CHECKMATED.

CHAPTER III.

DAVID's incensed visitor, Mr Ellitt, took a road very different from that which led either to his office or to his private residence. Late as was the hour, he had yet an interview to hold with Mr Ernest Gadham, who was awaiting his arrival with a great deal of uneasiness.

'Well, have you made it all right?' began Gadham. 'I suppose you have. Old David would not be a difficult man for you to get over.'

'Old David is a fool! He is either a fool who cannot see what is wanted of him, or he is going in for the heavy virtuous business; whichever it is, he is not the man for us.'

'His evidence in respect to this letter is not indispensable, is it? He has said and sworn enough already. I do not see the good'—

'Indispensable! Not indispensable!' angrily interrupted Ellitt, who clearly was in anything but the best of tempers. 'We may be able to do without it; but I attached a great deal of importance to the moral, if not the legal effect which the production of this letter would have. You know that as well as I do.'

'Perhaps I do,' replied Gadham. 'However, we need not quarrel about it.—What did you try as an inducement?'

'Try!' contemptuously echoed the other. 'I dangled some thousands of pounds before his eyes, and told him that he would insure them by doing this trivial service. If that will not lead him on, I do not know what will.'

'With most men, this would be enough; but he requires careful treatment. I have been thinking a good deal about him and his affairs, while I have been waiting for you.'

'I daresay you have; it is a common amusement of yours, I believe,' retorted Ellitt, the irritation of his previous speech being heightened almost to insolence.

Gadham looked at him as in wonder at his persistence in this tone; then he demanded what his companion meant. 'You appear,' he continued, 'to be seeking a quarrel. If you want one, or are tired of your share in the game, say so plainly, and I am not the man to balk your wishes.'

'I am tired of your share in the game; and since you invite me to do so, I will speak plainly. From time to time, on various pretexts, you have put off your marriage with my sister, which was an essential part of our agreement, and but for which I would never have consented to help you.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' broke out Gadham, an interruption even more offensive in its tone than the lawyer's had been.—'But I beg your pardon, Mr Ellitt; pray, go on.'

'Laugh as you like; you know it is true; and you may take this for granted as well. I mean to keep you to your bargain, and will go with you on no other conditions. Now, I learn from various sources that you are on the verge of proposing marriage to the daughter of the old fellow I have just left—to Josephine Chester. They expect it of you; the father has hinted as much to me to-night. If you mean any shuffling, you had better understand that it will not do. I will not have it, Ernest Gadham; make up your mind to that.'

The face of his listener while these words were delivered was not an agreeable study; some shades came and went upon it which, to a less excited observer than Mr Ellitt, might have worn so boding an aspect as to demand some inquiry, but he was composed when the speaker ceased.

'And this I hear from you!' he exclaimed; 'from the man who is never tired of vaunting his superior judgment and penetration! How much influence do you fancy you can bring to bear on David Chester, compared with the chance he thinks he has of seeing his daughter mistress of all my recovered wealth? You talk of dangling a thousand or two before his eyes. Why, without any pledges or sacrifice, I tempt him with the whole.'

'Oh, well! If that is your motive, I do not find so much fault with it; but you might have taken me a little into your confidence. If you had?—'

'If I had,' interrupted Gadham, 'I must have done exactly as you have now forced me to do, and which I tried my utmost to avoid. Why should you or Miss Ellitt be parties to any such plan, or even know of its existence? With such a prize in view, our honest, conscientious friend will take care not to pry too closely, or even to heed any hints, should they reach him. He can afford also, as you have just found, to be superior to all minor temptations. They are not temptations to him; you are only offering him a part of his daughter's possessions.'

'There is something in that.'

'He only wants managing, and I can manage him,' continued Gadham. 'You know how near we were to a difficulty about the place where he signed his name as witness. We might easily have had a stumble there; but I had previously smoothed him over, had lent him money, and had already hinted at the greater benefit in store, so he could not be obstinate—conscientious man!—when such a friend's interest was concerned. Now you know why I proposed a slight delay in the marriage; that must not be hurried, you can see. Then, knowing all this, I hope you will keep silence on the subject, not only to others, but to me. These discussions are not pleasant.'

Ellitt was silenced, although perhaps hardly convinced; and when, after a prolonged sitting, they parted, it was with more of friendship in their words and manner than at their greeting.

'It is a narrow chance'—so ran Mr Gadham's reflections, as he went back to his room—'a near thing, but I shall pull through. When I do, Mr Ellitt, we shall see which of us will be the cat's-paw.'

Mr Gadham, indeed, was possessed of other professional friends besides Mr Ellitt, and profound as was the confidence which, as we have shown, he placed in the latter gentleman, yet he did not feel it necessary to mention to him all those whom he found it desirable to consult. It would have added to Mr Ellitt's surprise if he had known of his client's visits to certain gentlemen, and that these visits were always connected with the raising of money. Mr Gadham was supposed to have the command of a considerable sum, the result of various successful speculations abroad; a respectable fortune, in fact, although not vast enough to make him disregard the chance of securing his father's property.

The visit he paid on one particular day—destined to be a busy day with Mr Ernest—was to a person who knew better than to entertain any belief in such a fortune. Much argument on the applicant's side was required, and many references to amounts already advanced were made by the lender; but the interview may be supposed to have ended satisfactorily, as a cheque was handed to Mr Gadham, who put his name to a document which contained an acknowledgment for a sum very different from that shown on the slip of gray paper. However, his end was gained, and Mr Gadham left the office in a more cheerful mood than he had entered it.

On returning to his house, he found a telegram awaiting him from Mr Ellitt, requesting his attendance at the office of the latter as soon as possible.

'Something fresh, I suppose!' muttered Mr Gadham. 'I saw him yesterday. What can have happened since then?' He lost no time in obeying the summons.

Mr Ellitt was as prompt in his explanation.

'What I have been a long time expecting, has at last come off!' exclaimed the latter. 'I have had a call from old Seares, the manager of the firm which is against us. He began with a flourish to the effect that he was not empowered to make any offer, was not acting for any one, and all that; but having known the parties to

the suit so long, and being so sorry—disinterested old soul!—to see a fine property wasted in litigation, especially between relations, it had occurred to him that something in the way of a compromise, satisfactory to both parties, might be arrived at. It was possible, he thought, that if he proposed an equal division, his clients might be brought to listen to it.—What did I say? Now, I know old Seares as the hardest, bitterest old fellow in London, who would not lose twopence to save the fortune of any man, woman, or child within ten miles of this place. I know him, and I am sure the game is nearly up, or they would not offer to give away half of the property.—You will not listen to such an offer, I may take that for granted?’

‘Do you think it amounts to an offer?’ asked Gadham, who had listened with the deepest attention to the attorney’s narrative. ‘I should like to be sure of that.’

‘Oh, it means an offer, there can be no doubt on that point. But you do not mean to say you will listen to the idea of taking half, when the very offer proves they have no real hope of saving anything?’

‘I do not know,’ said Gadham reflectively. ‘You see, I hate law—no disrespect implied to you, Ellitt—and I am not in the position of a man who has no other resources. If they mean the ready-money half for me, I might discuss the proposal; they might have the business.’

‘Have the business!’ echoed the lawyer. ‘Why, that is a fortune in itself! There is not such another connection in the city of London—so sound, and so easily managed. You would be mad to think of such a sacrifice.’

But mad or not, Ernest did think of such a sacrifice, and made his sentiments so plain, that Ellitt was at last obliged reluctantly to promise to follow up the negotiation.

‘And mind,’ was Gadham’s final instruction, ‘I want this settled. Tell them that prompt measures, handing over quickly, means an easy settlement. Every day of law will make it worse.—Now we leave that matter—and I will ask how long the notice has yet to run?’

This question was understood to refer to the notice at the registrar’s office, which had been given in for the marriage of Mr Ernest Gadham to Miss Dora Ellitt, which it appeared had expired and been renewed.

On the solicitor’s reply, Gadham explained that directly the business was settled—say the day after—he should marry Miss Dora, and so keep his word.

‘I shall go to old David’s,’ he concluded; ‘and come from his place to your private house. We shall not want him many days longer, I hope; and I am sure it will be desirable to keep up the delusion he already labours under; so you are warned.’

The pair smiled at this. If there was not much heart in the smile on either side, yet it served as well as the most genial of its kind.

The day had waned so far, that it was twilight when Mr Gadham reached David’s house. He found the clerk at home, as also Josie and Minnie, and there was a pleasing flutter of excitement in the little mansion. A letter from Geoffrey had been received that day, sent on by the mailboat, which touched at a port where his vessel called.

It said that he had some splendid news, but he meant to save it all till he came home, which would be in a few days after they read these lines; and then, good-bye to the sea! The excitement, and the speculations about these mysterious tidings, can easily be understood.

To Mr Gadham this intelligence was not altogether pleasurable, and while he had tact enough to pretend to rejoice in the news and to refrain from any marked attentions to Miss Josie, he was yet more confidential than ever with David. He confided to him that the suit was about to be settled in his favour; he perhaps strengthened his account of what had taken place somewhat more than the facts justified, and certainly said nothing to indicate that any division would take place; but this pleased David, which was the aim of the narrator.

The result of a long conversation was to leave the old clerk once more in a whirl of confusion. It was clear to him, even in the midst of this whirl, that Mr Gadham only required the slightest encouragement, to make a formal offer, and should he, David, be doing his duty as a father, if he did not exercise his influence to secure such a position for Josie? As for Geoffrey—well, really Geoffrey could not be so unreasonable as to expect anything else, when he came to know the facts.

It was twilight, as we have said, when Mr Gadham arrived at old David’s, and it was dark when he left the house; otherwise, he might have noticed a man under the shade of some trees which stood in a little enclosure on the other side of the way. When Mr Gadham came out, the man drew himself up against the railings, where the overhanging branches made the gloomiest shade, and did not move until he had seen Mr Gadham pass under the light of the most distant lamp-post in the street. Then hurrying across the road, he knocked sharply at Chester’s door, and was answered by the clerk himself.

‘Are you Mr David Chester?’ asked the stranger, and on David answering, continued: ‘Then I want to have five minutes’ talk with you upon business—on rather important business, as you will find.’

‘More business,’ thought David; ‘and with a stranger too!’—and my head in such a whirl.—‘Come in, sir,’ he added aloud; ‘I am at your service.’

The man followed Chester into the little parlour, where David handed him a chair, and then seated himself opposite to him. The stranger was shabby, his coat-cuffs and collar frayed, his boots, as could be seen while he sat with crossed legs, were broken; but worse than this was the evil expression of his grimy face.

‘Well, sir,’ began the clerk, ‘you said you had some business to speak of; will you be good enough to say what it is?’

‘Yes, governor, fast enough, as you will find. But I have been waiting pretty near a couple of hours over the way, to see the coast clear, and it makes me feel almost done up. If you have a mouthful of anything to drink in the house, I should really take it as a favour to have a drop.—I can see you don’t much like my looks, and I don’t wonder at it. But you will find I mean well by you, and you won’t grudge half a glass of something to cheer a fellow.’

A good deal against his inclination, David rose, and produced a bottle of spirits with a wine-glass, which he placed before the stranger.

The latter's idea of 'half a glass' seemed to be the filling the vessel to the brim with neat spirit, which he drank off with great gusto, smacking his lips in approval. 'Thank ye, governor; that was very kind of you, and I shall not forget it.—Now to business. You are in the swim with Ernest Gadham and Tom Ellitt the lawyer, about old Peter Gadham's will. They are as pretty a pair as you could easily find in all London; but I suspect you don't know much about them.'

'I have nothing to do with those gentlemen,' began David; but he was interrupted by his visitor exploding into a coarse laugh, and echoing the word 'gentlemen!' with an expression still coarser.

'I have nothing to do with those gentlemen,' repeated David, with an emphasis intended to be very severe, and calculated to rebuke the offensive tone of his visitor, 'beyond testifying to my having witnessed the will, which you know I am bound to do—it is my duty.'

'Now, look here, David Chester!' said the man, suddenly changing his tone for one of greater earnestness, and unexpectedly bringing his hand down upon that of the clerk, which was resting on the table. 'You are said to be an honest man, and so I think you are; but for an honest man, you are in the queerest business I ever heard on. Now, speak openly, and tell me what share of the property they have promised you?'

'Share!' echoed David. 'Why, what right have I to any share? Mr Ernest has been most generous in his intention to befriend me, knowing how long I was with the firm; and I am sure he will help me; but when you talk of a share, why, that is all nonsense.'

'Just as I expected; I'm blessed if it isn't!' exclaimed the man. 'Then you have no agreement or settlement, but are simply trusting to the generosity of Ernest Gadham; backed up, of course, by the generosity of Tom Ellitt? Ha, ha, ha! I have come to-night to alter that, and to put five thousand pounds—not a penny less!—he struck his clenched fist on the table with a force which made the bottle and glass rattle.—'I mean to put five thousand pounds in our pockets. I can't do this without you, because they have the pull on me; for I am a ticket-of-leave man, and the police want me for a lot of things.'

David, who had drawn his chair a little farther from the table and from his visitor, on hearing the avowal made by the latter, stared at the man, unable to guess at what he was driving, and half inclined to think him mad.

'You have sworn to your signature,' pursued the stranger, 'but you have sworn to a lie in doing so.'

'A lie! What do you mean by such an assertion?' cried David. He was angry with the man, and yet there was a dim, half-visible something in his mind which filled him as much with fear as anger.

'Don't get into a passion, governor. You have meant all right, I daresay; but you never signed that will. There wasn't a will—not that Ernest Gadham or Tom Ellitt knew of, anyway; but

there *had* been one, and that was enough for them. The other witness was dead, and so there was only you to deal with; and you will excuse me if I say they did not take you into much account as regards sharpness. They made lots of inquiries about you, and didn't drop down on you so accidental as you fancied. Having got ready, they wanted a man to forge a will. Any lawyer's clerk could do the thing itself; it did not matter what was there, for they well knew you had not read a line of the genuine one; but it was the signatures which puzzled them; so they got me to do it. Yes, mister, they got me, knowing I was the cleverest hand out at such work. There was plenty of samples to be had of your writing, and Sperr-brow's, and the old man's too, so there was no difficulty about that.'

'But I recognised my own writing,' argued David.

'No; you did not; you recognised mine. But better judges than you have been taken in before now in the same way. Well, you see how it is. I daren't come forward; and the swindlers—for they have no principle in them—gave me a pound now and then, just to keep me from starving, or getting so desperate that I should not care what happened. But with you it is different. Do you just go to them, tell them you know all about it; that, as a respectable man with a character to lose, you must have five thousand pounds down, or secured, and you can't take a penny less. Tell them that if they don't do this, you will go to the police and blue the whole lay. As a respectable man, you can do this, and you ought to.'

'How can I say these things, or believe a word you tell me?' asked the bewildered David, 'when I have actually signed the will, and have recently sworn to my signature, which, I repeat, I am certain is genuine. I shall keep to that belief.'

'No; you won't,' said the man, with a cunning grin, which made him appear even uglier and more repellent than before. 'I have been a little too clever for them, with all their sharpness. I thought they might try to best me, so I was first with them.—Did you see the date of this new will, or was it mentioned in your affidavit?'

'It was mentioned; and I remember it very well; it was the 20th of May.'

'I put in the 20th.—Now, where were you on the 20th of May in that year?'

'I—I don't know, except that I must have been at the office, or I could not have signed the will.'

'I thought you would say so. I knew you had nothing else to go by,' continued the stranger. 'Now, I will tell you better. Do you recollect going down to Liverpool with old Gadham's lawyer, you taking down some papers and books, to prove a charge against Andrew Whitman, alias Andrew Long, alias Fly Scotty, alias fifty other things?'

'Yes, of course I do! But when we got there'—

'You wasn't wanted,' interposed the man. 'There was charges enough against him without yours. That was the 20th of May, as you can easily prove, and as I know, for it was just before the Derby, which I had made up my mind to see run; and I am Andrew Whitman.'

'You!' cried David.

'I got five years that time, so I ought to remember when it was. I saw my way to having a pull on them two by putting in a date when you could not possibly have been in the office. So, you see, we have got them beautiful; and you as a respectable man can stick it into them to what figure you like.—Now, what do you think of it, governor? I should say: "Lose no time; go to work at once." I should be at them to-morrow. Don't you agree with me?'

'I cannot talk to you to-night; you had better go,' gasped David.

'I see; you want a little time to think, I suppose.—Here is an address,' handing a piece of paper to his host. 'I can be heard of there, or a letter will find me. If I don't hear in three days, I shall look you up again. So good-night, governor. You will find me right as the day, square and sound; and don't forget my tip. Five thousand is the very lowest you ought to ask. Ride the high-horse; they must knuckle under. Good-night, governor, and good-luck.' With this the stranger left the house.

A DESTRUCTIVE FLY.

It is only within the last few months that attention has been drawn to the great loss caused to farmers, breeders, and graziers by the depredations of the Warble Fly. It is mainly due to Miss Ormerod, the Honorary Entomologist to the Royal Agricultural Society of England—from whose Report on the subject we derive the facts for this article—that attention has been called to the matter at all. When we state that the annual loss is estimated at between six and seven millions sterling, many will no doubt think it is very much exaggerated; but if they will procure a copy of the Report and carefully study the figures, they will, we think, come to the conclusion that the amount is rather under than over estimated. The fly in appearance is not unlike the common humble-bee, and is about half an inch in length. The female is provided with an egg-laying tube (ovipositor); but it is a moot-point whether she really deposits her eggs on the hide, or, by means of her ovipositor, pierces the skin and leaves the eggs underneath. From the mad way in which the cattle gallop about when the fly makes its appearance, we are inclined to think she adopts the latter mode. Egg-laying generally takes place during May, June, and even July; but is slightly varied by the weather, or by the cattle being on high or low pastures. The egg is oval-shaped, of a white colour, with a small brownish lump at one end. Having safely deposited its eggs, the fly's mission is finished. In a few days the egg brings forth a small maggot, which at once commences eating its way through the hide to feed on the juices beneath. About Christmas, lumps—small at first, but gradually increasing in size until they attain that of a walnut—will be seen on the backs of the cattle. These lumps are caused by the growth of the maggot, which, when full grown, is about an inch in length, and the thickness of the tip of one's little finger. Strange to say, by many farmers these lumps—called warble-lumps—were considered as showing that

the animal was in good condition, and were called 'health-lumps' or 'thriving-lumps.'

It is curious to note that the maggot, or 'bot,' lies head downwards, feeding on the sore under the tissues of the hide, while with its black-tipped tail—often mistaken for its head—it is drawing in breath from an opening in the 'warble.' When the maggot is ready to turn into its chrysalis stage, it presses itself out of the opening tail foremost, and falls to the ground, where it finds shelter under a clod or stone. This, in a few words, is the history of the ox warble fly.

Now, let us turn to the injury it does in its brief career. We have already said that the appearance of these flies causes the cattle to gallop madly about as if for their very lives. It is, we suppose, known to every one that feeding-cattle cannot grow in flesh without rest and quiet; and milch cows suffer doubtless to a greater extent than most people are aware of. To irritate or excite a cow reduces both the quantity and quality of the milk; so, when a cow gallops in mad terror several miles a day, the loss must indeed be something considerable. Then, again, just fancy the agony these poor animals must suffer when these huge maggots are feeding upon them, many even dying in consequence. When the hides have been taken from young cattle which have so perished, the back has been found to be one mass of sores, the discoloured blood and matter showing how intense the inflammation has been. 'This leads to the important point,' says Mr D. Byrd, 'what is our loss in the cheese-tub caused by the warble and gad flies?' The delay caused in the growth of the cattle from these tormenting flies and the presence of the maggot is estimated at a loss of two pounds per head. 'In the dairy cows,' the Report goes on to say, 'the loss will be greater. The daily loss of milk may make a difference of one hundredweight or three-quarters of a hundredweight of cheese per cow per annum. Half a hundredweight, or twelve and a half per cent. of milk less in a dairy making four hundredweight, at seventy shillings, comes to thirty-five shillings. But twelve and a half per cent. is too low an estimate; it may in some cases be put at three pounds per head; and in a dairy of one hundred cows would show a loss of three hundred pounds.' These figures, we think, are instructive, and deserve to be carefully studied by every dairy-farmer.

Now, let us see what damage it does to the hide. Here the loss passes in a degree from the farmer to the butcher. We have seen how the warble-lump is in every case perforated, which means, that for every warble-lump there is a corresponding hole in the hide. As these lumps range in number from ten to one hundred, a hide that has fifty or sixty holes in it becomes practically worthless, or, at anyrate, the value of it is enormously depreciated. In some districts, any hide that shows more than half-a-dozen warbles is considered a badly warbled hide, and fetches a correspondingly bad price. To give some idea of the amount of loss, it may be noted, that a deduction of three farthings per pound on a hide of ninety-five pounds-weight means a loss of about six shillings on the hide. As a matter of fact, the loss on hides is often ten to fifteen shillings a-piece.

We stated at the beginning of this paper that the annual loss is between six and seven millions sterling, and we think, taking all things into consideration, this is no exaggeration.

It is somewhat cheering to see that this enormous waste—for waste it is—can be easily and cheaply done away with. When the maggot is in the warble, it is entirely at the mercy of the farmer. It cannot get out of the warble until it is ripe for the chrysalis stage; and before this stage has been reached, every maggot should have ceased to exist. The question naturally arises—How? We answer—In a variety of ways. It may be squeezed out by the fingers; it may be stabbed with a needle; it may be poisoned; and last, and perhaps the most effective way of all, it may be suffocated. Squeezing them out would be a tedious affair; stabbing them, uncertain; poisoning them, dangerous, for it would be easy to poison the animal as well. Mercurial ointment was first recommended to be placed on the opening of the warble in a small quantity; but mercurial ointment in unskilful hands has already proved dangerous. Applications of tar, cart-grease, sulphur, &c. are also efficient, but in a lesser degree. Carbolic acid is also recommended; but, from what we know of this acid in its raw state, we should fear it doing as much injury to the animal as to the maggot.

Messrs M'Dougall's Cattle-dressing and Sheep-dip, which is non-poisonous, has proved very effective for the destruction of these maggots. A small application of this Dressing to the opening in the swelling has the effect of coagulating the maggot and causing its entire disappearance. What becomes of the maggot, one cannot say.

It is curious to note that human beings have also been attacked by this fly, its eggs deposited, and the usual symptoms followed, so far, at least, that five or six of the maggots were squeezed out from the throat, varying in size from one-half to three-quarters of an inch.

THREE LINKS IN A CHAIN.

NEITHER the brush nor the pen, but the lancet and the scalpel are properly my tools, and yet for an hour past I have been occupied in delineating on the canvas of memory certain scenes that belong to the past. The reverie-painted pictures are three in number, and each is vivid, sharply defined, and stands conspicuously out in its setting of trivial or exciting circumstance. Have they anything in common, despite their seeming dissociation? I begin to think so. A more dubious problem: If there is indeed a hidden secret link between these events, will the discovery thereof aid or hinder the realisation of my dearest hope? I have at present no answer to this question.

The first scene imagination has conjured anew before me with all the exactness of realism reveals the interior of a jeweller's shop in Renford, my native town. It is a fine large business apartment, with its walls lined with cases displaying through their polished glass costly articles of virtu—for Mr Huntley magnifies his trade, and is a collector—and its counters spread with more cases, holding in dainty nests gold and silver and precious stones, fashioned in many forms of use

and ornament. Mr Huntley's shopman is busy in the front rearranging a portion of the stock; his employer and I are discussing in the office, semi-partitioned off at the rear, a question of local politics having no sort of connection with the present narrative. My father is vicar of Renford; and Mr Huntley, as long as I can recollect, has been vicar's churchwarden—hence the intimacy between us; and although I have commenced the study of medicine, and look speedily to sever the tie of residence in the quiet western town, I am still interested in local affairs. Suddenly, the shop doors—there are wisely two—open one after the other—the inner one with a sharp little jerk that betokens nervousness or haste on the part of the prospective customer. The austere young man who is polishing an enamel brooch deftly replaces it, slides back the case bottom with a subdued click, and waits in an attitude of deferential attention. Standing at right angles to Mr Huntley's desk, I am facing the shop and the street, and however incurious, am compelled to see and hear what passes.

It is a young girl—she may be fifteen, she may be older—who has entered, and there is something about her that I find curiously attractive. She is a stranger to me, and therefore, perhaps, I observe more particularly the slim shapely figure, fawn-like in its timid yet graceful movements; the pretty piquant profile; the clear complexion, with the pink spot, telling of excitement, in the centre of the beautifully moulded cheek; the wayward golden curls, that defy the restraint of the simple sun-hat; and the dress of soft creamy white, which so admirably suits both its owner and the pleasant summer weather. Erect, energetic, with an evident sense of humiliation playing the foil to a touch of unconscious hauteur—the vision comes back as I write.

'You wish to see the principal, miss? Did I understand correctly?'

The girl gives a quick gesture of assent; the assistant calls his master, and I am left with only the occupation of the onlooker.

From a small threadbare reticule I see produced a bracelet, a ring, and one or two other articles, which seem to have formed part of a fashionable lady's outfit of jewelry. The colour has deepened on the maiden's face, and I am fancying that she is at once proud of her possessions and anxious as to the result of her present enterprise. She has reason for her anxiety, of which it is charitable to believe she suspects nothing. I will be bold to say that one cannot watch the changing lights and shadows of her countenance and think her the originator or wilful accomplice of fraud.

'These—what can you give me for these?' she asks in a low quivering voice. 'You do buy gems, I believe; these are very valuable, I am told.' She does not appear to have the smallest appreciation of the fact that a respectable tradesman will hardly make a random offer for jewels that can be thus described, without inquiry not only as to the *bona fides* of the applicant, but as to the authority also for the sale.

But this stage is never reached. Mr Huntley has taken up one by one the gleaming wares, and one by one laid them aside after an inspection which has its result in making him phenomenally grave and chasing a storm-line across

his forehead. 'Have you any idea of the worth of these articles, or of either—any one of them?' he dryly asks.

I think both the assistant and myself instinctively prick up our ears. The girl, too, is startled by his tone. 'I have been assured—papa said it—that the stones in the bracelet alone cost two hundred and fifty pounds.'

The glance with which she meets Mr Huntley's keen look is as open as the day, and the expression on the jeweller's face turns to one of pity. 'I could not give you as many shillings, miss. The stones are clever imitations, and that is all. There is not one genuine amongst those you have shown me.—Mr Skirrow, let me have your opinion.'

The assistant confirms the unflattering judgment, and does it with a sneer that I felt disposed, though with no valid reason, to resent.

The crimson tide has ebbed, and the girl's cheeks are blanched; her lips quiver, and at first no sound comes from them; her eyes slowly fill with tears. I fear that she may drop in a swoon, but this woman's weakness she does not seem to share. There are seconds of intolerable suspense for us all. At last there is a half-stifled cry: 'Jack! how could you!'

It is plain that she accepts the situation, and that her thoughts are even now busy with the solution of her dark enigma. For the moment she has forgotten her environment, and she murmurs her vain protest against the—to us—unknown culprit whose duplicity, however exercised, has plunged her into an abyss of shame. Then she stammers an apology, accepts mechanically at Mr Huntley's hands the shabby bag into which he has gathered, by her permission, the dishonoured treasures, and retires. I question if in all Renford there is a heavier heart; and I wonder, with eager palpitating interest, who is 'Jack,' and what is the precise nature of the nefarious trick he has perpetrated.

Mr Huntley can explain little—only that Miss Raine and her father (who is said to be an artist) are the new people at Bristol Cottage.

The second of these pictures, imprinted so indelibly on the retina of my mind, is widely different in *motif* and in detail. The place is an ambulance tent, pitched, literally enough, as some of us think, in the wilderness. The Egyptian troubles that began with the riots and rebellion at Alexandria have culminated in the Soudan War. Gordon—bravest of the brave—has reached Khartoum. El Teb has been fought, and our troops are on their way back from Tokar to Trinkitat. I am with them in the capacity of army surgeon, and there are times when I satirise bitterly the longing for adventure and idle dreams of distinction to which I am indebted for the appointment I hold. But self-reproaches are useless. The tent is tenanted by four men, three of whom have been wounded in a surprise skirmish—a mere outpost affair; the other is the victim of a camp accident. The most serious case is that of a private called Eastleigh. He has been badly dealt with by a dying Arab spearman, has lost much blood, and himself believes that his last hour is near. I have done for him what is possible, have attended to the needs of his companions in misfortune, and have

lingered by Eastleigh's side to test yet again the security and sufficiency of his bandages. What it is in the poor fellow's face that strikes me with a sense of familiarity, or at least of previous acquaintance, I cannot guess. But even in these dubious half-lights, I am persuaded that some reminiscence should answer to the impression thus created. Only—it fails to do so.

'Doctor!' Eastleigh faintly moans.

'Well, my lad?' I respond.

'Tell me plainly. Have I a chance?'

'I decidedly hope so,' I reply evasively.

'And hope isn't expectation,' he says, with a curious smile.

I am silent. I dare not equivocate in such a case as this; and I recognise, too, that though but a private soldier, Eastleigh is a man of education, and quick to seize the meaning of accents as well as of words.

'I take it, you and I form the same opinion, doctor,' he says, between two terrible paroxysms of pain; 'and the world won't lose much if I do go; but—but—I wish you'd do me a favour. I can depend on you?'

'Anything that is in my power, Eastleigh.'

'I've a father living in England, and he and I quarrelled. I was to blame. I was a sad scapegrace. But he thinks to this day I robbed him. I didn't; it was my cousin Dick. Find him, and tell him that. The address'—

But the exertion is too much; the patient relapses into unconsciousness, and is restored with difficulty. I forbid further talk.

'I quite understand what it is that you wish of me, and I will do as you request,' I say. 'The address I shall find, if I require it, with your kit. I hope it will be unnecessary for me to search, and that you'll live to explain to your father face to face.—Now, silence! Dickson will watch, and send for me if wanted.' And I go out into the darkness of the plain, and muse over a solitary cigar until joined by a couple of regimental comrades. I cannot forget the face of the wounded soldier.

In describing the third of these mental pictures, I must explain that I am now no longer half a civilian and half a soldier. Military stations and barrack hospitals know me no more. A slender inheritance has come to me from a dear old maiden aunt, the cheer of whose gentle encouragements I would to this day rather have had than her money, and with it I have bought a partnership with an ancient college friend of my father's. Dr Hildreth has treated me generously, for the sake of auld langsyne; he and his wife—they have no children—are delightful people; and Great Gamble is a quaint, healthy, well-behaved East Anglian town, with many another humorous incongruity about it beside that of its name. Existence here is humdrum—granted. But I am content—more than content, since I have been honoured with the friendship of Mrs Bristowe. Margaret—she is Mrs Hildreth's kinswoman, many degrees removed, and thus I have learned the name—is a widow, and I had heard her sad and romantic story before I met her. Her husband bore that title scarce an hour; he fell in a fit at the bride's feet as he was leaving the church door, and was a dead man before succour could arrive.

The medical evidence showed that he was the victim of heart-disease, to which the excitement of the day and the hour had administered a fatal impetus. So grievous a shock would abundantly account for the gravity which seems a marked feature of Mrs Bristowe's character. Not that she is gloomy; her age forbids that, for she is young still—not five-and-twenty, Mrs Hildreth says—and youth has a recuperative power which will struggle back to the sunshine, however crushed by sorrow. Yet there is a seriousness in her mirth. At least I think so, and it suits well with her stately beauty.

The current of an emotion which I recognise as love hurries me on. Will Mrs Bristowe consent to be my wife? I propose to put the question to the test this very evening. It may be that I shall end the present narrative with Margaret's reply.

Now for my third reverie picture. The scene is a metropolitan railway station. The place is thronged with very various sorts and conditions of men, for detachments of the brave fellows who marched to relieve Gordon—and alas! marched in vain—are arriving, and the London crowd is there to welcome them. I am ten minutes early for the train I wish to catch, and the departure platform seems almost deserted, by comparison with the stir and bustle elsewhere. I stand idly by, and watch a body of the bronzed heroes file past on the opposite side of the narrow cutting. Those round me set up a cheer, in which I hesitate to join; for do I not belong to those who are the subjects of the ovation? Their dangers and privations I have shared. I am not quite alone in my silence. There is at my left hand an old man, who stands rigid as a statue, but with eyes blazing with a strange, fiery eagerness, as the men gather into military order and tramp away through the station gates in the track of their earlier comrades; and hanging upon his arm is a woman in black, closely veiled.

'Perhaps it was a mistake, and it was some one like John at a little distance, but not John himself,' says the father, as I instantly elect to believe him. The tones have in them such a depth of sadness and vain regret, that I unconsciously fall to studying the speaker's face. It is a striking and a noble one, though there are signs that both pride and passion have done work thereupon with their ruthless graving tools. As I watch, there comes to me the conviction that these lineaments are not wholly strange; yet I am baffled to discover any basis for the curious fancy of familiarity.

His companion murmurs something which the shriek of a whistle causes me to lose (as if I had the remotest right to play the eavesdropper).

'Ah, John! Can he not trust me to forgive him everything?' the old man answers.

'This is your train, sir.—Any luggage?'

I saunter leisurely off in the rear of the porter I have tipped, and the episode—scarce worthy of such a designation—is at an end. But that fragment of conversation comes back at this hour as if it were even now ringing in my ears, and I am trying to account for the enduring nature of these recollections as I weave them together.

I paused at the preceding paragraph three

hours ago, and took my hat and overcoat—for it is a stormy October night—and went to Mostyn, as the Hildreths' home is called. Mrs Bristowe's visit draws to a close. She has a father staying with friends in a southern cathedral city, and she has but fulfilled an old promise by thus invading the Fen country. Parent and daughter return simultaneously, or as nearly as they can contrive it, to their London residence. Further delay on my part might have been disastrous. By which hint I have perhaps revealed that I do not now write as a disappointed man. Yet there was hazard and uncertainty.

Mrs Hildreth had more than a suspicion of my errand, and contrived, with womanly dexterity, to leave Margaret and me to a *tête-à-tête*, a service for which I shall ever owe my partner's wife a debt of gratitude. Hildreth was attending old Sir Lucas Gannithorne at Gamble Manor for gout. I had counted upon this; though, had he been at home, my friend and colleague, I make no doubt, would have caught a peculiar twinkle in his wife's eyes—or have practised the art of divination for himself—and have remembered a neglected call.

I am not going to enter into details. Let it suffice that I offered my hand to Mrs Bristowe—my heart was hers already—and was refused. But she admitted that to some extent she reciprocated my feelings of regard and affection; whereupon I plucked up courage to inquire into the reasons of her decision.

During the course of the conversation that ensued between us, it was borne in upon me more and more that Margaret was the girl who had suffered so crushing a discomfiture in the jeweller's shop at Renford. I was determined in some way to have this question resolved before wishing her farewell. But she forestalled my purpose.

'Our acquaintance has been agreeable to me also, I confess,' she said. 'Have you any idea, Mr Bruton, that it was not in this room that we met—or rather were thrown into accidental proximity for the first or the second time?'

I started at these last words. Was Margaret the veiled lady of the railway platform? 'I must acknowledge that I am prepared to hear it,' I answered. Our eyes met, and there was the bond henceforth of a mutual understanding between us. But how full of hopeless pain was Margaret's glance! And then, bit by bit, she confided to me the story, which, in her view, constituted an insurmountable obstacle in the path of my happiness. She had a prodigal brother, who had only escaped condign punishment for his misdemeanours by opportune disappearance. The burden of vicarious shame lay heavy on her soul, and she most resolutely purposed to bear the load alone.

'We know nothing of Jack's whereabouts or mode of life now,' she said; 'and it is my daily dread that some new disgrace may yet come upon us. I will not expose another to this irksome risk.'

My temerity surely transgressed the bounds of courtesy. 'But you married Mr Bristowe?' I said.

The delicate oval features were mantled with a vivid blush, and I construed the sign as chiefly one of anger. It had a very different and, for me, a less awkward explanation.

'Poor Dick! I will not say one harsh word of him,' she murmured. 'But—I did not—girl as I was—care for Dick as a woman ought to care for the man she marries. He was my father's choice for me; and he had a knowledge of my brother's escapades, which we wished buried in silence.'

'And you were the sacrifice.'

There was no denial. 'If Jack would come home and reform, father would forgive him even the affair of the jewels. You saw me try to sell the sham ones, wickedly and cleverly put in the place of the real gems,' Margaret murmured. 'It was a cruel trick, for money was wanted then. Father was ill, and there were Jack's other defalcations to make up.—I thought I saw my brother once in uniform, as a common soldier; but probably I was mistaken. It was at a railway station.'

'And I was there too?'

'Yes.'

It was the opportunity for giving an account of private Eastleigh and of his request; and in a voice consciously vibrating with excitement, I unburdened myself of the recollection. All the colour fled from my love's face.

'Dick the guilty one! And we both were blinded!'

'But, Mrs Bristowe, can you be certain of this soldier's identity?'

'I think so,' Margaret answered. 'Eastleigh was my mother's maiden name; it was natural for Jack to assume that. But, oh, tell me—what became of him?'

Suspense approaching agony was in the tones. Jack Raine was loved still in spite of his faults. I hastened to relieve the tension.

'He was much better the next morning, and I believe recovered,' I said. 'But he was not properly in my charge. I had duties elsewhere; and I have not seen him since. But it is nearly a certainty that you saw him on the occasion you have mentioned. If I find him for you, and there is a reconciliation, and Jack makes good his statement of innocence, of which I have no doubt—will you then grant me my desire, Margaret?'

Sweetest of monosyllables was my girl's low 'Ycs.'

Postscript, a year after, by Mrs Margaret Bruton: 'Amongst some old papers that Frank has brought from his den in Great Gamble High Street to our nest, so prettily named Woodbine Villa, there was the above. Frank says that as far as he is concerned it is a complete and veracious history, ending, as he had suggested it might, with my reply to a certain question. Veracious it may be, but complete it certainly is not. But he is obstinate, and refuses to add a single line of sequel. There is a spare half-page, however, and I am toiling to make good Frank's indolent neglect.'

'Private Eastleigh was indeed my long-lost brother. Frank had very little difficulty in finding him, knowing so well in what quarter to apply. Jack was ignorant of my first marriage and of his cousin Dick's death. It seemed that pride and a mistaken notion that my father's resentment was implacable, kept him from communicating with us. He has now made it very

clear that he was rather sinned against than sinning, though he was too noble to accuse Dick at the time. It was unnecessary to purchase his discharge, as his time of service was nearly expired, and he has now settled down in a mercantile appointment, sobered and repentant of his past follies. And this, and more, much more, we owe to my self-willed, provoking, noble-hearted husband.'

THE ELECTRIC LIGHTING OF MINES.

A SUCCESSFUL METHOD.

THE desirability of illuminating mines has long been felt, and scientists have given much attention to the subject; but the difficulties which presented themselves have hitherto proved insurmountable, and nothing practical has therefore resulted from the various suggestions and experiments which have been made. To enable the collier to follow his daily task, he is provided with a safety-lamp; but to light up the main roadways of a mine with a number of these lamps would not only increase the working expenses of a pit, by the additional labour which would be necessary to keep them properly cleaned and trimmed, but such a system would also augment the chances of an explosion. When the Davy lamp was introduced, the ventilation current in mines did not exceed a velocity of five or six feet per second, and in this the lamp was practically safe; but within recent years, great improvements have been effected in this respect, and the current now moves at four times that rate, the result being that, in the presence of coal-dust or firedamp, the lamp ceases to afford security to the miner, inasmuch as there is always the danger that the swiftness of the ventilating current may drive a point of flame outside the gauze, when, of course, the lamp would practically become a naked light, and all the disasters attending an explosion would ensue. Besides this, in case a mine were illuminated by safety-lamps, there would have to be faced the risk of their being accidentally knocked down and broken, and so a catastrophe occurring in that way; whilst there would be the further drawback, that to light up an extensive mine, some thousands of them would be required, as the flame of each would only be about a half-candle power. It is, therefore, clearly impossible that such a system could ever be adopted.

Some time ago, electricity was proposed as a light-giving agent in mines, and within late years attempts have been made to introduce it as such, but without much success; for, although it was found quite possible to illuminate the bottom of a pit and the adjacent roadways, yet, when a system of conductors and lamps was extended into the workings, some serious difficulties were presented. Consequently, darkness has hitherto remained a characteristic of the mine; and toilers in the bowels of the earth have continued to lose their lives to the number of something like four hundred and sixty a year by the roof or sides of their working-places falling upon them, their

safety-lamps not giving a sufficiently good light to enable them to see defects and protect themselves against accident from them. Almost a like number of deaths takes place among miners every year from miscellaneous causes (exclusive of explosions), and no doubt many of these are due to deficiency of light. Such a death-roll is indeed awful to contemplate; and the fact that there is every probability of its being lessened will be hailed with gladness not only by the mining community but by the general public.

As has been already pointed out, electricity has been looked to, to solve the question; and although the first attempts did not satisfactorily accomplish what was desired, it is by means of this agent that it has at last become possible to illuminate mines, the inventor of the system being Mr Miles Settle, managing director of the Madeley Coal and Iron Company, North Staffordshire, who is also patentee of the 'water-cartridge' for blasting with perfect safety in the most fiery mines (see *Chambers's Journal*, March 6, 1886). One of the great difficulties which had to be overcome in electrically lighting a mine was the fact that, after the glass vessel containing an incandescent light had been broken, the film still remained at a white-heat, and would therefore ignite any inflammable gas which might happen to be near. This obstacle Mr Settle has surmounted; and his invention is of very simple construction. A small incandescent lamp is fixed in an air-tight glass globe, and this is placed in a larger vessel of the same pattern. By filling the outer glass with water, the air-tight globe and the lamp it contains are caused to float to a point where connection with the electric current is established. If the outer vessel be made air-tight as well as the inner, precisely the same result is obtained by blowing into it through a tube to which a cock is attached. Should any portion of the lamp get broken, the connection is at once severed, and the light instantly goes out. This system of illumination has now for several months been in successful operation in one of the mines under Mr Settle's charge. In this pit the electrical power is derived from a Gramme dynamo-machine, which is fixed in a passage in the main airway of the down-cast shaft at a distance of three hundred yards from the surface. From this the wires conveying the current run to the working-face of the coal—a distance of about four hundred yards; and, to prevent accident, they are incased in wood. At distances of thirty yards, a lamp is placed, and the light it affords—equal to sixteen sperm candles—is sufficiently brilliant to dispel the darkness and to enable the miner to see the nature of his surroundings.

Of course, the great question which has to be considered in connection with a lamp of this kind is, is it perfectly safe under all conditions? After the crucial tests to which Mr Settle's invention has been submitted, there can be but one reply—Yes. A current of explosive gas has been directed upon it for a period of twenty-four hours without producing any effect, and a lamp has been broken in a chamber charged with an inflammable atmosphere without the latter being ignited.

It would therefore appear that, so far as human agency can avert disaster, brighter days are in store for the mining population, for, with electricity to light the pit and to blast the coal, the

terrible annual death-roll must be greatly lessened. Those who live in colliery districts will feel that by Mr Settle's invention a great step has been gained, and they will hail with delight a contrivance which promises to decrease the risks of those who toil in the bowels of the earth, and who literally carry their lives in their hands, and which will tend to do away with those harrowing spectacles which ever attend an explosion—headless trunks, horribly charred corpses, broken-hearted widows, and weeping orphans.

A SPIRIT-GUARDIAN.

I THINK that through the dismal night
A Spirit robed in purest white
Is walking, veiled from mortal sight :

A figure which I cannot see,
And yet its hand all tenderly
Is in my own, and leadeth me.

I cannot see it, yet I know
The Spirit by my side ; and lo,
Its light is with me as I go !

An inward light of love and peace
That follows me, and will not cease,
But strengthens with a fond increase :

A light that sometimes, when my fears
Are blinding me with mist and tears,
Like an unclouded east appears.

And though I stray in lands unknown,
That Spirit-hand within my own
Will never let me feel alone.

For, when the way is dark and long,
And spectre-forms around me throng,
To still my laugh and hush my song—

When through a weary desert land
I falter, and can scarcely stand,
I feel the comfort of that hand.

What though there spreads a mist to hide
The figure walking at my side,
The gulf is neither deep nor wide ;

But when at last my journey done,
Shall bring the setting of the sun,
And end of labours now begun,

I think the close of life will be
A Sundered veil, when I may see
The Spirit-Guardian leading me.

ARTHUR B. SALMON.

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HOW A NEW WORLD WAS FOUND AND LOST.

IF, in any average assembly, the question was asked, 'Who discovered America?' probably the great majority would unhesitatingly reply, 'Christopher Columbus.' Nevertheless, the opinion of the majority would hardly be correct; Columbus did not discover the New World—he merely *recovered* it. At the time the bold Genoese planned his scheme of reaching the Indies by a westward route, documents were in existence giving particulars of several visits to the North American continent five hundred years before. Whether Columbus knew of these voyages is a point which never can be determined; but, judging from the course he steered and the object of the expedition—to reach the East Indies, the *El Dorado* of the Middle Ages—it seems very unlikely he had derived any information whatever from this source.

All honour is due to the man who first resolved to penetrate the unknown secrets of the West by boldly steering his barque for the regions of the setting sun, and who carried his attempt to a triumphant termination despite of his many difficulties and discouragements. Still, the fact remains that Columbus only regained a world well known to Europeans five centuries before his day, a world with which a continuous intercourse was maintained for upwards of three hundred years, and which was then inexplicably abandoned, and its very existence ignored or forgotten for well-nigh a couple of centuries. How and when the North American continent was discovered, previously to its re-discovery by Columbus, it is the purpose of this paper to relate.

When the Roman galleys circumnavigated Britain, the farthest land they descried to the north was named by them *Ultima Thule*—the end of the world. This has been supposed by some authorities to have been Iceland, by others the Shetland Islands; but it was not until the year 874 A.D. that any settlement was made in Iceland. It seems to have been first visited by

Naddoir, a Norse pirate, who was driven thither by a storm in the year 860; and Gardar, a Swedish mariner, sailed round it in 864.

Not long after the colonisation of Iceland, Greenland was reached, and in the year 986, Eric the Red founded a settlement there, named Ericsfiord, after himself. One of his companions was an Iclander named Bardson, who had a son, Biron, then absent in Norway. On the latter's return to Iceland, he, finding his father had gone to Greenland, at once resolved to follow him. Contrary winds drove him far out of his proper course, and for many days his ship was enveloped in dismal fogs, so that he lost all reckoning as to his whereabouts. At last the fogs cleared away, and he perceived land a short distance off. The nature of the coast, however, not corresponding with the description he had got of Greenland, Biron concluded he was not on the right track, and steered his ship to the northward. Two days afterwards, land was again sighted; but being flat and covered with trees, it was evidently not the land they sought, and was accordingly left to windward. Still sailing on before a south-west breeze, in three days' time they came to a mountainous island covered with ice. This also was passed without landing; and in four days more, the coast of Greenland was sighted, and Biron had the satisfaction of rejoining his father. To Biron, therefore, belongs the honour of being the first European to discover the shores of North America. There is no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the accounts of this voyage; and it is evident, from the duration of the trip and the description of the lands sighted, that the ship, after departing from Iceland, was carried far to the southward until the coast of America was reached. No landing was made on the continent, and Biron contented himself with making all possible speed to his destination, coasting along the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador on his way thither.

Several years after this, Biron was again in Norway, and gave Earl Eric an account of his voyage and of the new lands he had discovered.

The hardy Norsemen at this time were the most daring of mariners, and the earl desired that more should be learned about this strange and hitherto unknown country. Accordingly, on Biron's return to Iceland, it was determined to make a voyage of further exploration. Leif, a son of Eric the Red, took the command of the expedition; and in the year 1000 he sailed with a crew of twenty-five men. In four days' time they came to the last land discovered by Biron, which they named Hellaland, from the shores being composed of slate, *hella* being the Scandinavian word for that substance. What part of America this was, is disputed, some authorities maintaining it to be Newfoundland; but, from the description of the land, it is more likely to have been Labrador. Leaving here, they stood to the southward, and came to a land covered with woods, probably Newfoundland or Nova Scotia. This they christened Woodland; and, still running before a north-east wind, in two days more they again sighted land. Here they sailed between an island and a promontory running north-east, and casting anchor, went on shore. Discovering a large river issuing from a lake, they brought their vessel into it, and resolved to winter there and explore the neighbouring country. Huts were accordingly erected, and the settlement received the name of Leifsbuthir. A German named Tyrker was one of the party; and having reported that, in one of the exploring expeditions, he had come across great abundance of wild grapes, the country was called Vinland. The whereabouts of this settlement—the first on the American coast—is of course a matter of conjecture; but, judging from the description of the climate and products of the soil, it is probable it was somewhere on the coast of Massachusetts or Rhode Island.

In the spring, Leif returned to Iceland; and the accounts of his discoveries had the result of stimulating others to prosecute the work of exploration. Another expedition sailed in the year 1004, under the care of Thorwald, who seems to have profited by his predecessor's experiences, and steered a more direct course for the American coast. Coming to a peculiarly shaped headland, opposite to another with a fine bay between, he named it Keel Cape. This is supposed to have been Cape Cod. Doubling this, Thorwald continued his course until he arrived at a fine promontory, beautifully wooded, which so charmed him that he resolved to found a settlement there. On landing, they found three canoes, under each of which were three Indians, or Skraelings as they called them, the latter being their name for the Eskimos. This was the first meeting of Europeans and the aboriginal inhabitants of North America, and its result was a foretaste of the many bloody encounters destined to occur in after-years between the settler and the savage. The natives seemingly were in nowise alarmed at the advent of the white strangers, and stood their ground manfully. In the fight which ensued, however, the superiority of the white man was soon apparent, and eight out of the nine were slain. The other managed to effect his escape, and soon returned with a considerable company of his tribe. Thorwald and his men were compelled to retreat to their ship; but, unfortunately, the commander of the expedition himself received a mortal wound

in the fight. An arrow pierced him under the right arm, and he soon became aware that his end was nigh. His last words were instructions to bury him on the promontory he had thought so fair, and then make their way home as speedily as they conveniently could. After carrying out their leader's instructions as to his burial, the party sailed to Leifsbuthir, where they passed the winter, and in the following spring returned to Greenland.

The next voyage was a complete failure. Thornstein, third son of Eric the Red, embarked along with his wife; but after being driven about by tempestuous winds all summer, they quite lost their reckoning. The winter season was already come when they succeeded in reaching the western coast of Greenland, where they were obliged to remain. Here Thornstein died; and in the following spring his widow brought the ship back to Ericsfiord. The object of this expedition was to recover the body of Thorwald and bring it home to Greenland; but instead of succeeding in his purpose, poor Thornstein found a grave himself far from his home and kindred.

In the summer of the following year (1006) a much more important expedition was fitted out for the further investigation of the new continent. The expedition was under the command of Thorfinn, surnamed the Hopeful. He was a man of wealth, and was descended from illustrious ancestors, some being of royal rank. However, if the old manuscripts are correct, his blood must have been anything but pure, as among the more worthy of his 'forebears' are said to have been Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Scottish, and Irish persons of high and powerful station! When the festival of Yule arrived, the customary festivities were observed in true Scandinavian fashion. Thorfinn was captivated by the charms of Gudrida—Thornstein's widow—and she, having evidently forgot her sorrows, became his wife before the expedition sailed. It consisted of three ships and one hundred and forty men. An attempt was to be made to found a permanent colony, and all sorts of necessities were taken on board ship, including live-stock and domestic animals of every description. At last, everything was in readiness, and the expedition set sail. Hellaland was first touched at, then Woodland, where abundance of wild animals were met with. At these places, however, they did not delay, but pressed southwards to more favoured lands. Keel Cape was sighted and passed, after which they coasted along a great tract of sandy beach till they came to where a fiord or firth ran a great way inland. At the mouth of the firth was an island, and both here and farther up the estuary strong currents were encountered, which considerably retarded their progress. The island they called Straumey, or Stream-island; and the firth, Straum-fiord. The island is conjectured to have been that now known as Martha's Vineyard; and the firth would probably be Buzzard Bay. Here they remained for some time, exploring the country round about, and found it to be of a very fine description. To men accustomed to the bleak shores and unkindly climate of Greenland and Iceland, the magnificent summer climate and luxuriant vegetation of this southerly latitude must have been charming in the extreme.

One of the captains, Thorhall by name, was

despatched with the smallest ship to look for the settlement of Leif, in Vinland; but a most untoward fate was in store for him. Westerly gales drove him right across the Atlantic to the coast of Ireland, where he and his crew are said to have been all made slaves. Consequently, if this story be accepted as authentic, Thorhall had the honour—though against his will—of being the first to sail right across the Atlantic Ocean from shore to shore. And still more remarkable is the fact, that this first voyage from the one continent to the other in a temperate latitude should have been from west to east, or, in other words, from the New World to the Old!

Meanwhile, Thorfinn, with the rest of the expedition, prosecuted his explorations by sailing farther to the southward. In due time they came to a land with great tracts of wheat growing wild, and also many wild vines. Here Thorfinn erected huts and passed the winter season. To the Norsemen, however, it would hardly appear winter, for no snow fell, and their domestic animals were able to procure their sustenance in the fields without any difficulty. Numerous parties of the natives were seen, and, in the beginning of the next spring (1008), they opened communications with the strangers. Their furs and skins, of which they had many, they eagerly bartered for cloth or any trifling articles new to them. At this time there happened a most interesting event in the history of America—Gudrida, the wife of Thorfinn, was safely confined of a son, who had thus the proud distinction of being the first native-born American of European parents. He received the name of Snorri, and among his lineal descendants are included Thorwaldsen the famous sculptor, and Magnussen the well-known Danish savant. After some further exploring expeditions, in which he experienced various adventures, including several fights with the natives, Thorfinn and his party sailed back to Greenland. Neither he nor his American-born son seems ever to have returned to the New World. They both settled in Iceland; and the grandson of Snorri, who adopted a clerical profession and was made a bishop, was a man of great learning. He it is who is supposed to have been the writer of the Sagas, or accounts of the voyages and adventures from which we derive our information of the Norse discoveries in America.

The next account we have is of a voyage in the year 1011; and after that there is a great gap of about a hundred years before we find any other expedition mentioned. Although there are no written accounts of any visits to the American coast during this period, we must not hastily conclude that no communication was kept up. There is an account of another voyage to Vinland in 1121, and doubtless many other visits were paid in the intervening years, although no written particulars are now extant. After this period, the intercourse with the New World would seem to have been suspended, and its existence even forgotten, as we are told a new land to the west of Greenland was discovered in 1285 by some Icelandic missionaries. Probably, this was Newfoundland; and the last voyage we have any account of is one from Greenland to Woodland in the year 1347.

Such is a condensed account of the contents of

the Icelandic manuscripts; and there seems no reasonable ground for contesting the truth of the documents. When we consider the character of the hardy Norse mariners and their other distant maritime expeditions, we need not wonder at their venturing so far to the westward. The distance from the southern point of Greenland to the coast of Labrador is only some six hundred miles, little more than the distance from Norway to England. The daring spirits of the north, with whom adventurous expeditions were a passion, and who carried their plundering raids into the Mediterranean, and ravaged its coasts even to the walls of Constantinople, would consider it mere child's-play to run a few hundred miles south-west from their settlements in Greenland. In fact, a greater wonder would have been had they failed to run their long keels somewhere upon the American continent. The most extraordinary circumstance in the whole affair is not their finding but their losing the New World. Their reason for abandoning such a magnificent heritage cannot be fathomed. Possibly, the occurrence of some striking event in Europe—such as the conquest by the Norsemen of that portion of France since called Normandy, and which formed a rich and convenient colony—distracted the attention of the home authorities, and drew their energies into different spheres of action. The absence of sufficient attraction in the shape of plunder would also deter the wild Norse rovers from troubling themselves much about the new countries. Peaceful colonising schemes were not to their mind, and they had full scope for practising their favourite occupation of raiding among the wealthier nations of the Old World. Had the Icelandic explorers only continued their efforts, and penetrated a little farther to the south, in all probability the result would have been different. There they would have found a nobler and more civilised race of men. Gold, silver, and precious stones would have been met with in abundance; and a country producing such commodities would certainly not have been so neglected and forgotten.

What might have been the results in shaping the destinies of both the Old World and the New, had the discovery of the vast extent and unbounded wealth of the Americas been made five centuries before Columbus lifted the veil, it is impossible to tell. One cannot help thinking, however, that had the subjugation of the native races been then attempted, the gallant warriors of Mexico would not have succumbed so easily as they did before Cortes and his handful of Spaniards. There would have been more of an equality in the contest, as firearms were not then known, and there is no doubt it was this advantage which gave the merciless conquerors their easy victory. The native empires of America would have had ample time to prepare for the struggle, and in the meantime the intercourse opened up with European nations would have accustomed them to other modes of warfare, and enabled them to profit in various ways from the more advanced civilisation of the East. Then, possibly, instead of being deprived of their lands by strangers, and they themselves doomed to practical extinction as a race or people, the native races of America might have retained

the greater portion of their vast territories in their own hands, and founded native empires in the New World unsurpassed in wealth and power by those of the Old.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXXI.—GHOSTS.

A WEEK passed, and Cable did not reappear at the Hall. Josephine hardly expected that he would, but she half—more than half—wished that he would. He had loved her; she knew that, and it mortified her to think that his love had died so easily. She did not wish to live with him on the first footing; but she did not desire to part from him in anger and unforgiveness. She made no second attempt to see him. She nursed her resentment at the injustice she conceived he had shown, and hugged herself in her pride. It was not for her to step down to him. She had asked his parlor, and he had refused it. Now, he must come to her, and acknowledge that there had been fault on his part.

Mr Cornellis said not a word. Everything was progressing as best accorded with his wishes. He might spoil, he could not mend matters by putting his finger to them. Josephine's indiscreet marriage and this speedy separation were most convenient to him. She was married to a man who could not interfere with him. He was left with the Hall as his home, and Josephine's fortune pretty well at his disposal. A husband of her own class of life would have taken the management of her affairs into his own hands, and would have required him and Judith to find some other home.

He did not understand Cable. He had visited him without mentioning it to his daughter, and had made him a handsome offer to induce him to leave the place. His offer had been indignantly rejected. Why, Mr Cornellis could not see. He supposed that Richard wanted to make better terms, and he was ready to offer them, but waited to see whether, on reconsideration, Cable would not come to his terms. Like all unprincipled men, he was incapable of admitting the existence of noble springs of action in others.

One morning, he came into the parlour with real surprise and perplexity in his face. 'Josephine,' he said, 'what do you think has happened? That Poor Richard of yours has given us the slip; he has gone off with all his goods and chattels.'

'Gone, papa!'

'Gone, and joy go with him—gone in the yacht. He has kept the plan to himself. Last night, he cleared out, live-stock and all, his mother and all the litter; and the vessel sailed this morning early; she went out with the tide.'

'Papa!—you do not mean this! Gone! Gone whither?'

'That is more than I can say; let us hope, to explore the North-west Passage. We will send no expeditions after them. If the polar bears eat them, may they find the Cables great and small to their taste; they are not to ours.'

Josephine made no response. She was too surprised to speak, and not a little distressed. Richard gone, and gone without a farewell—gone

for how long? Gone, possibly, for ever. Something rose in her throat and choked her. It was well, perhaps, that he had departed; but it was not well that he had gone without taking her hand in both his, looking into her eyes, and then, with broken voices, asking each other's mutual forgiveness for the past mistakes and estrangement.

After remaining for some time silent, thinking, and half disposed to cry, Josephine said: 'Papa, do make inquiries. I must know whither he is gone; I cannot endure uncertainty.'

'You will not charter a vessel and sail after him?'

'No, papa; but I want to know where he is. Has he left no message, not a note, for me?'

'Not a word, which is perhaps fortunate: a word would have been pronounced, and a letter spelled, wrong.'

'Don't speak like that, papa—it—it pains me.'

'Indeed! You have become sensitive very suddenly.'

There is a kind of woman widely dispersed throughout the civilised world who not only eats nothing but veal, but looks upon it as her proper destiny to bleed calves and reduce their flesh to a condition of veal. To their minds, veal is the only allowable food: the woman who touches beef is to be shunned as a dangerous person. To suit the taste of these women, everything must be reduced to a condition of veal—the lifeblood, the colour, the warmth, be bled out of it. These women precipitate themselves, as by natural gravitation, into the arms of ministers of religion, because they find in their minds the nearest approach to intellectual veal, and listen in sweet complacency to their sermons, which are elocutionary veal. Their favourite reading consists of insipid and harmless novels, in which is neither fire of passion nor spark of originality. To feel deeply, to think independently, are to them tokens of a beefy nature, demanding the lancet and the letting of blood. They delight in pale colours, half-tints, weak morality, milk-puddings, and afternoon teas. If they could get their tea to draw without the water being raised to a boil, it would please them well.

A century ago, every man went to the barber in spring and was 'let blood;' and our grandmothers all underwent a similar veal-producing process, morally, spiritually, mentally; nowadays, a few dashing calves kick up their heels and frisk about the field and refuse to submit to have their jugular cut.

All respect to the good women who go about with their lancets and little measures for blood; veal is an excellent meat; we must be thankful to them for producing it; but they exceed their province, they excite our remonstrance, when they insist on our eating nothing but veal. The best meat may pall on us when we have no variety, and to some stomachs, veal is positively indigestible. But these veal-eating women are apt to be censorious, and to condemn everything that contains all but a modicum of blood.

Aunt Judith was a veal-eater; ~~she~~ was a worthy woman, of narrow intellect and commonplace mind. Her brother was somewhat of a trial to her; her niece, a very grievous one. The boldness of character, the independence of thought

in Josephine, frightened her. She could not understand her brother. More than half his sarcasms glinted off the surface of her mind, incapable of receiving them and feeling their point.

Josephine sat with her aunt in the afternoon, but was scarce conscious of her presence. Her mind was away on the sea, following the yacht over the blue waves and the foaming white horses. In which direction were the bows turned? What was the plan in Richard's brain?

It is a strange fact that a woman rarely appreciates the force of her own stabs. She regards the wounds she deals as light matters, to be easily patched over and quickly healed. That they should go down to the bone, be liable to fester—that they should leave permanent scars, never enters her head. So now, Josephine laid little weight on the provocation she had given; and she resented the conduct of Richard in leaving her without an interview, as an undeserved injury.

Aunt Judith broke in on her reverie by saying: 'I wonder when Mr Cable will return. Perhaps he has taken the children a sail for change of air. I feel a want of a change myself.'

'I do not think he will return,' said Josephine. 'He has taken the furniture of the cottage with him.'

'What has made him do that?'

'He is no doubt going to make a home elsewhere.'

'Why should he leave Hanford?' asked Judith.

'He has been uncomfortable in this house; he is not accustomed to the restraints of our mode of life,' replied Josephine.

'Uncomfortable! The dinner has always been well cooked. What more can he desire?'

'It was not the food which disagreed with him.'

'It is a pity that he should go, considering who he is,' muttered Judith Cornellis.

'Who he is? He has been a fish out of water.'

'I do not mean that,' said Aunt Judith. 'Considering who he is, he ought to be here. Of course he has told you about himself and his origin?'

'I do not understand. Of course I know'—

'Then you know that in common justice he ought to be in this house. I think Gabriel behaved very badly in the matter. I know I have not much cleverness; but I can see that Mr Cable has been hardly treated. Your father says that man is an intelligent animal, and woman also—intermittently. I suppose I have an intermittent interval of intelligence now and then; and it does seem to me very hard on Richard Cable that he, being the son of Gabriel Gotham, should not have this house and estate as his own; or, at all events, that he should not have been provided for independently.'

'Richard—Gabriel Gotham's son?'

'Yes, of course. He must have told you the story. Your father did not wish you to know it before you were married; but now that you are Mrs Cable, there is no objection to our talking about it.'

'Richard never said a word about this to me. I am quite sure he did not know who was his

father. Yes—I am positive—he told me that himself; and he never said what was false.'

'He did not know? Nonsense, my dear; of course his mother told him.'

'Aunt, I am convinced to the contrary. You do not understand Mrs Cable. She is very proud, as proud as if she were a lady. And Richard feels so delicately, that I know he would ask her nothing.'

'Mrs Cable always was a proud and reserved woman. She refused a very handsome allowance that was offered her by the family, when the marriage was annulled.'

'Gabriel and she were married?'

'Yes; they were married in Scotland. He ran away with her from Newcastle. It was an unusual course, and therefore very wrong, and it brought after it the natural consequences of all wrong-doing.'

'But, aunt, how is it, if they were married, that Mrs Cable did not live with Cousin Gotham and bear his name?'

'Because the marriage was annulled. By Scottish law, those who are married must have resided a certain number of days in the country. They had not been the full time by five hours, so that the marriage was declared illegal.'

'But—how monstrous!—why did not Cousin Gabriel come with her to England and get married again? That would have made all right.'

'He found that he had made a mistake; and he took advantage of the legal flaw to slip out of the marriage.'

'But—Aunt Judith—the child—I mean Richard?'

'My dear, of course, as the marriage was invalidated, Richard was illegitimate. The marriage was annulled before he was born.'

Josephine started from her chair and went to the window.

'When Gabriel married Bessie Cable, he was young and inconsiderate, and soon discovered they were an ill-assorted pair. His father and uncle used their influence, and he made no objection to a separation.'

Josephine's face flamed. She stood at the window looking out.

'You see now what I mean,' pursued Judith Cornellis. 'If it had not been for that slip of five hours, Richard Cable would be Richard Gotham and Squire of Hanford.'

'It was infamous—infamous!' muttered Josephine.

'I cannot say that it was right of Gabriel not to acknowledge him, or at least to leave him a provision in his will. But then—as you married Richard, all seemed to settle itself practically, and the injustice to rectify itself; but now, all is wrong again. You perceive, my dear, how wrong it is to take a course which is unusual; it lands in all kinds of difficulties.'

'It was infamous—infamous!' repeated Josephine.

'I would hardly use so strong a term,' said Miss Cornellis. 'It was inconsiderate, perhaps, of Gabriel Gotham, and a little failing in justice to Richard Cable. But perhaps Gabriel considered that as Bessie Cable refused everything that was offered her, she might influence her son to adopt the same obstinate and unreasonable conduct.'

'She comes out best—far, far the best in the whole ugly story,' said Josephine vehemently. 'How could Cousin Gabriel be so base—so shabby?'

'My dear, it was a most unsuitable match. If you and Richard had been married in Scotland, and there was a flaw of five hours, would you not be glad now to seize the occasion?'

'No, no! It was despicable; it was taking advantage of the poor woman's ignorance.'

'I am sure that Gabriel was equally ignorant at first. It was only when the matter was looked into, that the flaw was found.'

'Aunt,' said Josephine, crossing the room, pulling a withered flower out of a vase, then going to the window again, and then to the table to arrange the books—'aunt, I feel like a robber. I have driven Richard away out of this house. I have taken all the money, all the land, everything to myself, which by equity belongs to him.'

'I wish you would not dash about in the room like a bird that has got in and cannot find its way out. Sit down; and talk of this matter easily.'

'I cannot. I cannot keep my hands or my feet quiet. I am tingling in all my nerves. I feel as if I had committed a dreadful crime. If I tease you, I will go out. I must speak about this to papa.'

'My dear—on no account!' exclaimed Miss Cornellis, in a tone of alarm. 'He would be very angry with me for mentioning it to you.'

'But why was I not told before? How long have you known this?'

'Oh, for many years. It has been a family scandal, that has been hushed up.'

'I ought to have been informed of the circumstances. I would never have accepted Cousin Gabriel's estate.'

'You could not help yourself. It was left, not directly to you, but to trustees for your use.'

'It was wrong in you, in my father, not to tell me everything. I cannot remain still. I irritate you with my pacing about. I cannot help myself. I must see papa.'

'He is out now, and will not be in for some hours.'

'That is as well. I will go to the wind-strew and sit there. I am so agitated, so angry, so surprised. This is sprung on me. I have been shamefully treated. I ought not to have been kept in ignorance.'

She swept out of the room. She felt the necessity for being alone. This strange revelation was fraught with consequences not to be gauged in a minute. What was that which Mrs Cable had said about the cuckoo turning the little birds out of their parents' nest? She was the cuckoo; she had taken to herself the nest that of right belonged to Richard; she had done more—she had driven him, his mother and children, out of their own modest cottage, as well. Could she sit still and ruffle her plumes, and spread her feathers, and occupy the nest that was not hers by right, leaving them outcasts?

Why had her father kept the secret so closely from her? She shrank from the conclusion. Why, knowing what he did, had he counselled her to insult her husband and drive him away?

She shrank from the answer she made to herself. At once, with great determination, she resolved not any more to ask advice of her father and be guided by his opinion. She must think out the situation for herself, form her own resolution, and act on it, in defiance of every remonstrance from him or Aunt Judith. *He* would stand in the way of her doing what was just, and *she* would object to what was unusual. Josephine sat on the wind-strew, her head spinning, hot rushes of anger sweeping through her arteries, followed by cold qualms of heart-sickness. As she thus sat, her fingers plucked at the breasting of bricks, peeled away flakes of velvety moss, scratched out scraps of mortar, picked away chips of brick, and flung them over the unprotected side among the broken potsherds. She looked over and saw a mouldering collection of garden refuse—old geranium roots turned out of their pots, and half-decayed flower-sticks, the fragments of a shattered garden vase of terra-cotta, the accumulation of years of broken flower-pots—a home for the slug and the centipede and the wood-louse. This was the bed on which Gabriel Gotham had fallen, a bed that truly symbolised his mind.

Josephine could not shake the thought of Gabriel out of her head, now that she had looked on the place where he had fallen and met his death. As she sat on the windstrew, with the smell of decay steaming up from the refuse-heap, his feeble, shivering ghost seemed to rise out of it and shake its hands deprecatingly, and jabber an appeal for pitiful consideration. She had been throwing the bits of mortar and brick down where he had fallen, and with them had cast hard and reproachful thoughts at the dead man. She could not thank him for what he had done for her; he had enriched her at the cost of a gross injustice committed on his son. What an utterly mean, selfish creature Gotham had been! His roundabout way of compensating Richard through her had been on a par with all his tortuous methods through life.

She could not endure to remain on the wind-strew surrounded with sights that brought Cousin Gotham before her; she would go to the cottage, to a healthier atmosphere, and satisfy herself whether her father had spoken the truth. It was possible that Mr Cornellis, in all things false, had deceived her in this particular also. So she went out at the garden gate and along the seawall. This was her shortest way, and it suited her best. She did not wish to be seen in the road; she thought that every one she passed would look reproachfully at her. She could not endure to encounter their eyes. She went along the wall to the sandy path that led from the village to the shore, then by the moat to the bridge, and over the bridge into the garden. All was there as if nothing had occurred. The beds were in beautiful order; the vine on the roof showed a hundred little bunches of swelling berries. This year, no little children would sit upon the stages of the ladder, looking for the purple fruit their father would pass down to them. She had spoiled that pleasure for them. There was the slope with the bed of thyme and marjoram and mint, where the little ones sat in the sun, and baby Bessie went to sleep

with fragrant herbs crushed in her little hands. She had spoiled that pleasure for them likewise. The scarlet-runners that Richard had staked were in bloom, in scarlet, and there were no little eyes to admire the lovely flowers.

She went to the house and tried the door. It was fast. But she knew how that there was a loose pane in the scullery window beside the back door, which could be removed, and the hand thrust in and the bolt drawn back. Cable had told her of this contrivance, by means of which he could enter his house at all times without disturbing the inmates. She removed the pane, and easily unfastened the door. Then she entered. The house was deserted, and almost wholly cleared of its contents; but it was unlike most abandoned dwellings, for it had been cleaned and tidied before it was left. The few things that remained, hardly worth removal, had been placed in order. There was a plain solid deal table in the centre of the kitchen that had not been removed. Against the wall, in the corner, was the cradle, reversed, the rockers upwards. 'How like Richard,' thought Josephine. 'He has turned the little crib over, that the dust may not fall into it.'

He had not taken the cradle away. Bessie was grown almost too big for a cradle, and he would never have another baby. A slight quiver passed from Josephine's heart to her finger-ends.

The brick floor had been swept, the hearth tidied, the cinders were brushed into a little heap. Something white showed among them. Josephine knelt on the dead hearth, put her hand to the ashes, and extracted some scraps of card. They were her mounted cabinet photograph, torn twice across, downwards and sideways, with a firm hand. So had Richard taken the thought, the memory of Josephine, out of his heart and cast it from him for ever. A pang shot through the breast of Josephine, as though his hand were on her heart and were tearing it twice across, downwards and laterally. She threw the scraps of the despised portrait on the ground, then stooped and picked them up. 'He would not wish any scraps—even these—to litter about,' and she replaced them among the cinders.

There was no resentment in her bosom now; all her wrath against Richard had died away; her sense of wrong was swallowed up in the thought of the great injustice done to him.

She wondered whether she could find anywhere in the house a photograph of himself. She had never seen one. He was too modest to think of being taken; but it was not improbable that his mother had insisted on his being photographed when he was younger, and there was a chance, a poor chance, of a copy being left behind. She ascended the staircase and looked about the bedrooms. There were nails in the walls where little looking-glasses and pictures and texts had hung; but there were no photographs; nothing left but the nails, and one illuminated text, 'When all these things come upon you—then look up.'

The bedrooms were quite empty; the floor had been recently washed, and had not a foot-mark on it. The blinds had been removed from the windows. The rooms looked utterly forlorn. She came sadly down-stairs again.

In a corner of the kitchen was a shelf with drawers let into the wall—a fixture, therefore not removed. On the shelf was a bundle of old clothes of the children, neatly pinned together—rags, no longer fit for wear by them; and in the drawers was a small straw hat, tied up in Richard's blue pocket-handkerchief—that handkerchief at which she had sneered. The little hat had perhaps been forgotten; perhaps it was not wanted, and Richard had left purposely the handkerchief, which would remind him of one of his wife's sarcasms. She unknotted the ends of the kerchief and took it in her hand.

From the ceiling in the kitchen, depending from a crook, hung a fresh bunch of everlasting, pink-and-white flowers of that summer, not yet dried—hung head downwards, that they might dry expanded. Then Josephine's heart swelled up, and she choked. Hastily she drew the inverted cradle from the wall and put it near the table, under the tuft of fading everlastings, and sat down on the cradle, between the rockers, and put her face into her hands and wept. It was as though the spirit of Richard Cable rose before her out of the cold ashes on the hearth, from among the torn fragments of her own likeness—not the spirit of the wounded, angry, unforgiving, despairing man, as she had last seen him, but as ~~an~~ old, gentle, humble, full of divine trust and love.

She cried long; her own little white handkerchief was soaked, and she wept tears of bitter self-reproach into the great blue dishelout she had so scorned; and when the fountain of her tears dried, then she held the kerchief to her aching heart, and presently again buried her face in it. There was naught ridiculous to her now in the blue handkerchief with its white spots.

HOW MISERS LIVE.

MAN is, and always has been, a very curious compound. Some men seem born to spend, others to conserve. This has been the state of matters from the beginning, and the causes originate in the mind of man himself; he is their father; his affections and will are the faculties which become the obedient instruments of the nature we call thrifless or sordid.

The nature of the spendthrift is easily understood—at least so it is said; there is so much of simplicity and of recklessness in it, that we generally identify a spendthrift with a good-natured fellow. The miser, on the other hand, is an enigma and a mystery. He is one of the anomalies and absurdities of nature. Dickens with his pen and Angelo with his brush have portrayed to our minds their ideal miser. Money is his sole aim; the man within him and the world of humanity around him are but as dust and rubbish compared with his golden pieces; for the miser seldom takes paper in lieu of hard cash.

But we must not despise the miser indiscriminately; let us rather attempt to lift some of them at least from the degraded position they have always occupied in the public mind. It may

never have occurred to our readers that the desire to be philanthropic has induced some men to become misers. Nevertheless, this is the case, although we may not have had frequent opportunity of verifying this experience. Thus, when Bethlehem Hospital, London, was built, a wretched miser of the East End gave a subscription of one hundred pounds. When the collectors called at his residence, they found him scolding a servant for throwing away a match which had not been burned at both ends. To him, the waste of this match was a worse blow than the giving away of such a large sum. Gurgot of Marseilles was another confirmed miser; every one in the city knew him, and it is not exaggeration to say every one hated him for his sordidness. Yet, we know from his will that he scraped together ten thousand pounds in order to furnish the poor of his native town with a good and cheap water-supply.

Every class of the community supplies subjects for the miser list. This at first sight appears strange. Suppose we take the nobility and clergy—classes which we would fancy should be free of such sordidness; and we find that even amongst these the malady is very rampant; indeed, the nobility have supplied, and do supply, most of the miser tribe. There have been few soldiers like the first Duke of Marlborough, and yet he was a very sordid individual. To save a sixpence for carriage hire, he would walk, when an old man, from the public rooms in Bath to his hotel, in all kinds of weather. He died worth one million sterling, which he left to his grandson, Lord Trevors, his bitterest enemy.

There seems to be a certain irony of fate in the miser's pains to collect money, for generally the produce of his mean and sparing living falls into the hands either of thriftless sons or bitter foes. In spite of the knowledge of this, the poor miser grasps and gathers together all he can lay hands upon, thus adding day by day to his physical and moral ruin. The life of Vandille more than justifies this statement. This man's food consisted of bread and milk, with the addition of a glass of sour wine on a Saturday; his religious mite was one farthing per week, and at his death he left eight hundred thousand pounds to the kings of France.

One redeeming feature of the miser's character is that he generally suffers the effect of his sins himself. He does not punish others. One exception to this rule is the life of Audley, who flourished in England during the Commonwealth. This miser started life with two hundred pounds, which sum he lent out to the sons of cavaliers and to clerks at a high rate of interest. His whole life was one of cunning and disreputable craft, and by such means he accumulated four hundred thousand pounds, which, however, reverted to the government.

The keen and earnest craving for money does not belong to individuals only; it has often been characteristic in the life of nations. The South Sea Bubble in our own country showed what

thousands would do in the worship of mammon. But the tulip mania of Holland in 1634 surpasses every other illustration we are able to cite. Such was the rage for tulips that they rose to enormous prices. To possess tulips was to be rich. One of these flowers, named the Admiral Liefken, was worth at market value four thousand four hundred florins; and the *Semper Augustus* brought five thousand five hundred florins. If another mania should arise, would not there be found thousands of men and women thronging to swell the sordid contingent? Such incidents as these in the life of a nation show that running through the whole of society there is an undercurrent of sordidness, which becomes direct and strong when once the floodgates of public opinion open their folding leaves. There may be a difference in degree between the confirmed miser and those men who delude and are deluded by tempting baits, but the cases are of the same kind.

The miser is very often unconscious of his meanness, and even rejoices when he sees any other man display the same quality. The biography of Dicheus Dicheanus shows this conclusively. This person was a descendant of the Byzantine monarchs; but their spirit of lavishness was in no way inherited by him, for during his lifetime he managed by niggardliness to raise the value of his possessions to many thousands of pounds. The great question of his life was, to whom should he leave his money? This problem was solved for him by means of a rather curious incident. A distant relative of his sent him a letter written on an inch of paper. This was enough; the miser seemed to see in his absent friend a fitness which fully warranted him in making this apparently thrifty person his heir.

The habits of the miser are peculiar in the extreme. The Rev. Mr Jones of Blewbury may serve us for a pattern. With a stipend of fifty pounds per annum, and blessed with a fortune amounting to two hundred pounds, he left at his death the sum of ten thousand pounds. For forty years he was rector of Blewbury, and during that long period only one person was known to have sat at his festal board. He never had a fire lit in his house, and as for servants, the very thought of them was enough. During winter nights, he used to go to the houses of his parishioners in order to keep himself from starving of cold, rather than light a fire at the rectory.

When the miser dies, his possessions are often found in the most out-of-the-way corners. Mr and Miss Dancer are reputed to have been the most noted misers of the eighteenth century. To tell all their habits would be interesting, but rather tedious; let the manner in which they kept their money suffice. Their fortune amounted to twenty thousand pounds, which sum was stored away thus: two thousand five hundred was found under a dunghill; five hundred in an old jacket nailed to the manger of their stable; notes amounting to six hundred pounds were stowed away in an old teapot; and many old jugs filled with gold and silver were hidden away in the stable loft. The chimney yielded two thousand pounds. In this dirty place there were nineteen holes, each of which held a sum of money.

There is without doubt a very complex nature

in the man or woman thus addicted to grasping ; but the facts and phenomena are so varied that it is difficult to place them under any fixed principle.

CHECKMATED.

CHAPTER IV.

DAVID's strange visitor had not been gone many minutes, when a knock at the door announced the return of his daughters ; and presently, Josie and Minnie entered, all full of pleasant excitement and merry innocent talk, with satire from the younger—a contrast positively awful to the interview and conversation he had just held. His daughters, however, were not likely to notice his embarrassment ; there was so much to be said and thought in reference to Geoffrey's return. The friendly neighbour's utterances, too, were quoted, especially with regard to one point on which Minnie took great delight in dwelling.

'And so, father,' continued Minnie, 'Mrs Harper said : "It is quite plain that Josie has two strings to her bow." So she has, and she is fretting all day long because she does not know which to choose.'

'Minnie !' exclaimed the elder sister, in a tone of dignified reproach, calculated to repress all such levity, but which somehow missed its mark upon the present occasion.

'Why, you know, father,' persisted Minnie, 'we half promised to dine with Mr Gadham at the *Grand Rosary*, and then afterwards to go to the theatre. Perhaps this will come off on the very day that Geoffrey arrives. I tell her she ought to make up her mind at once. Don't you think so, father ?'

'It was the 20th ; I recollect it perfectly !' exclaimed David, who had been forcing himself to pay a little outward attention to his daughter's talk, but whose mind had been busy with his own painful recollections, until a ray of remembrance had enabled him to verify the statement of his visitor. 'I beg your pardon, my dear,' he continued ; 'I was thinking of something else. You said you were going to dine with Geoffrey, I think ?'

This produced a laugh from each of the girls ; then Minnie had to explain what she did say, and again appealed to her father for his opinion. Josie, although she rebuked her sister for such giddiness, was evidently flattered at being supposed to occupy such an enviable position, and while probably as true and as much attached to Geoffrey as any sweetheart could wish, yet could not help a longing glance or two at the brilliant position waiting her acceptance.

There was, the reader may be sure, a great deal more of this conversation, poor David being in agony while it lasted, and finally making his escape under a plea of headache and a desire to smoke his pipe in the open air.

His meditations, as he slowly paced to and fro in the quiet street, were no less bitter ; even the chatter of his girls had helped to open his eyes more fully to the horror—it was nothing less to him—of his position. What did Ernest Gadham mean by his advances to his daughter and his intimated offer of marriage ? It was impossible for David to decide which would now

be the most repellent, whether to find the man in earnest, or merely playing a part. Above all, what was he to do ? That he would not remain a tacit partner in the conspiracy, was certain ; but it was not so easy to decide upon the best way of going to work. He might go straight to the firm and expose the plot. Much as he disliked the new people, David was quite capable of acting justly by them ; or, perhaps it would be best to go in the first place to Ernest and tell him and his lawyer of the discovery he had made. His last resolve, as he entered his house after a long saunter, was to do both these things next day. He should have some trouble about the borrowed money—he felt certain of that, but perhaps the firm would help him. 'And if not,' thought David stoutly, 'I would rather have the brokers in and be sold up, than go on with such people.'

The first post next morning brought old David a letter. He did not know the handwriting ; but the address was written in a clear, legible, nay beautiful hand, such as he had seldom seen. He opened it. A glance at the signature was enough ; he felt as though he was holding some reptile in his hand. The letter was signed, 'Andrew Whitman (Fly Scotty).' It was addressed inside to

Mr

David Chester.

And underneath was written : 'What do you think of *that* for an imitation ? I never forget a name on which I have once worked.' And the imitation was indeed perfect. Even in the shock of seeing how fully the convict was borne out in his story, David could not help admiring his skill. He was sure that he would have sworn to this also as being his own writing.

'I forgot to mention last night a little fact which will help us'—the letter went on ('Us !' The mere reading of this word communicated a fresh shudder to David)—'and I think when I tell you what it is, you will agree with me that we had better begin with Tom Ellitt. I have heard, and am satisfied it is the correct tip, that Gadham is to marry Ellitt's sister. If so, it is plain that this is a part of the bargain. Of course, if you know this, you can work Ellitt easily enough ; he will not lose such a chance for a trifle. They may wonder how you got your information ; you can tell them it was from me, if you like. I shall take care never to go near them again, so they may do their worst ; and I know I can trust you in the money matter.'

The hail-fellow style of this epistle, the palpable confidence the writer felt in Chester's willingness to become his accomplice—these were enough at once to sicken the clerk and yet strengthen his resolve.

To do Mr Andrew Whitman justice, it must be owned that he had not the faintest idea of any wrong-doing being involved in the 'besting' those who were themselves dishonest and willing to 'best' him. Nor did he conceive for a moment that any man of business, especially when possessed of what Mr Whitman so sorely lacked, a good character, could hesitate to join him.

David looked pale and haggard from worry and sleeplessness ; but his step was firm enough as he went towards the solicitor's office. Without

any regard to the counsel of Andrew, he had determined on commencing there. He was fortunate in his choice of time, for not only was Mr Ellitt within, but Mr Gadham was with him. The clerk who announced the visitor was told to show him in at once.

The two principals exchanged a meaning glance and smile on hearing the name. 'I told you so,' said Gadham in a low tone; 'I knew he could not resist the temptation; and here he is—prepared to recollect everything and to swear to anything.'

Ellitt laughed at this sally; and then David was shown in.

'Good-morning, Mr Chester,' began the solicitor. 'You asked to see me, I believe; but I thought you would not mind Mr Gadham being present, as he happened to be here.'

'On the contrary, I am glad to see him; it will save me some trouble, as my business is with you both.' He was obliged to moisten his lips with his tongue as he spoke, they were so dry and hard.

'You are not looking very well this morning,' said the lawyer. 'The weather, I suppose, is affecting you, like the rest of us?'

'No, sir,' returned David; 'if I look ill, it is from a more serious cause than the weather.' He not only spoke more firmly now, but there was something in his tone which instantly attracted the attention of the two men who confronted him, both of them crafty and suspicious to a degree.

'Ah! Then what is it, Chester? Speak out!' exclaimed Gadham.

'I mean to do so; I am here to do it. You are trying to pass off a fictitious will as that of the late Mr Gadham, and to aid your schemes, have forged my signature. I disown that signature, and insist upon its being cancelled—at once.'

Ellitt, after a glance at his confederate, bent a searching look on David, but did not speak. Ernest Gadham turned pale, and uttered a low whistle.

'Are you tipsy?' he asked, with an assumption of insolent swagger; there was no reality in it. 'If so, you had better go home and sleep it off, before you intrude upon two gentlemen who have business to attend to.'

'I am not tipsy, and I can see you know I am not,' retorted Chester. 'It will be better to avoid insult, and to understand, once for all, that I know your will is a fraud, and that you have deceived me.'

'Why, you scoundrel!' cried Gadham, who had plainly made up his mind to take a hectoring line, 'have you the assurance to come here and tell us that you have committed perjury?—and I can promise you penal servitude for it—have stuck to it as long as it suited you; and now, some one else having got hold of you, I suppose, who you think will pay you better, you are willing to try a little false swearing on the other side. Is that it?'

'I tell you,' replied David, in whose cheeks a little colour now appeared, as he smarted under these insults, 'that I can see you know better. Since you deal with me in this manner, I leave you to do your best and worst.'

'Our worst, you may be sure of it, will be sending you to the Old Bailey, and that will

be our answer to your first move,' said Gadham. 'Be off!—and move in the matter if you dare!'

'Stay!' exclaimed Ellitt, as David moved from his seat, the lawyer laying his hand at the same time on Gadham's arm, as a warning to him to be silent for the moment. 'This is not a chance shot. This man has not hit upon this means of blackmailing us from his own ingenuity. He has seen Andy Whitman. I am perfectly sure of it. I knew the villain would be up to some treachery, and now we have it.—I do not suppose you will own it, Mr Chester, but I am satisfied you have been in communication with one Andrew Whitman.'

'I have no wish to deny it. I have seen the person you mention, and from him have learned what I have just told you. Had I suspected it earlier, you would have seen me here earlier.'

'You are probably not aware, Mr Chester,' said the lawyer, speaking in a calm tone, yet with an air of superiority, as a person might speak who felt something like contempt at being compelled to discuss a subject so palpably trivial and absurd, 'that this person is a ticket-of-leave man, and, moreover, one who is sought by the police; that he is a man who has lived for years by every kind of fraud; a man whose oath would be of no value in a court of justice, and who is willing, as in the present case, to turn against those who have been his best friends.'

'I saw and heard enough in my only interview with this man,' returned the clerk, 'to convince me that I could have no intimacy with him; but if his account is true—and I have reason to think it is—you are the last persons in the world who should object to his character.'

'Then what are we to infer from your visit of this morning?' pursued the lawyer. 'Do you mean to repudiate your signature—to which, I must remind you, you have sworn—and, further, to declare the will a spurious one?'

'I do,' said David firmly.

'It will be a serious thing'—began Ellitt; but Gadham interrupted him.

'You may finesse and beat about the bush for a week with such a man as this,' said Mr Ernest; 'I have seen enough of him to know better. I will go straight to the point.—Now, look here, Chester; we are just about to settle with the firm, and so our promises will be as good as ready-money. If you go straight with us, doing nothing, in point of fact, you shall have a thousand pounds in hard cash in your pocket before the week is out. That is the one side. On the other, I give you my word I will sell you up for what you owe me. I have taken the precaution to obtain a writ against you in case of need; here it is; and you shall stand in the dock at a police court on a charge of perjury and conspiracy, if you do go on.—Do not answer now, but take yourself off, and think about it. Come here the day after to-morrow—no, the following day; call about this time, with your final answer. That is all we need say.'

'And remember, if you act fairly by us'—began the lawyer; but Gadham again interrupted him.

'No, Tom,' he said; 'I mean to manage this in my own way. He knows we shall be liberal. I think he also understands that we can hit hard, and mean to do it.—Good-morning, Chester.'

On this, David, who had looked very serious during these harangues, left the office, not having said anything to confirm the appointment made, although the others no doubt considered he had tacitly agreed to it.

'Let him do what he likes,' said Gadham as the clerk went out. 'The firm will settle to-morrow, thanks to my agreeing to halve the estate; and when once we have the cash in hand, we can laugh at the old fool.'

'It will be as well to keep him on the right side even then,' said Ellitt gravely. 'It may suit you to leave the country, but I do not wish to do so. Besides'—

'Oh, I know what you are going to say,' exclaimed Gadham. 'I will marry your sister the day after the settlement, so that need not trouble us.—As for Chester, he won't know anything of our arrangements. I can tell him we have altered our minds, and are not going on with the business. We may give him his signature back, for the new will must be destroyed, I expect. Anything will do when once we have the money.'

Mr Ellitt's countenance hardly expressed so much confidence as his coadjutor appeared to feel; nevertheless, as it was plain that nothing better might be done, he raised no argument.

Dejected as David had appeared on leaving the conference, his mind was in no degree shaken, although the prospect of a criminal prosecution—and he fully believed in the power of the two men to subject him to this—had more terrors to one of his timid, nervous temperament than to most men; but David, with all his faults and shortcomings, was an honourable old fellow. So he went straight from Mr Ellitt's office to that of Brisly, Gadham, & Co., where he had thought never to set foot again. His dislike to the firm was so great, and his sense of the injustice he had suffered at their hands was so keen, that no stronger testimony to his honesty could be adduced than his overcoming these feelings when he felt it was his duty to do so.

He saw his old friend the head-clerk, whose face assumed a lugubrious expression on recognising David, and who shook his head sadly ere his visitor began his speech. When he found that David wished for an interview on urgent business with Mr Gadham, his astonishment expressed itself in a low but unmistakable whistle.

'I am sure I do not know what to say about it,' he said; 'however, he is in his office, and I will take your message in myself; it may give you a better chance.'

So the kindly head-clerk disappeared; but returned in a minute with permission for David to enter the private office, a permission of which the latter at once availed himself.

'I hope,' muttered the head-clerk as the door closed behind the visitor, 'that he will mind what he says, for I never knew the governor in a worse temper than to-day.' This augured badly for the caller, but luckily he did not hear the comment.

The beginning of the interview was in keeping with the head-clerk's forebodings. 'Well?' said Mr Gadham, looking up from his letters with no very pleasant expression on his features. 'I

thought I had given you a sufficient answer, Chester; but it seems you have something to say to me again. What is it?'

'I am here on your business rather than my own. I am not biased by the treatment I have met with here, or I should not be in your office this morning. My visit has reference to the will of Mr Peter Gadham.'

His listener was evidently startled by this commencement, and in a moment was all attention—attention which did not diminish as his visitor went on with his story.

We need not follow this in detail, for the reader knows what David had to tell. As might have been expected, the recital made a great impression on his listener, who uttered an occasional ejaculation of wonder or indignation.

When David had finished, the merchant said: 'Of course you are prepared to adhere to this statement, Mr Chester. If so, I think I may promise to see you harmless, despite all Ernest Gadham's threats, joined to all his lawyer can do. You are in time, but only just in time, with your communication. Do not trouble yourself about the money you owe these men; I will see to that. You must be here to-morrow morning at twelve—no, a quarter to twelve. I have an interview with these people for that time, when I was to buy them off; but I need not enter upon such an explanation to you. You understand what I want of you?'

'Yes, sir,' said David. 'But you remember that I have an appointment with Mr Ellitt and Mr Gadham on the third day from this. If I meet them'—

'Oh, do not concern yourself with that appointment!' interposed the other impatiently; 'you will find that will shift for itself after to-morrow. If you are, as I firmly believe you to be, a truthful and honest man, you will and must be here to-morrow. Have I your promise?'

'You have, sir,' said David.

Mr Gadham continued: 'Then you had better leave by my private door, as I do not care about your being asked any questions relative to this interview.—Be firm, and fear no one.'

The merchant let David out, as he had said; and the expectant head-clerk, with one or two to whom he had spoken on the subject, were barked of a most interesting gossip, their wonder rising to a high pitch when it became plain that Mr Gadham must actually himself have let the clerk out by his private door, a thing scarce ever heard of.

In spite of the merchant's adjuration to keep up his courage and fear nobody, David was dispirited enough as he went homewards. It was not so easy as Mr Gadham seemed to suppose for him to throw off the dread of a criminal prosecution. He believed—partly from his old recollections of Ernest, and partly from recent revelations—that the two accomplices were capable of endeavouring, by any wickedness, to avenge themselves upon him, and although he might be acquitted, the ordeal would be terrible. Tired in body as well as in mind, he treated himself to a ride on an omnibus, and mounting outside, succeeded in securing the last and only spare seat on the crowded roof. Ere the vehicle had travelled any great distance, it stopped in order to allow a passenger to alight, and this

passenger, in reaching the rear, had to pass David. He was a weather-beaten, broad-shouldered fellow, and as the clerk looked at him, there was something, or so he fancied, unaccountably familiar in the man's face.

Their eyes met, and for a moment there came such an expression over the features of the stranger, that David actually fancied he was about to speak. Nothing came of it, however; the passenger descended the steps, and David watched until he was lost in the crowd of wayfarers who thronged that busy part.

David had been sitting alone for some time in the evening, trying to banish thought, but incessantly picturing all kinds of disagreeable incidents, when suddenly the sound of voices and laughter was heard outside. Then came footsteps crossing his little garden; his daughters' voices were there, but there was another, a man's voice. David hurried to answer the knock; everything, even these cheerful sounds, filled him with trepidation; but as he opened the door, a man sprang forward, seized him by the hand, and the friendly voice of Geoffrey Coyne exclaimed: 'Here I am again, Mr Chester, home, safe and sound, in Old England once more!'

'I am glad to see you, my boy—never more glad to see a true friend than now.'

'Yes; and the beauty of it is that there is no going to sea again for me,' continued Coyne. 'I have made something like a fortune, Mr Chester, and you do not catch me doing the gallant jack-tar any more.'

A WEEK WITH THE CORNISH FISHERFOLK.

THERE can be no greater relief and pleasure to persons of sedentary habits, weary of the dust and clamour of busy town-life, than to get away from the scenes and associations of their ordinary occupations. Following in the track of a young artist-friend in search of the picturesque, we found ourselves, after a somewhat tedious journey, snugly ensconced in a comfortable sitting-room at St Ives, an artist-haunted spot, perched on a rocky promontory some miles north-east of Land's End. The ancient little town is unique in the beauty of its situation and surroundings; and on a fine day—and all the days were fine—when the quaint gray houses are shimmering in the pure sunlight, and the silver and green of the sea lap the many-hued rocks and creamy yellow sands, it is especially charming. Standing on the 'island' by the little fortress of Pendinas, one sees to the right, point beyond point, the bold headlands of the Cornish coast. Before us is the broad Atlantic, its now peaceful bosom flecked with white or brown sailed fishing-boats; and to the left, or south-west, are the precipitous cliffs that terminate in Tol-Pedn (the holed cliff) and Land's End. St Ives itself is full of surprises, and abounds in the groupings and incidents which artists most admire. Narrow, steep, and tortuous streets, with flights of stone steps on either side; quaint gabled porches; mysterious-looking cellars filled with huge casks and hogheads; gray-green shingled roofs with corners splayed to offer the least resistance to the wild

west winds; swarthy fishermen with loads of tanned nets on their broad shoulders; tidy fishwives with jean bonnets flapping in the breeze; and groups of barefooted children; while every glimpse adown the straitened ways has for a background a vignette of sunlit sea. There are no architectural pretensions, no stucco, no gardens even, here in the old town—simply a mass of picturesque confusion, each little domicile seemingly anxious only to secure a lodgment on the rock, with just a peep of the bay from the open door or latticed window.

But more charming still is the little town and harbour 'tween the lights,' when the sun has gone down behind the purple moorlands. Then the fleet of fishing-boats, with taper masts cutting the sky-line, sway gently with the tide, like a bevy of ancient dames in a stately dance, while the harbour-lights dip down into the deep blue like moorings of golden chains. Middle August is the least busy season, as upwards of six hundred of the fishermen are away in the North Sea or along the Irish coast drift-fishing for herring. Nevertheless, morning after morning, except Sunday and Monday—not a keel moves on the Sunday—the little quay, constructed by the famous Smeaton, is covered with glittering spoil, laid out in rows to await the fall of the hammer, and be forthwith despatched to London, Bristol, and the great towns of the Midlands and north of England.

There are mostly a few boats employed in the drift-net fishing for pilchard; but the greater number are engaged in tackle-fishing for conger, cod, ling, skate, ray, &c. Judging from the size of the monsters captured sometimes, this line-fishing must be laborious work. The conger is not an easy creature to handle; it has a way of coiling itself round anything near, and it finds frequently the legs of its captor are most convenient; its grip is so tenacious, that the head may be entirely severed from the body before its hold is relaxed. It will even hold on to a knife in this way. A visitor standing by at a sale noticed one twitching slightly while lying on the quay, and foolishly touched its head with his foot, when the creature's mouth suddenly opened and seized it. He assured me that the recovery of his foot was a difficult, painful, and eventually a bootless task. On another occasion, a practical joker induced a black retriever to wag its tail in close proximity to a conger's mouth. The appendage was promptly seized, and the horrified dog scampered through the streets yelling piteously as the huge eel held on firmly behind. At this season, the conger finds the readiest sale, lots of forty to fifty, averaging a score pounds-weight each fish, selling for forty to fifty shillings. Skate are mostly consigned to Paris, where they are used extensively as food by the poor, and also at the restaurants to thicken soup. It is asserted by some, by the way, that both conger and skate are used extensively in the manufacture of 'turtle' soup. Of skate, we saw half a ton, fresh caught, sold for seven shillings. It must be remembered, however, that the small price would be increased tenfold ere it arrived at London, by carriage and salesmen's charges. Of the dogfish—apparently a species of shark—which follows the shoals of herring and pilchard, lots of forty or more, averaging eight to ten pounds-weight a fish, sold for half-a-crown. These are purchased by the poorest inhabitants, opened, salted, and

dried for winter provision. The ray, however, another species of flat-fish, is most commonly used as food by the fishermen's families. The visitor will note how frequently it hangs on the fronts of the cottages; it is always removed, however, during the hours of Sunday. A ray of six pounds may usually be purchased for three-halfpence or two-pence. It is this seemingly inexhaustible and never-failing supply of 'bread' from the waters, cheap vegetables, and a mild climate, which render it possible for the poorest to live. Of fish, besides the foregoing, ling, cod, gurnet, and tub were most plentiful. The last-named is of a brilliant orange red.

The Cornish fishermen are a splendid race; sober, industrious, and God-fearing. The Sunday is invariably kept with decorum and solemnity, and their huge barn-like chapels are crowded. During my week's sojourn among them, I neither saw a tipsy person nor heard an oath. There is no 'larking,' no horseplay, no music-hall songs. The whole nature of the people seems to be chastened and subdued by their uncertain, hazardous, and laborious calling, and the ever-abiding presence of the great wide sea. For hours and hours they will stand in little groups on the quay or beach, talking gravely, in undertones; or gazing intently on the scene before them, speculating on the various craft that glide past as in the silence of a dream.

It is an interesting spectacle when the boats arrive in the morning after the night's tackle-fishing. Each boat is pulled quietly in, and put in place, without noise, hurry, or confusion, by the quay-side. There is no swearing or angry chiding; all is done earnestly and quickly, with a sober dignity of manner, and without the least affectation or seeming consciousness of being scrutinised by the groups of visitors, artistic or otherwise. The whole scene is a succession of charming marine pictures, every incident and figure in which is harmonious and true. In the spring mackerel season, when the great glittering heaps of fresh-caught fish are flashing with iridescent colours—silver and ultramarine, lake and purple and emerald green—the quay is busiest.

A few years ago, however, the principal branch of the industry was the pilchard-fishery, carried on by means of huge nets called seines, several hundred yards in length. The pilchard, or, as it is sometimes called, the gipsy-herring, is a fish differing but slightly from a small herring. For years it used to appear off the Cornish coast with great regularity in such incredible numbers that the shoals covered sometimes many acres in extent. There was a take last autumn; but in the previous year, none were caught. The pilchards usually appear about the end of September or beginning of October; but owing to some cause, at present not clearly ascertained, the pilchard-fishery is almost a failure. Some of the natives ascribe it to the disturbance caused by steam-trawling. The St Ives fishing seasons are the winter mackerel season, the spring mackerel and the pilchard season, the last-mentioned commencing in September and ending in December. These are the principal seasons, though fishing to some extent goes on all the year. Last year, as we said, there was a small take of pilchards; the year before, none were caught with the seine. The year before that, one seine was fortunate,

and brought to its owners and crew over four thousand hogsheads, worth about eleven thousand pounds. There are several Companies, each owning a seine; but latterly, by mutual agreement, only one has been out. As many as six thousand hogsheads have been taken by a single seine in the more prosperous times of the fishery.

We will describe the scene as witnessed from the little huer's hut by Pothminster Head, just beyond the town, though the immediate neighbourhood has been modernised, and therefore deprived to a great extent of its picturesque surroundings. There was a narrow path by the edge of the cliff, margined with cushions and thickets of gorse and heath and bracken. An old tarred boat, keel upwards, serves for shelter, and also as a receptacle for necessary gear, among which, hanging on the whitewashed walls, are the huge speaking-trumpets called into requisition by the 'huer,' or watcher—so called from the French *huer*, to shout. The huer is a stalwart man of sixty. His face is wrinkled and weatherworn; but his light-gray eye is as keen and searching as ever. For weeks he has paced that narrow path day by day, until well-nigh sick with the hope deferred. Below, to the left, on the sandy beach, there is a fleet of boats high and dry. A few fishermen lounge about, some watching by the low seawall; others are asleep. Two hundred yards out is a larger boat, manned by nine hands. There is a high square heap, covered with tarpaulin, in the front of it: this is the big seine, and the men are the seiners, who are paid so much a day, with a promised share in the take. Behind it is a smaller boat with two hands; this carries a second seine, to be attached, if need be, to the larger one. The huer paces the narrow path, pausing now and then on his beat to scan the wide surface of the rippling sea. He hesitates a moment, and passes on; then turns again, and shields his eyes with the brown wrinkled hands. One long earnest look, and he rubs his eyes and hitches his trousers with quick, nervous action. At last, his doubts are dispelled. Three miles away, by Godrevy lighthouse, there is a reddish purple streak like a sunken granite reef; and hovering over it, with discordant cries and flutter of white wings, a host of seabirds. The huer runs to his hut and takes from a nail one of the long speaking-trumpets through which he gives the summons to prepare. Was never call more welcome! The sleepers below are awakened as by an electric shock, and rush to their boats; the seiners bend to the oars, watching meantime, as they pull, the lonely huer. 'Heva! Heva!' resounds through the narrow streets of the little town; and with wild shrill cries of excited women and children, and hoarse shouts of men, the crowds throng to the beach. 'Heva! Heva!' is the cry of the people.

'What has happened?' asks the visitor, astonished, and somewhat alarmed. 'Is it fire? a wreck?'

'Heva! Heva!' is the only answer; and he also hurries to the cliff, but is warned away from the huer. Yes, there the latter stands, the observed of all observers, swaying in either hand a bush, cut from the neighbouring gorse or heather. The pale faces of an eager crowd are watching him from below; but the cries and shouting are hushed. Nothing is heard now but the measured

pulsings of the tide, and the mingled cries and clamour of the cloud of white-winged birds, as they momentarily dash into the sea and bear away their glittering prey. The pilchard army heads for the bay; the red streak lengthens and widens; and as the huge school comes closer in, one may hear the rush as of a mighty wind, and see the ripples caused by millions of fins.

Meantime, the great seine has been shot; the 'folyer' attaches the second seine; the 'blowers' make fast the ropes ashore; and the pent-up feelings of the excited crowd on the cliff and beach break forth into one long loud cry of delight; for with them, too, their 'bread is on the waters.' Then commences the operation of 'tucking'—that is, putting a deeper net within the seine, thus entirely surrounding the shoal beneath and around. As the seine is now close inshore, the pilchards can be taken out at leisure. Baskets, buckets, or any convenient receptacles, are utilised for the purpose of lading out the fish into the boats; and women and children are all employed in cleaning, salting, and stowing away the fish in bulk in the cellars. On the occasion we have attempted to describe, when six thousand hogsheads were secured in one seine, the fish were valued at eighteen thousand pounds; and reckoning the number of pilchards in a hogshead at two thousand five hundred, we have the astounding total of fifteen million fish! A simple computation will show that to count this number at the rate of five a second would take a person very nearly seventy days of twelve hours each. Pilchards, for which there seems to be no sale in England except when fresh, are shipped to various Mediterranean ports, Italy being the largest customer.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

ABOUT nine miles south of Edinburgh, on the main road to Peebles, and under the shadow of the Pentland Hills, stands the village of Penicuik, for the most part built on the high ground overlooking and sloping down to the valley of the North Esk. Passing through the village and down the slope leading to the bridge that spans the Esk and continues the road, we turn sharply to the left just at the bridge; and a short distance below are the extensive paper-mills of Messrs Alexander Cowan and Sons, called the Valleyfield paper-mills. In the early part of the century, Valleyfield mills were sold to the government for the purpose of being used as a depot for the reception of French prisoners, the large number of whom, taken in the Peninsular and other wars, necessitating extra provision being made for their accommodation in various parts of the kingdom. And here we may remark, although it will be readily understood, that the mills have undergone very extensive alterations and additions since they were repurchased from the government and again turned to their original purpose; but certain portions of them are still very much in the same condition as they were when occupied as a military prison. These portions are still pointed out to the visitor, as is also the spot in which those who died during their captivity were buried.

'Did many deaths occur among them?' we asked, on the occasion of a visit to the place.

'Yes; several hundreds; and there is a monument erected to their memory, recording the fact, within the grounds of Valleyfield House.—For many years,' went on our informant, 'a respectably dressed stranger used to pay it a visit once a year, always on a certain day, and generally early in the forenoon. Bringing his luncheon with him, he spent the day sitting beside the monument in silence. As evening drew on, he would take a parting look around, and then slowly disappear. Who he was, or why he came, no one knew.'

'And does he still come?' we eagerly asked, touched by this remarkable proof of a love stronger than death.

'No,' replied our guide. 'For some eight or nine years he has not appeared here, and the conclusion is that he has joined those whose memory he so fondly cherished while here.'

After listening to this simple but touching incident, we expressed a wish to see the monument, a wish that was cheerfully complied with. When it became apparent that we were deeply interested in this tribute of respect to those who died strangers in a strange land, and, by the force of circumstances, enemies to those among whom they died, much additional information was given us respecting it.

It was meet that those deprived of the last offices of friendship by the exigencies of war should not be allowed to lie unknown and unnoticed in a foreign land. And yet, how often has this been the case. It was not so here, however; for loving hearts, moved by the promptings of a sympathy which makes all the world kin, have given expression to their feelings in a manner as honouring to them as to those whose memory they intended to perpetuate. The thought recurred to us again and again: What brought this stranger year after year to revisit this spot? Was he a son mourning for the loss of a father, a brother for the companion of his childhood, or a comrade for one whose soul had become knit to his as Jonathan's to David? It must have been no ordinary influence that, magnet-like, drew him hither year after year as long as life and strength remained.

Standing before the memorial itself, we felt our interest in no way diminished by the great taste and tenderness displayed in the inscriptions. On the side facing the burial-place of the prisoners is an inscription in English to the effect that it was erected in 1830, to the memory of three hundred and nine prisoners of war who died between the years 1811 and 1814—an extraordinarily high death-rate. Underneath this is a quotation from the Italian poet Zannazarius, in which are embodied two beautiful thoughts, singularly appropriate to those who sleep below far from their native land, and of which the following is an almost literal translation:

Rest in one's native land is sweet;
But for a tomb, all earth is meet.

Sir Walter Scott, who, it may be mentioned, selected the quotation, gave the following free rendering of it:

Rest in fair France 'twas vain for them to crave;
A cold and hostile clime affords a grave.

The phrase 'cold and hostile' was not considered

altogether in keeping with the spirit of the memorial, and the translation was not inscribed upon it.

On the other side there is a similar inscription in French; but the writer, evidently in sympathy with those who at the call of their country died exiles, studiously avoids any reference to their nationality, and styles them simply 'prisoners of war.' This consideration has not escaped the notice and appreciation of their countrymen; for, not long before our visit, two French gentlemen, who were visiting the mills, were shown the memorial. Standing before it with heads uncovered, and reading in their own language the phrase referred to, one remarked to his friend, with evident emotion: 'They have not insulted us.—Prisoners of war—not French. Very good.' It was not always so; 'Vae victis!' (Woe to the vanquished!) being of old the only regret expressed towards those against whom the fortunes of war had turned.

Beneath, is a verse in the same language, which we were inclined to attribute to Lamartine, but which we learned was from the gifted pen of the late Alexander Cowan, Writer to the Signet. Graphically and with true pathos, it tells the life's story of these unfortunate victims of war, as will be seen from the following paraphrase:

Born to bless the vows of mothers
Growing old,
Called away by fate, life's story
Soon is told.
Lovers, and in turn the loved ones—
Still more dear—
Husbands, fathers. Sad the ending—
Exiles drear.

Long after the mills had ceased to be used as a military prison, and again resounded with the sounds of busy labour instead of the sighs of the captives, a member of the firm was sojourning in France. Paying a visit to a large military hospital akin to our own Chelsea, he got into conversation with one of the inmates who had seen service in his time, and discovered that, many years before, he had been in Scotland.

'How came you there?' he asked of the old soldier.—'As a prisoner of war, monsieur,' replied the veteran in broken English.

'And where were you taken prisoner, may I ask?'—'Waterloo,' was the brief rejoinder.

'Yes. And where were you taken after that?'—'Plymouth.'

'Yes. And where then?'—'To Leith.'

'Yes. And after that?'—'Into the country, monsieur.'

'Yes. And what part?'—'Valleyfield.'

'Ah! Valleyfield?' was uttered in surprise. 'I come from Valleyfield.'—'Ah, monsieur,' replied the old man in sorrowful tones, 'very cold country; no vines—large cabbages.'

The cold of our northern clime had evidently made a lasting impression upon him, especially when taken into conjunction with the loss of his *vin ordinaire*.

On being told that a monument had been erected at Valleyfield to the memory of his countrymen who had died in exile, a tear glistened in the old man's eyes, and he was deeply affected.

'Would you like to have a sketch of it?'—'Ah, yes, monsieur—very much.'

The sketch was accordingly sent; and a year or two afterwards, on a second visit to the same hospital, it was seen suspended in a conspicuous place in the veteran's little room.

ETRUSCAN RELICS.

IN a recent Italian newspaper there is an interesting account of excavations and discoveries in the Tuscan Maremma, conducted by Dottore Isidore Falchi. The site of a once famous city, Vetulonia, has been identified, and many curious relics of an ancient civilisation have been brought to light—amongst other things, a vase bearing a curious inscription in the language of ancient Etruria. This account brought to our mind certain notes taken at Volterra, a few years back, which may interest those persons who are curious to know something of the history and domestic life of a highly cultivated people, and of a civilisation anterior to the foundation of Rome. Volterra may possibly excite less interest than Vetulonia, in so far that its site has never been doubted, and all trace of its early occupants has not been swept away.

Volterra lies about thirty miles north-west of Siena, but is more easily reached from Leghorn. A railway from that place to Le Saline, a small town in the plain, is met by an omnibus, which tugs the inquiring tourist up the steep and difficult hill on the top of which stands Volterra. To reach it from Siena, one must hire a carriage, and spend at least one night there. The drive amply repays the slight loss of time and possible inconvenience. Leaving Siena by the Porta Camollia, the road leads through an interesting and classical country, immortalised by Dante, till, turning off the Florentine road, we reach the thriving town of Colle, the lower part of which, with its smelting-furnaces and foundries, shows something of a nineteenth-century life one had almost forgotten in the quiet dullness of Siena. Leaving Colle, the road ascends all the way to Volterra, winding about in mazy doubles, and showing a varied and interesting panorama, and new points of view at every turn of the road. The towers of San Geminiano appear at no great distance, but vanish as we turn the next corner. At length, passing a high tower split from top to bottom by an earthquake shock, and reminding us forcibly of the volcanic nature of the soil, we sight Volterra, which we enter by the Etruscan gate. This gate is well worth minute inspection. Immense blocks of a dark-coloured stone resembling porphyry, dovetailed together without mortar, form a double arch of great thickness and solidity. The external arch is ornamented by three heads cut out of the blocks, which form what may be called the keystone and the side-points from which the arch springs. These heads are supposed to represent the tutelary divinities of the city. The heads are gracefully posed, but the features obliterated by time. Much of the old Etruscan wall still remains. It is built of irregular blocks of stone, put together without any regard to uniformity or regularity, pieced together without mortar—a truly cyclopean dry-stone dike.

The city is built on the top of a hill which rises abruptly from the plain; on the western side, it is indeed quite precipitous. A curious natural phenomenon is gradually undermining the town; much of the old wall has already fallen, and one part of the city has disappeared. A gulf has been formed by the subsidence of the soil and wall; churches, houses, and monasteries have been swallowed up.

Many old Etruscan tombs are found in the neighbourhood; but these have been for the most part stripped of their relics, which are now carefully preserved in the Museum. Two of the tombs have, however, been left for the gratification of the curious. These are outside the town, in the neighbourhood of the convent of San Girolomo, in the grounds of a pretty Italian villa, the gardener of which keeps the keys. The larger of the two tombs is in the form of a Latin cross, divided into five chambers, in which have been deposited the urns containing the ashes of the family or families to whom the tomb belonged. The most ancient of these urns consists of two hollow stones placed over each other, so that a cavity is formed in the centre, in which have been deposited the ashes of the deceased. Next we came to urns of much the same shape and size, but the stones more carefully dressed, and ornamented by geometric circles and angles designed upon them. Next followed delicately cut garlands of flowers and leaves. The urns appeared to be about a foot and a half in length, less than one high, and perhaps one foot broad. We had no means of accurately measuring them. Some of them were made of alabaster so transparent that the light of the torch could be seen behind, as if through porcelain.

But it is in the Museum of Volterra that we find the greatest number and the most remarkable of these relics. We can there see sculptured on the funeral urn the simple and homely scenes of domestic life, alike in all countries. On some may be seen the steed standing at the door, ready for a journey, while the angel of death, with outspread wings, separates the husband and wife, who have taken their last embrace. He is bound on that journey from which there is no return. The same idea is repeated in many forms, extremely touching. Sometimes it is the host who has been summoned from a feast, the banquet of life, by the winged messenger, who stands at the door. Again, it may be a vessel ready to leave the port, the sails half furled, to catch the breeze which is to speed it on its way. Nowhere is to be seen anything approaching the Death's head and crossbones with which we are familiar.

On many of the urns which appear to contain the ashes of the father and mother of the household, a kind of double statue is placed, the heads and busts tolerably well proportioned. The figures are placed in a recumbent position; the lower limbs are disproportionately contracted, reminding one of a certain style of caricature; but all idea of the grotesque vanishes before the touching expression and grace of the head and features. One might think that at last those two have met, never again to say farewell, so complete is the expression of repose. This style is much more frequent in Perugia than in Volterra,

where the sculptures appear to be of a much earlier date than in the former city.

Again, we find scenes from battle and hunting fields. The siege of Volterra is recognised by the old gateway with its three heads. The chase of the wild-boar, in all its details, from the start to the final scene, with the boar at bay, forms the ornament and story of another class of urns. Next, we come upon a change of subject, and Greek poetry is introduced, scenes from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* being largely represented. The long necklace of beads hung round the neck of the chief figure on the urns—said to be emblematic of eternity, and to represent the sacerdotal character of the head of the house; the apple—emblem of fecundity—placed in the hands of the mother; the representation of sacrifice, and sacrificing vessels themselves, which have been preserved—all indicate a strong sense of religion, and show more than a glimmering idea of a future life.

Modern Volterra has almost a monopoly of works in alabaster, which substance is found in the quarries in the neighbourhood. The little town of Le Saline in the plain prepares the borax which, we believe, is largely exported to England. There is, besides, much to interest the tourist at Volterra. It has, like all other Tuscan towns, a medieval history of its own, with its fortress, churches, and paintings; but besides being off the beaten track, it has little accommodation for travellers, though we were tolerably lodged in one of the two inns there. Italian seems to be the only language spoken, but it is the pure Tuscan tongue, elegant and idiomatic, the *lingua madre* of Dante and St Catharine.

PURPLE PANSIES.

MINE is no lordly garden ground,
With winding walks and shady trees,
And pleasant nooks, where may be found
Safe shelter from too keen a breeze.
Oft have I dreamt of such a place,
And fenced it well with tender fancies,
And am but owner, by God's grace,
Of just one plot of purple pansies.

Few other flowers will make their homes
So near the busy, dusty town;
The rose to purer dwellings roams,
And shuns the factory chimney's frown.
A lilac bush, across the wall
Brings me a greeting from my neighbour's,
When I step out at twilight fall,
To rest me after weary labours.

I linger in my small domain,
Or stoop to pluck some cherished flower,
And dream myself in some cool lane,
Quaint 'Pleasance,' or 'My Lady's Bower.'
I scarcely miss the gardens fair
Of silvan queens in old romances,
Since I find heart's-ease for my care
Beside my treasured purple pansies.

FLORENCE TYLER.

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STOCK EXCHANGE SPECULATION.

It is to William III. that we are indebted for the foundation of the Bank of England, and to him we may also ascribe the creation, indirectly, of the Stock Exchange. When he granted the Bank Charter, and by so doing imposed upon the nation a national debt, or as others would call it, a national incubus, he unconsciously provided a foundation for that extensive system of speculation which is the lifeblood of the Stock Exchange. Not that he can justly be charged with having initiated the practice of relieving the exigencies of the state by means of loans, for his predecessors had been quite as ready as he to make use of that expedient; but he did inaugurate a principle in raising his loans which had been stentily ignored by all previous monarchs. William wanted money, and willingly acknowledged the debt he incurred when the money was placed at his disposal, pledging the faith of the state that the interest should be paid regularly and promptly; whilst his predecessors, who borrowed largely and often, not only refused to pay interest, but also repudiated all the pledges and promises by means of which the money had been obtained. William, when he ascended the throne, acknowledged the debt incurred by his immediate predecessors, and included it in the national debt which he created when he granted the Bank of England charter. However opinions may differ as to the means he adopted for restoring the public credit, William deserves all praise for the honest determination he manifested that thenceforth the state should always meet its obligations.

In a few years after his accession, all the various modes of borrowing practised on the continent had found a firm footing in England. The Royal Exchange, intended originally for more purely commercial transactions, became the scene of speculations in short and long annuities, tontines, lotteries, and the stock of the famous East India Companies. Within its walls were to be found men of all ranks and nationalities, all

eager to grow rich by the easy and fascinating devices then for the first time placed within their reach. There might be seen a wily Jew trying to beat the calm, dignified Quaker; further on were to be seen an impetuous Frenchman and a stolid Dutchman striving to make a bargain; here was a courtly Spaniard, there a grave dignified Turk in his flowing robes, mingled with enterprising Flemings, cautious Scots, and earnest Venetians. Thither came the courtier to turn to profitable account the knowledge he possessed. Ministers, judges, clergymen were all attracted by the new source of wealth opened out to them. It is not strange to find that even the steady, persevering trader, who had been accustomed to increase his wealth and prosperity by enterprises and adventures surrounded by no little risk and peril, was induced, by the fabulous stories circulated of fortunes so easily won, to divert a portion of his capital from his business in order to engage in speculations of which he heard so much.

All the tricks and stratagems now prevalent in the stock market were well understood and largely employed even at that early date. Many of the terms used in connection with Stock Exchange operations originated in the speculations in the funds of the East India Company. Speculators displayed the same ingenuity and skill that they do now in the fabrication of false news. If it is possible for a clever speculator at the present time to cause prices to rise or fall thirty or fifty per cent., those early gamblers could not have had much to learn when they knew how to cause a fluctuation of two hundred and sixty-three per cent. in East India stock. The well-stored ships had been overtaken by a hurricane; they had struck on rocks or quicksands, of whose existence none had been previously aware; or they had been captured by the enemy or by pirates. Naturally, while many won, a larger number lost, and complaints began to be frequent against the 'jobbers'—a term originally applied ignominiously—who polluted the Royal Exchange by their presence. 'They can ruin men silently,' said a writer at the

time, 'undermine and impoverish, fiddle them out of their money by the strange, unheard-of engines of interest, discount, transfers, tallies, debentures, shares, projects, and who knows what of figures and hard names.' The public feeling at length took the form of a law which limited the number of brokers and contained some strong enactments directed against them.

Wearying at length of the objections and innuendoes by which they were assailed, the brokers and jobbers resolved to abandon the Royal Exchange for the 'Change Alley, a large unoccupied space, where they thought they could carry on their extensive operations free from molestation and annoyance. This movement was all the more necessary owing to the ever increasing number of speculators. But it was not long before the inclemency and fickleness of the English weather drove the brokers from the open unsheltered Alley to take refuge in *Jonathan's* coffee-house, which thus became the resort of speculators and jobbers, just as *Lloyd's* was of insurance companies and underwriters. Finding the brokers and speculators flocking together under the hospitable roof of *Jonathan's*, the City took alarm. The City magnates resented the desertion of their time-honoured Exchange, and tried to force the offending brokers to return. Their efforts were vain. The brokers gathered where money and commissions were to be made; they remained true in their adherence to the Alley and *Jonathan's*.

On July 15, 1773, the brokers determined to give the distinctive and appropriate title of the Stock Exchange to their quarters in *Jonathan's*. They then collected sixpence each, says the newspaper, and christened the house with punch. The new title soon became popular; and familiar as had been 'the Alley' and *Jonathan's*, they were soon discarded for one which indicated so clearly the character of the temple of speculation. There was one great drawback to these premises: the coffee-house was open to all who cared to frequent it, whether for business or refreshment. There was no privacy about it; the brokers and jobbers pursued their dealings in the midst of the speculating public; knave, rogue, and saint all jostled against each other; Jew met Gentile; Turk met Greek; and the light-fingered pickpocket enriched himself at the expense of all. The conviction gradually forced itself upon the brokers and jobbers that so wealthy and influential a body ought to own premises of their own, where they could pursue their calling in secret and unrestrained by the public eye. Accordingly, at the beginning of this century, funds were collected for the purpose of acquiring a suitable site in the vicinity of the Bank. So liberal were the contributions, that on the 18th of May 1801 the first stone was laid of the present building, exclusively devoted to stockbrokers and dealers. Such is a brief outline of the history of a building whose name is known and whose influence is felt from one corner of the earth to the other.

The existence of the Stock Exchange, now that the national debt of this country has attained such enormous proportions, is unavoidable. The humble patriot who has placed his money at the

disposal of the government, confident that he will receive the interest on his investment with certainty, is often compelled by circumstances to withdraw his capital to relieve his pressing necessities. Without the Stock Exchange, he would experience great difficulty in finding a person willing to take his place as a creditor of the state; but on the money market he can at all times find buyers ready to purchase his funds. To honest investors, the Stock Exchange is an undoubted boon; but it is doubtful whether its influence on the morals and manners of the public is equally beneficial, owing to the gambling and thirst for speculation which it promotes. Speculation to a certain degree is inseparable from all commercial pursuits, and is conducive to the prosperity and wealth of a country so long as it fosters and encourages enterprise on the part of its traders. Every commercial adventure is more or less dependent on the principles of speculation for its success or failure. It is this healthy degree of speculation that prevents business pursuits from becoming tame and dull, and imparts to them that interest and attraction in which business men find their chief pleasure. So long as painstaking and persevering industry, by means of which the prosperity and welfare of a country are promoted, receives a healthy impetus from speculation, there can be no objection to it on the ground of the evil consequences it produces; but when the narrow limits to its good effects are passed, there can be no question that speculation is one of the most pernicious and deplorable modes of gaining wealth.

The benefits of Stock Exchange speculation or gambling are nil; the evils, many. The wealth of the country is not increased by it; the morals of those engaged are blunted; time is misspent; the mind is perverted from praiseworthy to mean objects, as the practice of gambling fosters an inclination to abandon all honest occupations for those which are at once dishonest and disreputable. When once ensnared by the seductive charms of gambling, the poor victim is enticed into a path leading to ruin, if not to crime, and from which he is powerless to extricate himself. The mania which at times seizes the public and leads it into speculations in stocks and shares is nothing but gambling, called by a more plausible and taking name. The effects of speculating on the Stock Exchange are as prejudicial to the morals of the community as those of ordinary gambling; but whilst the law looks with a severe eye on gambling pure and simple, it turns an indulgent glance upon the practices prevalent on the Stock Exchange. The fact is, Stock Exchange speculations are a more or less privileged sort of gambling. The operations are for the most part in government funds, for the creation of which the state has been responsible, so that it is hardly to be expected that the state will step forward to repress or discountenance transactions in the commodities they have created. Given an inch, speculators took an ell, and gambling is carried on in stocks and shares with every possible facility.

Nothing can illustrate more clearly the unscrupulousness and absence of honest principles amongst the majority of habitual speculators and frequenters of Capel Court than the frequent hoaxes, unfounded rumours, and systematic mis-

representations that are indulged in there. How fatal they have proved to the hopes and prospects of many respectable men, the annals of the Stock Exchange prove. Our readers will remember the frauds recently exposed of Blake-way and Davis; but these are by no means rare cases. A list of those who have participated in Stock Exchange frauds would make a lengthy document, and would embrace all sorts and conditions of men, from ambassadors down to brokers' clerks. Conspicuous in this infamous list would be found the names of Fordyce the banker, Daniels the stockbroker, and Benjamin Walsh, M.P.

We cannot conclude this article without giving a passing glance at the manners that prevail on the Stock Exchange. The eager scrambling after wealth which engrosses the thoughts and attention of the members, besides proving baneful to their morals, has also a marked effect upon their manners. The scene within its walls, even in quiet times, is one of endless uproar and confusion. On all sides are to be heard the shouts and wrangling of the buyers and sellers, each striving to beat his fellow in making the bargains. Everywhere are to be seen brokers hurrying to and fro, and their clerks rushing in and out at headlong speed, in order to take advantage of the momentary fluctuations in prices. In times of excitement or panic, all this confusion and uproar is magnified tenfold. A stranger, ignorant of the character of the building, would never guess that it was a place of business where some of the most gigantic transactions were effected in a few minutes. The noise and confused babel of sounds would strike him as more in keeping with a bear-garden than with the recognised mart for funds and stocks. A stranger, however, has but a slight chance of witnessing the scene within the walls of the Stock Exchange. If by any chance he does find admission within its sacred precincts, his stay would certainly be of short duration; whilst his experiences gained during his intrusion would in all probability be none of the most agreeable.

Mr Francis tells the following amusing story of a gentleman who found his way into the Stock Exchange, and of the consequences attending his short visit. 'Not long ago, a friend of my own, ignorant of the rule so rigidly enforced for the expulsion of strangers, chanced to drop in, as he phrased it, to the Stock Exchange. He walked about for nearly a minute without being discovered to be an intruder, indulging in surprise at finding that the greatest uproar and frolic prevailed in a place in which he expected there would be nothing but order and decorum. All at once, a person who had just concluded a hasty but severe scrutiny of his features, shouted at the full stretch of his voice: "Fourteen hundred." Then a bevy of the gentlemen of the house surrounded him. "Will you purchase any new navy five per cents, sir?" said one eagerly, looking him in the face. "I am not"—— The stranger was about to say he was not going to purchase stock of any kind, but was prevented finishing his sentence by his hat being, through a powerful application of some one's hand to its crown, not only forced over his eyes but over his mouth also. Before he had time to recover from the stupefaction into which the suddenness and violence of the eclipse threw him, he was seized

by the shoulders, and wheeled about as if he had been a revolving machine. He was then pushed about from one person to another, as if he had been the effigy of some human being, instead of a human being himself. After tossing and hustling him about in the roughest possible manner, denuding his coat of one of its tails, and tearing into fragments other parts of his wardrobe, they carried him to the door, where, after depositing him on his feet, they left him to recover his lost senses at his leisure.'

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXXII.—BENEATH THE EVERLASTINGS.

THE night had closed in, and still Josephine sat on the overturned cradle. The tears had dried up; but she continued to occupy the same place, holding Richard's handkerchief clasped in both her hands on her lap, looking straight before her, into vacancy—lost in thought. A soft, yellowish-gray light filled the little window; but within the cottage kitchen all was dark, or at best was in deep twilight. Josephine had not moved for an hour. Her face was away from the window, in complete shadow. All at once a flash fell on her. She looked heavily up, with half-consciousness, to see her father and the rector before her.

'I knew she would be here,' said the latter.

'I did not suppose her such a fool,' muttered Mr Cornellis.

'Then you see I knew her best,' said the rector. —'Josephine.' He put out his hand, and she listlessly put her own into it. She liked and trusted Mr Sellwood, who had known her from infancy.

'My dear child,' he said, 'your hand is cold and wet.'

'I have been crying,' she answered simply.

'You must need your dinner,' said her father. 'We have put it off, and off, awaiting you, and the soles will be burned to chips.'

She said nothing in reply to her father; but her fingers closed on the rector's hand, as he was withdrawing it. 'I want to speak to you, Mr Sellwood—alone,' she said. 'Would you mind remaining here with me a little while?'

'But, Josephine,' said her father, 'dinner is spoiling; consider the soles.'

'Please, go home, papa, and eat the soles. I will not detain you. The matter about which I wish to speak is one I desire to speak about to the rector alone.'

Mr Cornellis considered for a moment. Josephine was fretting at the departure of her husband. Girls never know their own minds. It was perhaps natural that she should feel for a while his sudden disappearance. In a day or two, this chagrin would pass and the sense of relief prevail. It might relieve Josephine's mind to talk the affair over with Mr Sellwood; it could do no possible harm. She was a girl who acted on her own impulses, and took no advice which did not agree with her own wishes. The rector might, and probably would advise that she should open communication with Richard

Cable and urge him to return. This evening, she might agree with him; to-morrow, she would come to a better mind.

Mr Cornellis shrugged his shoulders. 'I will leave the lantern with you,' he said, 'to help and lighten your consultation.'

When he was gone, the rector set the lantern on the floor, and said: 'Well, Josephine, you want my advice?'

'O no, Mr Sellwood. I have made up my mind. I want you to tell me how I can carry out my own intentions.'

'Well done, young woman; this is frankly put. It is not always that your sex is so outspoken. They ask advice, and follow it only if agreeable to their own fancies.'

'I want to tell you everything, rector,' she said. 'I have acted very foolishly—I mean very wrongly. I have worked a vast amount of mischief; and now, I have been trying to find out how I may undo it.'

'What have you done? Tell me that first; and secondly, what you are going to do to mend it. Then I will give you my advice.'

'I do not ask your advice.'

'Oh! I beg pardon; I forgot,' said the old parson, somewhat testily. 'But I will not lend my hand to any star-scraping, scatter-brained scheme. You may not seek my advice; you may not value it; but the experience of a man of over sixty is worth something.'

'Indeed, indeed, dear Mr Sellwood, I value your opinion, your advice, most highly; but this is a case in which I must decide for myself. I have done one wrong after another, an injustice in ignorance, a wrong wilfully; and it appears to me clear as the day that I, and I alone, can work out my course for the future so as to amend the mischief. If you approve, I am very glad; but if not, I cannot help it. I must go my own way, or sin against my conscience. I know very well that my father will not approve; he and I see everything differently; and Aunt Judith will be indignant, and call my conduct wicked because it is not commonplace.'

'Never mind about Aunt Judith—you are too severe.'

'Mr Sellwood,' said Josephine, 'would you mind sitting on the table, whilst I talk to you?'

'I will sit anywhere, my dear, to please you, anywhere but in a bishop's throne, and that—not for any one.'

'Then I will remain here on poor little Bessie's cradle, at your feet.'

'But not in a child-like spirit and in the mental attitude of a disciple, you headstrong piece of goods. You have made up your mind—to what, pray? How long have you taken forming it? A solid judgment is a first requisite in the making-up of minds, and that—excuse me—you lack.'

'I have been very unhappy. I have cried till I have wet dear Richard's handkerchief through.'

'So at last there is some community established between you. Both use the same pocket-handkerchief.'

'Mr Sellwood, I will tell you everything; but please not to interrupt me in my story.'

The rector, who loved to hear his own voice,

was nettled. 'I am to pass no comments, as I am to tender no advice. Well, I will do my best; but I cannot promise silence.'

'And yet you expect us to sit quiet when you preach, whether we agree with you or not.'

The rector winced. 'Go on,' he said. 'After that, I must be silent.'

Then she told him the whole story of Gabriel Gotham and Bessie, as she had heard it from her aunt; and it filled the rector with astonishment. He had not heard anything of it before. 'Bless me!' he exclaimed, 'Mrs Cable is a wonderful woman to keep her mouth shut—proud, proud as a queen.'

'A noble pride,' said Josephine.

'Yes,' he said. 'I admit the correction—a proud-hearted woman, a grand woman; there are not many like her.'

Then Josephine told him how she had only come to a knowledge of this a few hours ago.

'And already made up your mind upon it!' exclaimed the parson. He could not refrain from making his comments.

'Mr Sellwood,' Josephine went on—she withdrew her hand from his, and folded her arms over her bosom, but did not let go her hold of the blue handkerchief—'Mr Sellwood, I have acted very wickedly. I daresay I acted without a wise discretion in marrying Richard. I was not in love with him.'

'Then why in the world did you marry him? That was your sole excuse for committing an act of folly, and you have cast it from you.'

'It was this which drove me to it. Papa was so disagreeable with me about him—he said such things that I was angry, and became defiant. Aunt Judith was stupid, as she always is, and I felt an inclination to fly in her face and thoroughly shock her. Then I got into that awkward predicament on the seawall at midnight, when you and Captain Sellwood came upon me with Richard. After that, matters were complicated by Cousin Gotham. I believe he did it purposely. He gave Richard the boat—in my name, and had the boat called by my name, and encouraged talk in the place about me and Richard, which made me very uncomfortable, and my father very angry; and I did not see how I could get out of the hobble, into which I had been partly thrust and had partly slipped, in any other way. I was nearly mad with annoyance and wounded vanity and irritated self-will. But that was not all. I saw that Richard was so natural, open, good, and true, and I felt so utterly at a loss where to look for a guide.—My father'—

'Never mind about your father.'

'I could not follow his advice; and I did not feel that I was secure in my own opinion of right and wrong. I suppose all women look for some one to whom to cling.'

'My advice you never thought of asking for,' said the rector in a tone fraught with mortified pride. 'You seek me only to tell you how you may be enabled to follow your own whims without inconvenience.'

'Do not be cross with me, Mr Sellwood,' pleaded Josephine. 'I cannot explain to you exactly how I was situated at home; somehow, papa and I never had much in common, and we did not share confidences. I was driven to battle

out my own way, sometimes going wrong, and sometimes right.'

'Many times wrong, and sometimes right,' suggested the rector.

'Possibly so,' She paused, considered, and then said: 'No; I do not think it. When I have gone wrong, I have been influenced from without. As for marrying Richard—that was not wrong, except in Aunt Judith's table of commandments, in which all that is not usual is wrong. No'—she spoke with the earnestness of sincerity—I really believe that the prevailing thought in me was that in Richard I should find an ideal man of truth and honour, and that is why I took him.'

'Mercy on me!' exclaimed the rector. 'Because a man can drive a donkey-cart, that does not qualify him to drive a locomotive! Richard was all very well in his own sphere; but you transferred him to one he knew nothing about, in which he could not possibly assist you.'

'I see that clearly enough now,' said Josephine humbly. 'I did not see it till too late; and then, when I became aware of it, I got impatient with him; I lost my temper, because he could not accommodate himself immediately to his new position. I exacted of him the impossible.'

'To be sure you did.'

'I made no allowances for him. I was irritated, and spoke rudely, insultingly to him. I even ridiculed this dear old blue handkerchief, which—the tears began to trickle down her cheeks again—'which is now wet with my contrite tears.'

The kind old rector took her hand and patted it between his own. 'My dear,' he said, 'all will come right in the end, now; you have begun at the right end, with repentance.'

'But he is gone away, gone with all his children and his mother without even saying a good-bye. I have driven him out of his home. That is not all. You know his story now; you see that the Hall and the manor ought in common fairness to be his. What an injustice, what a wicked injustice I have done him!'

'I am glad you acknowledge your faults, Josephine; that is the first step towards making all well again.'

'This is nothing like all I have done, rector. I have spoiled the goodness that was in Richard. I have made him morose, bitter, and mistrustful. Even that is not all. It was through my fault that the poor little child was hurt. I had so angered him, that when he went to the *Anchor*, he drank too much, and then'—

'Yes—I know the rest.' Mr Sellwood said no more. For once, he was silent. He was touched by the self-accusation of the girl, and he did not know, for once also, what to advise.

'Richard was so gentle, so full of thought for others, and pity for those who suffered in any way, so helpful to all who were weak; and now he is quite changed. He is sullen at one moment, fierce at the next. He no longer loves me—he told me so; and I know, I do know that only a little while ago he loved me with his whole honest, noble heart. He has torn up my picture and thrown it among the ashes.'

'He cannot tear you out of his memory.'

'But he can remember me only as the murderer of his happiness, as the person who

maimed his child; he can remember me only as an offender who is past being forgiven.'

'I do not think it,' said the rector. 'Love is not killed so quickly. It may sink into the ground and disappear, like a spring in drought; but it will break up again, and flow as before.'

'No, Mr Sellwood; he will never love me again till I am quite changed from what I have been. I have been sitting here for a long time—how long, I do not know, considering what is to be done. Things must not remain as they are.'

'Exactly; and if you ask my advice'—

'I do not. I have made up my mind.'

'I beg your pardon; I forgot.' He was a little huffed, and took away his hand from Josephine.

'Do not let me go,' she pleaded. 'I do not want to offend you. I have no one else to whom I can open my heart.'

He took her hand again and pressed it, in assurance of his regard.

'Well, Mr Sellwood, I have been turning the whole miserable muddle out, and arranging my thoughts and putting them in order, just as Richard would tidy everything into its proper place. There are a lot of things mixed together, and these I have sorted into their several lockers. First come Cousin Gotham's money and estate. I have no right to them. They belong in all fairness to Richard; that I see clearly; so I will have nothing more to do with them.'

The rector started.

'Tell me,' she asked—'tell me, frankly, what you think?'

'In law'—

'That is like my Aunt Judith. Because Cousin Gotham was five hours short of his legal time in Scotland, therefore what is wrong is right.'

'It is you now, Josephine, who interrupt. By law, you have a perfect, unassailable right to everything left by Mr Gotham. Whether you are justified in accepting and keeping his bequest, under the circumstances, morally and in honour, is another matter.'

'There! there!' she exclaimed almost exultantly. 'You see I riddled out that conundrum right. The property belongs to Richard. He shall have it. I will not touch a penny of it more.'

'But what of your father?'

'My father must manage for himself. I see my course plain before me. I go straight my own way, and put wax in my ears, so as not to hear any voice from outside, however sweetly singing.'

'Go on, then.—What next?'

'In the next place, I acknowledge that I did wrong in requiring Richard to shape himself to fit a position for which he was unsuited.'

'Right again,' said the rector.

'At his age, it is not possible for him to adapt himself, in every external, to what is required of him. In heart and mind, rector—oh, he is the truest gentleman! a Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*.'

Mr Sellwood smiled at her enthusiasm.

'It would have been different, had he been quite a young man; but he is past the age when all the mental bones are flexible,' said Josephine.

'I do not know that—with patience and in time.'—

'No, rector; he must not again be subjected to the restraint and torture. He must be allowed to go his own simple way, unhampered by artificial checks and unteased by conventional regulations.'

'Then what do you propose?'

'If we are to be reconciled, if he is ever to be happy with me, the disparity between us must disappear.'

'But how? You have just said he is too old to learn our social habits.'

'Precisely; but I can go down to his level.'

'My dear!—What do you mean?'

'Do you not see that the only chance of our living happily together is for us to be on an equal footing? He has tried my level, and cannot sustain himself on it. I must take his.'

'That is not practicable.'

'Pardon me—it is. Do you not see that one step in this course I have mapped out leads to another? I have said that I will not have his money; therefore, I have nothing of my own. What I had, has been dissipated. I have not a penny. What must I do, then? I must earn my livelihood.'

'Good gracious, Josephine!' The rector sprang from the table on which he had been seated.

'I must learn to think and feel and see things as Richard does, through eyes on the same plane as his—so only shall we be able to understand each other. That is not all. He is very angry with me now, and nothing else that I can do will convince him of my repentance and of my desire for reconciliation.'

'Earn your living! Goodness gracious me!'

'All fits together perfectly, rector. I shall earn his esteem at the same time that I am acquiring the modes of thought and habits of a lower grade in life.'

'Upon my word!' exclaimed Mr Sellwood, 'you are a person who always rushes into extremes.' He was astonished beyond measure.

'Extreme measures alone suit the occasion,' answered Josephine. 'As I utterly renounce my claim on the property, I can do no other than earn my bread, and by so doing I gain my chief end.'

'But how will you earn your bread?'

'I will go into service. His first wife was a maid in your house, and he was happy with her.'

'You must not do this—it will be degradation.'

'I must do it. It will be no degradation, morally, for I have a right end in view.'

The rector was greatly shaken. 'I would never have advised this; I would never have thought of this.'

'I knew that; therefore, I did not ask your advice.'

Mr Sellwood remained silent. He could not grasp her bold proposal all at once. Josephine waited. She had become calm as she spoke of her resolution. She waited for him to say something. Presently, he said in a choking voice: 'I retract what I let fall just now. There will be, there can be no degradation. On the contrary, there will be a rise of your better self. My dear, this is very wonderful to me. Your

female instinct is a better guide than my masculine sense. I should never have thought of this. Even now, I cannot say whether it commends itself to my reason; to my heart, it does at once, at once!' He was much moved. 'Josephine, in such a daring venture, guidance and help are needed.' Then he paused again. Presently he went on: 'Josephine, perhaps you have read that, in old times, pearls were found in the Severn, and British pearls were much esteemed. Do you know how they were found? Horses and cattle were driven across the fords in the Severn, and they trampled on, bruised, and broke the mussel shells that lay there; then the crushed mussels in their pain exuded the matter that formed the pearls. Now that bridges have been built to span the Severn, no more pearls are found in it; for, though there are mussels still in the shallow water, they remain only mussels; they produce no longer pearls, because no longer bruised and broken.—My dear Josephine, I think—I believe, that the pearl of a nobler and a truer life is beginning to grow in you, because the feet are passing over you and treading you down.'

'Rector,' said Josephine after a long silence, 'what are you looking at above me—the everlasting?'

He paused, he did not answer at once, he recovered himself slowly, and said softly: 'The Everlasting! Yes.'

(To be continued.)

SOME NOTES ABOUT BIRDS.

ANYTHING connected with what a lady friend calls 'the unnatural instinct of the cuckoo' is always of interest to lovers of nature. On the first of June, a friend of ours, in company with two other gentlemen, visited what he called 'a cuckoo's nest,' having an opportunity, rarely vouchsafed, of seeing the 'unnatural instinct' at work in a very young bird. The young cuckoo had been hatched only the previous day in the nest of a meadow-pipit, better known in Scotland as a moss-cheeper, a bird which the cuckoo frequently favours with the rearing of her young. The unconscious interloper, one day old, blind, and without a vestige of feathering, had already ousted one of the moss-cheeper's eggs, which lay outside the nest. Sitting down to chat for a few minutes by the nest, one gentleman called the attention of the others to the young bird, which seemed to have taken a fit. It wriggled about in strange contortions, twisting its head about under its body, as though at times it were trying to stand on its head, with its long neck worming about. Ere they well knew what to make of the helpless-looking thing in its struggles, it was seen to have one of the eggs in the bend of its eel-like neck against the side of the nest; and the next moment the hind quarter of the bird was under it, and the egg lodged in the hollow of the interloper's back (which is said to be specially fitted to receive it). Then, with its head still bored underneath, the little callow usurper began to wriggle itself backward in strange fashion until from the verge

of the nest the egg was wriggled off. Having backed to the upper side of the nest, and that being on a level with the ground above, the egg could not roll away, but fell back into the nest, the young cuckoo rolling to the bottom of the nest at the same time, where it lay prostrate, and seemingly exhausted, till the visitors left. On the recovery of its strength, doubtless it accomplished its object by repeated efforts; as, when we revisited the nest some days afterwards, it contained only the young cuckoo.

It is said, 'dog will not eat dog;' the rook, however, when put to a pinch, seems to come near breaking this rule; at least, we once saw a pair of them almost devour a starling, which is nearly allied to the Crow family. In the winter of 1879, when a deep snow lay on the ground, our attention was drawn to the frightful screeching of a bird. Hastening to the door, we saw a pair of rooks pursuing a starling, which they knocked down in the snow several times, and had at last set about devouring, when they were driven off. The poor starling, however, was helplessly maimed.

It is not generally known that woodcocks breed regularly in many parts of Britain, particularly in Scotland. Wherever they breed, they may be seen nightly, from February till June, flitting along the tops of the woods for an hour or two after twilight sets in. Their peculiar call, which a writer has well translated 'Vyssop,' is uttered at rather regular intervals all the time only of its flight, with a low 'Churr,' 'Churr' between each call. These flights are steadily kept up, back and forth across the woods, like a bird in pursuit of prey on the wing; and it is hard to imagine how such an industrious, business-like flight is kept up, unless something is to be gained thereby; yet the bill of the woodcock seems quite unfitted for preying upon insects on the wing.

The persistence with which many birds cling to their nesting-grounds is remarkable. Rookeries which have been ruthlessly shot over year after year are resolutely resorted to by the same birds, though in such cases there is a tendency in the birds to build their nests more scattered throughout the wood. This is even more marked when the eggs are frequently taken by boys, the nests being then placed on higher and more slender branches—doubtless a great deal more care being required in the erection of the structure on such slender foundations, and it is wonderful how rooks lay the dry sticks in such positions to 'bide the blasts.'

In a rookery in our neighbourhood which had been little disturbed for a number of years, there was a marked moving of households five years ago, the young birds having been decimated in the previous year by the gamekeepers. The centre of this long strip of wood was then almost deserted, the nests being built towards the extremities. As this proved no security in later years, the birds have mainly gone back to their old headquarters. A prominent ash-tree at one end of this wood was taken up in the year of migration referred to, and has annually borne a great crop of crows' nests since. In a great gale in December, a large limb was torn off this tree; and there was a marked absence of crows there in the end of February, when they begin

to frequent the trees on which they build. It was near the end of the second week in March ere a bird was there seen; then four nests were built in succession, all at the furthest available points from the gap in the tree. Though there were other good building sites, the cautious rooks avoided them; and it seems probable, from their late building, that the tenants were young birds which had not learned by experience that a damaged tree is more liable to injury from wind-storms.

A pair of chimney-swallows built their nest over the inner hall-door in the writer's dwelling, the outer door being left open at night after the work began, to give the birds access in the mornings. Though the bird left its nest whenever any one passed in or out, and flew about so long as any one stood in the doorway, which not unfrequently occurred, five birds were safely hatched and fledged, the young returning to their nest for some nights after. War being declared against the birds as a nuisance by the housekeeper, and it being difficult to argue otherwise, orders were issued against another year's occupancy of the premises. In the following May, the birds were promptly on the ground, and set resolutely to work in their old quarters; and though warned off by having the outer door shut again and again in their faces, and kept so for hours each day, and always till late morning, the birds lost no opportunity, when the door was open, in building their nest for two long weeks. Even some time after that, when it seemed certain they must be nesting elsewhere, they came occasionally, as though loth to give up their loved haunt. Five successive years these birds returned, trying hard to get a reoccupancy; and when their favourite corner was gained, such a delightful love-chatter was heard as only chimney-swallows can indulge in. It seems fair evidence that the same birds have always returned, from the facts, that it is unusual for birds to enter a hall-way which is well frequented; the same corner always being chosen; and each year their efforts growing less persistent.

In the head of the rainpipe nearly over the front door of the same house, a pair of starlings have reared their brood for several years. Very unwillingly, they, too, have been proceeded against as a nuisance. For three successive years the spout-head was stuffed with dry pine branches, each year more carefully, to debar the birds; but each year, after much labour, the birds forced an entrance. In 1884, a birdhouse was erected for their convenience on an oak-tree in front of the house—which is the favourite perch of the starlings—and before nesting-time the spout-head was boarded over. The birds tried their utmost pecking powers on the board in vain, and for a day or two visited the birdhouse—which in another site had been occupied by starlings—but, contrary to the usual habits of the birds, they built their nest 'above board,' under the eaves, and as close to the old site as possible; and here a brood of young birds in early June were safely reared.

During all these years, the hen-bird has made her roost in that spout-head summer and winter. Even during severe seasons, when not a starling is to be seen in the neighbourhood, she came home nightly, and often, when passing underneath at

a late hour, we have heard her uttering her plaint in a 'Chink!' 'Chink!' as though complaining that she could not sleep for cold. One spring, her mate was shot; but in a few days she found another, and went on with her nesting, little delayed by that trifling accident, and cheerfully chattering and 'gnattering' in starling fashion.

In the rear-spout of the same house, a pair of starlings, four years ago, built their nest, and reared their young safely. Here the connecting roof-pipe is not so far continued into the spout-head, the consequence being that in heavy rain-falls this nest is flooded. For three years past the birds have been driven out by the rain; and though young birds were left drowned in the nest, the old birds rebuilt their nest within ten days, and laid their eggs over the dead. Next spring, they were driven out early, and again when the eggs were nearly hatched, one of these being found washed out on the ground underneath. Two days afterwards, these birds had taken to the birdhouse referred to, and for some ten days seemed busily nesting there; but dry weather having set in again, they returned to their old quarters, where the hen-bird again reared a brood which was also drowned.

A water-ousel, which had reared its young, little disturbed, for years on the face of moss-grown rocks overhung by trees and their roots, has been regularly harried for the past four years by a family of boys who came to live near by, and yet every spring it came back and built in the same site. The building of their large domed nest was perhaps too great an undertaking to be renewed in the immediate face of such difficulties, and yearly, after being harried, we have observed that the birds disappear from the neighbourhood for several weeks, doubtless to some other part of the stream, to rear a second brood; yet each spring they have returned to the same spot. Last winter, the overhanging trees and roots were entirely torn away by the gales, and the birds found a new site farther along the same pool-side, where, luckily, the boys did not discover their nest.

Can it be that where a pair of birds make their first nest and rear their young safely, that *there* lies a first-love charm? In the case of the ousels referred to, there is every probability that in some at least of their second nestings, the protecting greenery being then so much greater, and boys ceasing to look so keenly for nests, they reared their young successfully, and yet they have regularly returned to the site which is yearly harried.

CHECKMATED.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

THE excitement attendant on Geoffrey's announcement, with the tearful delight of the girls to heighten it, quite carried David out of his worry, and for the time he was as cheerful as any of them. Not but that he felt some twinges of conscience when he looked at the glowing, honest face of the young man, as he sat opposite to him at the little table and heard his plans. These were all bound up with the happiness of Josie, which he evidently placed far before his own;

and the clerk contrasted his frankness and candour with the underhand treatment he—David, the self-reproachful—had at one time made up his mind to deal out to the young fellow.

It was soon explained that the windfall which had given Geoffrey 'something like a fortune' was the result of the mining speculation of which he had told them. He had not become a millionaire; but the land had realised a sum which would go far towards making him independent; and if he obtained the promised situation, he might call himself rich.

'All through Cloudy Range Jack,' he wound up, over and over again. 'I told you he was the best fellow in the world, and he *is*. He felt sure that there was a great vein of gold in these deserted diggings. I knew nothing about it; and so he made my fortune. He has come back with me; he will see you in a day or two.'

'Have you found out his name yet?' asked Josie.

Geoffrey returned some jesting, evasive answer to this question, and there was an odd expression on his features as he did so. This struck David as being a little mysterious, as implying that he 'could a tale unfold' if he chose. Indeed, when the girls pressed him, he at last said he would rather leave the disclosure of Jack's name to his friend himself.

The evening was a delightful one. Geoffrey, although a temperate man, naturally indulged in a glass of grog, and in this David joined him. Under the combined influence of the spirits, his pipe, and above all, the welcome reaction in his train of thought, the clerk grew more confidential than he might otherwise have been. During an interval, when they were left by themselves, the girls being engaged in getting supper ready, he told Geoffrey all that had happened, of the present position of affairs, and of his appointment for the next day.

As he listened, the queer expression again stole over the young man's features; he seemed inclined to laugh, but checked himself, and looked at David so oddly, yet so shrewdly, that the clerk felt uncomfortable, and could scarcely refrain from asking his companion the meaning of such enigmatical glances. However, he held his peace, and the supper being brought in, he thought no more of the matter.

Next day, David was punctual to his appointment; but on nearing the office in Great St Amyott's Court, he was accosted by a man whom he recognised as one of the messengers there. 'Oh, Mr Chester,' began the man, 'Mr Gadham says, will you be so good as to go in at his private door?—This way, if you please.'

David was rather taken aback by this address, for though he had seen the man when he visited the firm, he had no idea that the messenger knew him. He followed, as desired, and found Mr Gadham in his room. The merchant looked up with a smile, and congratulated David upon his punctuality.

'As you must have guessed, Mr Chester,' he said, 'I expect my precious cousin here immediately. He comes, he supposes, to receive a cheque from me, in five figures, as a compromise in a business you understand as well as any one. It perhaps was hardly a legal proceeding; but it was decided upon in accordance with the

advice of the best lawyer of the day, who does not appear, however, in the settlement. Legal or not, my cousin will be disappointed.—Now, to mention a different subject. The more I think of your conduct, Mr Chester, the more I am pleased with it, and when this business is over, you will find me not unmindful of your interests.'

David made a grateful bow, and strove to stammer out his thanks, but with no great success. The merchant smiled again as he did so, and some curious, inexplicable freak of thought associated this with the queer smile on Geoffrey's face the previous evening.

Chester could not follow up this speculation, as the messenger appeared and said two gentlemen wished to see Mr Gadham by appointment; and on the reply being given, Mr Ernest and his legal adviser were shown in.

It may be as well to state here that it had by no means been the intention of Mr Ernest to have company on this visit; but Mr Ellitt, who was not remarkable among his friends for guileless simplicity, had been thinking seriously over some recent conversations held with his client. The outcome of these meditations was a resolve to attend him at the meeting with his cousin, and further, not to leave him until a satisfactory division of the expected cheque had been made. The announcement of this resolve produced a scene, which might be described as a furious quarrel, between the associates; but Ellitt was firm, and in the end, Ernest had to give way; so they appeared together with as much good will and friendship beaming on their features as could be conjured up on so short a notice.

They started at sight of David; their previous heartburnings vanished in the presence of this new and alarming danger.

'What is this fellow doing here?' demanded Ernest. 'We have not come to discuss our business with him.'

'Be seated, gentlemen,' said Mr Gadham, by which name, during this interview, the merchant is meant. 'I thought you had been very friendly with Mr Chester.'

'We will not have him here anyhow,' exclaimed the lawyer. 'If he stays, there is an end of our settlement.'

'He tells me that he can materially aid our settlement,' returned Mr Gadham; 'and in fact, what I have already heard from him, proves it. For instance, he says the will'—

'I do not care what he says,' broke out Ernest, who evidently did not want to hear this explanation. 'He is a perjurer, if we believe his own confession; he is a swindler and a cheat. I warn him, that if he does not at once leave, we shall go to the Mansion House and apply for a warrant for his arrest.'

'Then you intend still to assert the genuineness of the will?' asked the merchant—to support that which your manner and words alike tell me you know to be a forgery, and a detected forgery too.'

'Genuine! You will find out if you let us leave without a settlement,' retorted Ernest; 'and so will that fellow Chester, your trustworthy accomplice.'

'Very well. Then we shall see what you will say to some other accomplices,' continued Mr Gadham, touching his gong three times, evi-

dently an understood signal, for the door at once opened, and a strange man entered, ushering in two others, who were, of all persons in the world, Geoffrey Coyne, and a man whom David instantly recognised as the omnibus passenger of the preceding day. The stranger who had shown them in retired to a corner of the room.

'These gentlemen,' said the merchant, addressing Ernest and the lawyer, 'are Mr Geoffrey Coyne'—

'And his friend, Cloudy Range Jack,' interposed Geoffrey, 'come here to see fair-play.'

'What merry-andrew business is this?' exclaimed Ellitt. 'These fellows can have nothing to do with the matters which brought us here. Let us go, and they will soon find out their mistake.'

'No; you will not go yet,' said the man described as Cloudy Range Jack (Chester started at his voice).—'Don't scowl, gentlemen, but listen to me for a moment. You are forgers and swindlers, and I know it. I am John Sperbrow, once clerk in this very firm' ('I thought so,' muttered David, below his breath)—'witness to old Peter Gadham's will, in company with that man, David Chester. I hear the date is in question; but it will be a waste of time to talk of that, for I can swear my name on the will was not written by me. I can swear this all the more readily, and without waiting to examine the imitation, which I daresay is very clever, because I saw the will we both really witnessed, burned by old Mr Gadham, who did this in my presence, that I should know it was destroyed.'

'This tale may suit you to listen to,' said Ernest, endeavouring to keep up a show of confidence, which his white cheeks and lips and his husky voice painfully belied. 'We will have no more of it.'

'Yes, you will; the best is not told,' continued Sperbrow. 'The rest of my story will interest Mr Ellitt as much as yourself. I have just come from Australia, where I had worked for some years at about average miner's luck; but a little while ago, a man who had grown tired of his land, wished to sell it, and I bought it, with the help of my friend Geoffrey here. I knew something of its character; the man who sold it could not have known much about it.' (Ernest Gadham bent a strange hard look on the speaker, and set his white lips tight, as though to control his breath.) 'I got a great deal of gold from this lot in a couple of months,' continued Sperbrow; 'and sold the rest of the ground for twenty times what I gave for the whole. You, Mr Ernest Gadham, are the man who sold the ground; I am the man who bought it. But one good turn deserves another, so I have done you a good turn. Your wife, Mr Ernest' (a general start ran through the company at these words, and Ellitt uttered a low exclamation)—'your wife, who happens to be my cousin, or I might not have known of the marriage,' continued Cloudy Range Jack, 'having spent the few pounds you left her with on your very quiet departure, was anxious to find some trace of you, or, failing that, to be with her relations; and as I was coming home to England, and could afford to do so, I paid her passage. She is now in London, staying with the mother of my old friend Geoffrey. That

is my story.—How do you like it, Mr Ernest?—And how do you like it, Mr Ellitt?

Some awkwardness in replying to these questions was perhaps averted by Mr Gadham, the merchant, speaking. 'As to the latter part of your narrative, Mr Sperbrow,' he said, 'although extremely interesting, yet I am not concerned in it, and must leave it to be discussed by those who are.—Mr Ernest Gadham, you have heard the additional evidence bearing upon the will. As I know you have heard all Mr Chester has to say, I will not trouble him to speak. Do you not think it would be advisable to withdraw?' 'As for this trumped-up story of burning the will'—began Ernest.

But Mr Gadham spoke again. 'Your friend will tell you that I gave you sound advice, and you had better withdraw—while you can,' added the merchant, with an ominous significance; 'at least, you had better say nothing at present. You may say something which may force me to call upon the officer who sits there'—pointing to the stranger. 'I am not sure whether, even at this stage, I am justified in letting you go, but at present you are at liberty.'

'And about your wife, Mr Ernest'—began Sperbrow.

The person addressed darted a savage look at him, and then whispered to Ellitt, who, on his part, wore no pleasanter an air than his companion. Without further words, or other leave-taking than a slight bow, the two left the private room, passed through the outer office, and were gone.

'I will not detain you at present,' said Mr Gadham to David. 'All that need be done now is for me to make an appointment with you to see me here on this day week. Will that suit you, Mr David?'

Of course the clerk said it would, and then the party left.

Geoffrey was especially facetious in describing his feelings on the previous evening, when he heard so much which affected his friend Cloudy Range Jack, who, on his part, while returning by Geoffrey's ship, had been communicative on matters concerning Mr Ernest Gadham and the wills made by his father Mr Peter.

Knowing so much from both sides, Geoffrey at once resolved that his friend's best plan was to attend the meeting of the next day, which he found no difficulty in doing, as Mr Gadham was only too glad to secure such an auxiliary.

It is really not worth while to attempt anything like an expanded account of the events which close our story, most of which can easily be foretold; we shall therefore be content to indicate them very briefly. First, then, as regards Mr Ernest Gadham: this gentleman disappeared from his accustomed haunts on and after the day of the meeting at his cousin's. Two writs which were taken out against him on the same day, the very next one after the meeting, by Mr Thomas Ellitt and Mr Manoah Selph, were returned by the officer, who could not find the person for whom they were intended.

Nor was Mrs Ernest more successful in her search, at that time at least, although it was afterwards rumoured that Mrs Gadham had gone to New York to meet her husband. It is pretty certain that the gentleman was never seen in

England again. Mr Ellitt and Mr Selph—the latter being the money-lender—had to digest their disappointment as best they might; but of their proceedings we are unable further to speak.

No one will require to be told that all operations in the matter of the new will of the late Mr Peter Gadham were at once discontinued; and we are glad to say that David Chester's share in bringing about this climax was not overlooked. A free and comfortable home with Geoffrey and Josie was offered to him; but the old fellow, feeling, as he said, that he was good for some years, preferred to accept a liberal offer made by Brisby, Gadham, & Co., in addition to a considerable pecuniary remuneration. Once again, then, he was seated in his old familiar counting-house, the happiest and most cheerful of all the clerks within sound of Bow Bells.

We have intimated that Josie became Mrs Geoffrey Coyne; this occurred within a very few weeks after the discomfiture of Ernest Gadham. As everybody had expected this event, no one was surprised at it; but at an incident which followed within the year, every one, or, at all events, David Chester, was astonished. This was the marriage of that little chit of a Minnie, hardly out of short frocks and pinafores, to Mr John Sperbrow. The somewhat uncomplimentary reference to Minnie just given is an extract from the speech of her sister Josie. It is true the young lady was only seventeen years old, but she was half a head taller than Josie, far more buxom in figure, and of sufficient resolution to accept and marry her suitor, without much regard to her father or sister's satire.

It was not until at least a couple of years after Minnie's wedding, that even old David, who used often to wonder audibly as to what had become of Whitman, obtained any light on the subject. Then he heard from Josie, who could keep a secret as well as any woman, something about a man for whom her husband had paid the passage-money to Australia—on behalf, she understood, of Mr Gadham of Brisby, Gadham, & Co., who had provided the funds. She believed, too, that post-office orders were sometimes sent to this man; but he was now dead. Geoffrey would not like to be asked about this, and indeed he had never told her the man's name. David had no doubt that he himself could have supplied the omission. If this were Whitman, it was the last the old clerk heard of him.

We have shown, we hope, what a well-meaning, honest old fellow was David. He paid, by-the-bye, to the deserted wife of Ernest Gadham every shilling he had received from her husband. The old man has now been gathered to his fathers for some years; but his daughters and friends still remember him with respect and affection.

THE ROMANCE OF THIEVING.

ALTHOUGH a man always looks upon a clever theft with an air of romance, he never quite realises the position until the thief or sharper has fleeced himself. We are apt to laugh at the misfortunes of the man who puts his head out of his cab on a foggy day, in answer to a knock at the window, and finds his hat disappearing in the gloom. Nor do we show more sympathy with the man who collides with another

individual in the street, and who, on having his hat, which has fallen, handed back with profuse apologies for the accident, finds, from its size and general appearance, that not many hours before it must have adorned a scarecrow.

But these incidents in no way illustrate the coolness and intrepidity of the professional thief, who does not usually aim at trifles. Last winter, an ingenious theft was perpetrated by two well-known pickpockets, who had followed a gentleman out of the stalls of a Leeds theatre. For a moment they parted company, and when the younger joined his companion, he handed him a pocket-book, from which were taken some notes and money. To substitute false notes was the work of a second.

'You have lost your pocket-book, sir,' said the elder thief, hurrying after the gentleman. With a cool bow, the thief hastened away, pleased with the gentleman's thanks—and his watch.

At Birmingham, not long ago, a thief was detected in the act of stealing a gentleman's watch. In his haste to escape, he ran into the arms of a detective, who had been watching him for some time. Naturally, the thief must have felt somewhat excited at such a moment; but if he did, he showed no symptoms of being so. Although instantly secured by the unenviable handcuffs, he had the presence of mind to pass the watch unobserved into the pocket of a passer-by. This person was puzzled to know how he became the possessor of the watch, and being afraid of keeping the gift, was sufficiently honest to hand it to the police.

Another instance of the remarkable coolness and audacity of a thief, though perhaps not an uncommon one, is worth relating. One day, a Liverpool 'stalk'—a man capable of doing mischief of any kind for a trifle—having watched his opportunity, took up a coat that hung outside a pawnbroker's shop. Flinging it over his arm, and carrying it into the shop as if intending to make a purchase, he offered it for sale. Not recognising his own property, the pawnbroker bought the coat. But even this did not satisfy the thief. He handled some silk handkerchiefs, and in choosing one, remarked carelessly: 'Take pay for this out of the money for the coat.'—'But I have given you the money,' indignantly answered the pawnbroker.—'O no; you haven't,' said the thief.

A warm altercation ensued. In vain the shopman protested that he had paid the money; and at last the thief went out in search of an officer to settle the dispute, taking with him some silver spoons, several silk handkerchiefs, as well as the silk handkerchief in question, which in his excitement the broker had forgotten.

But the thief is not always so cool and collected as we are wont to believe him. He is especially unnerved by hunger and the police. Not long ago, a well-known actor, whilst in the provinces, had occasion to walk some distance at midnight, and was stopped on a lonely road by an ill-clad ruffian. 'Fool!' muttered the actor coolly, 'there's an officer within a hundred yards of us; I'll'—With an exclamation, the thief disappeared over a wall; and the next morning his dead body was found in a river close by, into which in his haste he had fallen.

Some five or six years ago, the shopkeepers of Bradford were thrown into a state of alarm by a couple of young lads. One of the two used to

make a small purchase at a shop, and, by telling a plausible tale that a boy outside would take the purchase from him if it were seen, he got the shopman to put the article down the back of his coat. Whilst thus employed, the ingenious youth very easily relieved the shopman of his watch, and then bolted. After him came 'the boy outside,' to inform the shopman of his loss. The latter, having had carefully described to him the road the thief had not taken, ran at once after the culprit, the second boy in the meantime helping himself to the contents of the till. How often this larceny was practised, few shopmen in Bradford care to remember.

Once, for the writer's edification, a young lad, not more than fifteen years of age, undertook to stand in a prominent thoroughfare in Leeds and open the ladies' satchels as they passed without being observed. He never failed once, and very often succeeded in taking out their purses also, which of course were immediately returned intact.

It is often argued, that if taken from their evil associates, many thieves would reform. It is very doubtful; they love their nefarious orgies and their liberty too dearly. One instance in support of this is enough. A clergyman in Bristol once interested himself in the welfare of a penitent thief, and secured a situation for him in South Australia. But while at his benefactor's house, listening to the bright prospects that awaited him, the thief was stealing the good man's spoons, watch, and ring. The chances of becoming rich in a day are further inducements, as in the case of the gambler, to continue their life of recklessness and crime. A Liverpool detective once stated that four hundred pounds and several watches were found upon a notorious pickpocket during a festival in that city; and it is no uncommon thing for a couple of thieves during the Derby week to steal five or six hundred pounds-worth of valuables.

A SMUGGLING ANECDOTE.

FIFTY years ago, there resided in a small farmhouse near a seaport town in the north of Scotland a man named Angus Mackenzie. He was tall and strong, over sixty years of age, and, like most strong persons, good-natured. 'Old Angus'—as he was generally called by the townspeople—was a great favourite amongst them, for it was mostly through him that they got their untaxed whisky. It was an open secret that Angus was a smuggler, but hitherto he had been very fortunate, and the custom-house officers could never catch him. Angus was none of your cut-and-thrust type; sword or pistol he never touched. He was a cautious, cunning, witty old fellow. Few men could tell a better joke; and this very cunning and wit pulled him clear, when bolder means would have failed. Time after time had the excise officers—or 'gaugers,' as they were commonly termed—attempted to catch him in the act, but in vain.

On one occasion Angus received notice that a cargo would be run, and left at a certain place about ten miles from the town. With his horse and cart, he started late one night, taking a quantity of peats (turf-fuel) with him to cover the kegs. Having found the cargo all right, he

loaded his cart, with the assistance of a friend, put the peats on the top, and after a rest, started for the town, where he intended to deliver the whole at the residence of a worthy householder, for he rarely took any to his own house. He had arrived within three miles of the town, and was leading his horse by a rope-rein, when there sprang out from the deep open drain at the roadside two excise officers, who, a few months before, had visited his house.

'Ha, ha! Caught at last, Old Angus!' they shouted. Going to the back of the cart, they began to throw the peats on to the road, and at once discovered the kegs. They were perfectly overjoyed. Here at last they had captured the man who had given them the slip so often; and what a splendid haul too!

'Are these buttermilk barrels?' asked one of the excisemen, in high glee.

Angus simply smiled.

'Drive on, Angus—drive on! We will see when we get to the town-hall what they contain.'

'Weel, weel, gentlemen; it's yer trade to prevent the guid drap passing ye, an' it's mine to do otherwise; so every man to his ain trade.—But, gentlemen, there need be no ill-will; so, come an' hae a bit snuff an' a crack.'

Knowing that Angus was a perfect storehouse of good jokes—few could tell a better story than he—and feeling more than pleased, they placed themselves one on each side of him, and started for the town, walking all three in front of the horse, which Angus led.

Angus, holding the long rope-rein, and placing his hands behind his back, gradually allowed the line to pass out until the horse was twenty feet behind him; but so much did the officers enjoy the old man's conversation—and he did his best to keep their attention engaged—that they failed to observe what he was doing. As they approached the town, he quietly drew in the rein again until the horse's head was just at his back.

When they entered the main street leading to the town-hall, the news flew like wildfire that Old Angus had been caught by the gaugers. Soon a large crowd followed them. The excisemen were triumphant; it was a red-letter day for them. When the town-hall was reached, the cart was stopped, and the officers, with a look of great importance, proceeded to take off the back door of the cart. No sooner had they done so, than consternation reigned. Where were the barrels? Only a few peats were in the cart! What could it mean? The crowd sent up a shout of derisive laughter. Jumping into the cart, they threw out the peats; but not a keg could they find.

Furious with vexation and passion, to be foiled just when victory was so certain, they jumped out of the cart, and were proceeding to enter the town-hall, when Angus stopped them. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'ye thought fit to throw part of my peats into the road about three miles out, an' now ye throw the rest on to the street. Na, na, sirs; I hae done nothing wrang that ye can prove; sae, ye maun jist pit back my peats. Be very thankful I dinna make ye come back the three mile an' pit in the rest.'

The crowd, elated at the discomfiture of the excisemen, entered into the spirit of the joke, and shouting out, 'Yes, yes; ye maun do so, or else we will make ye,' surrounded the

officers, who, knowing the temper of the men they had to deal with, threw the peats back into the cart amidst the loud laughter of the bystanders.

When they had done so, Angus remarked with his peculiar pawky smile: 'Weel, gentlemen, ye hae done no sae bad. I'm awa' back for the rest o' my peats; perhaps ye would like to come?'

The excisemen, without deigning a reply, entered the town-hall. Old Angus proceeded back for his peats, followed by a ringing cheer from the crowd.

The affair was the talk of the town for several days; and how Old Angus had hoodwinked the gaugers was a mystery. But gradually the facts leaked out, and the joke was so good that it could not be kept. When the excisemen discovered the kegs, Angus knew that unless he got the gaugers to the front of the cart, all would be lost. Having got them to walk with him, and so leave the back of the cart unprotected, the rest was plain sailing, for, passing out the rein as far as possible, and keeping the excisemen's attention fully occupied, he knew that his friends, who were always on the outlook for danger, would be sure to see how the land lay and do their best to help him. The roads in those days, where Macadam was unknown, were of a very rough nature, consequently a cart made a fearful noise jolting over the roadway. Three of his friends, who had seen all, and taken in the situation at a glance, crept up to the cart; and one of them getting into it, handed out the kegs, which were rolled into the open drain at the roadside; and then hurrying off for a cart, they put the barrels into it, and placing the peats that the excisemen had thrown out of Old Angus's cart, on the top, one of them drove into the town and delivered the whole lot at the house intended, very shortly after Old Angus had left the town-hall.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Jubilee of Queen Victoria has been celebrated in a variety of ways; but no more useful method of commemorating the event has been suggested or practised than that adopted by the Cape government. The Superintendent-general of Education, with the authority of the government, arranged for the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee throughout the colony by the plantation of trees in each village. The school children were the agents in this laudable undertaking, of such importance in a land of drought; and every facility was given them to carry out the work effectually. It was arranged that all teachers and assistants, and the scholars of the senior classes, were each to plant a tree, and were to be responsible for its care during the ensuing year. If there happened to be no suitable spot adjoining the particular school to which the scholars belonged, excursion parties were formed to plant seeds on the slopes of the nearest hills. There were no public funds available for the work; but the Education Office assisted to the best of their power, both in choosing the trees most suitable for the localities, and in many cases

in forwarding a supply of seeds gratuitously. As June is rather an early month for tree-planting in the northern, midland, and eastern districts, the operations have been postponed in those localities until August and November, in which cases the birthdays of two of the Queen's sons will be thus commemorated.

The eclipse of the sun which will take place on the 19th of August is engaging the attention of the various observatories. Although our own government will not send out an observing expedition, England will be represented by two astronomers who have received invitations from the Director of the Moscow Observatory, near which city the eclipse will best be seen. The duration of totality will be longest in the south-east of Siberia, and will last there nearly four minutes. In Japan, this period will be reduced to three minutes. We may mention that in England the sun will rise partially eclipsed; but soon after sunrise it will cease to be obscured. In Prussia, the eclipse will be seen 'total' just after sunrise, and that is the most westerly point at which the phenomenon can be thus seen.

We have so often advocated the use of oil at sea as a remedy for troubled waters, that we gladly call attention to a pamphlet lately issued by the United States Hydrographic Office, which records some observations made by Lieutenant Underwood. He says that two quarts of oil per hour properly used are quite sufficient to prevent much damage both to ships and small boats in heavy seas, but the oil should be of the right kind. Mineral oils are not nearly so effective as those of animal or vegetable origin, and the best results are obtained in deep waters. Amid breakers or surf, the effect of oil at sea is not so certain, but still some benefit from its use may be expected. Lieutenant Underwood advises, that when an attempt is made to reach a wreck, the rescuing vessel should use the oil after getting as close as possible under the lee of the wreck. The vessel may then be expected to drift into the oily surface, when communication may be made with her by boat.

The sudden incoming of unusually hot weather has brought a great deal of correspondence to the newspapers on the subject of mosquito and gnat bites. One writer recommends bruised fern fronds as a remedy for these painful stings. Another, relying upon his experience in India, tells us that a paste made of ipecacuanha powder and ether is a sovereign remedy. Another recommends a tincture of *Ledum palustre*, which he assures us is the only remedy that he, a martyr to gnats, has found of any real service. This drug may be obtained of any homeopathic chemist; and a tea-spoonful in half a tumbler of water makes a lotion which will be effectual. It is a curious circumstance that these troublesome bites, while hardly affecting some persons, are productive of great torment to others.

Several instances have been recorded where telegraph wires have shown signs of disturbance during earthquake shocks; yet seldom has any dangerous effect been observed. But, according to Lieutenant-colonel Benoit, Director of Artillery at Nice, the recent earthquake shock on the Riviera was accompanied by a curious incident in a certain telegraph office under his jurisdiction. The operator in attendance on touching the key

of the instrument felt a violent shock, which threw him into his chair, where he remained motionless for some time. His arm was temporarily disabled, and he could not resume his work until the close of the day. The matter was investigated, when it became evident that the sufferer had received a very strong electric shock, the effects of which he is likely to feel for some time.

The results of a series of experiments on the influence of different beverages on digestion have been published by Dr James W. Fraser. From his investigations, he is able to lay down certain rules. The digestion of starchy foods is assisted by tea and coffee, whilst that of meat is somewhat retarded by the latter beverage. With infused beverages, eggs are the best form of animal food to eat. Digestion of butter used with bread is delayed in the presence of tea, and probably proceeds more quickly when taken with coffee or cocoa. As a general rule, albuminoid food-stuffs should not be taken at the same time as infused beverages.

Photography in natural colours is a subject which comes up periodically as a matter of discussion in our newspapers. It is the goal to which, in the opinion of many people, photography must inevitably tend. But by those who have given careful consideration to all the varied points entailed, it is regarded as an impossibility. The report that photographs have at last been taken in all the varied hues of nature has once more arisen, and over-confident journalists have given it credence. The recent report differs from those which have occurred in previous years in the fact that the discovery has been linked with the name of a well-known London photographer; but it appears that he did not give his sanction to the statements made. What he appears to have done is this: he has discovered an entirely new method of colouring photographs by a process in which no artistic assistance is necessary. The process is dependent to some extent on light; but it is altogether distinct from the operation of taking a picture by means of a camera. This is done in the ordinary way. A negative is produced, and from that, negative prints are obtained, and coloured by a subsequent mechanical operation.

It is said that a tunnel is to be bored under Gray's Peak, in the Rocky Mountains. It will pierce the mountain four thousand feet below its summit, will have a length of twenty-five thousand feet, and will give communication between the valleys of the Atlantic and those of the Pacific side, saving a distance of some three hundred miles in the road which must at present be traversed.

It will be remembered that some months ago Mr Ellis Lever offered a prize for a perfect safety-lamp for the use of miners, and that the judges who were appointed to examine the lamps sent in for competition declared that no lamp submitted to them fulfilled the somewhat onerous conditions laid down. Professor Sylvanus Thompson was one of the adjudicators in this contest, and he has written to the *Times* commenting upon the recent lamentable disaster in the Udston Colliery, by which many lives have been lost. Remark- ing upon the melancholy fact, that upon three of the bodies brought up from this mine articles were found which might be used for opening the

present form of safety-lamp, he says 'that the Electric Lamp is the only form that can defy the criminal folly which, to all appearance, has been the cause of the accident in question.' He tells us that since the competition referred to, several forms of Electric Safety-lamps have been perfected, one of which, invented by Mr J. W. Swan, was shown at the Birmingham Exhibition by the British Association. He also says 'that he knows of the existence of several other thoroughly practical and reliable lamps.' The owners of fiery mines should certainly lay these words to heart; and no consideration of expense should delay the substitution of these new lamps for those old ones whose claim to the title 'safety' is so open to question.

A curious instance of the sagacity of birds is recorded by a correspondent of *Nature*. Some sparrows began to build a nest against a white house in a creeper which was almost bare of leaves. This nest the writer removed, when the birds began to build another. This was again removed, because of the objection to noise and dirt so near the windows. A third time the birds began to build their nest, and a third time it was taken away. But on this occasion, although the nest was only just begun, it had some eggs in it, and the birds had covered it on all sides with the white flowers from a shrub which was growing below, the intention apparently being to render the nest less observable against the background of white wall near which it was built.

Civilisation invariably brings in its wake a number of ailments that people in a more savage state of existence do not suffer from. A curious instance of this has lately been recorded at Berlin, where two telegraph operators, a man and a woman, both otherwise in good health, are being treated for a strange and altogether hitherto unknown affection of the hands. The finger-nails are dropping off one after the other, and this is attributed to the constant jar caused by tapping and pressing with the finger-ends, necessary in working the Morse key.

In all treatises on physical geography, a number of illustrations are given in order to demonstrate the fact of the rotundity of the earth; but so far as we can remember, the deformation of images on large sheets of still water, due to this convexity of the globe's surface, has not been included in those illustrations. Professor Dufour of Morges has called attention to this curious phenomenon, and he points out that those images, instead of appearing equal to the object which gives rise to them, are sometimes so compressed in a vertical direction as to appear quite different from the original. This is the case with a certain church tower which is seen reflected in the Lake of Geneva. The same thing can be observed in images of distant ships, when the eye is near the water-line. According to this observer, the roundness of the earth is perceived as distinctly as that of a ball held in the hand.

The Local Government Board has lately had before it the question of using salt water for street-sprinkling at seaside places; and the evidence given by different authorities was of an interesting character. At Bournemouth, a complete system for watering the roads in this manner has been designed by the surveyor, Mr Andrews, who stated that the water would not cost more than fivepence

per thousand gallons. It was stated that salt water is particularly successful in laying dust, as it forms a kind of skin, which binds the surface together, or, as one authority expressed it, 'the salt water "gums" the surface of the road.' There seems to be no objection to this surface incrustation of salt, for it causes no inconvenience in the sewers, and has no prejudicial effect on the health of man.

According to the *Lancet*, a new test for milk has been proposed. This test depends upon the fact that a certain chemical—the sulphate of Diphenylamine—is coloured blue by the presence of an extremely dilute solution of a nitrate. As well-water always contains more or less nitrate, its presence in suspected milk can easily be ascertained by the use of this chemical. To use this test, a small quantity of the sulphate is placed in a porcelain cup, and a few drops of the suspected milk are added to it. The mixture will speedily show a blue tinge if the milk contains even five per cent. of average well-water. The chemical named can be readily obtained, and it is cheap.

Some months ago, we called attention to the endeavours that were being made to test the value of torpedoes by launching them against the old ironclad *Resistance* at Portsmouth. This old ship most thoroughly bears out its name, for up to the present time it has successfully resisted all attempts to demolish it, although nearly every means that science could suggest has been brought against it. These torpedo experiments have recently been renewed, and the old ship is once more the subject of attack. The wounds received in previous attempts have been patched up, and to all appearance the ship is as unhurt as when these trials began. The last effort consisted in the explosion of the enormous charge of two hundred and twenty pounds of gun-cotton. This charge was sunk to a depth of twenty feet below the water-line, and thirty feet from the hulk. The explosion was terrific, but the old ship still remained unmoved. One remarkable result of the experiment is, that the steel booms to which the torpedo netting is attached practically remain uninjured—they were a little bent, but unbroken, and maintained their position. The conclusion to which this marvellous result points is, that the attack by torpedoes can be successfully resisted by properly arranged netting.

The system of lighting trains by compressed oil-gas, which has been so largely adopted on the numerous railway lines, has recently been applied to the illumination of London omnibuses. The reservoir holding the gas is of copper, and is placed beneath the steps of the vehicle, the gas being stored in it at an initial pressure of ninety pounds on the square inch. This reservoir holds sufficient gas for three days' consumption, and feeds two lamps, one of which is an ordinary railway-carriage roof-lamp placed inside just above the door; the other being a square lamp with a white reflector placed inside the omnibus at its forward end. The reservoir is easily charged from portable cylinders which are sent out from the oil-gas works. This system will no doubt become general in omnibuses.

Few people imagine the great saving that accrues from the use of soft water in large

establishments. At a recent meeting of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, the result of adopting a soft-water supply at the Darent Asylum was reported. From this Report we find that the estimated reduction in expenditure in the several departments of the asylum and schools, consequent upon the adoption of soft water instead of hard, has amounted to more than eight hundred pounds. The saving in value of soap and soda alone amounts to three hundred pounds. In addition to this, much material and labour has been saved in other ways. There is also a great reduction in the annual wear and tear of the steam-boilers and circulating-boilers, which no longer get incrustated with lime; besides a great economy of coal. It is pointed out that in addition to the direct saving, there is an indirect economy in the reduced wear and tear of the linen when washed in softened water. The system at this asylum is known as the Atkins Water Softening Process.

Another great canal enterprise has been entered upon; this is the cutting of a channel between the North Sea and the Baltic; and operations were commenced last month by the laying of the foundation stone of a lock near the Baltic end of the future waterway. The total cost of this great undertaking is estimated at nearly eight millions sterling, and the necessary money has already been voted by the German government. A curious feature with regard to this canal is, that it is not so much for trade as for defensive purposes. In some respects, this canal, although a far greater undertaking, may be compared to that of Corinth, for it will save the government the cost of maintaining two separate ports on either sea, or, rather, it will connect these two ports together. The length of the canal will be about sixty-one English miles, and it will have a width and depth sufficient to allow two vessels of the largest dimensions to pass one another. Although this canal cannot be compared with that of Suez, or with that upon which M. de Lesseps is now engaged at Panama, from an international point of view, its completion will be an engineering achievement only second to them in importance.

It has been remarked that, despite all precautions, a theatre is a building which sooner or later is doomed to destruction by fire. There is much truth in this saying; but it certainly ought not to apply to recent erections of the kind, for the art of fireproof building is now well understood. Still, the contents of a theatre are of an inflammable kind, and every care should be taken not only to prevent fire but to allay panic, which is often quite as disastrous in its effects. Among the means of speedy egress which have been advocated is the placing of tablets covered with luminous paint in the various corridors, so that, should the gas be suddenly turned off, persons can readily find their way to the outer doors. Experiments with these tablets are now being made, and they will probably lead to their use in many other buildings beside theatres. It is necessary to place them near a lamp, otherwise they do not shine.

The immensely high tower which is to form a principal feature of the Paris Exhibition of 1889 will have such an unusual altitude that ordinary modes of ascension will be impossible. Few per-

sons would undertake to mount a staircase one thousand feet high, and therefore a lift becomes a desideratum, if the promoters of the scheme expect their tower to bring in any returns in the shape of hard cash. The method proposed by which the difficulty can be mastered is as follows: the ascending room, or cage, will be erected on a vertical screw shaft. This will be rotated at the base of the tower by some form of motor, probably electric. The cage itself will not partake of the revolving motion, for it will slide in fixed guides; but the screw cut upon the shaft will cause it to ascend.

The Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom, started only last year, held its annual meeting at Glasgow last month. Papers upon various subjects were read, and pleasant photographic excursions formed the lighter work of the members engaged. Photography is now such an aid to all branches of science and art, that these annual gatherings will speedily assume very great importance.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DELTA METAL.

THE discovery of alloys possessed of special properties has attracted the attention of metallurgists from the earliest times, whose constant attempts to form successful admixtures of two or more metals in varying proportions have produced many combinations of high value in industry and art. One of the most recent discoveries of this class has received the name of Delta Metal, and is formed by the introduction of a small percentage of iron into copper-zinc alloys.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, Aich and Baron Rosthorn of Vienna perceived the high character possessed by this compound both as regards strength and tenacity. No practical results, however, followed their observations, and the matter remained in abeyance till within a comparatively recent period, when the difficulties experienced by the early promoters in producing an admixture of reliable and absolutely uniform character were overcome after considerable research by the introduction of a definite and known quantity of iron, also a percentage of phosphorus; and in some cases tin, manganese, and lead, when special qualities are required. The iron becomes chemically and not merely mechanically combined in the alloy, a fact proved by the inability of rust to corrode, and the magnetic needle to become attracted by the metal under consideration. Thus Delta Metal was placed on the market as an article of commerce, carrying with it certain sterling characteristics.

The specific gravity of Delta Metal is 8.4—that is to say, it differs but little in weight from copper; while its melting-point is eighteen hundred degrees. In colour, the alloy bears a close resemblance to gold; whilst it possesses the great advantage, as we have said, of being untouched by rust or corrosion. This fact, taken in conjunction with the excellent results attained both as regards tensile strength and elongation, and the cost at which it can be produced being identical with that obtaining for the best brass, a material very liable to tarnish and discolour, make it evident that a future undoubtedly lies before Delta Metal.

Amongst other advantages, the alloy can be worked both hot and cold, and can be rolled, stamped, cast, forged, or brazed with equal facility. The castings are particularly sound and free from blowholes—a frequent source of loss and annoyance with those made in brass—whilst possessing, it has been computed, three times the strength of brass castings.

Delta Metal can be applied to the following uses: parts of rifles, guns, torpedoes, tools for gunpowder-mills, parts of bicycles, gongs, &c.—formerly made of steel; in pumpwork, to supersede brass, and extensively in ships' fittings; in chemical manufactures, where other metals would rapidly corrode; in shutters, for bolts and nuts, propellers, anchors, cranks, cog-wheels; and in a large number of ornamental and domestic goods, harness-fittings, spoons, forks, cups, fenders, vases, and candelabra, and a large variety of other goods where handsome appearance is a desideratum.

It is difficult to limit the applications to which Delta Metal lends itself; and after careful perusal of the results obtained, in subjecting the material to a series of searching tests, to ascertain its tensile and ductile strength, it is impossible to doubt that in quality and appearance, in addition to its valuable non-corrosive properties, the alloy is well calculated to fulfil the expectations of its introducers.

THE SWINTON TELEPHONE.

A very simple but effective telephone, says *The Times*, is now being introduced to public notice, which constitutes a distinct departure in this class of apparatus. This telephone is the invention of Mr A. A. Campbell Swinton, and each instrument comprises a direct-acting multiple microphone transmitter, a self-contained call-bell, a push-button, and an automatic switch. These main parts are mounted on a polished teak base-board, to which are attached two electro-magnetic receivers.

The transmitter consists of a small lead frame about three inches square, suspended by pieces of india-rubber, so as to be unaffected by external vibrations or tremors. From side to side of this frame, just at the top, is stretched a thin platinum wire, on which are strung about a dozen thin carbon pencils, the lower ends of which rest lightly against an insulated horizontal carbon block fixed across the back of the frame. This forms a powerful multiple microphone, which is capable of very delicate adjustment. The microphonic regulators are so sensitive that they are readily actuated by the direct impact of the atmospheric sound-waves on themselves alone, without the intervention of any diaphragm, tympanum, or auxiliary sound-receiving surface of any kind, or the aid of any mouth-piece or voice-tube. One simply speaks at the row of carbon pencils.

Each receiver is of the usual external shape, and within it is a small soft iron electro-magnet, opposite one pole of which is an iron armature carried by a very thin, tightly stretched membrane of non-inductive material, so prepared as to be unaffected by moisture or other atmospheric conditions. The multiple microphone transmitter is of such a powerful character that it has been found practicable, even on long lines,

to dispense with the induction coil usually employed with other telephones. The transmitters, each pair of receivers, batteries, and line wire, are all connected in series on one circuit, the two receivers at one station being, however, placed in parallel, in order to reduce the self-induction of the circuit and any tendency to extra current disturbances. This arrangement, while being very simple, has, it is stated, the advantage of causing the instruments to be singularly free from inductive interference from neighbouring telegraph or telephone circuits—a very important point in crowded districts.

These instruments are being introduced by the Equitable Telephone Association, of 75 Queen Victoria Street, London, with the view of meeting the requirements of those who desire cheap and efficient telephones, which they can purchase outright for personal intercommunication.

S O N N E T S.

LIFE.

THE air was heavy with the fragrant scent
Of crimson roses, and fair lilies gleamed
Whiter against a sun that broadly beamed
O'er all the scene. The song of birds upwent
Beneath an orchard's leafy-vaulted tent,
Where golden fruits hung glossy; and I deemed
That such was life; so, till I fondly dreamed
Death came not there. But when I closely bent
A keener gaze upon the bright-hued flowers,
The roses hid a worm within their heart;
A canker gnawed the fruits, and as the hours
Passed slowly on, I saw their bloom depart;
While through my heart an echo of the strife
Rang, sadly shilling: 'Thus it is with Life.'

DEATH.

ALL nature slept. The soft voluptuous air
Sighing through foliage bathed in silvery light,
Scarcely broke the stillness. Peacefully and bright
Outspread the waters of a lake that bare
The living snow of lilies. Everywhere
Was perfect restfulness, and as the night
Grew older, even the breezes died. The might
Of nature slumbered, and her Beauty there
Reigned monarch. Patiently I watched through hours
Of silent dreaming, longing for the rest
That blest all nature—birds and trees and flowers,
Till, as I wearied, in my restless breast
I heard this whispering of a ghostly breath:
'Mortal, the rest thou seekest lies in Death.'

H. DAWSON LOWRY.

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IN THE HIMALAYAN COUNTRY.

THE country of the outer Himalaya—the tracts which form the base of the vast triangle which has the isle of Ceylon at its apex—is the most charming for climate and the most surpassing for grandeur and beauty of scenery of all the districts, countries, and places of India. The writer is familiar with but one part of this long line of territory, and of that part he takes up his pen to give some account; but he believes that he may say with correctness that there is vast similarity everywhere along the great wooded base which looks down on the plains of Hindustan, in front of the eternal snows, from the Punjab territories, far to the left, to Darjeeling and parts adjacent and beyond, away to the right. You have the same sanatoria for British soldiers; hill-stations for the European community generally, which vary only as one English town differs from its neighbour; and nestling in nooks all over the hillsides, you have the same sort of native inhabitants, semi-Hindustani or Indian and semi-Mongolian in national type.

Of late years, the most notable movement in these mountain districts has been the establishment of the Forest Department by the government of India, which has, by the hands of this department, assumed formal possession of all the great forests; has set about taking care of them; and, further, of multiplying and increasing both the area and the best natural products of these enormous and majestic wildernesses. Noble are the mighty hillsides, indeed; and in the verdure with which they are clad may be counted many varieties of pine and classes of kindred genus. The deodar, which we believe is a cedar, is esteemed the most valuable. In the hill-tracts which face the upper provinces of India, the mountains generally are wooded only on the sides looking backward to the higher ranges, the snowy chain behind; and the slopes which look south, to the sun, are yellow and bare. At points along the line of railway which runs for many a hundred mile from Calcutta in the south-east

to far-distant Peshawur, right on the distant verge of empire, one can alight to go to the hill-station of his choice or to which duty draws him. Darjeeling, which is now a great place, can be reached from Calcutta direct; and by going up the line, one can alight for Naini Tal or Mussourie, for Dalhousie or Simla; but to get to these places, after leaving the main line, one must undertake a second journey, which varies in length and in difficulty with the station selected. But refreshing it is, when you *do* get there, and you can appreciate then what 'climate' means; and you are apt to go about enjoying each mouthful of the fresh air, with hands extended, as if to grasp and weigh and feel the delightful commodity.

The climate would be considered good and bracing for any country in the world; and the Forest officers are quite appreciative of the great advantage that in this respect they enjoy; and they cling to the hills, although, as compared with some other departments, the Forest is not well paid; while the life is often one of complete isolation. The Forest officials have rather a difficult course to steer in their dealings in the way of duty with the native communities of the hillside and the glen. The villages are legion; they are scattered about everywhere, and they have, the writer infers, many claims, coming down probably from unknown antiquity, which are apt to clash with the great claim of imperial lordship. But the department appears to be very wisely guided; and the officials are trained men, not rarely of high scientific attainment; learned in all native languages, and in social position equal of course to any. Jolly little cribs some of the Forest huts are, and in much, very un-Indian like; but covered with trellis-work and creepers, half hut, half bungalow, they carry one away from things Indian, especially when the sun is sinking low behind the great mountain walls, and the air is getting chilly, chilly. Very pleasant then to turn inside, where the little room is ruddy with the light of the roaring fire. On the sward near the house you may

see, too, English daisies; but *they* do not come naturally; for if they exist, they are due to the horticultural tastes of the officer of the circle. The villages are low in the interlying valleys, but sometimes on the slopes of the hill. Some look like a collection of Swiss cottages, two-storied and roofed with slate; and Swiss or not, certainly unlike anything in the lower regions, 'the plains,' from which we have just ascended.

In one large village which the writer visited, he was struck with the fine appearance of the female community. They looked far finer beings than the men, and were full in form, with remarkably large and expressive black eyes; and, generally, buxom of figure and expressive of face; while the men appeared very ordinary, thin, and shabby creatures.

Another charm of 'the interior'—as the regions lying away from the hill-stations are called—is the pheasants. Here you get the noble birds amid the noble forests. There are several varieties, but the most prized is the *moonal*, which is got at the highest elevation, and whose coat is of a beautiful azure. You may be 'worse off,' indeed, than to be wending your way home to the hut carrying a heavy pheasant, which you have just bagged on the soft grassy brow of some great declivity; turning, now and again, to look at the sunset light still welling up from the sable depths of the opposite ranges; and then feeling the frozen ground of the forest path, crunching beneath your feet; while your retriever comes pattering after you.

There is other game than pheasants on these alps, however, very different; and the pursuit more arduous. Bears abound, and tigers are at times very troublesome. The bear, although not fond of showing fight, can maul most frightfully with his claws, which resemble those of a garden rake, and his favourite *coup* is to scalp. Mr P——, a Forest officer, lost his life by a fall from a precipice in an affair with a bear; and as to tigers, our host at Deoban, Mr S——, was the lucky man who, a few years ago, killed a man-eater, for whose destruction the whole station of Chakrata turned out, soldiers, civilians, and all, a comprehensive line; and the animal fell to the rifle of Mr S——. In a jar of spirits in the bungalow some human remains are shown that were found in the stomach. Close to Deoban, Mr G——, of the Forests also, a noted sportsman and shot, while walking along, heard some noise behind him, and discovered that he was being followed by a tiger. He signalled to his servant to hand him his rifle; and returning towards the striped animal, he 'let him have' a bullet in the head, and 'bagged' him; the shot being as accurately placed between the eyes as if done by a pair of compasses!

In the winter-time, the writer has seen the icicles hanging plentifully, long and solid, from the eaves of the Deoban bungalow; the snow lying deep everywhere, and the vast woods shrouded, silent, in the soft ghostly garniture. This spot is some nine thousand feet above the sea; and after a stormy night, the writer has seen the clouds lying like a great calm sea below one, with here and there the tops of hills for islands. The *coup d'ail* was superb and enchanting; the millions of surrounding trees

mantled in saintly snow; below one's feet, the floor of cloud, 'vast—motionless;' far away, the white bulwark of the eternal snows; and over all, in exquisite contrast, the pale blue of the sky, with the sun as yet unrisen. Such a scene is not often beheld, and forms a diamond locket for Memory to keep with her.

In the summer, which is always pleasant in these altitudes, wild strawberries patch the sides of the hills with red. Eaten 'one by one,' these have not much flavour; but munched by the handful, they do give out some characteristic relish, albeit a faint one; and they make very nice jam. Apricots are grown in the native villages, and these, too, are better as jam than eaten from the tree. Raspas and blackberries can also be gathered; and the writer remembers gratefully the confections made by a lady-friend resident at the neighbouring military hill-station; and all made from native fruit, supplemented by perhaps English strawberries. In the military station, in cantonments, you might well forget India, for everything looks so English. Neat brick buildings of all sizes, with slated roofs; brisk, stalwart redcoats; neat young English women passing by; and in the gardens below the railing-lined walk, little fair-haired English boys and girls laughing and playing. And the fresh, glorious air, how it comes in billows up the wide steep ravines, with the diminished trees and villages far away down! And looking level, you feel the sensation of being up in a balloon! Here the newly arrived regiments are sent when just out from England, to be 'set up' by a year's residence, ere going to their long spell of duty in the hot plains beneath. And the English look, mostly, as if the place did them good; and you may see as healthy visages and as rosy cheeks here as you could wish.

To revert to the strawberries. The writer recalls a time when he went strawberrying with the help of all his baggage coolies, to gather for jam-making; and how a favourite dog, Sancho, a water-spaniel, was as keen after the berries as any, and would hunt for them in company of his master, and with roguish delight would seek to be first at a good one, pouncing upon it with his paw; and with waving tail, and the white of his knowing eye showing, refusing to let go! A hill pony that had been for years in the plains enjoyed himself, too, on another occasion; and when he came to a stretch of snow lying by the roadside, would delight to go among it and to toss at it with his nose as he trotted through it. It is requisite in these parts to have horses that are accustomed to the hills, for animals coming up freshly are apt to get terribly puffed and blown with but little exertion. Ponies are preferable to horses, but the latter are extensively used. Not far from the cantonments of which we are writing is the spot where, in the year 1871, Captain Lillingston of the Forest department lost his life by his horse's foot slipping. He fell, not over a sheer precipice, but down a long grassy bank; and was found dead at or near the foot of it; and the horse too. A simple stone with an inscription and I.H.S. marks the place on the path by the lone hillside.

One branch of the work of the Forest department is the cutting of sleepers for railway pur-

poses, and the floating of them down the streams that wind towards the plains at the bottom of the ravines in the mountains. The deodar cedar is the best, we believe, for sleepers. This is a most important part of the department's operations. Another is to supply the cantonments with firewood; and lastly, it devolves upon them to offer a great deal of general hospitality, which they obligingly do, and at no small sacrifice, for many are the calls upon them, both upon their time and their cellar and larder, by friends well known and by the passing stranger.

It is a grand mountain country. The scenery is of great beauty and grandeur; often more bare and bold than beautiful; yet in the aspects facing the north, where the trees abound everywhere, one finds scenes of singular nobility; and on most days you can get a view of the higher monarchs, the eternal snows. These, however, are distant, and not, therefore, so imposing as imagination will figure them, and the snow appears at times as of a metallic tinge. But it is grand, nevertheless; and the air cold, bracing, glorious. Lovely are the pinewoods when the late afternoon sun is lingering among them; and the high bank where the wild thyme grows, on the misty morning when the sun is slowly climbing up from the east, there is health and pleasure and poetry there too; as there is when the aromatic scents from the forest side steal over one like soft and subtle music.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LUGH SHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEJLAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—ST KERIAN.

THE village of St Kerian, in Cornwall, lies about ten miles inland from the north-west coast. It lies in a hollow, a valley down which flows a little stream, that has its source in the granite moors that form the backbone of the long peninsula that constitutes the county of the Cornubian. Up the valley, clothing its sides, where steep, are oak woods, copse for the most part; and above the copse rise the bald moors, sprinkled with gorse, and in July, pink with heather, and purple shot with heath. The granite tower of the church peeps above some old lime-trees that form an avenue to the porch, and some Scotch firs that rise with flaky boughs from the churchyard boundary. There the rooks build and burden the velvety green foliage with their rough nests. The tower of the church is square, with the pinnacles cut to lean outwards, as the foliation of a crown—a Cornish peculiarity. Near the churchyard, communicating with it by a side-door, is the rectory garden, apparently one great pillow of evergreens, laurel and rhododendron, and myrtle and laurustinus; and out of this green pillow appears the slate roof of the parsonage, sunk so deep in the evergreens that only roof and chimneys appear.

The cottages of St Kerian are for the most part of kneaded clay—locally called cob—the warmest, snuggest, driest material of which a house can be built; a material which, when used as a garden wall, ripens peaches, grapes, apricots on its warm

surface. It sucks in the sun's rays as a sponge, and gives out the heat all night. Stand by a cob-wall after a bright day, when white-frost is forming on the grass, and you feel a warm exhalation streaming from the dry clay. Fruit-trees must blossom when nailed against it: and the blossom cannot do other than set, and having set, must glow and swell and mellow and flush with sweetness. The flower-bed under the cob-wall is one that is rampant, luxuriant, always beautiful. In the winter months it is not bare; it has Christmas roses and aconites; it is throwing up and opening flowers at extraordinary times, and ripening strawberries at periods when no one dreams of strawberries.

A few houses are of stone, and the stone, like the cob, is whitewashed. These houses have slate roofs, and on the slate are orange and white patches of lichen; and on very old slate even masses of golden stonecrop. But the most subdued slate never reaches the softness and sweetness of tone of thatch—the thatch that covers the cob cottages. That is brown and furry and cosy. Verily, the cottars must be princes and princesses to cover their houses with sealskin!

One of the stone houses is the village inn, with the sign of the *Silver Bowl*. Why this sign? Because the legend told how St Kerian had gone to sea in a basin of pure silver, and in it had rowed over vast and trackless waters till he reached the land of Paradise. And all the time he was away, a wolf kept watch over his wallet and psalter, that lay on the beach of India.

St Kerian was, truly, none other than the man in the moon, and the moon was his coracle of silver in which he traversed the dark-blue heavenly seas. But of this the villagers knew nothing. They dimly recollected the old Catholic legend of the miraculous cruise of the patron saint of the parish, and knew that the great silver bowl on the signboard over the inn referred to the story.

Another stone house belonged to the blacksmith, George Penrose, a plain worthy man, hard-working in his forge and out of it: in it, hammering and moulding iron; out of it, digging and growing vegetables in his garden; and especially fond of carnations.

Outside the village, a rifle-shot from the last house that could claim to be in what was locally called the Church-town, stood a poor cottage, built of cob, with a thatched roof. This cottage was but one story high. You could have touched the eaves when standing by it. The door of the cottage opened on the road; but beside it, at one end, was a garden in the shape of an extremely acute triangle; one side was hedged against the road, and the back was hedged against the field. It was obvious at the first glance that this was the cottage of a squatter, who, in times past, when land was of little value, had squatted on a bit of waste ground beside the road, turned it into a garden, and erected the cottage for himself. No one had objected. If the lord of the manor had been told of it, he had laughed and shrugged his shoulders and asked no head-rent. No attempt had been made to dispossess the squatter; and as years passed and he had made no acknowledgment to any man for his house and bit of land, in time he became absolute proprietor of cottage and triangular garden, with

as good a right to it, to hold, to devise, to sell, as the best Squire in the neighbourhood and the most substantial yeoman in the parish had to their lands. The cottage had been dug out of a pit at the vertex of the garden, where was now a puddle, and a shivering white willow by it; and the triangle of ground had been reclaimed from the roadside by old Jonathan, the father of Zackie and of Bessie Cable's mother.

This was the estate—this, and seventy-eight pounds five shillings and tenpence—which fell as an inheritance to Bessie Cable on the death of her uncle; and to this freehold estate Richard moved with his mother and little children, and into it he settled; Bessie Cable being its sole and undisputed, and, indeed, indisputable possessor. Not another relative in Cornwall, nay, in the wide world, had Uncle Zackie. I am sorry to say it, but it is true, and must be said—the people of St Kerian did not hail the arrival of the Cables with enthusiasm, were by no means inclined to show them much hospitality. St Kerian's people were Cornish Kelts to the ends of their fingers and toes, without one drop of Saxon blood in their veins. They were a people who shut themselves up in their exclusiveness, as they were shut in by nature by their moors. It might be true that Bessie Cable was linked to the place by her mother; but her mother had chosen to desert the house of her childhood and 'go foreign;' and Mrs Cable was foreign born and bred; she did not even speak like a Cornish woman. All England, even Devon, and most of all the eastern counties, was foreign to the Cornishman, foreign as Timbuctoo and Alaska.

The St Kerian's people did not come out to meet and welcome the new landed proprietor and his family who came into their midst; they looked on him with suspicion and jealousy. Richard Cable, grown peculiarly sensitive and irritable, felt this, and resented it. He would have as little to do as was possible with the St Kerian's folk. Besides, he was disappointed. The cottage and the land were much smaller than he had expected. *Omne ignotum pro mag-nifico*. He had imagined a roomy house, with gardens and paddock, and perhaps some out-buildings. He was wofully downcast when he arrived at the hovel in the wagon on the straw. The cottage was plainly furnished, and in tolerable repair. It was obvious that a hard time was before him. He was poor, though a landed proprietor. His estate, like that of so many Squires in the present day, would not maintain him. He would have to work, and work hard, to feed the seven little maiden mouths at home, as well as his own and his mother's. Potatoes, as he knew by experience, would go like wildfire; bread would vanish as moisture in the east wind. The three-cornered garden would not grow cabbages and turnips enough for all these little stomachs that demanded of it food daily. Think! Three hundred and sixty-five days make up the year. Multiplied by eight, that makes two thousand nine hundred and twenty meals—only one *per diem*—to be got out of that little garden; and that, moreover, without making any count of food for Richard himself. But they must have supper as well as dinner. For dinner, potatoes; for supper, kail; so that in reality

the demands on the triangular patch reclaimed from the roadside would amount—if the father was to eat anything out of it except earth and stones—to six thousand five hundred and seventy meals.

Richard Cable had always been a reserved man. He was now more reserved than of old. At Hanford, he had associated with his mates without ever becoming what they would call 'one of themselves.' At St Kerian he associated with no one. The Cornish people are inveterate talkers. It is said that a loquacious person can talk the hind-legs off a horse; if so, it is a wonder that any legs remain on the horses in the west. Everything is made to give way to talk—the most pressing business, the most urgent duties. Indeed, the most imperious call of a Cornishman's nature is to talk. It is said that in the navy the officers are shy of west-country sailors, because they are such talkers. The Cornish are a kindly people, who like their neighbours to be 'free' with them—that is, to run into their houses at all hours for a talk and allow them to reciprocate.

Dicky Cable went near none of the villagers of St Kerian, hardly spoke to them; when he did, it was on necessary matters. He let them understand that he objected to have his kitchen invaded at all times, and to have his proceedings scrutinised and canvassed. He was a busy man. He had to work for seven little children, and had not time to talk. With him, every minute was precious; it meant a patch on Mary's shoe, threescore stitches in Martha's stocking that he was knitting; the shaping of a wooden head to Bessie's doll; a bit of tilling of the garden that fed them all. Every idle minute sows a weed, said Richard.

The villagers, who grudged the invasion of the parish by foreigners, were not conciliated by Cable's manner; they could not understand that he had other crops to cultivate than good-fellowship.

Mrs Cable also, in spite of her Cornish blood, was no talker. Had she been a gossip, all would have been well. When you come across a Frenchman in a railway carriage or in a café, he tells you the history of his love, the circumstances of his marriage, and the ages and temperaments of his children; and expects similar confidences on your part. The Frenchman has a pleasure in turning himself inside out before you, like a glove. This is because he is a Kelt, and craves for sympathy. The Cornish are Kelts also, and they overflow with frankness, and exact reciprocity in candour. The St Kerian people wanted to know the complete history of the Cable family, and demanded it as a right. Bessie would tell nothing. The mother of the children was dead—that was enough for them to know. Of Richard's second marriage not a word was breathed; no suspicion of it entered a St Kerian imagination, and the Cornish imagination is no sterile faculty. As certain soils will grow all kinds of plants although nothing is sown in them, so with the imaginative faculty: it will produce crops of most varied weeds, growing where you could swear not a seed of fact had been dropped.

The times were hard for Richard. He had recovered so as to walk about; but he walked

lamely and could not go far. Work for which he was suited was not easy to be got. Work by means of which he could live at ease was not to be got at all.

The little patrimony that had come to Bessie Cable melted away. The necessary things to be bought, the doctor's bill, the bill at the *Maggie*, the feeding and clothing of the little ones—all ate into the seventy-eight pounds five shillings and tenpence. Uncle Zackie had but a single bed. Now, several were needed, and they had to be purchased. One cup and saucer, and a single plate, a gridiron and a frying-pan, had sufficed for Uncle Zackie; this would not meet the requirements of nine persons, and had to be supplemented.

Then, again, all the clothes of Richard, his mother, and his children had been 'salved' in the wreck, and were therefore lost to him. It was necessary to buy fresh clothes. What had been 'salved' was past recovery.

Seven little girls! Was not that enough to break a poor man's heart? Was it not selfish and cruel of Polly to spread her wings and fly to a better world and there enter into rest, and leave him alone in this rough world to battle with hunger and cold—with seven little maidens on his back? No wonder that his back began to bend; no wonder that his flesh fell away, and he looked thin and transparent; no wonder his clothes were so poor and patched. But his seven little girls were plump and upright and sturdy and neat. He stinted himself of everything that they might lack nothing. It was a desperate battle, and only strong love could have nerved him to fight it. If Richard Cable could have gone to sea, he might have earned something better than what he could pick up at St Kerian; but he had either taken a distaste to the sea since his last voyage, or he could not bring himself to leave his children any more.

He went about the parish to the farmers, limping on his stiff leg, and asked for work. Could he hedge? He had never learned the art, and let me tell the reader that hedging is an art, an art which School Boards are killing; it is an art to be acquired in boyhood, and there is hardly a young man nowadays who can hedge. Did he know anything about cattle? He had had no experience, and not a farmer would intrust his cattle to him, that he might acquire experience on them. Could he plough? He had never tried; and good ploughing is not easily acquired. A walking postman was needed for five parishes, the pay six-and-sixpence per week; the distance to be walked, fair weather or foul, twenty miles—but then, Richard was lame; so he refused the six-and-six.

The parish authorities, the whole neighbourhood—that is, all five parishes—took it ill that he rejected the office of walking postman so liberally offered him. That he was lame, was his concern, not theirs. He rejected the office because he was proud; he was puffed up with pride because he was a foreigner. What could be expected of a man who had seven little girls and not a boy? Seven little maids! What was to become of them if their father died? They and their grandmother would have to go to the workhouse; and who would have to pay for them there, for feeding, for fattening of

them, for clothing, and educating them? Who but the ratepayers? No wonder that, with such a prospect, the ratepayers looked on Richard Cable with a resentful eye.

He got work at last—work for the time being—he took it resentfully, surlily, with gall in his heart—work on the roads.

There was another matter which had not conduced to diffuse a kindly feeling towards Cable in the place. One day, a village boy had knocked little Mary down out of wanton wickedness. She was a foreigner. He had heard his parents, the entire parish, speak against these foreigners, and he thought himself at liberty to demonstrate his dislike by outward act. When Richard heard this, he was as one possessed. He went after the boy and half-killed him in his fury. He barely escaped a summons for this retaliation. The boy's father was a carpenter, and was related to every one else in the place. In St Kerian, if you touched one, the whole population came out against you as a hive of bees. That the boy had done what was wrong occurred to no one. An outrage had been committed by this lame foreigner on a member of the community, and the entire community took it up and resented it angrily.

Since Richard had crossed the threshold, not once had Josephine been named. One might have supposed that, as far as Richard was concerned, no such person existed.

Since he had entered that cottage, no allusion had been made by him or his mother to the fortune of Gabriel Gotham. They had but to make their necessities known, and they could have as much money as they needed. But Richard would have died, his mother would have died, one and other would have sat silent and watched the seven little girls die of starvation, rather than touch a penny of that fortune. They were proud, were these Cables, mother and son; their pride was inflexible as iron.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A SPIKE IN THE NEST.

The mind of Mr Cornelis was at ease. So completely satisfied was he that nothing was to be apprehended which could annoy him, that he went to town 'on business,' as he told his sister and daughter; really, that he might amuse himself, and he remained away from Hanford over a fortnight.

When his affairs were in an unsatisfactory condition, and he saw that only desperate measures could avail, not to recover him, but to stave off a complete break-up, he had begun to draw towards his old associates and dupes. His conversation had acquired a sanctimonious savour, and the cut of his coat had something clerical about it. He laid aside his rather highly coloured ties, and adopted black. A moustache he had been cultivating disappeared. But when Josephine acquired the fortune of Gabriel Gotham, all necessity for picking up the old threads of his former life passed away, and he dropped once more the acquaintances, and the formalities and restraints he had with a bad grace resumed under the cogeny of adverse circumstances. He was an exceedingly shrewd man, as shrewd as he was unprincipled; he knew the foibles, the follies, the weaknesses of men; but what he

did not know, and made no allowance for, were the noble and generous impulses of the heart. He traced all action in life to springs—but these springs were always mean and selfish; consequently, he was occasionally foiled in his calculations.

He did not understand his daughter's nature, because he was unable to understand that she could be actuated by any motives involving self-sacrifice. He respected her intelligence, and he relied on her wit saving her from doing anything injurious to her prospects. Her marriage with Cable had been a puzzle to him; but he supposed that it was due to an unreasoning passion for a time blinding her eyes to her interests. That she regretted her marriage, he had no doubt; that she no longer loved Richard, he was aware, and he was consequently well assured that she would take no steps to bring about a reconciliation, and a repetition of the ridiculous and disagreeable incidents of the past month, which must follow in the train of a reconciliation. As there are two hemispheres in the brain, and we can therefore simultaneously think of two matters at once—as, for instance, we can read aloud, and be meditating at the same time on something different; or we can converse with a visitor, and whilst so doing take an estimate of her dress, and note where the braid is off and a glove is burst—so are there double, and even more than double springs in every heart, and none can tell at once which is in the ascendant. There is always, and there always must be, an element of uncertainty in the determinations, and consequent actions, of every man, for this reason. We cannot tell at once which of the springs, even if we recognise their existence, is the strongest, and what the correcting and controlling force of the other that is acting in opposition. Indeed, it is not usual that any one of the springs asserts itself as a mainspring till late on in life, and in no inconsiderable number of persons none ever does so assert itself.

Mr Cornellis regarded his fellow-men much as billiard-balls: he had only to walk round the table, level his cue, rest the end between his thumb and forefinger, and strike, calculating to a nicety the angle at which the balls would fly apart; the cannoning and pocketing would follow as a matter of course. All went by rule of dynamics. And Mr Cornellis would have been right had all his balls been perfectly round, and absolutely solid, and his table nicely levelled. But these were elements in the game that did not enter into his calculation.

It is said that the Englishman rushes into war thoroughly despising his enemy, and that this is the cause of the majority of the disasters which mark the initiation of a campaign. Mr Cornellis shared the Englishman's contempt for an enemy—that is, for every one with whom he had dealings. He undervalued his powers; he disbelieved in moral force, and consequently made no provision to counteract its effects. Stupidity he could allow for; and when he encountered strong principle, he misjudged it, and eschewed it as stupidity deeper than what he had allowed.

Mr Cornellis and the rector viewed the world of men from opposed points. The latter was surprised and troubled when he found that other

motives swayed men's conduct than truth and honour and love; and Mr Cornellis was perplexed and angry when he came across those who were not either intensely stupid or wholly self-seeking. Neither liked the other. Mr Sellwood was forced to mistrust Cornellis; but he never could persuade himself that Josephine's father was as devoid of principle as his clear common-sense obliged him to suspect.

When Mr Cornellis went to town 'on business,' he gave no address where he might be found; he did not desire to be worried by his sister's letters concerning the trivialities of Hanford life; consequently, his daughter was unable to communicate her intention to him till he was pleased to emerge from the seclusion in which he had kept himself and shrouded his acts whilst in town. When, after a visit to London that lasted somewhat over a fortnight, and had cost him a considerable sum of money, Mr Cornellis reappeared at Hanford, not much fagged with his business, in a completely new suit, in the latest fashion, from the best tailor, and with a new diamond pin in his tie, he was not in the smallest degree prepared for the surprise his daughter had in store for him.

Mr Cornellis had never taken pains to gain his daughter's affections; he was aware that he had not her esteem; there was always present between them an invisible barrier. When two intellects are set in opposition, and the male and elder is aware that the other is its match, there ensues a sense of injury and aversion. It dreads a contest, lest it should sustain a fall. Mr Cornellis had seen his daughter's mind and character form under his eye with an independence that annoyed him. He had not moulded them—they had shaped themselves. Where he had interfered, his interference had brought about results the opposite to what he designed. The chronic antagonism between them had not broken out into civil war till Josephine had declared her intention to her father of taking Richard as her husband. After one savage passage-of-arms, a truce ensued; the father knew he had gone too far, and he used all his arts to recover the lost ground. The marriage of Josephine had brought her closer to him than she had been in her previous life. She had been forced to acknowledge that he was right in his opposition, and to submit to his guidance. He had acquired an ascendancy that satisfied him, and he rashly supposed that this ascendancy was final and secure. Mr Cornellis had written to announce his return, and to order the carriage to meet him at the station. He was surprised to see Josephine on the platform ready to receive him, when he arrived from town by the train he had mentioned. This was an attention he had not anticipated. She was dressed very quietly in her blue serge, and with a close straw bonnet trimmed with navy-blue ribbons.

'Why—Josephine,' said he, taking her arm as he stepped out of the carriage, 'what new fad is this—dressing like a superior domestic?'

'I am glad you have arrived as appointed,' said she, without answering his question. 'Had you come by a later train, I might have missed you. I am going off by the next up-train.'

'Indeed? Whither?'

'Will you come with me into the ladies' waiting-room—there is no one there—or walk

with me on the platform, whilst I tell you what I have to say?'

'Well—be sharp. I want to get home, and cannot detain the horses.'

They walked together out of the station along the platform, where there was no one to overhear their conversation.

'You are looking well, papa. I hope you have enjoyed your visit to town?'

'I have been steeped to the ears in business,' he replied. 'I got into Kettner's occasionally, and had something really good to eat, neither over-salted nor under-spiced. When I am a little out of sorts, I run in there and have a bowl of *bisque*. It sets my stomach right when nothing else does—light and nourishing. I am fond of Kettner's, quiet—and good wines. The waiter there knows me, and is attentive.'

'Papa, I am going.'

'So you have told me; but I have not been informed whither.'

'I am going into Somersetshire—near Bath.'

'What for?'

She hesitated. She was a brave girl, but she shrank from the scene that must occur. The rector, aware that the interview would be unpleasant, had volunteered to relieve Josephine of the duty of telling her father what had been determined and done. But she had declined his offer, and had resolved—it must be admitted, with a spice of craft—to break the intelligence to her father almost in public and a minute before she departed. After that quarrel with him which had driven her desperate and made her plunge into the sea, she shrank from a private interview; and she knew that if he were told what she had decided on whilst she remained at Hanford, the house would be insupportable. Whatever he might say, he could not alter her mind. His absence had enabled her to dispose of everything, undisturbed; and now all that remained to be done was to inform him of arrangements already completed; and as soon as this was done and she were away, the better for both.

'For the life of me,' said Mr Cornellis, 'I cannot see why that precious idiot of a cook of ours should never make *bisque* to my fancy. No great difficulty in pounding prawns, I should have thought.—By the way, Josephine—artichoke soup with crushed almonds is worth living for.'

'Papa, I have something very important to tell you.—Never mind about soups now. I am afraid'—with a touch of her old self—'I am going to salt and flavour your soup not at all to your taste.'

'Go on with what you have to say; I am impatient to be on my way in the carriage.'

'My train will start in five minutes. I have my ticket, and my boxes are labelled. But I have only five minutes in which to tell you something that will surprise and, I fear, annoy you greatly.'

'Upon my word,' said Mr Cornellis irritably, 'you have the knack of making one uncomfortable. You treat me as the boys treat the plovers. When they have found a nest on the downs, they drive a spiked stick into the ground at the bottom, so that the poor bird cannot sit on her eggs comfortably, and she goes on laying

till she has heaped her eggs over the spike, so as to make her seat tolerable.—What new stake have you been driving into my home? My whole time and energies are taken up with covering the prickles and goads you fabricate to my torment.'

'You have been from home, papa, so it has not been possible for me to consult you since the rector returned from Cornwall.'

'What did he find there?'

'The yacht was wrecked; but Richard and the children and his mother are saved; the other poor fellows are lost.'

'Things might have been managed better,' growled Mr Cornellis.

'Poor Richard has injured his thigh, and is likely to be lamed for life.'

'If he be tied by the leg to the Cornish rocks, so much the better.—Are you going as the eagle to tear the entrails of your Prometheus?'

'Papa, I have been considering about Cousin Gabriel's legacy. You let me accept it; you let me marry Richard without telling me who Richard was. I have learned that now; and I know that Cousin Gabriel performed an act of gross injustice in not recognising his son and leaving his estate to him.'

'That was Gotham's concern.'

'I have inherited what ought to belong to Richard. I have considered the situation, and I have resolved not to take the legacy.'

'You have taken it.'

'I am going to—no, to be correct—I have already—surrendered it.'

'I do not understand you.'

'I have no right to the estate. When the rector went to Cornwall, I told him to offer it to Richard. You know, papa, that Cousin Gabriel left everything in trust till I married, and that at marriage I became sole possessor, with entire liberty to do what I liked with the property. I was so sure, when I came to consider matters, that Cousin Gabriel meant the estate to pass to his son, through me, that I could in conscience do no other than transfer it to Richard. I have striven to do what is right, and I have made the transfer.'

'You do not mean'—Mr Cornellis could not finish the sentence; he had turned the colour of a Jerusalem artichoke.

'I do indeed mean what I say, papa. I have been with the lawyer, and Mr Sellwood has helped me, and it is all done. The difficulty we have had to contend with is, that Richard absolutely refuses to accept what I offer. I did not think myself justified in retaining any share, and I wanted to make over every penny unreservedly to Richard; but Mr Sellwood and the solicitor have advised me otherwise, and I have retained an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds for my separate use as long as I live.—But, papa, I had already made up my mind to touch nothing of Cousin Gotham's money—so long as I do not share it with Richard, I mean—till I can receive it from him. So I will not have this annuity for my own self; I give it to you. You shall enjoy that; and, unless Richard objects, which is not likely, you can live at the Hall'—

'On two hundred and fifty!'

'Of course the place must be kept up, and

the maintenance of the house and estate will be paid out of the estate. I do not see why you should not continue to live at the Hall; you will have the two hundred and fifty in addition to your own private income, and have the house and garden rent free.'

He turned his face towards her and opened his mouth to speak. The face was livid and quivering with evil passion. Every veil of disguise had fallen; the ugly villainy of the man's soul glared at her out of his eyes. She shuddered. He looked, with his mouth open, as if he could have flown at her and bitten her. He could not speak; he was too greatly agitated to utter a word.

'Shall we turn back towards the station?' continued Josephine. 'I see it is time for me to be getting into my carriage. I have not much more to say. If I have forgotten anything, Mr Sellwood will supply the deficiency.—Richard is angry with me, and he has cause to be angry. I shall never rest till he forgives me and takes me to his heart again. I have been unworthy of him. I was not well advised; but my own heart was rebellious. I have been proud, and now I am going into the world to learn humility.—Papa, Mr Sellwood will explain to you the course I have elected. I have told Aunt Judith; but she cannot understand. I intend to earn my own livelihood, and earn Richard's respect.—There—the bell is ringing; I really must be off. I have taken a third-class ticket.—Let my arm go, papa. Say good-bye; we shall not meet again for some time. If I have been unlike a daughter to you and failed in love—I ask your pardon. I fear—I fear that I have driven a spike into the nest that wounds you.'

'That impales me,' groaned Mr Cornellis.

WHAT IS A DAY?

A SIMPLE question enough, and one that admits of various simple answers, each correct as far as it goes. In one sense in which it is commonly used, 'day' indicates the period of light as distinguished from that of darkness, denoting, therefore, any length of time under six months, according to the latitude of the observer and the season of the year. Another popular meaning is the space of twenty-four hours, including a period of light and another of darkness. This, again, is not the same all the world over, as the times of its commencement and termination vary in different countries, some reckoning from evening to evening, others from morning to morning, while modern civilised nations count from midnight to midnight. Astronomers, also, have their various days: the absolute solar day, ranging from about half a minute under, to the same amount over twenty-four hours at different times of the year; the mean solar day, being our common day of twenty-four hours; the lunar day, of nearly twenty-five hours; and the sidereal day, of about four seconds short of twenty-four hours.

These different answers, and the phenomena to which reference must be had for their explanation, would provide material for a long article.

But there is another aspect of the question which is not less interesting, though not so frequently alluded to: we refer to the duration of each day on the surface of the earth, the place and time at which it is first seen, and at which it finally disappears.

The succession of day and night depends on the rotation of the earth on its axis; and since the earth is of a globular shape, it is evident that the whole of its surface cannot be turned towards the sun at one and the same moment; in other words, that it cannot be noon all over the earth at once. A little thought will show that whenever it is noon at any one place, it is midnight on the opposite side of the earth; and at the different places between, all the times of day are at one and the same moment to be found. Take a particular example to make this clearer. When it is noon at London, the countries exactly on the opposite side of the earth—say New Zealand and its neighbourhood—are turned directly away from the sun, and therefore have midnight. Paris, being a little farther east than London, will have been brought directly under the sun a little earlier; that is to say, at London noon, Paris noon has been gone a few minutes. Go to Egypt and Constantinople, farther east; their noon has been gone an hour or two. Farther on, again, India is approaching her eventide, and China and Japan have already sunk into darkness. Turn your face west, however, across the Atlantic: you will find our American cousins have not yet reached their mid-day, in fact are thinking in New York about breakfast, and out west in California are hardly yet getting up. Still to the west, we come round again to New Zealand, where the day—which was only just dawning in California—which was high noon at London, and afternoon in India—this same day, say the 1st of July, is, as we saw, on the eve of departing altogether, to give place to a new one, the 2d of July. It is clear, then, that, while the 1st is still young in America, and long before it is over even in England, the 2d will be well started in New Zealand and countries in that longitude, and will come round the world from east to west as all its predecessors have done.

The question then arises: where did this day, the 2d of July, first begin? It was not in America, for we saw the folks there just about to rise on the 1st. Yet it was beginning in New Zealand. Therefore, it must be either in New Zealand or some place between there and America. The fact is that there is no defined place where the day can be said to appear first of all. Civilisation originally spread from east to west across the Old World, and then across the New, carrying its calendar with it. The day came from the east, and travelled across to the west, and no one asked whence it originally came or where it ultimately died. Thus, the common usage, treating the day as appearing first in the Old World and then proceeding to the New, left no place for the new day's birth except the wide Pacific Ocean; and

when traffic began to cross that ocean, and the question was forced upon men's minds in a manner which we shall soon see, a sort of understanding was arrived at that the day should be deemed to begin there.

According to the way in which this arrangement is now carried out, the first land that the new day dawns upon is Easter Island, about two hundred and thirty miles west of the coast of Chili, South America. That is to say, the 2d of July breaks here within a few hours of the 1st having broken on the American coast to the east, and the two days run on alongside—the 2d in Easter Island and places west, the 1st in all places on the American continent. We may therefore realise this idea—that at twenty minutes past seven any morning of our lives in Great Britain, the next day is commencing on the world, and is to be found at this little island in the Pacific Ocean, whence in due course it will travel round to us. But to have thus the start of the world is not an unmitigated advantage to these islanders. Suppose one of them sails east to America, what is the result? He will find they keep the day there under a different date, and he will have to reckon one day in his calendar twice over to put himself right with their notions. On the other hand, if an American crosses from east to west this wonderful magic line where the day begins, he will find the dates in this fresh part of the world are one in advance of him, and he must needs strike a day out of his calendar to keep up with the times. This fact was curiously illustrated in the case of Magellan, the Portuguese captain, who sailed round the world from east to west in 1522, and having crossed the magic line of 'day's birth' in his wanderings, his calendar became of course a day in arrear. The sailors were completely ignorant of this, and finding, on landing at home, that their Sabbath was falling on a Monday, they accused one another of tampering with the reckoning. It was not for some time that the true explanation was discovered. The converse case is made the hinge of the plot in Jules Verne's *Round the World in Eighty Days*, where the author depicts an eccentric Englishman, Phileas Fogg, who made a wager that he would go round the world in eighty days. He accomplished his feat in what he thought was eighty-one days; but on arriving in London, found his friends anxiously expecting him, and discovered he had just won his wager. He had crossed the magic line eastwards, and had forgotten to subtract the day he had thus gained.

To put the matter another way. In sailing round the world eastwards, the days are each a little less than twenty-four hours, according to the speed of the ship, as the sun is met every morning a little earlier. These little differences added together will amount in the course of the circumnavigation to twenty-four hours, giving the sailors an extra day, not in imagination, but in sober truth, as they will have actually eaten an extra day's food and consumed an extra day's grog. On the other hand, in sailing westward, the sun is overtaken a little each day, and so each day is rather longer than twenty-four hours, and clocks and watches are found to be too fast. This also will amount, in sailing round to the starting-point again, to one whole day, by which the reckoning has fallen in arrear. The eastern

ship, then, has gained a day, and the western ship has lost one, leading to this apparent paradox, that the former ship has a clear gain of two whole days over the latter, supposing them to have started and returned together.

Colonies and settlements have occasionally had strange experiences in this matter of dates. Great nations have a tendency to make all their possessions follow the institutions of the mother-country as far as possible, and with respect to the calendar this rule holds good. It is indeed the reason why most of the islands of the Pacific keep Asiatic dates, although some of them are much nearer the American than the Asiatic coasts; the fact being that these islands were discovered and settled by mariners sailing from Asia, who of course took their calendar with them and never thought of altering it. The system, however, of carrying a foreigner's reckoning into another country has not always worked so successfully. A few years ago, Alaska—the north-west corner of America—having been settled from Russia and being owned by Russia, kept its calendar as it had been brought round from the west by Russians; on the other hand, the rest of America kept the date which had come round to them with the discoverers from the east, which was of course a day behind the former; so here were two different dates close at hand. When Alaska was ceded by treaty to the United States in 1867, the inconvenience of continuing this was evident, and the Alaskan calendar was forthwith summarily altered to agree with that of the United States. Hence, although this portion of the continent stretches out far to the west of Easter Island and other places where eastern time is reckoned, yet, to bring it into conformity with its present rulers, it has to keep a full twenty-four hours behind these places in its reckoning of days.

More curious and anomalous even than this is the case of the Philippine Islands; for, although these lie so near to the Asiatic coast, it was by Spaniards who sailed eastwards from America that they were settled. Did they revise their calendar when they crossed the magic line, and strike out a day, to keep themselves abreast of the times? No such thing: the Spanish Dons of that day were a proud and fiery folk, and if their calendar did not agree with the times, then so much the worse for the times. Anyhow, the fact remains that, when they arrived at the Manila or Philippine Islands, they still reckoned by the calendar which had been taken from Spain to America, and from America by them on their voyage. They were, of course, a day in arrear; but as there were not then any important settlements of civilised nations thereabouts with whom the date could be compared, the error was not noticed; the reckoning took firm hold, and in consequence, the inhabitants of Manila keep plodding along one day behind all their immediate neighbours.

Even so far as British settlements are concerned, it is in many cases by pure accident, and not by preconceived design, that their calendar is kept in accordance with the general rule. For example, the first settlers of Botany Bay—the place where for many years involuntary emigrants from this country found free quarters—went out in 1788 under orders to sail round Cape Horn westwards to their destination. Stress of weather, however,

forced them eastwards round the Cape of Good Hope, and so they reached Australia with eastern date, which of course they ought to keep; whereas, if they had followed their orders and proceeded by Cape Horn, they might easily have fallen into the same error as the Philippine islanders. A few years later, a missionary expedition to the South Sea islands met with a similar accident, and so took eastern date with them, thus falling in with the recognised rule. The French, however—according to a writer in *Notes and Queries* in 1853—sent an expedition in the early part of this century westwards to Tahiti, who took their own date with them, and, in accordance with the emulative spirit which runs so high between Frenchmen and Englishmen, refused to conform to the calendar they found then in use on the islands, and kept their own, holding their Sabbaths and festivals the day following those of the English residents. The writer from whom we quote does not explain the ultimate result of the matter.

By way of showing in a practical manner what a day is according to the view we set before ourselves, let us suppose it agreed that bells should be rung all over the world for the whole day on some particular anniversary—say, Christmas Day. This chime, then, would first be heard at Easter Island, and that at twenty minutes past seven by our Greenwich time in the morning of the 24th December. After the ringing had been going on there for three hours, the bells of the Sandwich Islands would join in chorus. Two hours later we should hear those of New Zealand and the Fiji Islands. Rather more than another two hours later, and Adelaide and Japan would 'salute the happy morn' with their tintinnabulations. But while all the rest of Polynesia and Australasia was thus vocal with melody, an ominous sullen silence would reign in the Philippine Islands, to which no 'Babe in Bethlehem born' would be heralded for full twenty-four hours yet. Disregarding these belated Spaniards, the music reaches the Asiatic continent: Bombay takes up the tale four hours after Adelaide; St Petersburg, four hours after Bombay; and our own 'Bow Bells' would peal forth two hours after St Petersburg—that is, sixteen hours and forty minutes after the first clang at Easter Island. The Azore Islands would commence their ringing last of all European bells, being a full hour and a half later than London. New York would follow five hours after us; and Denver City, on the 'Great Divide,' about two hours after New York—that is to say, just about the time when the bells of Easter Island, having rung through their twenty-four hours, would be stopping. Alaska, still farther west on the continent of America, steps forward three hours after Easter Island has finished; and finally, the Philippine islanders commence to wake the echoes when all their neighbours are sinking into silence, five hours after Alaska has begun, and about eight hours after the last note on Easter Island. It is now about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 25th with us, and as the Philippine bells have still their twenty-four hours to ring, Christmas Day, which began at twenty minutes past seven in the morning of the 24th, will not be over till four in the afternoon of the 26th.

Thus, to the various definitions of a day which we hinted at in our opening remarks, we may add

this, that, considered with reference to its first appearance on the earth and its final departure from it, a day is a period of about fifty-six hours and forty minutes.

WYTHRED'S WHARF: A THAMES-SIDE TALE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—MYSTERY.

BETWEEN Thames Street and the river Thames, upon a spot on which the castle of an English monarch once stood, there stands a lofty warehouse; so lofty, that even at mid-day it throws some shadow upon the broad wharf below, where steamboats and lighters and other craft are closely moored. It is a busy scene; for upon that 'silent highway,' where formerly the gilded barges of royalty glided to and fro with cargoes of dames and courtiers, black barges now pass in slow procession, led by asthmatic tugs of the most democratic appearance. Here laughter seldom greets the car; the hoarse shouts are heard of bargees and lightermen, and the constant trundling of iron trucks loaded with boxes, sacks, or bales; but above all other noise sounds the rattling chain-work of huge cranes when the goods are lifted into the air and swallowed up at some wide aperture upon one of the numerous floors of the warehouse—a warehouse which would seem to boast of unlimited accommodation; for the unloading from the lighters and the lifting of merchandise into one storeroom or another go on day after day from dawn until dusk.

Upon the first floor of this warehouse, looking out upon the river, is Mr Lintock's office. Mr Lintock is the proprietor. Wythred's wharf and warehouse have been in the family for generations. Few richer men are to be found than John Lintock in the city of London; and yet, as he sat late one afternoon at his desk, this princely wharf-owner had a discontented, troubled look. His forehead was deeply wrinkled, and the expression in his eyes was that of a man who was constantly haunted by some distressful thought. A knock at his office door, for no obvious reason, startled him. It was growing dusky on the river, and the men were beginning to disperse for the night. It was duskier still in the wharf-owner's room.

'Who's that?' Mr Lintock, half-rising from his chair, shaded his eyes with his hand.—'Ducket? Ah, that's right.—Well, Ducket,' said he, when the man had closed the door, 'what is it?'

Looking round the sombre room, Ducket said: 'Shall I light your lamp, sir?'

'No, Ducket. I shall not need it to-night. I am going home.—Have you anything to say?'

Ducket was Mr Lintock's foreman. He was a broad-shouldered man, with large limbs and a great honest face. His figure was angular—a gaunt form, aggravated in its stoop by constantly bending to lift heavy weights. He had the keen, searching eyes of one long accustomed to the supervision of a hive of workmen.

'You wished me to tell you, sir, when I saw Clogstoun again.'

'Well?' said Mr Lintock, noticing some hesitation.

'I have seen him.'

'About the wharf?'

'No; he has given up coming here. He took the hint I gave him last time, and has kept away; though I never thought that he would.'

'Where, then,' said Mr Lintock, 'did you see him?'

'On London Bridge. He was lounging there, sir—leaning over the parapet. It was getting dark, as it might be now; and I saw him look at the warehouse and then down into the river, as if he had half a mind to drown himself. I'm a-thinking, sir,' added Ducket, 'that he's getting a bit daft.'

The wharf-owner answered thoughtfully: 'A danger to himself.'

'And to others, sir,' said the foreman significantly. 'He's plotting. A man like Clogstoun would stick at nothing.'

'What do you mean, Ducket, by that?'

Ducket twisted his cap in his hand and glanced out of the window upon the darkening river. 'Plotting revenge,' said he.

'Eh?'

'Plotting revenge,' repeated Ducket, with a quick look at his master. 'Why, these broken-down, drunken chaps like Clogstoun, sir, have nothing to lose—they set no value on life.'

'Do you mean their own?'

'Ay, sir; neither their own nor other people's. You'll excuse me, sir; but if you had seen his face'—The foreman stopped abruptly. Something in Mr Lintock's face alarmed him: a keen stab could scarcely have produced a more sudden change. But the startled expression passed before he could even inquire if his master was ill.

'Ducket,' said Mr Lintock, rising from his chair, 'if Clogstoun ever comes to the wharf, either by Thames Street or the river, you have my leave to hand him over to the police. We must run no risks in a place like this.—I am glad to see,' added the wharf-owner approvingly, 'that you are alive to the fact that the man is a dangerous character.'

As he drove that evening towards London Bridge Station through the lamplit streets, Mr Lintock peered restlessly out of the carriage window; and in the large thoroughfares, where men with uncouth, dissipated faces laughed and talked at half-open tavern doors, he looked about him with the horror of one who dreaded to recognise some repulsive face among them. It was not until the wharf-owner had passed into the crowded station that he seemed to throw off in some degree this strange curiosity in his unfortunate fellow-men.

Mr Lintock lived at Greenwich, and the train was on the point of starting. As he stepped into an unoccupied compartment and the porter was closing the door, a young man came up out of breath and stepped in after him. By the dim lamp overhead they recognised each other as friends, and a warm greeting took place between them.

'Why, Overbeck,' said the wharf-owner, 'what takes you to Greenwich?'

'I was coming down to pay you a visit.'

'To dine with us?—I am delighted to hear it.'

A matter of business between Mr Lintock and Percy Overbeck had originally brought them together. Overbeck had taken part of a house

in Trinity Square as junior partner in a Hamburg firm, and often had occasion to land goods at Wythred's wharf. The wharf-owner, in his younger days, had known Overbeck's parents; and he had welcomed to a place at his hearth this son of his old friends, as soon as he presented his 'letter of recommendation;' and so it came to pass that the young Hamburg merchant quickly learnt to realise that Mr Lintock had a fascinating daughter. Nor did he despair of some day winning Bertha Lintock's hand.

The train was in rapid motion. The two friends, seated opposite to each other, were chatting pleasantly, when a startling change came over Mr Lintock's face. The expression was that of abject terror. With his eyes fixed as though he were fascinated—fixed upon the further window of the carriage—the wharf-owner sat pale and speechless. Overbeck could not withdraw his gaze; and so completely did Mr Lintock's altered face and attitude impress him, that for the moment he imagined something supernatural had appeared to him. Turning his head to follow the direction of the wharf-owner's eyes, Overbeck was surprised to see no phantom—nothing visible beyond the window but black night.

Overbeck placed his hand upon Mr Lintock's arm. 'Are we in danger? You stare as though you anticipated something terrible. If there is any'—

The wharf-owner raised his right hand to silence his companion, at the same time covering his eyes with his other, as if to shut out some repulsive sight. 'There is no danger'—he spoke in a strange agitated voice—'no danger now. It is past.'

This answer, in Overbeck's excited state of mind, did not satisfy him. 'There was danger, then? If it was real, and not mere fancy'—

'It was real. It's lucky we met to-night. Your presence has saved my life.'

'In what possible way?'

'Do not question me now,' said Mr Lintock with great earnestness. 'I saw, as distinctly as I see you at this moment, a face at that further window'—and he pointed towards it as he spoke—'a face that has haunted me for more than a year past.'

Overbeck sprang up to go to the carriage door; but the wharf-owner placed a restraining hand upon his shoulder. 'Don't stir! The face has gone. It would be madness'—

The engine shrieked, and the carriages began to slacken pace. In another minute the train had come to a standstill in Greenwich Station.

THE STARLING.

THE starling is one of our most interesting birds, a bright, active, and exceedingly handsome little fellow. His well-known powers of mimicry are admirable and amusing. He is also an inoffensive bird; nay, more—he is very useful. His principal food consists of worms, insects, and larvae of all sorts, chiefly the last-named; and the vast quantities of grub he consumes both on his own account and on that of his brood should insure for him protection and encouragement. Unlike the blackbird and thrush, he does not seem to attack fruit of any kind; at least we

have never observed that he does, and gardeners have, therefore, no cause to quarrel with him. Nor is he in the least injurious to grain. It is an open question whether the rook, to which the starling is nearly allied, is entitled to be regarded as not, on the whole, more hurtful than helpful to the farmer. That he destroys vast quantities of grub is certain; and in this respect it is clear he is a good friend of the farmer, although the benefit is not very apparent, nor can it well be estimated in pounds, shillings, and pence. But, on the other hand, he often proves very destructive to the potato crop in all its stages and to newly thinned fields of turnips. On the latter, the rooks will sometimes descend in a flock, and in an hour or two of a morning pull up thousands of young plants, merely, as would appear, on the chance of finding a worm or grub at the roots, for the turnip plants are not eaten by them. But no such charges as these can be brought against the starling.

We are aware that some persons have attempted to blacken his character by affirming that he destroys great numbers of the eggs of smaller birds, especially those of the lark; and a year or so ago, there were those who maintained that starlings if allowed to multiply would very soon extirpate the larks. We do not deny that master starling sometimes appropriates a few eggs of smaller birds, to which he has no legitimate claim. But eggs are not his proper or usual food, and at that season of the year when the small birds are incubating there is abundance of his usual fare to be had, so that he has no need to seek a meal by robbery of the sort charged. The presumption is, therefore, against what we must call the libel. But more than this; we think it is sufficient to rebut the charge of his maligners to state the fact that in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, with which we are intimately acquainted, starlings, larks, mountain linnets, and many other species of small birds, are exceedingly numerous. The lark and the mountain linnet build their nests on the ground in the most open and accessible places, and if the starling were a robber of their nests, there would not be such immense numbers of these charming songsters in those islands. Go where one may in spring and summer, he never but hears the inexpressibly sweet songs of half a dozen of these 'ethereal minstrels'; and the clouds of linnets which congregate together after the breeding season and fill the air with their joyous melody, prove plainly enough that they do not suffer much, if at all, from starling persecution and depredation.

Until within the last twenty or thirty years, the starling was a comparatively rare bird in the inland districts of Scotland; but of late, from what cause is not clear, the bird has been increasing rapidly. He is not often seen during winter in such localities, for at that season he can get but little of his proper food; but considerable numbers now come inland as the breeding season approaches, and remain until the scarcity of provisions compels them to seek the milder districts of the sea-coast, where they can always pick up a living.

Our house is situated about twenty miles inland from the shores of the Firth of Forth, and for the last twelve years we have been greatly interested

in watching the proceedings of a pair of starlings which come here every year to bring out their young. We do not know for certain whether it is the same identical pair. Sometimes, from the repetition of their little ways and tricks of action, we think so; at other times, we are doubtful. But what is curious is, that there is but one pair about the premises, and they always take up the same safe and comfortable quarters. There is a hole in the wood under the eaves of the projecting roof of the house just large enough to allow ingress and egress. Somewhere inside, but close to this hole, the nest was originally built, and continues to be built, or rather, we should suppose, repaired, every year, when the same routine and formalities are gone through. On a fine day about the end of January, one bird arrives. We hear from above, his cheerful but not melodious notes, the exact counterpart of the pipe of the golden plover, the whistle of the curlew, or the scream of the seagull; and looking up, see our old starling friend perched on the top of a chimney-can, prospecting. He remains one or two days, and then disappears. In a fortnight or three weeks, according as the weather may happen to be good or bad, he returns—this time, with a mate. This visit commonly lasts for three or four days; and the pair carefully inspect their old quarters and again take their departure. Not till further on in spring do they come and commence the important business of the season.

Most of the arrangements and preparation of the nest seem to be made in the early morning. During incubation, they are exceedingly quiet, and are seldom seen abroad. But as soon as the young birds are hatched, the life of the parent birds becomes one of ceaseless and evidently delightful activity. From 'early morn to dewy eve' they are busy catering for their young, and the quantity of food that is consumed is something to marvel at. Both birds are equally active; alternately they come and go, and exactly the same forms are gone through. Bearing a writhing worm or grub in its bill, one of the parents—there is scarcely any perceptible difference in the plumage of the sexes—alights on the corner of the roof, and intimates to the eagerly expectant brood, in loud, husky, but decidedly cheerful and encouraging screeches, that it is at hand with savoury food such as they love; and the intimation is received with a chorus of clamorous welcome from the throats of the hungry young ones. A glance over the eaves, a leap downwards, a flash and little flutter of the wings, and she disappears into the hole, almost immediately emerging again and flying off on a new quest. By this time the other parent bird has arrived with a contribution. And so, backwards and forwards alternately all day and every day, on parental cares intent, the pair continue their labours until the young birds are fully fledged—ready for flight, and to start life on their own account. We do not know when or how the grand essay is first made, for we have never been fortunate enough to witness it. We cannot say what arguments, persuasions, or gentle force may be used—or if the young birds of their own free-will go forth into the world when they feel competent for an independent career. But evidently they take their final farewell of their snug

quarters early in the morning before the human inhabitants of the house are astir. We have never seen any of the young birds after they have taken wing; they disappear from the neighbourhood with the parent birds; and then for a little while there is a cessation of activity on the part of the latter; or, more probably, they are teaching and helping their young ones to make a living for themselves. But in a week or two, our old friends are back again, and set about the work of rearing another family—for they bring out two broods in the year—and the same proceedings are gone through. With the departure of this second brood—rather early in autumn—the parent birds disappear for the season, and we see no more of them until the end of the following January.

This has been the routine of the last twelve years; and it seems strange that none of the young birds return to the place, or at least neighbourhood, where they were hatched, as is the case with so many other species of birds. But certain it is there is not another pair near the house, although there is abundance of excellent accommodation for any number of them, and never more than our two old friends are seen on that most favourite of all perches, in the estimation of starlings, the chimney top.

DOWN WITH THE DIVER.

‘HAVE I been at it long, did you say, sir?—Well, a matter of fifteen years or so, and that ought to give a man a bit of experience.—Yes; I like the life—there’s plenty of variety; the profession ain’t overcrowded; and then you see, sir, you’re quite your own master, once you’re down under water, and can just get on with your work comfortable, with no boss coming prying around to see how you be getting on—not that he could see much if he did come—

‘Not see, you say! Ha, ha! I see you’ve been reading one of them fancy tales in which a diver is supposed to tell how he has gone into the saloon of some sunk ship and found it full of corpses of drowned folk, all as if they were making a great rush for the deck; and how they stare at him with their awful eyes, and all look as though they were shrieking at him. And he feels awful himself down there with more than twenty fathom of water atop of him. All my eye, sir! You get down, you’ll find it’s a precious little daylight as is there—it’s more like the fogs as you get in London. So you can tell the gentlemen that write these yarns as they sit in their offices, if they want to tell how it looks below, they can look out of their windows some November afternoon.

‘Then, bless you, the depth to which the story-divers get is amazing, wonderful, and I may say appalling. There are divers who say they have worked comfortably at seventeen and eighteen fathoms; but I’ve never met one of them. Mind, I don’t say it can’t be done—only, ten to twelve is enough for me, that’s all.—O yes; I know that some one has invented a dress and gear for thirty fathom, and a lamp with electricity in it;

but I’ve never seen either one or t’other. And I’ve heard tell that some makers have got telephones rigged to their helmets and spliced alongside the air-tube, so as the diver can sing out what he wants up aloft; and very convenient they’ll be, and a deal safer than signals. Now, when I want less air, I give a pull on the tube; and when I need more pumping, I pull four times. Likewise, I pull once on the line which is round my waist, if I am all right; and four times when I’m coming up.

‘Ay, ay; some of us have queer goes at times and no mistake.—You’d like to hear one or two? Very well, sir; here goes, then.’

And my friend Rose, who was at once skipper as well as diver, having pulled vigorously for a few moments at his pet brier and got it well alight, seated himself on the weather bulwarks of the *Albatross*, as that smart cutter lifted gently to the send of the tide, which was swirling past the white cliffs of Flamborough, and sobbing eerily in their weird caverns and crannies, and, to the musical piping of an August breeze in the rigging, began.

‘See Filey Brig thereaway on the port quarter, where a line of white surf is breaking?—Well, there ain’t a more uncharitable place on this coast in real surly weather. It’s maybe ten years and more since an Italian schooner struck on the end one wild winter evening and drowned her hands, all except one young fellow; and he told how, when she rolled over, he’d seen the faces of the skipper and his wife and baby at the battened-down skylight. These Italians ain’t like us—they have to have no Board o’ Trade certificates; and so the skipper needn’t know nothing about seamanship nor navigation. This poor chap was one of that sort. He was the son of a rich shipowner out there, and was sailing the schooner, like, for fun. Well, his father wanted the corpses very particular—something about some property, we heard tell; and he wrote to my gov’nor to know as if he’d take the job. We weren’t particular about it, for it was winter and baddish weather; and a four months’ wreck in a strong tideway, and deepish water. However, to oblige the poor old man, we agree to try. So much pay for trying, and so much more for each body. Well, we got as close on to the spot as we could reckon; and in a day or two a smooth comes, and down I go, and see close aside me the identical schooner lying nearly on an even keel. I feel my way aft, and find the cabin skylight, and soon knock it right off, when up shoot the corpses like bladders through the water; and the hands aloft got them alongside and into two coffins as we’d taken on chance. It was not a pleasant sight.

‘Working in a tideway is tedious work, and I’ve seen when I’ve been down in the Humber, I’ve had to hold on with my left hand whilst I’ve worked with t’other, because the stream took me clean off my legs. Speaking of Humber reminds me of a queer sight I saw there a year or so back. A wheat-ship had gone down; but all hands were saved excepting the skipper’s wife and baby, as had somehow got lost sight of. My mate was down getting off the hatches, so as to get at the cargo. Suddenly, he signals as he is coming up, and we begin to haul in, and I go to the side to help him over, and there see the little drowned

bairn coming up slowly, just for all the world as if it were lying asleep in the water, for Tom was holding it up over his head, and I could not see aught of him till his hand came up. The father was aboard of us, and took and kissed that bit of a baby like mad; but we never found the woman—she likely went out to sea wi' the ebb.

'My poor mate was himself killed not three days after at that very wreck. You see, sir, as we move about, the air-tube and line follow us, and we have to be careful always to come back the same road as we go, because, you see, if you chance to pass anything on the way, such as a stanchion, or go round a mast or under a companion-ladder and come back t' other side of it, the tube and line kink round it and bring you up all standing, and you have to go back and follow your tube the way you come. Sometimes, if you have been down a goodish while and moving about a lot, you get mixed up, and forget your bearings, and are in a pretty fix. Why, once I remember I was over an hour following my tube like a puzzle before I could find my way up out of the engine-room in which I was working. If it happen that a man can't nowadays free himself and it's all touch-and-go with him, if he's only got a clear way above him he has one last chance—and a desperate one it is. He knocks off his chest and back weights, shuts the escape-valves which let out the used-up air in his helmet, gets himself as full of air as ever he can, then cuts the tube above him, when, if he has luck, he tears clear and shoots up through the water. Of course, it's a risky chance; and to prevent too quick a rush up, you have to fasten your waist-line to somewhere below, and hold on to it going up. Well, Tom got fouled somehow, and decided upon cutting his tube, so he signals for more air; and away the pumps go, till suddenly there is a rush of bubbles through the water, and the same instant we feel a blow under this very cutter's counter. "Goodness me, that's Tom!" I cried. We got hold of him as quick as lightning, and had him on deck and his helmet off in no time; but he was as dead as a herring. An hour or two afterwards, a great blue line showed all round his chest and shoulders just where the helmet sits; and the doctor said he must have hit full tilt with his head, and the blow drove the helmet with such force as it crushed all his lungs and things in his chest. He had forgotten to fix his waist-rope, poor chap, and so could not stop his way shooting up.

'No, sir; I've never had to cut my tube. I've always managed to loose myself somehow, though once I got caught, and thought it was all up a tree with me; though by the same token it was all down a well. It happened at Bradford, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. There was some row on about water-supplies. I forget now the rights on it; but the owners of a well and spring had an idea that their water was being drawn off by some one else, so I was sent for to go and see. We got the pumps rigged; and I got dressed and went down the well, which was an old one, with a tunnel leading from the bottom of it, which I had to examine. It was about a yard high, and of course pitch-dark, and I had to creep on hands and knees; but in I get, and

crawl on for maybe twelve yards, when suddenly I feel a great jerk on my tube. "Hullo, what's up?" thinks I, and I gets hold of the line to signal as how I am all right, and they can keep on paying-out, when, to my amazement, the line is quite taut, and I cannot pull it an inch. Then I begin to feel queerish, and crawl back to the well-shaft; but I haven't got above five yards, when I run right up against something; and putting out my hand, I turn all sick in a minute, and think I'm a dead man, for a great heap of bricks and rubbish is filling up the tunnel, which has fallen from the roof. I tell you, it often makes me shudder when I think of it now even.

'Knowing I was caught like a rat in a drain, was awful, and I lay there too stupid to do anything. Luckily, the tube was uninjured, and the air came down all right to me; but I could not signal nor nothing, and I should lie there till I got stupid and suffocated; and thinking of that, roused me to make a big try for escape. Carefully I set to, and began to remove brick after brick; but it was awful work, for I had to push each one past me, and my heart was in my mouth the whole time, lest the movement of my arms and legs in the water should wash more of the old lining down, and bring the whole roof above on to me; and I had to mind, too, that I didn't let any of the rubbish that was down cave in and crush the air-tube. Often I felt so bad that I was for giving in; but somehow I always was brought up by thinking of my sweetheart, for I was courting then, and I thought as how I'd like to see her bonnie face again. So I goes at it; and I guess I prayed pretty hard as I'd get out alive. Well, I get at last the hole pretty clear, and after resting a bit, crawl carefully on, expecting every minute a fall of earth to pin me and crush the breath out of my body. But I reach the end at last, and scramble out into the well; and I was that weak and trembling, that it was some time before I could go up the ladder; and then I lay on the ground, when they got the helmet off, afore I could speak.—No more of that well for me, sir, though they offered me something very handsome to go down again.

'I had another nasty half-hour once in the West Indies, where we were at a wreck. She was a large steamer, that had struck on a reef and then slipped off into deep water, taking down the mails and a valuable cargo with her, though, luckily, passengers and hands were all saved. There were some papers as were particularly wanted, and I was in the chart-room under the bridge looking for them, when suddenly as I turned I saw the wicked snout of a big shark close to me. Nice fix for any one with delicate sort of nerves to be in, pinned up in a corner of a little square room and a big brute between you and the door—eh, sir? I went creepy all over, I can tell you; but I kept still, and so did he, merely working a fin lazily, like a screw steamer holding on against a tide. I got my knife, which we carry screwed in our belt, loose, and made up my mind I'd make a fight for it, if my gentleman began any little game. So there we were.—Sharks as a rule will keep clear of a diver; they don't seem to like his looks, and a helmet don't make a man

look pleasing. The risk is, they may bite the tube clean through, and that's a settler for the man.—At last, I stare him out of countenance, I suppose; leastways, he slews himself round, and I see him drift towards the far side; and so I begin to sidle for the door. As soon as I begin to move, he gets uneasy—maybe my tube touched him, or the air-bubbles frightened him; anyhow, he makes a rush for the door, and I respectfully make way for the flourishes of his tail; but when he was off, I was off up too, sharp.

'Well, I could be spinning yarns all day; but the tide is about dead-low now; so, if you like to don the gear, we'll put you over the side, and you can see how it feels under water, and get an idea how you'd like to be a diver—"A-walking alone in the depths of the sea," as I once heard a gentleman sing at a penny reading.—Here, Jack, bear a hand!'

Jack, the assistant, put his head out of the fore-castle scuttle, followed by the rest of his stalwart person, and coming aft, proceeded to help my friend the diver to dress me. Taking off my canvas shoes, I drew on a pair of long woollen stockings which came up high above the knees; and then, having had my wrists generously anointed with soft soap, I stepped into the dress proper, which is a huge combination sort of garment made of india-rubber, terminating in long leg-pieces like fishing-stockings, and fastening close round the neck, and ending at the wrists in rubber cuffs, which are so tight as to thoroughly exclude the water, and are the cause of the anointing with soft soap.

'Boots next!'

Great brogues fastened by straps and buckles, and having thick leaden soles, are brought, and filled with water, to enable them to be slipped on over the rubber-clad feet.

'Not exactly dancing-pumps,' quoth Jack as he fastens them.

On the chest and round the shoulders are a row of copper studs, and to these an oval collar of copper is securely bolted by nuts tightened by a formidable-looking key.

'Now for the helmet, mate.'

Jack carefully lifts the copper head-piece, which has a round window of thick plate-glass on each side, and a front-plate which is open, and placing it on the collar, screws it round and round down to it. The air-tube is attached to the back-part, and there is a valve under the right ear, to let out the used-up air; and a second one just below the throat. A slab of lead is hung over the shoulders, and attached to the chest like a small cuirass—a similar one forming a back-piece—a thin rope is fastened round the waist, and threaded through an eye on the helmet, and then I am ready for the mouthpiece.

'You'll feel a bit choky, maybe, when you get screwed up, but you'll soon get used to breathing the air,' says Rose encouragingly, as he fixes the front-plate of glass and screws it round.

It is a most curious sensation being thus completely cut off from the outer air—and even world, it seems—and one's voice sounds uncanny in the great hollow metal chamber in which the head is encased. The air whistles along the tube, but brings none of the unpleasant effects of choking,

or even gasping, and so I am ready to go down.

Rose, the diver, looks in at the face-plate, sees that all is right, and asks: 'Are you ready?'

I nod my head; and then repeating the signals:

'One pull on the rope, all right—four pulls, haul up; one tug at the tube, less air—four, more air'—he helps me over the side of the *Albatross*; and getting my feet on the rope-ladder, down I go. As my head goes under water, there is a slight buzzing in the ears, but it ceases before the bottom is felt. A line is fixed to the ladder, so there is no difficulty in finding it again; and it is quite safe to wander away, the only difficulty being to keep my feet on the ground, for the air which fills the helmet and inflates the whole suit more or less, makes it hard to even walk on tiptoe, in spite of the weight of the dress, which is a little short of two hundred-weight altogether. All round, the light gleams yellow, and everything is magnified by the water and thick glass, and a curious waving motion is apparent; whilst the air rumbles incessantly like surf on a lee-shore, and the stroke of the pumps resounds with regular monotony. Whatever other sensations a diver may experience, there is emphatically a feeling of utter loneliness; such as I once experienced when left at the bottom of a fall some twenty feet deep in a cavern up on Ingleborough, with wet candles and a broken lamp, for full fifteen minutes, whilst my companion took our one light with him, and returned to daylight for a rope and more candles, leaving me in total darkness, with the roar and spray of an unseen cascade filling the gloomy chamber.

'Unless you be an officer in one of the swell cavalry regiments, sir, I doubt if you've been rigged up in as expensive a suit as this,' said Rose as the helmet was unshipped. 'It cost one hundred and sixty pounds—the whole thing, that is; and when you were in it, you beat a Chinaman all to fits, for you'd a pigtail of an air-tube one hundred and twenty fathom long.'

'Pay?—Yes; it's good; but you see it had need be, for the risk, there's no denying, is big. Sometimes we make a good haul, if we have a special job and get special terms. Now, there's an old mate of mine just retired on twenty thousand pounds he's made of one venture. He and another diver "spec'd" on going down in deep water to a steamer as had a quantity of gold on board, for half what they raised; and they managed ninety thousand odd or so. Of course, these were extraordinary terms, and they had rare luck, and I never expect such. But anyhow, I like the life, and it likes me, and so I am very well satisfied to go on for long enough as I am.—And I'll tell you what, sir, if you take a fancy for the work, and would like to go in for the profession—yes, as I was saying, if you've a mind, I wouldn't say "no" to taking you 'prentice, and I think I could turn you out a first-rate diver.'

But as the *Volsung*—586 Royal Canoe Club—slips merrily away through the tossing wavelets, which send their little kisses of spray across the polished deck as they scatter in glittering surges before the sharp stem, her skipper decides—as the fresh bracing breeze steals past him over the blue waters towards the sunlight cliffs, and away over the waving corn-fields atop to the green slopes of

the distant Yorkshire wolds—that 'a life on the ocean wave' is to be preferred to one beneath it, where

In the caverns deep of the ocean cold
The diver is seeking a treasure of gold,
Risking his life for the spoil of a wreck,
Taking rich gems from the dead on her deck ;
For fearful such sights to the diver must be,
Walking alone in the depths of the sea !

CRUELITIES TO PIT-HORSES.

A CORRESPONDENT, Mr W. Morgans, Bristol and Westminster, writing to the *Colliery Guardian* for 1st July, makes an appeal regarding horses that work underground, or, as they are termed, Pit-horses.

He says that many proprietors and managers of collieries take pains to protect horses from ill-treatment in the mines ; but there can be no doubt that in other and numerous instances, cruelties to horses go almost unchecked. One common form of ill-treatment is working horses with sores fretted by the harness. Sometimes the cause is misfitting or bad harness, and sometimes neglect of washing parts where the hair has clotted by sweat and where the harness presses in work. Much could be done to avoid all this by better supervision of the stabling arrangements and by keeping spare collars, that one may be drying whilst the other is in use.

Another evil he points out as arising from bad grading of the roads, whereby, in running down steep places, the horse may come to grief in the dark passage, and get caught and jammed by the upset wagons. Colliery officials could, he says, sometimes mitigate this evil, and save expense in the longrun, as I have proved by experience, by easing steep gradients, and checking the bad practice, often seen, of driving roads too steep, especially in getting through faults.

'Special mention,' he continues, 'should be made of gross negligence occasionally exhibited underground in the supply of drinking-water to horses, an evil which is carried in certain cases to distressing lengths, the doctrine being that horses sweat less when kept short of water. In colliery-work, horses should usually be allowed extra supplies of tepid water ; instead of which, an utterly inadequate supply is by no means uncommon, particularly if the water is brought down the pit, and some one can save himself trouble by stinting its use. The most abominable cases are perhaps to be found amongst those animals which are used in remote workings, a mile or two from the pit and from the regular stables and water-cisterns. When the day's work is done, these horses should be taken back to the stables—a duty which is sometimes shamefully neglected. It is easy to send corn and hay in the ordinary wagons to the remote places where the horses are detained for work ; but as for drinking-water—alas ! the special means for conveying it are in some cases so ill-contrived, or so neglected or forgotten, that the poor brutes get scarcely a sip of it where they are at work. Only about a year ago, a case came to my knowledge where several horses suffered so acutely from thirst as to rush towards the miners when drinking tea out of their cans—craving for the liquid they could hear bubbling into the men's mouths ! Some of those horses

were well known to have died from sheer thirst and exhaustion from overwork ; and in their extremity, were known to seize the men's tea-cans between their teeth, in a vain desire to get at the liquid inside ! I forbear mentioning cases of vile teasing, striking, and kicking of pit-horses, and of working them in unfit states. It would only harrow and sicken the feelings. Yet the wrongdoers are hardly ever brought to justice.

'The officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have no legal power to enter the mine—a defect in the law I, for one, as a mining engineer, should like to see remedied, and I believe owners and managers generally would approve of the change. Their responsibility for the protection of human life leaves colliery officials less opportunity than many of them would like for care of the horses—of which as many as fifty to one hundred may be in a single mine—and it would strengthen managers' hands in checking brutality if they could warn those in charge of horses that acts of cruelty might be detected at any time by the visit of an officer whose duty would be to prosecute in such cases. I do not make any charge against colliers as a class. I am satisfied that with their known brave and generous instincts, they are opposed to cruelty, and they often condemn it when practised. . . . I trust that all who read this will increase their exertions to protect those pit-horses which are cursed by being in bad keeping or in bad hands, and that steps may be taken to enlist public interest, in order that officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may have the same right to enter a mine as to enter a cattle-market.'

WHERE AND WHEN.

WHERE the unsheathing needles of the larch

Weigh, crimson-coned; the long, supporting spray,
And mingle to complete the fragrant arch,

With lowly lilac and the snow of may,
A twain had trysted, and the bending boughs
Stirred with the echo of a lover's vows !

When round the jewelled gossamer the haze

Of morning quivers on the upland wold,
Till the young corn, beneath the fervent rays

Of the noon sunlight, brightens into gold—
Dry-dreaming of her absent love, a maid
Seeks the green twilight of the forest glade.

When the ripe weight of leaning sheaves is borne

In the last wagon, from the stubbly field,
And but the small red berry of the thorn
Reminds the wanderer of the harvest yield,
A listener at even, hears the fleet,
Oft-prayed-for echo of returning feet.

When the world hushes in enfolding snow,

And icicles, depending from the eaves,
Weep in the wintry light ; while Frost below
His fairy fancies o'er the window weaves,
Twain linking life and love—'Till death us part,'
Know but the warm midsummer of the heart.

C. A. DAWSON.

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A CHAT ABOUT AMBASSADORS.

DIPLOMACY as carried on by the British government may be said to consist of three great departments. There is first the diplomacy intrusted to ambassadors; second, the diplomacy carried on by envoys extraordinary; and third, the diplomacy under the control of the *chargé d'affaires*, who can transact business with a foreign minister only. The British government has embassies in Paris, Constantinople, Vienna, St Petersburg, and Berlin; of envoys or plenipotentiaries extraordinary it has twenty-three; and three of *chargé d'affaires*. The constitution of the first of these departments implicitly includes the second and third.

The duties of an ambassador are not trivial, for he is abroad not only as the representative of his sovereign, but also as the agent of his government at home. In strict truth, the ambassador has to play the double part of master and servant: on the one hand, the splendour of the Crown whence his authority has emanated must be preserved; and on the other, he has to report everything that shall help his countrymen to legislate for the best interests of their empire abroad.

The practice of sending embassies—proper dates from the fifteenth century. It is true that the Romans had their embassies and spies long before the above date; but the embassies of the ancients must not be confounded with those of more modern times. A Roman embassy was but a makeshift, either for the purpose of concluding a hasty treaty or for demanding hostages. Therefore, it will be quite evident to any one, with even the slightest knowledge of what a British embassy is, that Roman and British embassies differ entirely from each other. All British embassies sent out between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries made their exit in a most imposing style; and even until the year 1840, special warships were provided for their removal.

Every ambassador going abroad requires letters or credentials from his sovereign; and these letters must be presented to the king or ruler at whose

court the envoy is to reside. The contents of the letters are purely formal, and generally end with the assurance that whatever the ambassador does in the sovereign's name, the sovereign shall stand by it.

The relative position of ambassadors has been the subject of many disputes; the spirit of rivalry has always been very keen—so keen, that it has even spread to the courts represented. When an ambassador arrives from his country, it is the duty of the court at which he is to reside to see to his comfort in the way of providing coaches and other minor matters. The ambassador has many privileges, and one of these is the liberty of standing covered in the presence of royalty. In the past, it was customary for the ambassador of the first power to stand on the sovereign's right hand. Sir Henry Vane, the representative of the English Queen, was placed in this position by the Doge at the Council of Ten in the city of Venice. The knotty problem regarding position is now settled according to the date of the ambassador's arrival. The custom of making formal speeches to the court and by the court is also done away with, although in the courts of Vienna and Berlin there is still a survival of the ancient mode of procedure. As regards formality and show, no court in the world can rival that of Japan; there everything is done in the grandest style.

It is in the power of a sovereign to refuse an audience to an ambassador who may not be a favourite; but such instances are rare, because it is generally well known before the ambassador sets out whether he will be pleasing or otherwise. While at court, the ambassador ranks next to princes of the blood; and according to Her Majesty's rule in St James's, plenipotentiaries follow dukes, but in all cases precede marquises. On the continent of Europe, audiences can be obtained by ambassadors from the sovereign without the attendance of any government official or minister; this is not the custom in Britain, because at every audience there must at least be one member of the cabinet to represent the

government in power. George IV. liked these private audiences, and this explains the great influence wielded over the king by such men as Prince Lieven and Estaraliz. Canning was continually complaining of the deeds of these meddling envoys, and generally summed up his complaints with the quaint remark, 'His father [George III.] would not have done that.'

The person of an ambassador is considered inviolable. This law prevailed in the ancient world; because it was for a breach of the 'international agreement' that Alexander the Great laid the city of Tyre in ruins. And nothing was better fitted to rouse the ire of Roman patriots than an insult done against the person of their *legatus* or ambassador. In modern times, there have been instances of this 'inviolable' law being disregarded; thus, Dr Donislaus was murdered at the Hague in 1649; and in our day we have seen the natives of Cabul storming the British Residency in that city and slaying Cavagnari (the Queen's deputy) and most of his associates. Such occurrences mark the time as a period when passion and blind fury are the guides of reason. Further, to intercept an ambassador going through the territory of a third party is a great and culpable offence. The Sultan had no scruples in treating the envoys of his enemies with the greatest severity; for whenever war broke out, the ambassadors were placed in a prison called the Seven Towers, and kept there until all hostilities ceased. The Turkish government continued this practice up to the year 1827.

During the reign of George III., the British ambassador in the person of Lord Whitworth was insulted by Bonaparte, at that time First Consul of France. Lord Granville, from his place in the House of Lords, had declared that France by her warlike preparations was artfully at war with Britain, and demanded an explanation of Bonaparte's conduct. Whitworth at the time was the British envoy. When the representative of Britain was announced, Napoleon, who had been frolicking with his nephew, entered the audience chamber, and thus accosted Whitworth: 'And so you are determined to go to war.'

'No,' replied his lordship; 'we are too sensible of the advantages of peace.'

'We have already,' continued the First Consul, 'been at war for fifteen years, and it seems you wish to fight for fifteen years more; and you are forcing me to it.'—Then turning to the other ambassadors who were standing near, Bonaparte exclaimed: 'The English wish for war; but if they are the first to draw the sword, I shall be the last to sheathe it. They do not respect my treaties. In future, they must be covered with black crape.' Then resuming his conversation with Lord Whitworth, in an angry and insulting tone, he said: 'If you wish to fight, I will fight also. You may kill France, but never intimidate her.' In his excitement, Bonaparte threw himself into a threatening attitude, and even raised his cane, while Lord Whitworth laid his hand upon his sword.

This insult to Britain in the person of its envoy produced a profound sensation throughout Europe, and it was also one of the 'provocative' causes that led up to Waterloo.

But the British themselves have not always respected the rights of ambassadors, for during the regime of Cromwell the brother (Don Pantaleon Sa) of the Portuguese envoy was put to death. Don Pantaleon was a reckless fellow, and while in the Exchange, London, with about thirty associates, he started an altercation with the bystanders, which terminated in a free fight, in which one man was killed. The offenders took refuge in the house of the Portuguese ambassador, and this latter individual, according to his rights, refused to give them up, and wished that Cromwell might be made aware of the circumstances of the case. When Cromwell heard of the matter, he gave the envoy two alternatives—either to deliver up the offenders, or be delivered himself and all his company into the hands of the mob. The former was preferred. Pantaleon was arraigned, but refused to plead. An instrument of torture, however, soon changed his mind; and a verdict of guilty was returned against Pantaleon and three of his friends. Many plans were tried to persuade Cromwell to grant a reprieve, but he was inexorable, saying: 'Blood has been spilt, and justice must be satisfied.' And the only concession he would grant was that Pantaleon, in consequence of his nobility, might be beheaded, instead of suffering the ignominious death of hanging.

Ambassadors are also exempted from the law of the country in which they are sojourning. The spot on which their houses are built becomes *their* territory, which fact is made known to all by the hoisting of the embassy's flag. This is not all, for no servant or other member of the ambassador's train can be arrested without their chief's consent. And the only redress obtainable by an insulted person is to appeal to the ambassador, and failing his approval, to carry the matter further, and lay it before the court which has sent out the embassy.

In the reign of Queen Anne, an ambassadorial quarrel occurred between England and Peter the Great, whose ambassador had been taken out of his coach in London and arrested for debt. Peter demanded that the sheriff of Middlesex and all others concerned should be punished with instant death; but Queen Anne directed her secretary to inform this autocrat that 'she could inflict no punishment upon the meanest of her subjects unless it was warranted by the law of the land;' and politely added, 'that she was persuaded he would not insist on impossibilities.' To appease, however, the clamour of the other ambassadors, who made common cause in the matter, a bill was passed through parliament to prevent such occurrences for the future, and with this the Czar had to be satisfied.

The embassy is entirely free of all imperial taxes, and can also get goods from abroad free of duty. With regard to local taxes, the ambassador, if he chooses, can refuse to pay such. In the matter of postage, the ambassador is on a footing of equality with all men; still, he can despatch free of charge his own couriers bearing his reports and other missives. These messengers are also looked upon as inviolable. In the days when travelling was done for the most part by means of the stagecoach, ambassadors had a prior claim to all post-horses.

The different forms of religion were at one

'Oh, I've nothing to do wi' manganese,' continued Jacob, 'more than this—that my meaning is, just as the manganese has to be washed in this tank, and then in thicky [that one], and every time it is washed you get rid of the rummage and get more o' the metal, so is it with ideas. I've got an idea or two in my head, and I've been a-stirring and a-scouring of it over and over for years; but I can't get rid of the rummage; there must be another floor on which to give it a second wash before we get at the pure metal. So my meaning is, I want you to take into consideration what I've a-said about the raising and rearing and fattening of young stock, and give it a second wash in your brain; and then, I reckon, something'll come of it. It be them blessed regraders as has to be got rid of—washed out of the cattle, so to speak.'

'Go on,' said Richard. He knew his man—that there would be no getting rid of him till he had talked himself out.

'Doy' look here,' continued Jacob, leisurely taking one hand out of his pocket, tapping the ashes from his pipe, replacing his pipe between his lips, in the corner of his mouth, and then his hand in his pocket. 'When one of the quarriers or masons goes on to the tors after granite, it ain't every piece as will serve his purpose. He may spend a day over what seems a fitty [fitting] piece; and then may discover, when he's half cut it, that it's beddy [liable to split], or so full of horseteeth [spar] that he can make nothing out of it, and all his labour is thrown away. Now, I want you to lay hold of my idea, and turn it out with a crowbar from where it lies in the bog—that is, my head—and split it up and see whether it is beddy or horsetoothy, or whether there's good stuff in it for use. I can't do it myself; I've not had the education. I can show you a score of ideas bogged in my brains; but I can't tell you whether they're workable and shapeable. Now, I ax you to do that; and I'll send you a kilderkin of *Maggie* ale for your trouble, if you can find what is useable in my ideas; and, for a beginning, the rearing and the raising and the fattening of young cattle.'

'I should have supposed that was the only idea in the bog you call your intellect.'

'There, you're wrong,' said Corye, by no means affronted. 'It is the most re-markable and conspicuous idea, that's all. My mind is like Carnvean Moor. If you go over it, you see the Long Man, a great old ancient stone about twenty feet high, standing upright, that they tell was an idol in the times of the Romans. When you go over the moor, you can see naught but the Long Man; but do' suppose there be no more granite there than thicky great stone? If it were took away, you'd find scores on scores of pieces lying about, more than half covered wi' peat and furze and heather.'

'Go on, then, with your Long Man.'

'I'm a-going along as quick as I can; but I can't go faster.'

Jacob smoked leisurely for some minutes, contemplating Cable, who worked on without regarding him.

It's all very well saying Go on, when one has an idea, but it ain't possible. If I hadn't an idea, I could gallop. It is just the same with

the miller's donkey; when the boys get a sack of flour over the donkey's back, the donkey goes at a walk and cautiously. What do' mean by hollering "Go on!" to him then? He can't gallop his donkey, because of the sack of flour across it. So is it with me. I must go along quietly and cautiously, at a footpace, because I've got this idea over the back of my intellect; if there were none there, I'd go on at a gallop.'

'Then go on at your own pace,' said Cable, 'and don't zigzag.'

Richard sat breaking the stones and listening at first inattentively to the prosing of the host of the *Maggie*; but little by little his interest was aroused, and when it was, then he forgot his work. The breaking of the stones became less vigorous, till at last Richard sat looking dreamily before him with the haft of the hammer in his hands and the head resting on a stone. He no more raised the hammer over the stones that day, but hobbled home in a brown-study. The thoughts of Jacob Corye, when washed on the floor of his brain, proved to be sterling metal; or, to take another of the landlord's similes, the Long Man of his boggy mind when chipped by Cable's tool proved to be sound stone.

I need not give my readers the turbid talk of Jacob for them to wash, but will let them have the scheme of the innkeeper after it had been sifted and arranged by Cable.

St Kerian lies eleven miles from Launceston, which is its nearest town. Thither the farmers have to drive their bullocks and sheep for sale. It is even worse for those near the coast; they have to send them some fifteen or twenty miles. At Launceston market the cattle are sold to jobbers, who drive them along the great high-road called Old Street—ancient, no doubt, in Roman times—to Exeter, a distance of thirty-eight or forty miles, where they are resold to dealers from Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, and even Berkshire. Of late years the South-Western line has run to Plymouth by Exeter and Okehampton, so that cattle have been trucked at Lydford, Bridestowe, or Okehampton. Quite recently, in 1886, the South-Western has carried a line into Launceston; but at the time of which I write, the line had not come nearer than Exeter, thirty-eight miles from Launceston, and fifty from St Kerian, and some sixty from the coast.

Now, Jacob Corye had picked up scraps of information from the coastguard, some of whom came from Gloucestershire and Somersetshire. From them he learned that the farming done there was dairy-farming. Butter and cheese were made and sold at Bath, Bristol, and in London. The land was good, the pastures rich; no stock was raised there—it did not pay to raise stock, or it did not pay so well as dairy-farming. Along the north coast of Cornwall the land was poor, and exposed to the western sea-gales. Only in the bottoms of the valleys was good pasture and rich alluvial soil. There was a great deal of white clay about, lying in bars from east to west on the hillsides, sometimes filling the valley bottoms; and where that was, nothing would grow but scant grass and rushes, and sheep put on it were certain to rot. This land did well enough for young stock, and was worth from five to ten shillings an acre; but it was fit for nothing else. Corye considered that when the farmers sold their cattle

at Launceston, the jobbers who drove them to Okehampton or to Exeter and resold them, made a tidy profit; so did the dealers who bought them at Okehampton or Exeter and trucked them on into Somerset, or Gloucester, or Berks. There were at least two profits made out of the bullocks and heifers before they reached their ultimate destination.

Then, again, the dairy-farmers, after their cows had calved, wanted to get rid of the calves; it did not pay them to rear them on their dairy-land. On the other hand, the North Cornish farmers could not get calves enough to rear on their poor land. When it came to fattening the young stock, they could not do it; they had not good pasturage for that; therefore, they were forced to sell, and sell cheap. In precisely the same manner, the farmers in the dairy counties sold their calves cheap. The bullocks they did not want at all, and the heifers they wanted after they were grown into cows, but not before. So sometimes calves from Somerset travelled down into Cornwall, and travelled back again, after a lapse of a couple of years, into Somerset; and as they went down, they passed through two or three dealers' hands, leaving coin in their several palms; and as they went up, they passed through the same hands, and again left coin in their several palms.

Now Coryc saw this confusedly. He had tried his utmost to clear the matter by using a stump of a pencil and a bit of paper, but had only succeeded in further bewildering himself. Cable saw his way at once. There flashed on his eyes the gold of the plum, and he put out his hand for it. He did not take long to consider. He at once offered Coryc to drive his stock to Exeter, to truck them there, and go up country with them, and dispose of them in Somersetshire or Gloucestershire. By this means he would save the profits of at least two intermediaries. He proposed that one of these profits should go to Coryc, the other to himself. Jacob Coryc was to provide him with a cob on which to ride, and was to advance him a small sum sufficient for the maintenance of his children during his absence. Whatever Coryc advanced to him, he was to deduct from Cable's share of the profits on his return. The scheme was so simple and practicable that the host of the *Magpie* closed with the offer at once. It was a relief to him to find that his ideas were being put into practical shape. This pleased him more than the prospect of making money.

'You see,' said he, shaking hands again and again with Cable, 'I've ideas, but they're bogged.'

'Do more,' said Richard, 'than send your own stock; buy of your neighbours, that I may have a large drove. The larger the drove, so long as it is manageable, the more the money that will come in.'

'Doy' look here,' said Jacob. 'I'm a liberal man wi' them as deals liberal wi' me. I'll keep all your little maids on *Magpie* ale as long as you're away, and no charge. I said a kilderkin, I say two.'

'Thank you,' answered Richard. 'The little girls drink only water and milk.'

Cable finished the work he had to do for the waywardens on the road; he said nothing to any one in St Kerian except his mother about his

projected journey; but he went over to the *Magpie* once, before starting, to concert plans, and see a coastguardman who came out of Somersetshire, and who, Coryc thought, might be of use to him. The man was anxious to send a message home, and with the message some Cornish crystals set in bog-oak as a brooch for his sister, who kept an inn near Bath; also some specimens of peacock copper, and spar with tin ore in it, and mundic. These samples of the riches of Cornwall would interest the Somersetshire folk of his native village of Bewdley. Cable took the names of some of the farmers about the place, and promised to lodge at the inn and give the specimens and the brooch.

'My sister,' said the coastguardman, 'has a lot o' little childer; but I haven't seen none but the eldest, whom she calls Mary.'

'Her eldest—Mary!' exclaimed Richard. 'I'm certain to put up with her. What is her inn?'

'The *Otterbourne Arms*. It belongs to an old lady who is Squires of the place, called *Otterbourne*.'

Richard received his instructions from Jacob; they were confused and unintelligible. He almost offended him and brought the agreement to a condition of rupture by declining *Magpie* beer.

'I've a notion of taking the pledge,' he said.

'More's the reason you should take a drop now, afore you does,' argued Coryc.

The night before his departure, Richard Cable could not sleep. He saw that the golden plum was let down within his reach, and he had his hand on it. There remained to him only to bite into the rich fruit. But in this case, as in all other in this world, every good thing brings with it something bad—there is no gain without loss. If he were about to rise from want to plenty, he must consent to be much parted from his children. What this meant to him, few can understand. We all have our interests, our friends, our studies, and although we love our children, they do not engress our whole thoughts, occupy our hearts to the exclusion of everything else. With Richard Cable it was otherwise. He had no friends, no acquaintances, no pursuits, no interests apart from his children. He lived for nothing else, he thought of nothing else. He worked for nothing else; he loved nothing else, except only his mother. The wrench to him was almost unendurable. He had given up the thought of going to sea after his accident, because he could not bear to be parted from them; and now he only left them because he had resolved to make his dream come true, and in no other way that he could see was that dream to be realised.

Richard kept a little lamp alight all night before he left home, because he left his bed every hour to look at one after another of the seven little sleeping heads, and to wonder which he could best spare, should it please that Providence, which so ill-used him, to take one away whilst he was absent. He found that he could not part with dearest Mary, so thoughtful and forbearing with others, so full of love and kindness to the youngest ones—so like a little mother to them, though she was only fourteen years old; nor with Effie, so sprightly, with her twinkling eyes, and that dimple in her ever

laughing cheek ; nor with Jane, who clung to Effie, being her twin-sister, and who must go if Effie went ; nor with Martha, who had such endearing, coaxing ways ; nor with Lettice, with a voice like a lark, so shrill, yet withal so clear and sweet ; nor with Susie the pickle, who already knew her letters, and could say BA—Ba, and one and two makes three ; no—she said BA spells sheep, and one and two makes four ; no, not with Bessie the baby, Bessie, whom, after all, it would be best that God should take.—No, no, no—ten thousand times, no !

A TRIP TO BRITTANY.

ONE breezy afternoon in the month of August we glide into the harbour at Honfleur. As we have an hour or more to spare before the train leaves for Lisieux, we send our luggage on by omnibus to the station and saunter after it on foot, lingering on the drawbridge to look at the fishing-smacks and other craft lying alongside the quay. The journey by rail to Lisieux is through wooded valleys, brightened by a curving trout-stream ; and we only lose sight of this glittering rivulet when, on nearing our destination, we plunge into a long tunnel under the hills. It is growing dusk when we reach Lisieux, so we postpone our visit to the old streets, and still older cathedral, until the morrow. There is something peculiarly attractive about many of the houses with their irregular gables and overhanging upper floors ; but here and there, especially in La Rue aux Fèves, the quaint carvings on doors, windows, and walls are half hidden by the articles displayed for sale. From an artistic knocker are suspended several pairs of boots ; and against the carved window-frames or oaken panels hangs a gay assortment of Breton costumes. In a corner of La Place Thiers is the cathedral ; it is wedged in between a monastery and a row of modern houses. The exterior, with its two irregular towers, over a superbly arched doorway, carries upon its weather-beaten front some signs of revolution ; the steps are worn with the tread of pious feet ; but the gargoyles under the roof are sadly defaced by the missiles flung by impious hands at their stony features.

By railroad to Caen ; the country is flat pasture-land, relieved in the background by wooded hills. In every direction one sees some solitary poplar of imposing size and beauty, but often detracting from the charm of the distant undulating landscape. The town of Caen possesses a lion's share of architectural fame. Standing on a commanding height to the north-east of the town—where William the Conqueror built a castle during the middle of the eleventh century—many a handsome church tower or steeple rises above the roofs of the houses of this historic city. The castle has long ago disappeared ; but the small chapel of St George and a Norman hall still remain as notable landmarks of the Conqueror's time. The old ramparts have been repaired, and a comparatively modern structure, reached by crossing a drawbridge, now forms a barrack there. In front of this drawbridge, guarding these memorable precincts, a sentry paces up and down. It is at Caen that the Conqueror's bones have found a resting-place in the Abbaye aux Hommes. This church was erected by William ; it is one of the

finest Romanesque buildings in France. The two western towers are models of Gothic architecture. The interior of the church is characteristic of the early Norman period ; on each side of the aisle one looks down an avenue of Gothic arches with a framework of Roman arches to enhance the effect. In the centre of the chancel is a gray stone slab, marking the spot where the Conqueror's bones repose. It is not many miles from Caen to Falaise, the place of his birth. Here we spend a whole day.

The castle of Falaise is an ideal stronghold, the appropriate home of so great a conqueror. It is reached by passing through the principal street of the old town of Falaise and then mounting a hill to the right, where there is a handsome equestrian statue of William surrounded by his six Dukes of Normandy. Passing over a bridge, one finds one's-self at once on the ancient ramparts—the ramparts built before the Conqueror was born. A mere ruin of the old castle is standing ; but the room, or, more strictly speaking, the bare walls of the room in which William first saw the dawn, is shown by the custodian with a well-feigned credulity in historical events. He is an antique man, with a long white beard, who taps the walls and mutters 'Old, old !' in a pathetic voice while leading the way to Talbot's Tower, a tower built on one side of the castle in the fifteenth century. By mounting this tower, a fine view is gained of the ramparts and of the surrounding scenery. A small stream flows through the valley immediately below, watering, as it has done for centuries past, the deep moat around the castle. Glancing at our custodian as we descend the winding steps, we wonder, as he tells us that he is a native of Falaise, whether any of the Conqueror's blood flows in his veins. But he soon diverts our attention from himself by stepping into a recess on the staircase and pointing out a well, into which he drops a stone, in order to sound, for our edification, its extraordinary depth ; and then he speaks in a confidential tone of a subterranean passage from the castle into the town of Falaise, and carries us back into a period of chivalry and romance.

Nor do we fail, while making Caen our headquarters, to pay a visit to Bayeux. A walk from the station of half a mile, through a winding avenue of lime-trees, with green meadows on each side, brings us to the town. There is no need to ask our way to the cathedral, for, rising high above the houses, we descry its three lofty towers, the finest being the one over the western entrance with pointed and round arches, alternating in the different stories. This Roman-Gothic structure dates from the twelfth century. The interior is of great architectural beauty. The clerestory is exceptionally high, and through its rows of Gothic windows there descends into the nave a flood of glorious sunlight. Walking under the Norman arches in the side-aisles—arches surmounted by a trefoiled arcade—one gains an inspiring glimpse of the chancel beyond in a subdued light that enters slantingly through the lancet windows. Here and there about the town of Bayeux we come upon antique houses, landmarks of historic mysteries that no chronicler has ever clearly solved. In the Rue St Martin, at the corner of the street leading from the cathedral, one of these old houses especially attracts

our attention. As it is an inn—spoken of as the manor-house at Bayeux in the fifteenth century—we enter *sans cérémonie* and order *déjeuner*. The room into which we are shown, with its heavy beams overhead and its irregular walls, interests us deeply; so we ask the landlord, after ‘regulating’ our bill, to show us over the old mansion. With an expression of mystery overspreading his Norman features, he invites us to step up-stairs. We follow him up a winding stone staircase, worn by five centuries of footsteps. He points out the fine carvings on the oak panellings of the doors and walls and *cheminées* of the rooms through which we pass; and the look of mystery, always increasing, culminates when he lights a lantern, in his own room and in broad daylight, and indicates a certain cupboard door. This cupboard upon being opened reveals no mystery: it is an empty cupboard—the depth of a thick wall. The mystery lies beyond. Stepping before us, the landlord gives the panelling at the back of the cupboard a strong push, and it moves inward on rusty hinges, discovering a dark passage with a flight of stone steps winding downwards into a dungeon as deep and ill-ventilated as a well. Over this weird retreat the landlord holds his lantern and whispers: ‘*Les oubliettes!*’

Returning through the town, decked with flags and banners—for it is a fête-day at Bayeux—we look in at the famous library—famous as containing a remarkable page out of English history, rather than on account of its antique volumes. The Bayeux tapestry—quaintly illustrating the Norman Conquest—records the spirit of enthusiasm which existed in the hearts of Queen Matilda and the ladies of her court when they undertook the execution of this work.

It is evening—the evening after our visit to Bayeux—and we are seated beside the driver of a crowded *diligence*. We arrive at the summit of a steep hill—a magnificent plateau, upon which is situated the town of Avranches. There are miles of wooded valleys on all sides. Towards the west, between a silvan landscape and the sea, we observe a wide expanse of briny sand, through which a river flows and brilliantly reflects some lingering rays of sunset. Beyond, between the sunset and these sands, which the tide has left high and dry, is Mont St Michel. This conic rock, with an old fishing-town at its base, with monastery church and castle above, rises out of the Atlantic. The road from Avranches to Mont St Michel makes a gradual descent towards the sea. Along a broad causeway, with a desert of sand on both sides, we arrive at the outer walls of the fortress. The entrance into the town is gained by passing through three gateways; the third still retains its portcullis, but the arms overhead—doubtless the arms of the monastery—are almost effaced. The town consists of one short and narrow street, with irregular and picturesque old houses on each side. Then commence the six hundred steps. We stop to take breath half-way, at the arched gateway leading to the monastery, with its magnificent *Salle des Chevaliers* below the cloisters, and its singular crypt, literally paved with the dust of dead monks. The ascent from this point to the terrace is by broad stone stairs between antique walls of granite, with many a Roman archway overhead. We reach the terrace and look out

upon the wide area of sand, for it is still low tide. But the sea comes quickly in over this flat surface; and not two hours elapse, after the first indication of the recurrent tide, before the waves are leaping noisily against the rock, and every sign of sand has disappeared.

So full of romantic interest is every nook and corner of Mont St Michel, from the rocky beach at its base to the ramparts above, that it is with strong reluctance we leave for St Malo *en route* for Dinan. The morning is cool and cloudy when we steam out of the harbour at St Malo and steer cautiously round the rocks with which this coast simply bristles. Among these rocks—upon which one sometimes observes a ruined fort, that time and tide have compelled to capitulate unconditionally—the tall lighthouse is most conspicuous, seemingly indicating the danger to navigators even in broad daylight. The numerous sailing-boats, gliding in and out behind the rocks, fill the bay with all the animation of a gala-day. This scene is suddenly blotted out when we enter the Rance, that beautiful little river which flows on its tortuous way from Dinan. It is like a miniature Rhine, with wooded and rock-bound hills on both sides. The old town of Dinan, which we reach in less than two hours, is on a slope overlooking the valley. Strolling through the shady boulevards on the heights, which represent the line of ancient fortifications, the scene below is bathed in sunshine, for the lowering clouds which covered the sky at daybreak have disappeared. Later in the day we walk to the village of Lehon, about a mile from the town, ensconced in a wooded dell. From the ruins of the ancient castle, which we reach by climbing a steep hill, we cast our eyes over the hamlet upon an extensive woodland scene. On the other side of Dinan there is a grand old ruin of the Chateau de la Guaraye. We drive to this romantic spot through an avenue of young oaks. Alighting at a little wooden gate, which a rustic holds expectantly open, we presently find ourselves in an overgrown fruit-garden of large dimensions. In this garden stand the mouldering walls of the chateau, the weird abode of bats and phantoms. The architectural beauty of these ruins is but faintly expressed, for here the ivy climbs in such profusion that the delicately carved stonework that ornaments the windows and doorways is almost hidden from view.

On our way to Quimper, *via* Brest, we break our journey at St Brieuc. The market-place is swarming with Breton *paysannes* in their spotless white caps of all shapes and sizes. We edge our way through this busy crowd towards the cathedral, where the patron saint and founder was buried; but so many centuries have passed since St Brieuc died, that even the pilgrims have at last ceased to visit his tomb. The town is some fourteen hundred years old, for it dates from somewhere in the fifth century. We were not surprised to come across several antique houses with quaintly carved wooden heads upon the outer walls. A diminutive lantern above a doorway—a lantern that looked old enough to have lit up the saintly face of Brieuc himself as he went by—excited our curiosity as we passed through the Rue St Jacques. Although deeply impressed with the odd physiognomy of St Brieuc and its industrious people, we lose no time in travelling on to Quimper, for it is

here we have resolved to establish our headquarters for a week or more, and project excursions to various points of interest along the coast.

To the fishing village of Douarnenez and its sheltered bay we journey first. Here the peasants, even more busy than at St Brieuc, were clattering through the stony streets in their wooden shoes, as we strolled down to the sandy beach beyond the town. It is a sultry, cloudless afternoon. Crossing the bay in a little ferry-boat, with the boatman's boy in the stern 'screwing' madly at an oar, we land in the 'crystal isle,' as it is called. Wandering through a shady avenue that leads towards the lighthouse, we search a sequestered spot, on the outer shore of the island, for an invigorating swim. We find the very place under the low cliff, and plunge into the cool, transparent waters, where the waves are gently breaking against the rocks out in the 'open,' and creating frothy patches in the blue expanse of sea.

On the morrow, at an early hour, we start on our way to the Pointe du Raz. From Audierne, which we reach by *courrier*, the country is flat, though the monotony is broken by an occasional glimpse of the sea. But we would have journeyed through a desert without complaining, for the fine sight which we now gain of the famous Pointe, the wildest promontory on the coast of France. The weather here, as our weather-beaten guide informs us, is nearly always boisterous. It is, by good luck, fairly calm to-day, so we clamber over the rocks and look down with a certain sense of awe into the Trou du Diable. The tide is coming in over the huge boulders and descending into this great gap with a sound like the firing of cannon. There is something about this scene that almost awakens a feeling of terror, even by daylight, when only a light wind is blowing. Who, then, could adequately describe this picture of ruin and riot upon a night of tempest and shipwreck? The guide calls our attention, sailor-like, to the black hulk of a large vessel, which, wedged in tightly between the rocks, was lost in the last *grande tempête*! Le Moine—a rock strangely resembling a gigantic monk lying on his back with the cowl drawn over his face—is only one among the many odd fancies which the scene awakens. The Caves d'enfer are close alongside, in the Baie des Trépassés; and this stony friar seems to be floating that way with the incoming tide.

Quartered next at Vannes, a town of medieval streets, into which one enters by picturesque old gateways, we explore places of historic interest in the immediate neighbourhood, not omitting to make a pilgrimage to the ruined abbey of St Gildas, along the peninsula of Rhuys, nor to climb the famous Celtic mount, La Butte de Tumiac. But no pilgrimage can surpass the one to Carnac, where the country is thickly strewn with druidical ruins. We sail among the islands, in the archipelago of Morbihan, to Carnac, and from there we drive to Auray. At Rumesto, about half a mile along the road, we stop at a small flight of steps by the wayside, and crossing a field, come upon a massive stone, supported by other large stones standing upright. Is this dolmen a ruined sepulchre raised to the

'memory' of prehistoric man? Upon this road, in an opposite field, there are other dolmens closely resembling this one, with hieroglyphics upon the stones—writings which no antiquary has yet satisfactorily deciphered. At Ménéac, hard by, the large heath, with the gorse in full bloom, is thickly covered with 'menhirs.' They look like huge, dilapidated tombstones. The appearance of this great heath suggests a ruined cemetery. Passing by Kermario, where there are dolmens resembling those at Stonehenge, we wander down to the sandy beach near Carnac, and bathe in the Baie de Quiberon. After *déjeuner* at an old inn, we climb to the top of Mont St Michel, a celebrated tumulus. Looking down from this, the only elevated spot in the district, we see some landmark of the Druids on every side. Returning to Vannes that afternoon through the archipelago, the waters reflect a deep blue from the summer sky; and as we glide along in our steam-launch, we often pass some ideal fishing-town, its tranquil bay dotted with many a white sail; and on an eminence beyond, some Roman tower or Gothic steeple stands out in relief, with thickly wooded hills rising up behind. Reluctantly we leave Vannes, staying but a few hours at Nantes, for a visit to St Nazaire, before taking train for Paris.

WYTHRED'S WHARF: A THAMES-SIDE TALE.

CONCLUSION.—WITH THE TIDE.

AFTER lighting Mr Lintock's lamp, Ducket had descended to the basement, on a level with the wharf. It was a huge storeroom; its area represented the dimensions of the entire warehouse; and although there were piles of merchandise heaped up on all sides of the iron pillars which supported the floor above, its great size was still apparent, for there were avenues in every direction between these goodly piles wide enough for the trucks to run to and fro. Near the river entrance to this storeroom stood a wooden shed; it had a door facing the main avenue, and a small window on each side. On the door was written, 'Superintendent's Office.' Ducket raised the latch and stepped in. There was a desk under one of the windows, and under the other stood a stove with a funnel disappearing through a hole in the woodwork. The foreman drew up a chair in front of this stove, and having taken a look at the fire and fed it with charcoal, he began to appease his appetite out of a basin and a blackened tin can with a cork in it which stood on the hob. He ate his supper with apparent relish; but the mixture in the can did not seem to his taste; he rejected it with a grimace after the first draught. 'I'd rather drink a pint of senna,' declared Ducket, driving the cork home emphatically with the palm of his hand, 'than another drop of such stuff.' He lit his pipe with an air of resignation, leaned back in his chair, and stared perplexedly at the tin can. Had any one, he wondered, been playing him a trick? He was beginning to get sleepy—so sleepy, that when he looked round him at the walls of the shed, they appeared to expand and his head to grow proportionately larger. It was a maddening sensation. By an effort he

roused himself, stood upright, and tried his utmost to throw off this drowsiness. He was conscious of his responsible position; he was the sole watchman in the warehouse. If any catastrophe were to occur, no matter how it was brought about, he felt that the blame would fall upon his shoulders.

Ducket knocked the ashes out of his pipe, took up his lantern, and went outside the shed. He began to pace resolutely up and down the centre avenue between pyramids of sacks and bales. It was a painful struggle; but it lasted only a short time. No matter which way the foreman turned, whether to the right or to the left, he was always becoming more and more impressed with the fact that uncertainty lay beyond. This soon ended by the lantern dropping from Ducket's hand and going out; and then he sank upon the ground with his head resting upon a hard bale.

Was he dreaming? It seemed to Ducket, as in a dream, that some one glided past him like a ghost and that a light was flashed before his eyes; and then a long interval of darkness and confused fancies followed, until he gradually awoke—awoke with a start—strongly convinced that he had been roused by the clang of the warehouse bell. Could it be Mr Overbeck at the gate already? It was surely not yet ten o'clock! The foreman scrambled to his feet, and groped along the dark avenue of goods towards the superintendent's office; for he could find his way about the warehouse without a gleam of light. As he went along with outstretched hands he experienced a dull singing in the ears. Was it the gate-bell still vibrating in his bewildered brain?

Ducket found the stove-fire still burning, though low. He took down a lantern from the wall, and lighting it, glanced anxiously at the clock. 'Half-past ten,' exclaimed the foreman; 'why'—

It *was* the warehouse bell. It was no dream now; it sounded like an alarm, it was so incessant. Still half-dazed with the oppressing effect of his unnatural sleep, Ducket hurried across the yard, and unlocking the side-door leading into Thames Street, found himself face to face with Percy Overbeck.

'Why are you so dilatory,' said Overbeck, with an air of suppressed impatience, 'in answering the bell?'

'I only heard it, sir, a minute ago.'

'How's that? I have been ringing at short intervals for nearly half an hour. Is anything wrong?'

Ducket, looking puzzled at Overbeck's excited face, answered: 'I very much suspect that'—

'What?'

'That I've been drugged. That's why I couldn't come. I fell asleep; the noise of the bell awoke me.'

The excited expression in Overbeck's face increased. 'Are you here alone?'

'I'm the only one on duty; but I'm not alone in the warehouse,' said the foreman; 'Mr Lintock is here.'

Overbeck hurriedly demanded: 'Where?'

'In his office up-stairs. I left him there busy writing at his desk.'

'When?'

'Some hours ago—before I became drowsy.'

'Hours ago?—Show the way as quick as you can to Mr Lintock's room.'

Ducket, still more perplexed at Overbeck's manner, hastened up-stairs without a word. He was seized with a dreadful sense of apprehension; and on opening Mr Lintock's door, he uttered a suppressed cry. The wharf-owner's room was empty; but the lamp upon his desk was burning, and the light thrown upon his papers showed them in disorder. An inkstand had been upset upon the table, and the ink was trickling down into a pool upon the floor.

Overbeck, stepping forward, took a quick glance round him. Then he looked keenly at Ducket. 'Clogstoun has been here. He and Mr Lintock have met.'

The foreman's face expressed a look of horror.

'Now, Ducket,' said Percy Overbeck, placing his hand upon the foreman's shoulder, 'nerve yourself. Let us search the warehouse.'

The warehouse was explored from roof to basement. The foreman, who had known every turning among the dark lanes of merchandise since boyhood, took the lead, flashing his lantern into every nook and corner. On each floor they called on Mr Lintock loudly by name; but only an echo of their voices reached them. They stood once more within the wharf-owner's room.

'Ducket,' said Overbeck, 'cast your eyes carefully round. Is anything missing?'

The light from the foreman's lantern moved over the floor and then slowly round the walls. Suddenly it stopped behind Mr Lintock's chair.

'Do you see that peg, sir?'

'Yes.'

'The key should be there. It's gone.'

'What key?'

'The key, sir, to that private door;' and Ducket pointed to a door opposite the window.

'But,' said Overbeck, 'that leads out upon the wharf. And,' he added, turning the handle, 'it's locked. What can it mean?'

'It means,' said the foreman with sudden inspiration, 'that, dead or alive, master has gone out by that door.'

Without loss of time, by means of the superintendent's key, they made their way out upon the landing-stage. They looked eagerly across the dark river. The tide was lapping monotonously against the sides of the wharf; chains were rattling, boats and barges moored alongside creaked and strained at their ropes. Presently Ducket, who went flashing about with his indispensable lantern, cried out: 'There's a boat gone!'

'Ah!—Is the tide ebbing?'

'Ay, sir, ebbing fast.'

Overbeck reflected a moment; then he said: 'Give me the lantern.' Ducket obeyed. 'Now,' added Overbeck, 'unfasten a boat, and let us row down stream. We are on the track, I hope, at last.'

The foreman quickly set to work. There was a boat suited to their purpose lying outside a barge; it was soon loosened and ready for them to start.

'I'll take the sculls,' said Overbeck as he stepped into his place. 'You shall steer. You know this part of the river better than I do.—Are you ready?'

'Right! With the tide, Mr Overbeck?'

'Yes, by all means; with the tide.'

And so, with Ducket grasping the rudder and Overbeck the sculls, the boat moved out into mid-stream. On they went with the ebbing tide under the black shadows of huge ships and towering warehouses until Ducket's lantern was a mere speck of gliding light in the darkness.

Bertha Lintock, although made aware in a message from her father that he should not return until late, began to grow anxious towards midnight. She paced up and down her room, and constantly listened for the sound of wheels in the carriage-drive; the unpleasant affair, of which Percy Overbeck had spoken to her reassuringly, recurred to her mind. Though trusting in Percy, she could not conquer her strong presentiment of danger; for, when a child, strangely enough, Wythred's wharf had made a deep impression upon Bertha. While walking at her father's side through the great sombre storerooms, they had reached some passage—walled with bales of merchandise—so dark and narrow that she had shrunk back with sudden fright, and would go no farther. That was her first visit, and she had never entered the warehouse since. Presently, Bertha heard a hurried step outside the house. She ran to the window and threw it open. Overbeck stood below. 'Percy!—has anything happened?' she asked. 'Where is father?'

'He is here, Bertha—at the gate. You have no need to be alarmed.'

Bertha hastened into the hall.

Percy Overbeck met her at the door, and they went into the dining-room together. 'Your father has been again seized with that odd fancy,' Percy hastened to tell her. 'He believes that while seated in his office this evening, Clogstoun threatened him. Panic-stricken, he escaped from this phantom, or reality, down his private staircase leading to the wharf. Here, groping his way to the barges, he dropped into a boat, and setting it adrift, went out with the tide. Ducket and I—to cut a long story short—overtook the boat, and'

At this moment Mr Lintock slowly entered the room, leaning on Ducket's arm. His clothes were wet and bespattered with mud. Seeing his daughter, he stepped towards her, but losing strength, sank into a chair.

Bertha ran to his side and bent over him. 'Are you hurt, father?'

'No, my dear, only exhausted. Percy and our old friend Ducket,' said he, looking up gratefully into their faces, 'have saved my life.'

The wharf-owner's nerves were badly shaken. But a few days' rest, under his daughter's thoughtful supervision, restored him to health.

Clogstoun's face never haunted Mr Lintock again; for on the day after this occurrence, the man was found at the warehouse among some bags of sea-damaged hemp-seed, breathing his last; and as a small phial was discovered at his side containing traces of a narcotic, it was conjectured that he had poured a portion of this drug into Ducket's tin can, and had himself swallowed the rest with a strong resolve to bring his wretched existence to an end.

For some time Mr Lintock avoided the subject of his flight from the office and from the face.

It appeared, however, that at the moment when Clogstoun forced his way into the room, the wharf-owner retreated through the private door. This door he locked behind him, in order to cut off pursuit; and thus separated from the Thames Street exit by Clogstoun's presence, Mr Lintock had made his escape by water.

In after-days, when Bertha had become Overbeck's wife, they often dwelt on that midnight affair at Wythred's wharf; and it transpired how Percy, frequently on the watch for Clogstoun, having learnt something of his haunts and habits, had reason to suppose that he had found a means of getting into the warehouse. For this reason, he had appointed that meeting with Ducket, though scarcely imagining that events would take such a strange turn as they had done.

RUNNING A TRAIN.

BY A RAILWAY SERVANT.

AMONG the thousands who travel by rail, there are probably very few who are cognisant of the precautions taken to prevent accidents; nor are the majority of railway travellers aware that under the present system of 'running a train,' it is almost impossible for a collision to occur except through the negligence of some of the Company's servants. In an interesting article on Signalmen lately published in a contemporary, the writer explained how the signals were worked; but he gives one a very inadequate idea of the care exercised by Railway Companies to prevent accidents and loss of life to travellers. For instance, we will take an ordinary train at its start in the morning. In the first place, at the commencement of the journey, the engine-driver and the fireman belonging to the train, after having 'signed on duty'—that is, signed the train-book in the shed-foreman's office—and being passed by the foreman as fit for work, are required to be with the engine about an hour before the time of starting the train, in order that the driver may satisfy himself that the engine is in proper working order. His first care is to see that the engine has been thoroughly cleaned, that all working-parts are free from grit; and that his previous night's statement as regards repairs, &c. to the engine, has been acted upon; and gets coal and water. He then oils all working-parts himself, and proceeds to the station to 'pick up' the carriages forming the train. Each carriage has been overhauled by the carriage-examiner, whose duty it is to see that the train is all right and fit to proceed on the journey; and where any defect is noticed, the carriage is taken off and sent to the 'shops' to be repaired.

The train is now within the jurisdiction of the station-master, who, having previously seen that the signals and signalmen in his district are in proper condition, at once proceeds to satisfy himself that the carriage-examiner has done his duty properly, and notices that the carriages are properly 'coupled.' It will be at once easily understood that to prevent oscillation and to secure

the easy and smooth running of the train, it is necessary that all the vehicles composing the train should be so tightly coupled as to insure the buffers being brought so firmly together as not to be separated by any change of gradient or by the starting of the train. It is the station-master's duty to observe the state of all couplings—including continuous brake couplings and cord communications—and cause any that require it to be adjusted. These couplings are also examined by the guard, who while in the station is under the orders of the station-master. After the guard has seen that the doors of the carriages are properly closed, the train is ready to start. The signal to the engine-driver to proceed must be given by the guard upon receiving intimation from the station-master that all is right. When there are two or more guards with a train, the signal to the driver must only be given by the guard nearest the engine, and then not until he has exchanged signals with the guard or guards in the rear.

On the guard rests the chief responsibility for the safe running of the train. How onerous are his duties may be seen from the following. In the first place, he must regulate the working of the train in accordance with the time-tables of the line over which he has to run. He must also see that the train does not travel on the line after sunset or in foggy weather without a red tail-lamp and two side-lamps, which he must keep properly burning throughout the journey. Every guard when travelling must keep a good look-out, and should he apprehend danger, he must at once attract the attention of the engine-driver. This he does by using the 'communication,' and also by applying his hand-brake, if he has one, sharply and releasing it suddenly. This operation—from the check it occasions—if repeated several times, is almost certain to attract the notice of the driver, to whom the necessary caution or danger-signal must be exhibited; and should the train be fitted with a continuous brake with which the guard has a connection, he must apply it until he is certain the driver is alive to the danger. Should danger be first apprehended by the driver, he immediately gives three or more short sharp whistles, which is a signal for the guard to apply the brake.

If, from any cause, it is found that the train cannot proceed at a greater speed than four miles an hour, the guard must immediately go back one thousand yards, or to the nearest signal-box, if there be one within that distance; in which case the signalman must be advised of the circumstance. Otherwise, the guard who goes back must follow the train at that distance and use the proper danger-signals, so as to stop any following train until assistance arrives or the obstruction is removed. When the train is stopped by accident or from any other cause, the guard must go back as before mentioned, and place detonators on the rails at fixed distances, and must not return to the train until recalled by the engine-driver sounding the whistle.

Should the absence of a signal at a place where a signal is ordinarily shown, or a signal imperfectly lighted, be noticed by the guard, he must treat it as a danger-signal, and report the circumstance to the next signalman or station-master.

These rules properly carried out, and signal-

men and others doing their duty, it will be plainly evident that, although accidents will sometimes occur, the Railway Companies do their best to secure the safe working of the line.

A ROGUES' PICTURE-GALLERY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

In times long since past, it was customary to brand a criminal before he was released from durance vile. A mark was set upon him, so that, like his prototype, all men might know him. The custom was eventually relinquished, possibly on the ground that it savoured too much of the torture-chamber, albeit the pain inflicted could have been little in comparison with that suffered in the extraction of a tooth, a form of torture to which even the most innocent among us are occasionally subjected. But the system, cruel or not, died out, and now the clumsy searing-iron has given place to the photographic camera. The man's flesh is no longer impressed with the red-hot iron; but he impresses his image, all unwillingly, upon the sensitive chemical film; and from the negative so produced, his likeness can be printed and sown broadcast over the land, if necessary, at a few hours' notice. One notorious criminal was in recent years identified, and hunted down by means of the rough outline of his features which appeared in a daily newspaper.

In these days, a photographic album is to be found in every household, and it contains pictures of those whom we love and respect. But the album which is owned by the police authorities is of a very different kind. Loved ones are conspicuous by their absence, for the portraits are of those who are known as the dangerous classes. Fear could not more effectually cast out love than it does in the case of these evil-doers. As the commercial man keeps his note-book for purposes of reference, so do the police keep this album for the identification of those who, having sinned once, may possibly continue in evil courses. This album is not open to public inspection, except under certain circumstances, but is kept for the private use of the police authorities. A similar collection of portraits is now made in every civilised country, and occasionally the interchange of some of these pictures is found to be very serviceable to the honest members of the community.

In the United States, this system has been more completely carried out, perhaps, than in any other country; for there it is not uncommon to arrest a suspected man, take his portrait, and if nothing is proved against him, let him go again. But, contrary to the custom prevailing elsewhere, the American collection of celebrities, or rather notoriety, has been to a certain extent made public property; that is to say, the section of it which has reference to crimes against property has recently been published.

This unique book now lies before us, and we venture to say that it forms one of the most curiously interesting, but at the same time sad compilations which it was ever our lot to peruse.

It is a handsome quarto volume of more than four hundred pages, and is of abnormal thickness; for, in addition to the letterpress, there are contained between its covers more than two hundred photographs. The title of the book is as follows: '*Professional Criminals of America*, by Thomas Byrnes, Inspector of Police and Chief of Detectives New York City—*pro bono publico*.' It is published under the authority of the Board of Police, and its introduction and preface give a general account of the scope and purpose of the work. We continually have evidence that the old adage, 'Truth is stranger than fiction,' represents a patent fact. In the introduction of the volume under review, it is found necessary to point out that it is not a work of fiction, but is an absolutely true history of the criminal classes. For nearly a quarter of a century has its compiler served in the police department of the city of New York, during which time he has made official acquaintance with rascaldom in all its varied branches. His experiences, as well as his opportunities for tracing the histories of those delinquents with whom his occupation has brought him into contact, have given him material, which he has worked up with great ability in the book before us.

But, it may be asked, what is the purpose of such a book? Is it to pander to the morbid desire felt by many to peruse the details of crime? This is by no means the case. Its publication is a protective measure. Crimes against property are of such frequent occurrence, and new methods of carrying them out are being so constantly elaborated, that it is thought if a full and particular account of the manner in which criminals go about their nefarious schemes be exposed, likely victims will be upon their guard. Inspector Byrnes tells us that experience has shown him such an exposure is really necessary. During his three-and-twenty-years' connection with the police department, he has found that bankers, brokers, commercial men, and those most liable to the attentions of thieves, were strangely ignorant concerning the many and ingenious methods resorted to by rogues in quest of plunder. In this book, therefore, those methods are fully detailed, and mysterious thefts are explained. The doings of some of the most notorious robbers are set forth, and the account in each case is accompanied by a portrait of the hero of the story. These portraits, like the rest of the book, are admirably done. They are no mere woodcuts taken from photographs, but are the photographs themselves reproduced by what is known as the Collotype process. That they were obtained unwillingly is obvious, for a photograph, although a silent witness, may be a 'speaking likeness.' This unwillingness to be photographed is illustrated in the frontispiece of Inspector Byrnes' book, where a criminal is being held still by four men while his image is being secured. Modern discovery enables photographs to be taken in so rapid a manner and under such secret circumstances that now it is quite possible to get a man's portrait without his permission or even knowledge. Police authorities will no doubt avail themselves in the future of a means which is calculated to give a far better likeness than a portrait can afford which is taken under compulsion. A few of the sitters have obviously distorted their faces, but most of them

have made up their minds to the inevitable, and have sat quiet. Some even have brushed themselves up, and have been photographed with a smile on their faces; and the inspector tells us that many show a weakness to appear to advantage; and that he has seen women especially whose vanity became evident directly the camera lens was turned upon them. Each portrait in the book bears a number, which corresponds with one placed against the account which is appended of the criminal's career; his name and the alias which he has adopted are also placed beneath the picture. The various branches of the 'profession' which are represented by these portraits comprise bank burglars, bank-sneak thieves (a sneak in this sense is one who is a loafer, and watches his opportunity to 'sneak' into the place for the purpose of stealing anything from an umbrella to a bag of gold), forgers, hotel and boarding-house thieves, sneak and house thieves, shoplifters and pickpockets, 'confidence-men,' receivers of stolen goods, tricks of 'sawdust-men,' and frauds in horse-sales. A brief account of the various methods pursued by these industrious but dishonest workers will be of some interest in showing how far the American criminal differs in his operations from his European confrère.

A first-class bank burglar stands as much at the head of his 'profession' as does a successful Queen's Counsel overtop his brother-lawyers. He must be possessed of several high qualities, among which may be reckoned courage, determination, fertility of resource, and mechanical skill. Some of these men have such an intimate knowledge of the mechanism of locks and safes, that no strong-box or vault can be regarded as 'burglar proof' whilst they remain at large. Their implements are sometimes made by themselves, but more frequently by a mechanic so far in league with them that he will ask no troublesome questions so long as he is well paid for the tools he makes. These tools are simple, but strong, and include steel wedges, a spirit-lamp and blowpipe which will soften and destroy the temper of metal-plates, a diamond-pointed drill which will pierce the hardest steel, and sometimes dynamite. The last-named has frequently been used to blow open a refractory safe, while, to cover the noise of the explosion, an accomplice has driven past the scene of action with a rumbling cart full of clanging milkcans. But sometimes the work is done in a far less violent manner, and preparations for the assault of the bank decided upon are conducted carefully for months before the actual event takes place.

A very general method is to hire some house which adjoins the bank premises, and to carry on there a legitimate trade for some time, so that the occupants may earn the character of harmless and desirable neighbours. In some cases, rooms above or cellars below the bank premises have been rented with this view, the landlord often being the head of the corporation which is ultimately to be robbed. The leader of the gang employs his time in making the acquaintance of the bank clerks, perhaps finding among them a black-sheep who may become his ally. The walls, floor, or roof of the vault is eventually broken through, and the gang of robbers disappears, laden with treasure. In other cases, the cashier who holds

the keys of the bank has been traced to his home and to his bedroom. Impressions of the keys are then made in wax, or, should the sleeping cashier be aroused, he is secured by some of the gang until the rest have time to effect the robbery. It is a curious but true circumstance that many of these bank burglars are model husbands and fathers. They will educate their children at the best schools and lead a most exemplary home-life. They evidently look upon their calling as a legitimate profession, and drop all thought of it, as other business men will do, when they reach the door of their own household.

The bank-sneak thieves occupy a lower grade in the profession of knavery. They are men of pleasing address, good education, and adopt that best of all disguises, a faultless attire. While the burglar works at night, the bank sneak conducts his operations in the full light of day, and must therefore be possessed of great presence of mind. The length to which one of these worthies will go in order to attain his ends is well illustrated by the following anecdote. The hero of the story was a bank sneak, who one morning entered the building which he had determined to rob, went behind the counter, hung up his coat, and donning another, coolly installed himself as a clerk at one of the desks. He was requested by one of the real clerks to leave the place, but impudently told his interrogator to mind his own business, and threatened to report him as soon as the manager or president arrived at the bank. But eventually he was made, under protest, to vacate the seat. Full of virtuous indignation, he walked with dignity out of the building; and it was not until some time afterwards that the clerk whose position he had usurped discovered that the cash was fifteen thousand dollars short. This type of robbery, thanks to increased vigilance on the part of the police, has almost ceased to exist.

With regard to forgers, we learn that their number, compared with other classes of criminals, is small, only about two dozen men being recognised as applying their talents as penmen and engravers to the fabrication of spurious documents. Photography is largely employed by them; and, by the irony of fate, the same art is now used for their identification. Their methods do not differ from those which have been detailed so often in our own courts of justice, so that we need not dwell upon them. We may, however, refer to the clever manner in which one gang of forgers made the English criminal investigation department play into their hands. This gang had prepared an elaborate scheme for defrauding the English banks by means of counterfeit circular notes. Shortly after they left New York by steamer *en route* for Britain, the scheme was discovered, and the English police were furnished by Atlantic cable with all its details. The forgers were of course ignorant of this. Their audacious leader, upon arriving in London, thought that it would be as well to make himself acquainted with the faces of the chief detectives, and in the character of an American tourist he paid them a visit. They were so taken off their guard by the pleasant manner of their visitor, that one of the officers not only told him of the impending fraud, but actually showed him the New York telegram, which happened to be lying on a desk. It need hardly be said that the forger thus warned did

not tarry long in the metropolis: he and his gang left London that night.

Hotels and fashionable boarding-houses form the happy hunting-ground of another numerous class of swindlers. The first operation of one of these daring thieves is to scan the list of arrivals in the newspapers. He then hunts down his prey with a persistency which knows no rest. A gimlet to bore a hole in the bedroom door, a crooked wire to insert in that hole with which to pull back the bolt, and a pair of nippers to seize and turn the key left in the inside of the lock, are generally the sole tools which he requires, and such implements he can easily carry in his waistcoat pocket. As many as ten rooms have thus been entered and robbed in one hotel in a single night. Another method is to doctor the locks beforehand by unscrewing them, and after enlarging the screw-holes, replace them in their former position. They give no evidence of having been tampered with, but after such treatment, a firm push on the door will easily cause it to fly open. In boarding-houses, the thief soon knows which of his fellow-guests owns the most jewelry, and he generally chooses dinner-time to remain upstairs and possess himself of it.

The American house-thief is a more vulgar kind of criminal, whose counterpart is probably found in every civilised country. He will coolly ransack a house while its occupants are away; otherwise, in the character of a pedlar, pianotuner, inspector of some kind, a book canvasser, or an insurance agent, he will gain access to the place, and will go away not empty-handed. One of these men will rejoice over the notice of a fashionable wedding, particularly if the wedding-presents are numerous. He then makes it his business to hunt down the happy pair, who are probably too much engrossed in themselves to worry much about their worldly belongings, and often manages to relieve them of their jewels and plate. These men usually work alone, but sometimes there may be two or three interested in the proceedings.

The shoplifters and pickpockets do not call for special remark; but those astute persons who are termed 'confidence-men' are worthy of more notice. The British form of 'confidence-trick' we have always regarded with hopeful feelings, for it proves most conclusively that the men who practise it are so utterly devoid of inventive talent that they cannot be very dangerous. They are content to run in the same groove in which others have moved, and a clumsy and wretchedly designed groove it is. The confidence-trick has so often been exposed in the newspapers, as well as in our pages, that it is familiar to most people. But, wonderful to relate, it constantly claims fresh victims; and we may be certain that a large majority of the cases which occur never come to public light. For poverty of design and utter absence of dramatic construction, this mode of swindling stands by itself. The *dramatis personæ* are three in number, and consist of the victim, A, usually some honest farmer, who, by the cut of his clothes and by the way he stares about him in a large city, readily proclaims his rustic origin. Enter B, who casually drops into conversation with A, and presently suggests a friendly glass at the nearest public-house. Here the two are joined by C (an accomplice of B). C tells of a rich uncle

who has lately died and left him a fortune, which he hardly knows how to spend. Rolls of notes and packets of gold are displayed in proof of his assertion. He announces his resolve to give away a lump sum of money to any man in whom he can feel implicit confidence. There is no reason why A and B should not be the happy recipients of his generosity; but, as they are comparative strangers, he must first ascertain whether he can place implicit confidence in them, and whether that confidence is mutual. In order to assure them of his unsuspecting nature, he gives his purse to B, who goes out for a stroll. B returns in a short time, and C expresses his satisfaction with this noble proof of B's honesty. C next takes B's purse out of the house for a time, and duly returns it. A is next invited to hand his purse to B or C for a like test of his honesty. The receiver, say C, once more goes out for the regulation stroll. B soon finds an excuse to leave A for a few moments. A patiently awaits the return of his quondam friends, but alas for the credit of human nature, they never come back. In America, the confidence-trick assumes far more clever forms, and it is accomplished by men of polished address, who haunt some of the best hotels. One of these men, who recently died in an American prison, is said to have gained during his career more than one million dollars by operating upon the credulity of his fellows. In one case he robbed a man of thirty thousand dollars. Meeting this man some years later, he declared his penitence, and promised restitution, and he actually obtained from his victim a further sum of three thousand dollars!

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WOLF-CHILDREN.

WITH reference to our recent article on the above subject (*Chambers's Journal*, June 25), a correspondent writes as follows: 'In connection with the stories of wolf-children, it may not be uninteresting to mention that while lately on a visit to Melbourne, the writer went with his wife and two little children (aged two and four) to see the Royal Park, where the wild animals are kept. There, among others, they came upon a cage with four large wolves, lying sleeping on the ground. They took no notice of the writer or his wife or the elder child; but the moment the younger toddled up, they sprang simultaneously to their feet and made for the corner of the cage nearest her. Not content with this, two of the largest stood on their hind-feet and pressed themselves flatly against the cage, pushing their great fore-paws through the bars towards the child, as though to get at her, and wagging their tails and barking frantically the whole time, their eyes riveted on her. As she walked away, they rushed across the cage to the other corner and repeated their antics. When the child uttered a word or two, it seemed to affect the wolves singularly, and they redoubled their efforts to get near her. The writer went again with the same party and infant, and with the same result.

'Now, the aspect of these wolves, in spite of their barking and excitement, was decidedly not ferocious, but more resembling a great collie

when at play; and the writer felt convinced no harm would have happened to the child had the wolves succeeded in getting to her. Possibly, in some wolves the maternal instinct may be very strong.'

STEEL TUBES FROM SOLID RODS.

A curious way of making steel tubes from solid rods was communicated by Dr Siemens to a recent meeting of the Akademie der Wissenschaft. A steel tube ten centimetres long (nearly four inches), with perfectly smooth external and internal surfaces, and extremely uniform bore, and whose walls are apparently of perfectly equal thickness at all points, was prepared in this manner: Two rollers, slightly conical in shape towards their lower ends, are made to rotate in the same direction near each other; a red-hot cylinder of steel is then brought between these cylinders, and is at once seized by the rotating cones, and is driven upwards. But the mass of steel does not emerge at the top as a solid, but in the form of the hollow steel tube which Dr Siemens laid before the meeting. This striking and singular result was explained by Professor Neesen, who was present. It appears that, owing to the properties of the glowing steel, the rotating rollers seize only upon the outer layer of the steel cylinder, and force this upward, while at the same time the central parts of the cylinder remain behind. The result is thus exactly the same as is observed in the process of making glass tubes out of glass rods.

SUNSET.

A BRIGHT, clear streak of sunset gold
Tingeth each cloud,
Though darkly they the sun enfold
As with a shroud.

He is gone down to death a king;
In state he lies;
Royal the pall, his covering
Of stormy skies.

From that low cloud it is they gleam
Over the sky,
The glory-shafts that, far flashed, beam
Piercing on high.

So, Mortal, from the open grave
Of dear Hope lost
The rays surge up in golden wave
O'er darkness tost.

Still thou thy heart! The hidden light
But seeks the morn,
Thy Hope fares on through veiling night
To rise new-born.

• C. G.

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THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

'GIVE my compliments,' says Swift (1740), 'to the Clerk of the Weather, and tell him we are all shamefully in a puzzle as to what season it can be. Here we are in the month of May, and the cold like Nova Zembla,' &c. Who the Clerk of the Weather may be just at the present time, or whether the same official holds sway as in the days of the great Dean, it would be hard to tell; but of our perplexed and lamentable condition just now there can be no possible doubt.

I am living in a lonely hamlet, at the top of a steep hill some three leagues away from the quiet old city of Winchester. Round about us on all sides stretch miles and miles of green shady woodland, clothing the hillside, and sloping down into the valleys, away across the golden harvest-fields and plain between us and Winton, the shining roofs of which, on a clear day, can be dimly made out on the horizon. On a summer morning at six A.M. no fairer or more picturesque a stretch of country could be found in a long day's march. For beauty and variety of colour it could hardly be matched, even now, after this long and terrible drought. Of the drought, however, which is silently burning us all up—scarcely a drop of rain since the first week in June—we cannot complain. What everybody else has to endure, we must bear without growling, though every pond for miles round us is a cake of dry mud and every brook has perished. We have had blazing summers before 1887, and in spite of many prophets of evil, have come out of them little or none the worse for the scorching. But this present season, ever since March last, in these parts has been like no other known to the oldest inhabitant. The whole affair has been a puzzle and a mystery; full of contradictions, confusion, and mistakes. April showers came in March; the cuckoo got all wrong in his dates; May came in like a lion, and went out like a lamb; for nearly nine weeks after that we had east and north-east winds of Siberian ferocity.

If the glass went up almost until it could go no higher, rain was sure to follow. If it fell to 'Change' or 'Rain,' we got whole days of dry and fine weather. Again and again the sun came out without a cloud, and yet it was far colder than when the sky was dark with clouds.

Take one single day (July 20) as a sample of what Jupiter can do in the way of puzzling us poor Hampshire folk—a day of blazing heat; the sky like brass; the air stagnant; not a leaf on the tall silver birch or the quivering poplar stirs for a moment from its unbroken rest. Overhead, masses of cloud are rushing swiftly across the blue heaven, as if before a gale of wind. But, here below, not a breath ruffles the broad expanse of leafy woodland, look where you will, far and wide.

Yesterday, the exact converse amazed us. A furious wind went raging through the trees; clouds of white dust flew before the blast in every broad road or narrow lane; every garden flower-bed was powdered; the roses fell in clusters; the wheat-field bowed her head in despair. Overhead, the sky was full of clouds; but the sharpest pair of eyes that ever looked up would utterly fail to make out the slightest motion in any one of them; and yet, all the time they were moving, and in half an hour the face of heaven would be changed.

Last night, at eight P.M., after a cloudless day of unbroken sunshine, as the sun was going down, in less than ten minutes the whole expanse of western sky became suddenly crowded with broken, twisted masses of murky cloud; fantastic wreaths of smoky vapour, with spaces of sullen light between, pierced through and through with sharp arrows of purple and black. Slowly, by degrees, the arch of heaven grew darker and darker, until it seemed as if a hurricane of wind and rain was about to sweep down over the thirsty fields. Had Dr Cumming been present, we should have heard many things of Gog and Magog, the crack of doom, and the Battle of Armageddon. But nothing, absolutely nothing

came of it, after all. Water-butts, tubs, and tanks all opened their thirsty mouths; but not a drop fell!

This very evening, almost the same pageant again came to pass. After a long day of cloudless, scorching glare, with scarcely a breath of air aloft, at seven P.M. it began to blow suddenly from the north-west fiercer and fiercer to half a gale of wind. In a few minutes the sky was black as night with masses of heavy brown vapour, all looking as if crammed with rain. This lasted for three hours, when the moon rose in splendour, the stars came out in a cloudless sky, and there was a dead calm, as sultry and oppressive as ever.

This is a great butterfly country, and in the green woodland paths and fields round about us I have in a single season captured more than forty different species, from the Royal Emperor himself down to the tiny Harvest Blue; each and all appearing at their appointed time, within a few days of their known regular date. This year, the order of things has been upset. From the 26th of December 1886 to May 1887, we never fairly got rid of our snow. In March and April, no butterflies appeared. Rarely, now and then, an old battered specimen of the small Tortoiseshell turned up in some sheltered corner of a lane or woodland path; or, still more rarely, a Yellow Sulphur. Not a single specimen of the Meadow-brown (large or small) showed itself, though in ordinary seasons to be counted by hundreds in every hedgerow. Of the lovely White Admiral, which in July usually swarms on the blossom of the bramble, not one was to be seen. Of the Hairstreaks, which I have counted by the score in many a June morning ramble, not one opened its wings to the sun until August, and even then only in twos and threes. Of Red Admirals and Emperors there was, up to August 12, no sign.

Six weeks ago, in every hedgerow there were millions of plants of wood-strawberry and wild raspberry; every woodland path was white with snowy blossom. Not a berry has followed the blossom, not even in a large bed in the vicarage garden. All our bees perished of cold and bitter drought before April, and a strange wild swarm took possession of the desolate hive in July!

The intense heat—seventy degrees in the thickest shade out of doors—still prevails; but there are no wasps; though armies of blue-bottles invade sun and shade, outdoor and in. Moles, which ought to be quietly burrowing under the long grass, are found creeping mournfully among the geraniums, or dead by the dusty roadside. In every meadow, cornfield, and green woodland road there are now clouds of white butterflies that ought to have appeared in April.

The very birds seem demoralised. At the vicarage gate is a rustic pillar-post, which, as we have no post-office, serves for the whole neighbourhood, and is often crammed with letters and newspapers. The box itself is about a foot high, the internal area about a foot square, the aperture about five inches by one. What does a bewildered Tomtit do but persist in building her nest inside it! There she has built *two* nests—one apparently being found too fatally flable to an avalanche of letters—laid seven eggs, and having finally arranged her nursery, hatched, reared, and got out of the box the whole septet

of a brood safely into the open air through that one narrow opening; though she might, as any well-behaved Tit would, have chosen from a thousand little nooks of safety in the woodland shade, and there brought up her family in comfort.

But we are all fairly at sixes and sevens down here among the lonely woods, and we appeal to the Clerk of the Weather to set matters to rights with a week or two of quiet rain; otherwise, we shall all be utterly burned up, and incinerated both in mind and body; and autumn will come upon us with a whole army of demoralised squirrels, field-mice, grasshoppers, and distracted dragon-flies, all clamouring to know what season has befallen them!

B. G. JOHNS.

WOODMANCOTE, August 1887.

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XLIII.—A LOW LOT.

WHEN the morning broke, Richard Cable did not dare to kiss the white brows or the rosy cheeks of his sleeping children; but he took little locks of their shining hair between his fingers and put his lips to them, and dropped over each alike a clear tear-drop, and then went away before the seven pairs of bright eyes opened, and the little voices began to chirp and laugh and chatter.

Richard Cable drove his herd of young cattle all the way from St Kerian to Exeter, some fifty miles. There he trucked them on the Bristol and Exeter line, and travelled with them into Somersetshire, where he disposed of them to such advantage that he was well content. But he would not return with only money in his pocket. He had a van constructed, very light, on four wheels, for his cob, and he bought as many calves, a week or ten days old, as he could convey in this van.

He made Bewdley his headquarters, and stayed at the *Otterbourne Arms*, where was the landlady, Mrs Stokes, the sister of the coastguardman at Pentargon. To her he remitted the spar, and the mundie, and the brooch of bog-oak with Cornish crystals in it. She was a tidy, red-cheeked woman, with many children. Among these was a Mary, the eldest, as Cable had been told there would be. He took great delight in talking to and playing with this little girl, and also in listening to the crowing and laughing, and occasional crying, of the rest of the family. They recalled to him sounds very familiar and very dear. He looked long and curiously at the little Stokes' children, and thought how vastly inferior to his own they were in every particular, in manners and in appearance. He did not allow the landlady to see that he drew comparisons between her children and his own—that he considered the blue of his Mary's eyes purer and deeper and truer in colour than that of the irises of her Mary—that there was richer gold and gold more abundant in the hair of his eldest daughter than crowned her first daughter. He had not the coarse pride which would suffer him to do this, and wound the good woman's vanity; but he thought it, nay, he knew it; he was as positive that all superiority in every way lay with his children and his Mary, as

that an English soldier could thrash a dozen Frenchmen.

Cable was a temperate man. He remembered that terrible night when he let little Bessie fall. He never got that experience out of his mind; consequently, he was on his guard against the temptations of a cattle-jobber's life—the sealing of every bargain with a drink. So he drank cold toast-and-water when he could, but he had taken no pledge. 'What's the good of a pledge to me?' he asked himself. 'I've only to think of Bessie's back, and if I had the best spirits in the world before me, I would not touch it.'

'Have you any relatives this way?' asked Mrs Stokes one Saturday evening. 'There's a young woman of your name at the Hall, a lady's-maid to Miss Otterbourne.'

'I have no relatives,' answered Richard, 'but the seven and my mother who are under my roof at St Kerian, in Cornwall.'

'Tis a curious and outlandish sort of a name too,' said Mrs Stokes. 'I mean, it ain't a name one expects to come across twice in a lifetime.'

Richard shrugged his shoulders.

'Here comes Mr Polkinghorn, the footman,' said the landlady. 'He does come here at times to see if there be any one to have a talk with. He can tell you all about your namesake.'

'I am not interested about her,' answered Richard. 'I have none that belong to me save the seven and my mother, and they—I know where they are, under my own roof.'

'Good-evening, Mr Polkinghorn; how do you find yourself?—And how is Miss Otterbourne?'

'We are both of us pretty well. She's been suffering a little from nettlerash, that has made her fractious, and she has rung the bell outrageous; but she's better now, and I'm middling, thank you. Worried with her nettlerash and the constant ringing of the bell caused by the irritation. First, it was the blinds were not drawn to her fancy; then it was she wanted a lump of coal with the wood in the grate; and then the Venetian blinds must come down, or be turned, or pulled up; and then the geranium or pelargonium on the table—I'm blessed, Mrs Stokes, if I know what is the difference between a geranium and a pelargonium—wanted water; or she desired another book from the library. It really is wonderful, Mrs Stokes—I'll have a glass of beer, thank you—how a little matter upsets a whole household. It comes of lobster mayonnaise or cucumber, one or t'other, which don't agree with the old woman. If she takes either of them, and she's roaring fond of them, she gets eruptions, generally nettlerash; and when she's got eruptions, it disturbs us all, keeps the whole household capering: one has to go for the doctor, another has to get cooling fomentations, and her temper is that awful, it is a wonder we stand it. But we know her, and put it down to disorder of the system. We must bear and forbear; must we not, Mrs Stokes? so we pass over all the aggravations, as good Christians and philanthropists.'

'You've not been introduced,' said the hostess. 'You don't know this gentleman, Mr Cable of Cornwall.'

'Cornwall!' exclaimed the footman.—'You don't happen to have come across the manor and mansion of Polkinghorn anywhere thereabouts, do you? Our family come from the west of England,

and have a lordship called after us; but I don't exactly know where it is. Still, it's traditional in the family that there is one. We've come down in life; but so have many great folks; and, sir, what are our British aristocracy now?—mush-rooms, sir, creatures of to-day. Bankers and brewers and civil engineers, who were not even known, who had not lifted their heads out of the dust, when the Polkinghorns were lords of manors and drove their coach-and-four.'

Mrs Stokes produced the ale.

'I'll take a mouthful of bread and cheese with it,' said the footman, who was not now in livery.—'So you, sir, are called Cable. We've a Cable among us.'

'Do you mean among the Polkinghorns?'

'Polkinghorns, sir!' said the footman, bridling up. 'I do not, sir, think such a name as Cable has found its way among us, into our tree, sir. I alluded to an inmate of the Hall, sir, a lady's-maid there, who is a Rope or a Cable, or something of that sort—possibly, as she is not stout, merely a Twine.' Then, as he finished his glass of ale: 'Excuse my freedom, sir; I am generally accounted a wit. I once sent a trifle to *Punch*.'

'Was it inserted?'

'I sent it, sir; that suffices. I do not myself suppose that our Cable does belong to you. There is a lack of style—a want of finish—you understand me, which proclaims inferiority. Not bad-looking, either, is Miss Josephine.'

'What!' shouted Cable, springing to his feet and striking the table. 'What did you say?'

Mr Polkinghorn stared at him and backed his chair from the table. He did not like the expression on the stranger's face; he thought the man might be a lunatic; therefore, with great presence of mind, he drew the cheese-knife from his plate and secreted it in the pocket of his short coat.

'I asked you a question,' cried Richard. 'What did you say?'

'Merely, sir, merely that—that we have a lady's-maid attending on our old woman who is good-looking, but wanting in what I should consider—breeding. If she be a relative, I am sorry'—

'What is her name?'

'Josephine Cable.'

'How long has she been with you?'

'Since last September. She was well recommended; she brought excellent testimonials. Her character quite irreproachable—from some good friends of ours, the Sellwoods of Essex, a respectable family, unfortunate in having gone into the Church. I should have preferred the army for them.'

'Why is she?'—Cable stopped; he was trembling. He put his hand to the table to steady himself. 'I mean—who is she?'

'I do not know,' answered Mr Polkinghorn. 'She is uncommunicative; that is what I mean when I say she has not the breed of a lady. She ain't at her ease and familiar with us. She is reserved, as she might call it; awkward, as I should say. If we ask her questions, she don't answer. She's maybe frightened at finding herself in such high society; and I'm not surprised. I don't fancy she was in other than a third-class situation before—with some people in business or profession—not real aristocrats. That

does make a person feel out of her element when she rises to our walk of life. It is just the same as if you were to invite a common sailor to a dinner-party among millionaires and aristocrats—how would he feel? He'd look this way and that and be without power of speech. He wouldn't know where to put his feet and how to behave himself. It is much the same with Miss Cable. She's not been brought up to our line of life, and don't understand it, and is as miserable among us as a common sailor would be among gentlemen and ladies.'

'Did you say *Miss Cable*?'

'To be sure I did. I don't suppose she's a married woman. She wears no gold wedding ring.'

'And her Christian name is?'—

'Josephine. But then we always call her *Miss Cable*, and our old woman calls her *Cable*.'

'She has never said a word to you of her family?'

'Not a word. Better not, I suspect. I don't fancy there's anything very high about it. Judging by her manners, I should say she was—excuse my saying it—a low lot.'

'Nor whence she comes?'

'Mum as a mummy—excuse the joke. I am said to be witty. Humour runs in the Polkinghorn blood.'

'Nor what brought her to take service?'

'Necessity—of course. No lady would so demean herself unless forced.—Will you take a glass of ale with me?'

'With pleasure,' answered Cable; 'and I'll ask you not to mention my name at your place—not to the young lady you speak of.'

'I understand,' said Mr Polkinghorn with a wink, and a tap of his nose with his finger. 'Poor relations are nuisances; they come a-sucking and a-sponging, and are a drag on a man who is making his way. No, sir, I'll not say a word.—May I ask if she is a relative?'

'I have not seen her. I cannot say.'

'Does the name Josephine run in the family, as John Thomas does in that of Polkinghorn?'

'We never had one baptised by that name.'

'I myself,' said the footman, 'intend to marry some day, so as to perpetuate John Thomas. I'm not sure that I may not take *Miss Raffles*. I won't deny that I had a tenderness towards the *Cable* at first; she is good-looking, has fine eyes, splendid hair; a brunette, you understand, with olive skin, and such a figure! But I could not stand the want of polish and ease which go with the true lady, and that she will never get among us.'

Richard left the room abruptly. He was greatly moved, partly with surprise at finding Josephine in such a position, partly with anger at the insolence of the footman.

This latter looked after him contemptuously. 'Well, Mrs Stokes,' he said, 'I've only come on two *Cables* in the course of my experience, and, dash me, if there be not a twist in them both.'

Richard went forth, and did not return to the inn till late. He walked by the river. He was disturbed in mind. Mr Sellwood had told him nothing of Josephine's plan of going into service; he had not felt himself authorised to do this; and at the time he saw Cable, he doubted whether

Josephine's resolution might not be overcome. All that Cable knew was that she had surrendered the estate and left the Hall. She was proud, and would have nothing to do with a property that came to her, as she concluded, unjustly; and he was proud, he would accept no property that was offered to him by her. But that she had been so reduced in circumstances by this voluntary surrender as to oblige her to earn her bread by menial work, seemed to him impossible. Her father was a man of some fortune. It was not possible that he would consent to her leaving him for such a purpose. Yet, how else could he account for Josephine's being at Bewdley Manor in the capacity represented? There was a mistake. This could not be Josephine. Some one else was in the house who had assumed her name. He could not be satisfied till he had seen her. But he would not allow himself to be seen by her. He hobbled along the river-path, leaning on his stick, racking his brain over the questions that arose, seeking solutions which always escaped him. To whom at Hanford could he apply for information concerning the affairs and movements of his wife? There was no one but Mr Sellwood, and to him he would not write. His brother-in-law Jonas Flinders was dead, and he shrank from corresponding on the subject with any of his old mates.

Then he suddenly burst into a bitter laugh. Was this his Josephine, this servant-girl, whom the vulgar flunky, and with him her fellow-servants, despised as not up to their level, wanting in style—a low lot? Josephine, who had scorned his lack of breeding, was herself looked down on by the ignoble tribe of pariahs on civilisation! It was a just judgment on her. How she must toss and writhe, what agonies of rage and humiliation she must endure in such association! 'A low lot!' shouted Cable, slashing at the bulrush-heads on the bank, and laughed savagely—'a low lot!' But then a gentler feeling came over him, a wave of his old kindness and pity, so long suppressed or beaten back. He saw his haughty, splendid, wilful Josephine surrounded by these common-minded, swaggering, vain, unintelligent, and debased creatures—alone, cold, stern, eating out her heart rather than show her disgust and shame. If it had been misery to him to be transferred to a condition of life above him to which he was unfitted, it must be misery to her to be flung down into a sphere to her infinitely distasteful and repellent. He was a man who could hold his own, or retire with dignity. She was a girl, helpless. His heart began to flutter, and he turned his steps into the path by a wicket gate. The evening was still, the sky clear. The great trees stood against the silver-gray sky as blots. The dew was falling heavily; the grass was charged with water. He might as well have been wading in a stream as walking through it. So heavily was the dew falling, that the leaves of the trees were laden with the moisture, and bowed under the weight, and dripped as with rain. The glow-worms shone in the damp banks and among the grass under the tree trunks. The stars were twinkling in the sky, looking golden in contrast with the bluish light of the glow-worms; an auroral haze hung over the set sun, fringed with a faint tinge of ruddy brown before it died into the deep gray blue of the night-sky.

He drew near to the house, and a watchdog in the back court began to bark. It had heard his steps on the gravel of the drive. Richard stepped off the carriage-way upon the turf and remained still. The dog, hearing no further noise, presently desisted from barking. Then Richard moved on through the grass till he came where he could see the front of Bewdley Manor-house. Three tall windows were lighted, one somewhat brilliantly, the next less so, the third least of all. It was clear that all three belonged to one room, perhaps a drawing-room, and that the lamp that illumined it was at one end. The window which was at the further end was half open, the blind was drawn up, and Richard could make out gilt frames to large pictures on a dark wall. He stood, looking at the three windows, wondering whether a shadow would pass, and by the shadow he could tell who it was that passed. Did he desire to see Josephine again? He shrank from so doing; but he was uneasy at the thought that she was in this great house, a servant, with fellows like Polkinghorn about her. As he stood thus, looking up, he heard the notes of a piano issue from the open window. The first chords that were struck made him start and a shiver pass through his limbs. Then he heard a clear voice, rich and sweet, sing:

O wie wogt es sich schön auf der Fluth,
Wenn die mude Welle im Schlummer ruht.

It was the familiar song from *Oberon*. When Richard heard this, he put his hands to his ears to shut out the sound, and ran as hard as he could run with his faulty thigh along the road; and the dog heard his retreating steps and barked furiously. Cable heeded nothing, but ran on, with the sweat breaking out on his brow and dripping from his face, as it had dripped on that night when he ran to Brentwood Hall, and as now the dew was dripping from the leaves of the trees in the park. Only when he reached the river-bank outside the park gate, away from the sight of the house and the sound of the song, did he halt and strike his stick angrily, passionately, into the oozy soil, and cry out, half sobbingly, half savagely: 'A low lot! A low lot!'

(To be continued.)

BOAT-ACCOMMODATION IN PASSENGER-SHIPS.

THE inadequacy of the boats and other life-saving appliances provided for the use of the passengers and crews of our sea-going passenger-ships was demonstrated very forcibly at the loss of the *Oregon*. Seafarers are well aware that this evil has been growing worse *pari passu* with the increasing dimensions of the ships themselves, consequent on the resistless torrent of emigration towards the land of the setting sun. The keenness of foreign competition, intensified by the system of subsidies, has, however, effectually barred the way to any alleviation. The six days' passage across the Atlantic in the *Umbria* is a pleasure-trip in one's own yacht, when we compare it with the fifteen days' discomfort so vividly depicted by Dickens. No expense is spared in providing all those articles which conduce to the safety or comfort of the travelling public so long as the ship remains intact. If,

however, it should be deemed necessary to quit the floating palace, it would be found that not more than one-third of the passengers could be accommodated in the frail boats! Hence we may paraphrase lines in the *Tempest*, and say, 'Here is everything advantageous to life save means to live when danger threatens.'

Many an officer of a steamship cleaving the dark-blue waters with her iron prow at the rate of eighteen or twenty knots an hour, has had every sense abnormally quickened as he paced the lonely bridge. Despite himself, his thoughts would revert to the awful responsibility resting upon him. Fourteen hundred passengers aroused from their warm berths at a moment's notice to face the bitter blast of a cyclonic storm, and the salt spray freezing almost ere it falls. The indescribable panic; the ugly rush for the boats; the refined women and hardy men cast headlong into the sea; the wild shrieks of the drowning, as they drift away into eternity; and the final plunge of the quivering fabric into the seething abyss, with nothing in sight save the blurred outlines of a gigantic iceberg with which it has collided—all form a ghastly panorama.

The *Oregon* had over six hundred passengers on board; but her boats were only capable of carrying one-half of that number. It was fortunate that she managed to keep afloat for eight hours after receiving her mortal injury, that the sea was comparatively smooth, and that a passing steamer remained alongside, to which all hands were transferred in batches. We doubt whether otherwise the Cunard Company would still be able to assert that they have never lost the life of a passenger during the forty years of their corporate existence. The loss of their crack-ship served the purpose of Sydney Smith's proverbial bishop; attention was drawn to the danger which menaced passengers at sea; and Mr Mundella appointed a Departmental Committee to inquire into the supply of boats, rafts, and life-saving apparatus in British merchant-ships. In the meantime, the awful loss of life resulting from the collision between the Australian clipper *Kapunda* and the barque *Ada Melmore* had accentuated the demand for an alteration in the rules which govern the employment of life-saving gear at sea. The deductions of the Committee are excellent so far as they go. Indisputable facts have been placed on record, but very little new light has been thrown on the question at issue. We are not authoritatively informed that it is possible to provide desirable appliances, auxiliary to the boats in the davits, which shall be sufficient, in conjunction with them, to take off all hands from a sinking ship. Neither are we made any wiser as to the relative efficiency of the various plans proposed to this effect, if we except a short reference to Roper's Raft and Berthon's Collapsible Boat, both of which inventions are before the public.

The logical outcome of the inquiry would appear to be that a ship should not be allowed to carry more souls than she has room for in her boats. One would naturally shrink from recommending such a drastic reform as this. The better-class British ships have to comply with far more stringent regulations than ships sailing from continental ports, and if, in some quixotic spirit, a law should be passed which limited unduly the

number of passengers, our argosies would either cease to run, or would be placed under the protection of some other less exacting flag. If it were possible to frame an international agreement, something might be accomplished in this direction; but there would be an inevitable rise in the cost of transit, followed by a sympathetic diminution in the number of emigrants, which might not be altogether advantageous.

The Merchant Shipping Acts of 1854 and 1856 specify the number of boats which must be carried. The scale is founded entirely on the net tonnage, or, in other words, on the actual space in a ship which is available for carrying cargo. When the Acts were drawn up, ships were smaller than now, and were principally wooden sailing packets. The net tonnage of a sailing-ship is a fair indication of her size; but the net tonnage of a steamer is no criterion in this respect. Some Atlantic liners have boat accommodation for only ten per cent. of the total number of people on board. The Cunard Company carry double the number of boats that the law requires of them; but even in their *Gallia*, one of the best provided ships afloat, the boats could not find room for more than fifty-six per cent. of the passengers and crew. Steamships making excursions, and short voyages to Ireland and the continent, provide boat-accommodation for about twelve per cent. of the total number of persons on board; but even this low figure is three per cent. more than the statutory obligation!

The Cunarders *Etruria* and *Umbria* have each a gross tonnage of seven thousand seven hundred tons, and a net tonnage of three thousand three hundred tons. The Anchor liner *City of Rome* has a gross tonnage of eight thousand one hundred tons, and a net tonnage of three thousand five hundred tons. The enormous difference between the gross and the net tonnage is due to the allowance made for the space occupied by the crew and the engines. This disparity led the proprietors of the Suez Canal to levy dues on the gross tonnage in every instance, which seems a just method, having regard to the end in view, inasmuch as the absolute size of the ship to be handled is certainly the most important factor in narrow waters.

There are, however, grave obstacles to the substitution of the gross for the net tonnage as the basis on which to construct a hard-and-fast boat scale. We should avoid Scylla only to be dazed in Charybdis. Such a rule if strictly interpreted might rest unfairly upon large ships in which the carriage of passengers is purely a secondary consideration, as the boats carried by this class of ship under the present system would probably be more than enough to satisfy all requirements. Moreover, two ships, although equal in displacement, may be very unequal in their adaptation for carrying boats either on deck or in the davits. Any increase in the number of boats, unless accompanied by a corresponding increase in the ship's company of sailors competent to handle them, would be of no avail, but rather a delusion and a snare. It goes without saying that boats are useless unless there be able seamen and skilled officers enough to keep them from being swamped. This state of perfection is a long way off, for shipowners will tell you that,

owing to the depressed state of the shipping industry, it would be simply suicidal to incur any addition to the working expenses. The ships are much under-manned, or at least the complement is adjusted to such a nicety that the crews are insufficient to manœuvre the few boats carried at present. The Nemesis of competition sits close behind the managing director, and dogs the footsteps of the overlookers.

Seven boats is the maximum demanded by the Acts, no matter how big the ship may be, or how many souls may be on board of her. These boats must be manageable, or else they cannot be got into the water without great exertion. Steamships of over one thousand tons net must be fitted with two lifeboats; but as they may be of any make, we must not confound them with the boats built to the specifications of the Lifeboat Institution, which are too cumbersome for use in short-handed ships at sea. The boats must be in the davits, fully equipped with water and the necessary gear. Every boat ought to carry a coarse canvas bag and a can full of oil, so that, when a boat is lowered in a heavy sea, the bag may be filled with oil, and towed over that part of the boat which is exposed to the force of the sea. This simple method has, as we have over and over again assured our readers, been proved to be effectual in smoothing the tops of the angry breakers. The boats of cargo-vessels are of all sorts and conditions, and in a great number of sailing-ships it is impossible to launch a boat should a man fall overboard. It will be safer and more humane to keep the ship on her course if the weather is at all dirty, than to risk the lives of an undisciplined boat's crew. An experienced master in the *Earl of Jersey* lowered a boat to rescue an apprentice. Neither boat nor crew has since been heard of; and a bereaved army officer advertises a reward of a thousand pounds for news of his two heroic sons, whom he will never meet on this side of the grave. Some sailing-ships carry their boats stowed one within the other, the innermost being made a receptacle for all kinds of old lumber. It would take half an hour to clean out the rubbish, find the gear, and get tackles aloft for lifting the boat over the side.

Even in steamships where the boats are conveniently situated, the foremast hands are as unfamiliar with the art of rowing as a ploughboy. The best merchant seamen seldom set foot in a boat propelled by oars. On the other hand, it is quite a common experience for a life-buoy to be dropped unexpectedly from one of our troopships and a cry raised of 'Man overboard!' in order to test the rapidity with which this duty can be performed. The engines are stopped, the boat manned and lowered, the buoy picked up, the boat returned to the davits, and the ship full speed ahead again in the short interval of five minutes. It is not sufficient to station men to the boats after the manner of our merchant steamships. Practice must go hand in hand with theory, and the men should be taught to be thoroughly at home in the boats when cast off from the ship. Such practical training if made compulsory would involve detention in moderate weather; but if rigorously enforced, the smartest ships would still be to the front.

The Collapsible Boats built by the Berthon Boat

Company have the sanction of the Committee, and are excellent contrivances for use in ships where the limited deck-space does not allow of a sufficient number of the ordinary boats. The Berthon boats are made of canvas, made water-tight by painting with a specially prepared composition. The canvas is stretched tightly over a wooden framework both on the outside and on the inside. The whole boat folds up very compactly, somewhat after the manner of a globular Chinese lantern, with the oars and fittings stowed snugly inside, and a cover is placed over all. The cover being stripped off, the hooks of the davit tackles are fastened into two slings, which pass under the bow and stern of the boat respectively; and when a strain is brought to bear on the tackles, the boat opens out of its own weight. Thereupon, two men jump in, insert some cross pieces, which prevent her reclosing, and she is ready for her life-saving mission. Our troopships have carried Berthon's boats for some time, and they fulfil the expectation of their designer. The form has been handed down from antiquity, and the Irish coracle is a primitive example. Five collapsed Berthon boats occupy the space of one ordinary boat. Roper's Raft forms a bridge when not in use; and when necessary, it can be disconnected and rigged as a schooner. Rafts do not commend themselves except as a last refuge. The raft of the well-known *Medusa* will never be forgotten. An American raft made a successful passage from New York to this country in the year 1867 in forty-three days. One of the best boat-lowering apparatus we have seen is that of Captain E. J. Evans, of Shaw, Savill's line, which is simplicity itself.

The Committee hold very poor views with regard to the utility of any kind of boats, so that it behoves our shipbuilders to make every effort to insure that the compartments into which an iron ship is divided may be water-tight. The construction of the hull of a transatlantic steamship has reached a high degree of perfection; but it is a polite fiction to state that the partitions are sufficiently strong to withstand the pressure of the water pouring in through a chasm in her side. It is almost impossible to have water-tight compartments; and if the ship be struck at the edge of a transversal partition, we should have two compartments knocked into one, and the safety of the ship endangered. Naval architects are in favour of a longitudinal partition extending along the middle of the ship from stem to stern. This structural weakness is so familiar to captains, that the first care immediately after collision is to shore up the partition.

The officers of a passenger steamer belonging to the large Companies are the elite of the merchant service, holding testimonials of exceptional merit. Out of the six officers of a Peninsular and Oriental steamship, four were qualified to act as masters; and the second-officer had passed the extra-master's examination; but we are not told how many of them were competent to handle an open boat in a seaway! The officers in the merchant service have one failing in common: they shave the outlying portions of the land dangerously close in all weathers, so that any exceptional surface-drift of the ocean may place the ship high and dry on some hidden reef. The public are in a great mea-

sure to blame for this reprehensible custom; they will not brook delay, and a commander is apt to be moved by the *vox populi* which can reach the Board-room of his Company. For a similar reason, ships keep up a higher speed in foggy weather than is prudent. On the southern edge of the Bank of Newfoundland, where the fishermen lie at anchor, it is not uncommon for a dense fog to continue throughout a whole week; and frequently the Atlantic liners make a passage across without a sight of the sun to verify their positions. Vessels are forbidden by statute to proceed recklessly in foggy weather; but the passage has to be made within a given period, and the regulations are inoperative. Blasts of the steam-whistle are deceptive in a fog, as two successive blasts will appear to proceed from quite different distances, although the signalling ship has not changed her relative position. Two White Star liners going in opposite directions lately collided in a dense fog while going ahead full speed; and the captains were censured for not slowing down, as loss of life occurred. The court was in part composed of steamboat captains, and as the law on this point is universally ignored, a study of the logbooks of these commanders would probably perplex an outsider. Unfortunately, icebergs and fogs are generally met with in the same latitudes, thus rendering the navigation doubly perilous.

Apart from the eagerness to shorten the passage, as displayed in cutting off corners and racing through fog, we find that passenger steamships are generally placed in perilous positions by causes from without, over which they can have no control. A good lookout may distinguish an iceberg; but it is not an easy matter to keep clear of a derelict (abandoned) ship low down in the water. These partially submerged vessels constitute a formidable source of danger to the fast steamship. The American government issue monthly charts of the North Atlantic and distribute them to shipmasters. A glance at one before us shows a score of death-traps in the shape of derelict ships floating in a small portion of the ocean adjacent to New York!

Worse than derelicts are the ships of all nations which fail to keep their side-lights burning brightly from dusk to daylight. The custom holds in many, although the oil would cost only fourpence per night. This evasion of the law is of too grave a nature to be dealt with by the infliction of a small fine. The Board of Trade officer can compel the owners to place lamps on board a ship; but when the dock-gates close behind her, the lamps are carefully stowed away below. We have seen lamps trimmed with coconut oil, which became solid in the wintry weather of the Channel, and absolutely refused to burn. Hence, it is necessary to take into consideration not only the quantity but also the quality of the oil used on board ship. What is more conducive to the disturbance of the mental equilibrium of a harassed officer on the bridge than a flickering light suddenly displayed by some wretched ship which lay unperceived in the darkness of the night not many yards distant!

The risks run in the North Atlantic are greater than in any other ocean; but there has been a signal immunity from loss of life. If time were not an important element, the passenger-ships

would conform to the law in every particular. Even now, a great portion of the accidents may be traced to the undermanning and flagrant law-breaking in sailing-ships and small steamers.

'Famous for ships, famous for horses' is as true of Great Britain as of ancient Attica; but if we are to retain our foremost position and to make ocean-travelling safe, it will be necessary to pay attention to undermanned and ill-found ships, to rigidly enforce the law with respect to side-lights, and to train our officers and men in the manœuvring of boats.

AN ANGLO-INDIAN MOTHER.

AN INDIAN SKETCH.

To the dancing, flirting, pleasure-loving portion of the male sex, she will always be a disappointment. She will never have her card filled at least a week before the ball comes off, for the good reason that she never goes to balls. She will never stand in draughty verandas with what she calls a 'wrap' across her fair shoulders, and talk inane nothings to her partner, while far into the night the weary band plays galops and valsees that grow more and more out of tune. She will never keep her husband waiting long weary hours while she ruins her health by turning day into night at the frequent dances she attends. No man will ever pay her compliments, though every one can see she is pretty enough to receive them. To ball-loving under-secretaries, unexceptionable aides-de-camp, spurred cavalry officers, and gallant antediluvians in the shape of well-nigh retired colonels, she will always prove a disappointment and an aggravation. A star shining on them at an unapproachable distance—a scent of mountain flowers that rests on them for a moment—an unattainable good that under no circumstances could ever have been theirs, because they are aware that she and her thoughts and simple aspirations are above and beyond them.

How often I have seen her going about with her big little family, surrounded by natives of different castes and kinds. She greets me with a pleasant smile on her fair face; she stops a moment, and seems to ask me just the right question and say just the right thing; and when, having said good-bye, I pause and look back on her and her train of children and followers, I hope, when I at last make up my mind to forsake my bachelorhood, I may be blessed enough to find such a wife as she. You know that neither you nor I, nor any other man, considers her husband at all worthy of her—that, from our point of view, could scarcely be; but he is a good fellow enough, and that is the best we in our generosity can say for him. She considers him a thousand times better than herself. She treats him as such a woman would treat the man she loves; though of course none of us men can understand for a single moment how she can love him.

She is an excellent housekeeper, not disdaining the lower portion of her woman's work. She

is generous and gentle with her servants, and her table is always good. But it is as a mother that she shines the most. Her children are like her, and she is like them. They obey her because they love her, and her reproof is a greater punishment to them than any blow would be. She has never left them to servants. They have lived their Indian lives with her as their companion, and boys and girls alike have got the impress of her true woman's mind. She has taught them their first lessons; and under her tuition they are in different and interesting stages of *Mavor's Spelling-book*, from 'Ba, Bi, Bo,' to words of alarming length and hopeless pronunciation.

In the family, she is perfectly happy. Talk of balls, big dinners, picnics, and luncheon-parties; she has other attractions, and she does not need these to help her to pass her life. Look at her now in her happy family circle; see the peaceful untroubled smile in her sweet eyes; and as you look, remember that she will never be so happy again. There is looming for her in the distance a time which comes sooner or later to every Anglo-Indian mother, and when it comes you will see some things in her face which are strangers to it now.

As the happy years pass, she grows more thoughtful. Now and then, a wistful expression comes into her eyes. If, unheeding, you talk of the future to her, you feel sorry you have done so the next moment, as she changes the subject suddenly and looks unlike herself. After a time, she will steal at odd moments into the children's room, and moving gently from bed to bed, will watch each sleeping face with a deep pain at her heart; while the black woman in attendance, whose child has died but yesterday, looks up with a cheerful smile and tells her 'all the babas are asleep.'

And so the very last month arrives. Grindlay & Co. have taken passages for a gentleman and lady, six children, and two native servants. The children are in raptures. They jump and clap their hands; they fling their old toys into the compound with contemptuous jeers at their battered ugliness, and ask her a hundred questions about the English toyshops, the mighty ship, the wonderful place where there are no black people, and where their innocent young minds imagine no one tells lies or steals, because they are English. She packs their small wardrobes into overland boxes; she wanders in and out through the old familiar rooms, and out into the compound, where she has often seen the children play, and where, if she return ever so often to the same house, she will never see them play again. She lets her precious tears fall on the head of their small rough pony, when she gives him a carrot for the last time; and on that of an old brown and white pariah dog they have loved and cherished.

The children have very different thoughts from these. Twenty years hence they mean to come back to this very house—they tell her; and she is to have all their old pets and servants ready to receive them! She listens to these plans, which may never be realised; she looks into their small earnest faces with wistful eyes, and turns away.

We in the station see her go with a decided

feeling of regret; we feel, when she and her babies have left, a certain good will have passed away with them. We are of the earth; she will one day be of heaven, we believe. It has been pleasant to watch her life and see the simple faith that guided it. Doubtless, to know her has made us all at times feel a longing for something better. Her world is not the tinsel one of gaiety and pleasure; the light that illumines the stages on which she acts out her life comes, we feel, direct from heaven; while ours is but the garish glow of the footlights. Pure, good, and beautiful, she passes away from us; and probably not one of us may ever look on her gentle face again. Still, we cannot forget her, though she passes from our little world into another; the impress of her purity and sweetness will long remain upon our memories' page.

And so she goes. Her home is broken up; her family and she will soon be parted; that is the one appalling thought that is with her—the last at night, the first in the morning. Her children will grow up away from her, and in time they will forget her. Other hands will lead their faltering footsteps; other voices will cheer or chide them. She, their mother (after two rather sad years, in which the shadow of her parting hangs on her like a funeral pall), goes back to India. Having said good-bye to them at night, she cannot brave the morrow; but stealing once more to the side of each sleeping child, gazes with an awful broken-hearted sorrow on the well-loved faces, and breathes a helpless prayer for her deserted little ones, and tears herself away. To-morrow, when they wake, she will smile on them no more.

'Not, no more; oh! do not say no more,' I hear some Anglo-Indian mother like herself exclaim. 'Some day, let her come back, and be united to her children once again. Let her forget the lost years in their young lives when she is only a far-off dream to them; when friends in England are all in all to their baby souls; and "mamma" in India is a mythical somebody the young ones have quite forgotten, and the elder remember now but dimly. When she prays her simple prayers, she knows that "He is faithful that promised," and thinks and believes that they will meet again; and so, as she passes once more across the moonlit sea back to her foreign home, hugging the fond hope of a future meeting to her gentle breast, let us say, as the ship grows a dim speck on the horizon, "Amen! and God bless her."'

WHY IS SUGAR SO LOW IN PRICE?

THE question which heads this paper seems a very simple one, yet the answer to it is difficult, and involves many remote considerations, as well as some immediate contingencies that are not pleasant to contemplate. In order that the reader may understand these, it is necessary that he should be put in possession of a few main facts in the history of the sugar-trade. These facts might be looked at in the light of economic laws; but no acquaintance with the dismal science is requisite to enable any one to take in the present position of affairs. As the matter is one of great importance, from a social as much as from an economic point of view, its

consideration should prove both interesting and instructive.

At various times, sugar has been extracted from different substances, chief among these being the sugar-cane, grown in Demerara, British Guiana, Java, and the West India islands. Cane-sugar is made in this way. Shortly before the canes begin to flower, they are cut down; and the saccharine matter being squeezed out, is sent to London, Bristol, Greenock, and other places, to be refined. This process consists mainly in removing impurities by filtering and boiling; after which the fluid is crystallised in different sizes for the market. Cane-sugar, being a tropical product, is easily grown; the refining process is simple and inexpensive; and there are no duties of any kind to be paid in connection with its manufacture.

As stated, this cane-sugar supplied our needs for a very long time, till one year (1855) there was a failure in the crop, and prices went up. In that year, a new kind of sugar, which had been in use for some little time on the continent, came into notice. It was made from beetroot, grown in Austria, Germany, and France, which countries afford the peculiar atmospheric conditions necessary for its successful culture. That saccharine matter could be got from beetroot was a chemical discovery made during last century; but it was not till the French government specially encouraged sugar-manufacture that the discovery was greatly made use of; and in its infancy, beet sugar-making had to be fostered by enactments excluding its great rival, cane-sugar. After the beetroot—not the red kind we know so well, but a long white root—has been washed and trimmed, it is cut up, and lies soaking in water till the saccharine juice exudes from it. This liquid is boiled, treated chemically, and crystallised—the process being longer and more expensive than with cane-sugar. In use, however, the new sugar proved quite as good, and people soon discovered this. It was at this point that a somewhat mysterious thing occurred; not only was Austrian beet-sugar being sold in all the continental markets, but it came plentifully into our own, and at prices very much cheaper than cane-sugar. How this could be, English refiners were at a loss to understand; but the secret soon came out. It was this: In Austria and other foreign countries, sugar-refiners pay excise duties, just as whisky distillers have to do with us. Excise duty was levied on each refiner, not according to the quantity of beetroot he used, but according to the quantity of sugar he might be expected to get from it. A good refiner, however, soon discovered that, by growing better roots and by improving his machinery, he could make a great deal more from each ton of roots than the government calculated; and any sugar that he made beyond the government estimate of course went untaxed. This fact stimulated refiners still more to increase their exertions; and by-and-by the Austrian sugar-yield became too great for home use. Burdened with an excise duty, Austrian refiners found they could not send their goods to other countries to compete with our cane-sugar, which had no tax to pay. This was pointed out to the government, who, not unwilling to extend their foreign commerce, agreed to repay the duty on all sugar sent

abroad (*The Sugar Bounties*, by W. Smart, M.A.; Blackwood & Sons). With this arrangement the refiners were quite satisfied, as well they might, for a reason that presently emerged. Excise was calculated at so much sugar per so much beetroot; but under the new arrangement it was paid back simply on so much sugar. Now, as shown above, a great part of this sugar had paid no excise duty at all, and the money returned was simply a present to the refiner. With this unearned money, he was able in every market to undersell cane-sugar, which got no such favour.

Cane-growers soon saw that there was something wrong, and that the demand for their produce was rapidly falling off. They took active measures to cheapen cane-sugar as much as possible; but do what they might, the foreign refiner with his bounty at his back was able to checkmate them, and still make a handsome profit himself. Begun in an underhand way, the bounty system was continued openly, because these foreign governments saw with satisfaction that by its help their sugar-trade was increasing by leaps and bounds. So rapidly did things develop, that now beet-sugar, introduced only thirty years ago, supplies this country to the extent of six hundred thousand tons annually, while cane-sugar only gives us four hundred thousand tons.

We are now in a position to answer the question with which this paper started: Why is sugar so cheap? It is because certain continental nations virtually raise a heavy sum yearly, and give it to their sugar-refiners, to enable them to undersell cane-sugar growers. This sum is estimated at about one million two hundred thousand pounds a year, extracted from the pockets of foreign taxpayers for our benefit, without counting that portion of the bounty which refiners may be supposed to retain as profit, but which they will disgorge if necessary to undersell cane-sugar growers.

Having answered our initial question, it might be as well to ask ourselves, what effect this bounty system has other than the lowering of prices? On the continent, there has been a great improvement in agriculture, owing to the efforts made in the better cultivation of beetroot. Then machinery has been made more effective, labour rendered more efficient, and men employed who might otherwise have been idle. But, on the other hand, it must never be forgotten that all that beetroot sugar has gained, cane-sugar has lost. Sugar-cane is not grown in the West India islands without much expenditure of labour and capital, and only after great care in planting and draining. All this will be lost if cane-sugar goes to the wall, and already sugar estates are falling out of cultivation. Again, the sugar-trade was the means of civilising these tropical countries, and should the growing of sugar cease, civilisation may be retarded, for the natives are too indolent to shift for themselves. All these facts have been clearly established by the evidence given before several Royal Commissions, and they are serious enough. Various remedies have been proposed, but any discussion of them in this paper would be out of place. It may be mentioned that the government are at present endeavouring to arrange an International Convention at which the matter might be discussed, and some plan adopted to put the sugar

industry on a better footing. The matter is one that concerns everybody, for every one is a consumer of sugar in some form, and the more information is spread about it, the better.

SOME DOGS.

At a meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen, Sir John Lubbock read a very interesting paper on the Intelligence of Dogs, the main point of his discourse being that, in place of trying to make the dog understand us, we should endeavour to understand the dog. Sir John illustrated his lecture by an anecdote of his own dog, which, he told his hearers, was gifted with intelligence enough to choose correctly, out of seven cards denoting the different days of the week, that one which represented the actually present day. Sir John's dog, in fact, is very like our old friend the 'learned pig' of the fair in point of intelligence; but it has occurred to the writer, who has a considerable acquaintance amongst dogs, that it might be worth while to make public a few dog stories illustrative of canine intelligence, each of which, he thinks, is in no way inferior to that told by Sir John Lubbock. Without vouching for the complete truth of all the following anecdotes, the writer imagines, from his own experience of the animal, that where he has not been able to fully verify facts, there is at least no reason to doubt the *bona fides* of those who have related the following incidents.

The first dog of which I shall speak belonged (he is dead now) to an old friend of mine. He was a fine collie, called Nero. Like some other dogs of my acquaintance, he was in the habit of going to the butcher's each morning with his master, who always gave Nero his purchases in a fish-basket, to be by him carried home. One day it occurred to the master that Nero might as well be taught to go to market by himself. So he began each morning to say the word 'Butcher' very solemnly to Nero immediately before setting out; to which word Nero gravely listened, slowly wagging his tail the while. This went on for a few weeks with clockwork regularity. Then came a wet day. Nero was given his basket as usual, with a note in it asking the butcher—who had been warned beforehand—to exchange it for a pound of steak, and taken to the door. Then his master said to him 'Butcher,' enunciating the word even more solemnly than usual. Nero looked thoughtful and hesitated. He was then motioned off in the accustomed direction. Presently he went a few steps and looked back. 'Butcher, Nero, butcher,' repeated his instructor; and eventually the dog, after two or three false starts, went off with a rather dejected appearance, and my friend went indoors to await the result. In due time Nero returned with the steak; and for a year or two afterwards went to the butcher's almost daily, always bringing back his purchases without mishap.

There used to be a large black retriever belonging to one of the sailors at Greenhithe which I knew well. This dog was always to be seen on or near the little landing-stage, and he always 'begged' to strangers. Those who understood, used to give him a penny, with which he ran off to a little shop near at hand, whence he speedily returned with a large biscuit in his

mouth. This he always brought to the donor of the penny, or else to his master, never attempting to eat it until permission was given him. This, like Nero, was a dog which might have been taught much. He may be at Greenhithe still, for aught I know to the contrary; but it is some years since I have been there myself.

So many stories have been current during recent years of canine sagacity, that one is prepared to believe a great deal with regard to the doings and sensible proceedings of the 'friend of man.' A curious story of this kind has lately been told by the Secretary of King's College Hospital, London. He states that the porter in charge of the entrance hall was one day lately attracted by the loud barking of a dog at the door of the hospital. He found there three dogs, one very much injured and exhausted by loss of blood, and other two, who, it seems, had attracted the porter's attention by their barking, evidently friends of his, with nothing particularly the matter with them, for they ran away as soon as their object was accomplished. The injured dog had apparently cut his foot with a piece of glass, and he was traced by blood-marks to the spot where the accident happened. From this track it was clear that the animal had come by the shortest possible cut to the hospital, his two friends accompanying him to call attention to his condition.

Stories of doggie's affection are common enough; but I know of none more touching than that told by a Mrs C—, who once gave a favourite carriage dog to a friend to keep for her during her prolonged absence. The following is the brief of her story as told in the *Chicago Mail*. For the child of the family this dog conceived one of those preferences for which dogs, above all other animals of the brute creation, have been distinguished. He played with her, walked with her, ate by her, slept near her, followed her if she rode, and mourned inconsolably if she left home without him. It was the evil fate of this little child to contract the scarlet fever, and through all her illness the dog never left her side unless forced to do so, and then his cries were so unceasing that, for quiet's sake, he was admitted again to the sickroom. The little girl died; and her disconsolate friend laid himself at full length beside the coffin, rising now and then to lick the cold face. When the coffin was carried from the house, he followed it; and when the small mound that covered it was raised, he resumed his watch there. No entreaties could persuade him to leave it. He never tasted food again; and in the course of nature followed his little friend—it may be beyond the confines of that mysterious hereafter, where those who love are reunited.

Another dog-and-child story well worth repeating was lately told in the *Philadelphia Times*, full details being given, in case of any doubt as to the writer's veracity. Here the dog was a nearly full-grown bull-pup belonging to Mr Thomas M'Glone, who resides at 1017 Locust Street, Philadelphia. Mr M'Glone expresses himself 'willing to back him against the canine world for intelligence.' 'In the rear of Mr M'Glone's house is a cellar twelve feet deep. The entrance to it is covered with a rickety trap-door. One day the little child of one of Mr M'Glone's neighbours wandered into the yard,

and was enjoying a romp with the bull-pup, when it fell on the cellar door. The door quivered, and gradually sunk downward on its rusty hinges. The pup saw the child's peril, and springing forward, grabbed its dress between his teeth, and, bracing himself, tugged with might and main to pull the child back to terra firma. The door continued to sink, however, and the dog was not heavy enough to support the weight of the child. He seemed to realise this, but never wavered in his duty, and when the door fell with a crash, the dog and child went down together. The heavy door fell on the dog's back as he stood on the cellar floor with the child lying between his legs. The child's cries and the dog's howls attracted the attention of Mr M'Glone, who rescued them both from the pit. The child was uninjured, but the dog was considerably bruised.' 'The pup undoubtedly saved the child's life,' says Mr M'Glone, 'and his value has appreciated in my eyes about one hundred per cent.'

Yet another story from America must be told here, though this time I am unable to give equally full details. Lion was a huge Newfoundland, whose mistress lives in Boston, and who gives continual proofs of his immense sagacity. The following is a case in point.

One day a lady called on Lion's mistress. During her call Lion came in rather slyly, lay down on the parlour carpet, and went to sleep. The conversation ran on, and the visitor said finally: 'What a handsome Newfoundland you have!'

Lion opened one eye.

'Yes,' said his mistress; 'he is a very good dog, and takes excellent care of the children.'

Lion opened the other eye and waved his tail complacently to and fro along the carpet.

'When the baby goes out he always goes with her, and I feel perfectly sure that then no harm can come to her,' his mistress went on.

Lion's tail thumped up and down violently on the carpet.

'And he is so gentle to them all, and such a playmate and companion to them, that we would not take a thousand dollars for him.'

Lion's tail now went up and down, to and fro, and round and round, with great and undisguised glee.

'But,' said his mistress, 'Lion has one serious fault.'

Total subsidence of Lion's tail, together with the appearance of an expression of great concern on his face.

'He *will* come in here with his dirty feet and lie down on the carpet, when I have told him time and again that he mustn't do it.'

Here Lion arose with an air of the utmost dejection and humiliation and slunk out of the room, with his lately exuberant tail totally crest-fallen. Such is the story as told. Lion is probably a dog after Sir John Lubbock's own heart.

The following story was told as 'having the merit of truth:'

A gentleman in one of our suburbs owns, or did own, a fine specimen of the spaniel breed, which is very fond of children, and which, when any little ones visit his master's house, constitutes himself their companion, playmate, and

guardian. A few days ago a lady with an infant visited the gentleman, and in the course of the day the child was laid on a pillow on the floor to amuse itself for a time. The dog took his place near the little one as usual. The day was hot and the flies many, and they made the baby the target of frequent attacks. This rendered her restless. Doggie watched her for a few minutes, and then, walking close up, with his nose or paw drove away every fly as soon as it lit on the baby's face, and this so gently as not to disturb her in the least. The dog's actions attracted the attention of the mother and others, who were filled with astonishment at his sagacious kindness; but to one who has watched the dog as I have watched him, his power of observation is never *surprising*, however wonderful it may be, and indeed is.

The value of sheep-dogs is well known; but I believe the one whose sagacity I am now about to commemorate stands out almost alone amongst his fellows. His master is a small farmer, and the proprietor of a single cow. For him the dog acts as cowherd. Each morning the dog's dinner is tied up in paper and fastened round his neck, after which he drives the cow to pasture. He remains near the cow all day, and as nearly as possible at mid-day he always slips the collar over his head, tears open his parcel, and eats his meal with the air of one who has earned it. Then he pushes the collar on again with his paws, and resumes his guard until dusk, when he drives the cow home. This story is vouched for by several people who have witnessed the whole 'performance,' and who know the dog well.

One or two of the above anecdotes have appeared in print, being published in a London newspaper to which the present writer communicated them some time ago. For the rest, I have said that I cannot exactly vouch for their complete accuracy; for in these days, one has to be very careful in guaranteeing the truth of even the most probable occurrences. I have in my note-book several stories of canine intelligence even more wonderful than any of the foregoing; but these I refrain from giving here, inasmuch as I have not been able to prove their truth, even to my own satisfaction. But I would say in conclusion, that a considerable experience of dogs has made me disinclined to refuse evidence to many a dog story which would strike the sceptic as highly improbable, so great is my belief in the animal's sagacity. And I feel convinced that any one who makes at all a careful study of the dog cannot fail to believe in his *reason* equally with myself; for there are things done by dogs which can never be explained as merely the outcome of what is termed animal instinct.

TRINITY HOUSE DINNERS.

AMONGST the muniments of the London Trinity House are some quaint entries showing how the 'Bretheren' of that corporation managed their eating and drinking arrangements in times past, and giving us an amusing insight into the economy with which these arrangements were carried out. It must not, however, be imagined from this that the Trinity House was stingy in providing for its guests; it was economical, and

that is quite another thing. Indeed, a friendly dinner or a friendly wine-drinking concluded the majority of its meetings, for whatever cause such meeting might have been held; and there is every reason to suppose that these entertainments were thoroughly enjoyed by those present. Take, for instance, the incidental allusions which Evelyn makes to them in his *Diary*. But at the same time we find the Master and wardens of the Trinity House generally careful to avoid anything like unnecessary lavishness in the conduct of their feasts. Thus, in 1670 it was decided that the dinner on 'Court' days should be paid for at a rate not exceeding five shillings per head, 'except on extraordinary occasions.' They allowed a little more when 'outsiders' were to be entertained; and for the dinner they were going to give on Trinity-Monday 1704 at 'the *Rummer*' in Queen Street, they sanctioned the expenditure of ten shillings per head for twenty-six persons, with a proviso, that if two 'extras' came, nothing was to be charged for them.

In dining by themselves, they would doubtless have been content with more frugal fare; and six years later, when affairs were presumably not in a very flourishing state, they took their annual dinner by themselves 'for ye good husbandry of the corporation.' Even in the money-spending days of Charles II., the 'Bretheren' had considered whether, after all, it was 'desirable' to so often invite 'courtiers' to their feasts. By 'desirable' they certainly meant, did they get a *quid pro quo* for the invitation? To derive some benefit from those they fêted was indeed a golden rule with the corporation, as is evidenced in their overtures to a certain wealthy Mr Merrick. He had already been a benefactor to the corporation; and on Trinity-Monday 1669 they had 'endeavoured to get him to dinner;' but in this they failed. Those were honest days, when people did not scruple to commit to paper the true motives for their actions; and so we find the clerk of the Trinity House making a memorandum in the minute-book to show good Mr Merrick some other attention, as he was 'a single man,' and if the corporation pleased him, might leave them 'something more at death.'

A little later, they settled that a present of wine would appeal most to the wealthy bachelor's feelings, so they asked a friend of his to dinner, and learnt what wines 'Mr Merrick did usually drinke.' These, it came out, were claret and canary; and a few days later, the 'Bretheren' sent him eight dozen of the former, and four dozen of the latter. History does not record if such delicate attentions had the desired effect. Let us hope they did, and that the corporation did not experience the occasional ingratitude of human nature.

No details of the 'fare' served at these Trinity House feasts in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been preserved; but we learn from a Council order made during the time of the Commonwealth, that 'three dyshes of good mete, and not more,' were at that time provided for dinner on ordinary occasions; and in 1660 we also find the corporation directing that 'two barrells of strong beer' should be in readiness 'for the election of the Master.' Amongst those who were expected to partake of the contents

were William Prynn and Serjeant Maynard. Drinking (we do not use the word to imply intemperance) formed a very important part of the ceremonial with the Trinity House on all occasions. Even when no meal was served after a meeting, we find that the 'Bretheren' 'refreshed themselves with a glasse of wine,' and then went to Deptford Church to hear a sermon. When two of the 'Bretheren' had a little disagreement, as Captain Crispe and Captain Crane had in 1671, a day was appointed for these gentlemen to attend 'and drink to each other,' and declare themselves reconciled. In 1665, the Court, finding the claret 'provided for the meetings not so pure or good as was expected,' ordered the wardens to lay in 'a tierce or twee of such claret as might be approved of.'

There is one entry in the corporation minutes which suggests that 'courtiers' may have been inconvenient guests to entertain, for other reasons than the extra expense which their presence occasioned. Apparently, on accepting an invitation, they were in the habit, like the famous Mr Jingle, of ordering, if not actually what they would have for dinner, at least where they would have it; thus, we find the dinner on Trinity-Monday 1661 ordered to be kept at Stepney, if the Duke of Albemarle, when invited to it, 'did not order it in Water Lane.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MISS GORDON CUMMING, the well-known traveller, and sister to the 'Lion-slayer,' has recently published some interesting particulars regarding a successful attempt to teach the blind in China to read. It is estimated that there are more than half a million of blind persons in China, and this endeavour to afford them the solace of reading is due to the benevolence of Mr W. H. Murray. Formerly a sawyer in the south of Scotland, but more recently a colporteur of the National Bible Society, Mr Murray went in that capacity to Peking. His system consists in the employment of embossed dots, and it is strictly phonetic, that is to say, the four thousand characters used in Chinese typography have been reduced to a comparatively few combinations of dots representing certain sounds. His first pupil was a street beggar, who learnt to read in six weeks. This experiment showed that the scheme was practicable, and in a short time afterwards a Blind School was opened in Peking. It is worthy of remark that the scholars there learn to read with far greater rapidity than their more fortunate fellows who have the use of their eyes. Surely this fact should be a plea for that remodelling of Chinese typography which must come sooner or later.

On account of the state of the weather during the late eclipse, comparatively few observations were made. Very much disappointment has been expressed by the observers in consequence. Large sums of money have been spent on fruitless journeys and preparations; and even those observers who were provided with balloons, which it was thought would render them to

a certain extent independent of lowering clouds, were unsuccessful. One balloon got wet, and was too heavy to carry up the two persons in the car; and the other was met by torrents of rain, and had speedily to descend.

Monsieur W. de Fonvielle, an experienced French aeronaut, claims that balloons can be made very serviceable to astronomical science, and indeed he was the first to advocate their use for observations. He believes that, under skilful management, observers can be safely carried above any obscuring veil of clouds; but sufficient time must be given to the necessary preparations, and the balloon must be capable of carrying a large amount of ballast. It seems to be certain that photographs taken so far above the lower strata of the atmosphere would have a much better chance of success than those taken on the surface of the earth. The total eclipse of the moon which will take place in January next will afford an opportunity, of which many will doubtless take advantage, of testing the value of balloon observation.

An attempt has lately been made at Paris by MM. Jovis and Mallet to rise to a greater height in the atmosphere by means of a balloon than has ever yet been done. The aeronauts took with them a number of instruments for the purpose of making observations, and among these were a barometer designed to measure heights of upwards of thirty thousand feet, and a thermometer which would record temperatures fifty degrees below zero. A new feature was represented by the provision of bags of oxygen, for the purpose of inhalation by the aeronauts after attaining high elevations. It will be remembered that in 1862 Messrs Glaisher and Coxwell ascended from Wolverhampton for the purpose of making scientific observations from a balloon, and that they then reached the extraordinary altitude of seven miles above the earth. On this occasion, both the occupants of the car suffered very much, Mr Glaisher becoming quite insensible for a time. A similar experience seems to have been the lot of these French experimenters, one of them having fainted twice upon reaching the altitude of twenty thousand feet, the faintness being speedily mitigated after inhalation of the oxygen provided. The ascent was successful, but the height reached was far below that attained by Mr Glaisher and his companion, as already recorded.

A new kind of smokeless gunpowder has recently formed the subject of many experiments by the War Office authorities. This powder, the composition of which is a secret, is known as the Johnson-Barland, or for short, J.-B. powder. Its inventor claims that it gives greater velocity, flatter trajectory, less recoil, and less fouling than ordinary government powder. It will keep better, is safer to manufacture and to handle, and the weight is less than that of ordinary powder. Its inventor states that he will soon be able to produce a cartridge which complete shall weigh one hundred grains less than those now in use, while its performance shall be all that can be desired. In the recent experiments with the smokeless powder, it has been clearly demonstrated that several of these claims are based upon fact. There will be divided opinions among military men as to the advisability of using smokeless powder in warfare,

for, although the smoke must interfere with correct aim, it has often proved a friendly shield, under cover of which victory has been gained or life has been saved.

Now that we have come to the end of the long drought that has afflicted more or less a large portion of the country during the past summer months, it may be as well to inquire how long a time has elapsed since a similar occurrence of such absolute drought has been recorded. Mr G. J. Symons, F.R.S., writing from an observatory at Crowborough, in Sussex, states that it is more than forty years since the late absolute drought of thirty days in this part of Sussex was equalled. Mr Symons defines an absolute drought as a period of fourteen or more days with no measurable rainfall.

In response to the appeal of the Royal Society of Victoria and the Royal Geographical Society of Australia, the Premier of Victoria has consented to place the sum of ten thousand pounds on the estimates for the purpose of Antarctic exploration. It is intended to interest shipowners in the enterprise, and masters of ships will receive special bonuses for different services in connection with it. Thus, for every hundred tons of oil from fish caught south of a certain latitude, they will receive a sum of money. A special bonus will also be given to any master of a ship who will pass still nearer to the South Pole, and also for establishing on shore a temporary observing camp. Two ships will be required for this work, and they must be ready to start by the 15th of next October. The sum of money named above is promised on the condition that other colonies will join in this scheme, which it is hoped will give a strong impetus to Antarctic exploration.

According to recent advices, the Panama Canal scheme does not seem to be in such a flourishing position as its advocates and supporters recently endeavoured to prove. In one section of the Canal great difficulty has been experienced with the soil, which, owing to heavy rains, is constantly thrown back into the excavated channel, so that to a great extent the work already done will have to be done over again. Financially, the scheme seems also to be unsatisfactory. Up to the present time, five millions sterling have been paid as interest out of capital. It is estimated that at the present rate of progress the work will cost at least one hundred and twenty millions sterling; and the Company must earn five times the amount earned by the Suez Canal Company in order to cover their working expenses, interest, and other charges!

A paper was lately read before the China Asiatic Society by Mr Carles, lately vice-consul in Corea, giving an interesting sketch of that comparatively unknown country. He points out in this paper that, owing to the position of Corea between China and Japan, it has frequently been invaded by both countries. As a relic of one of these invasions, which occurred in the sixteenth century, there is a large mound at Katito, underneath which are buried the ears and noses of one hundred and thirty thousand Coreans. But the country is now left alone by its neighbours, and is independent. The people are said to be very peaceful, and to treat strangers well. The women are allowed to go abroad only in the evening, when all the men decorously retire indoors. The

country is so primitive that the people have few wants. They have no trade; there is nothing to invest money in, and apparently Corea is a paradise for the lazy. The men are addicted to drink, but still more to the tobacco pipe, which is described as the curse of the country. The Corean goes about his occupation with a pipe three feet long in his mouth; and whatever the nature of the work may be, whether digging with a spade or any other employment, the man devotes one of his hands to his precious pipe, which he will not relinquish for a moment. The result is that fifteen men do about the work of three Europeans. It is stated that the natural features of the country are very beautiful, and that the people take a great pride in it.

A correspondent of the *Times* points out that in the recent debate upon the shot-firing clauses of the Coal Mines Bill, the speakers seemed to be unaware that a form of cartridge can be and is now used for blasting without incurring the slightest risk, and he supports his contention by publishing a letter signed by a dozen colliery managers of North Staffordshire. This letter states that blasting by means of gunpowder has been given up in many of the mines in that district for years, that now a water cartridge fitted with an electrical firing apparatus is used, and that its adoption is daily increasing, two hundred thousand shots having been fired by this system without a single accident. With regard to cost, the new method compares favourably with the use of gunpowder and the old-fashioned fuse, and the coal so obtained is in as good a condition as under the old practice. But in addition to these advantages, there is a sense of security experienced by all engaged, from the knowledge that the water in the cartridge quenches immediately the flame caused by the explosion of each charge.

While the unfortunate English farmer has to complain of the numerous insect pests to which agriculture is subject, and which, owing to the late drought, have been more marked than ever, one pest at least has been found this year to be in a minority. Few wasps have been seen, except in some places where they are still abundant. At Maiden-Elreigh a wasp's nest, after having been smoked with sulphur, was recently dug out from a stack of turf. This nest measured the extraordinary size of thirty inches in circumference, and contained thousands of wasps! Its discovery was opportune, for a prize had been offered for the finest wasp's nest, at the Cottage Garden Exhibition in the neighbourhood, and this nest took the prize without any difficulty.

The Atlantic steamship *Umbria* has gone through an experience which, luckily, is not common. In mid-Atlantic the lookout observed a huge wave approaching the ship, and the course of the vessel was immediately altered, so that it might meet the wall of water obliquely. When the ship met the wave, it caused her to tremble from stem to stern; and the rush of hundreds of tons of water on the deck was so forcible that the thick brass rails on the bridge and the iron stanchions were twisted and broken, while the woodwork generally was crushed into splinters. Luckily, there was no loss of life; but there was a panic amongst the passengers during the critical period. It would be interesting to know

whence this abnormal wave came, and how it originated.

Dr Freire of Brazil, who has for the past seven years been trying to find a means of protection against yellow fever by inoculation, seems to have met with some success. Dr Freire works on the principle of M. Pasteur's methods—that is to say, he gets what is termed a culture liquid for the inoculation, and injects it subcutaneously. It is found that there is a mortality of about one per thousand for the inoculated, and one per cent. for those who have not been protected by the new method. In Rio de Janeiro, this year there has been no epidemic of yellow fever, a circumstance which has not occurred for the past thirty-five years; but how far this may be due to Dr Freire's system, it is impossible to state.

The introduction of liquid hydrocarbons for fuel on shipboard and to steam-boilers generally has recently made great headway. A series of experiments and tests are about to be made by Mr Thwaite, C.E., of Liverpool, and these experiments may possibly have great influence on the employment of liquid fuels in the future. The effects of air-supply, air and steam, and steam alone, will be considered, and the exact heat-value of different kinds of liquid fuel will be ascertained with precision.

In one of the Paris theatres, some new apparatus has recently been tried for the purpose of securing safety in case of fire. The apparatus is governed by an electrical circuit, which can be closed by push-buttons in various parts of the building. The act of pressing one of these buttons would be to drop the iron curtain that divides the stage from the auditorium, and at the same time to open numerous exit doors provided in case of panic. In case no one should have the presence of mind to touch one of these buttons, the heat of the fire itself will act upon certain portions of the apparatus, so that the curtain will come down and the doors will open automatically.

A new system of bootmaking has been introduced under the name of the Ab-intra Method. This word explains the method adopted; for the nails, of special make, are, by a machine, put in from the inside of the sole, so that the heads of the nails are towards the wearer's feet. This inner sole is then placed on the last with the points of the nails upwards, and the upper part of the boot is pulled over them and made fast with a special form of tool. The sole proper is then placed over the points, and is hammered down, the nails being then bent over upon the outside of the sole. It is said that the three portions of the boot are in this manner so closely united that it requires special appliances to separate them, the secret of this great amount of cohesion being in the form of nail employed. It is said that there is a great saving of time in this process.

Some months ago there was a panic in London regarding a case of wholesale poisoning by means of ice-creams, and if we remember rightly, the danger was traced to the impure water employed in making the ice. It has just been pointed out by an American doctor that the poisoning in such a case may be due to chemical action which takes place in the ice-cream freezer, and by which the zinc is dissolved. He has shown clearly, by

means of a galvanometer, that an electrical current under certain conditions will pass through the utensils used, and this current indicates that zinc is dissolved from one of the containing vessels.

Mr Ranyard, the well-known astronomer, has patented a new method of making wood pavement. The system has been suggested by the surface of an elephant's tooth, which it will be remembered consists of layers of hard substance intermingled with a softer material, so that, as the surface wears down, there is always a series of hard ridges upon the surface. Mr Ranyard's system comprises the use of blocks made of alternate layers of hard and soft material, which are set upon edge, so that the edges of these laminæ constitute a wearing surface. These blocks are four inches thick, and they are made of alternate layers of Portland cement and a mixture of sand and cement. They will wear down gradually under traffic; but, unlike granite blocks, they will not wear smooth, but will continue rough, so that they can be worn down until less than one inch in thickness. This system is about to be put to rigid tests.

The *Scientific American* gives some account of a negro who is probably the oldest man now in the world. He was born in 1752, and remembers the rejoicing forty years later, when Washington was elected to the Presidency. Five years ago, when he was at the age of one hundred and thirty, he could do light work; but now he suffers from rheumatism, which prevents him walking; otherwise, he is in good health.

A German paper lately published a method of removing rust from iron, which appears to be very simple, and is said to be thoroughly effectual. It consists in immersing the article in a nearly saturated solution of chloride of tin, which, however, must not be too acid, or it will attack the iron treated. After removal from this bath, the metal must be washed in water, and then with a weak solution of ammonia. The iron so treated assumes the appearance of frosted silver, and is proof against rust.

A process has lately been discovered by which vulcanised fibre can be made sufficiently porous to be used in place of the ordinary porous jar in primary batteries. It is said that the electrical resistance of the ordinary Bunsen cell with a porous pot made of this fibre is only half as great as that of the cell in which a porcelain pot is used. It is believed that this porous fibre will be of great use for many other electrical appliances.

An interesting relic of the first London Bridge, which was erected in the time of William the Conqueror, has been dug up from the bed of the Thames in the course of some excavations which have been lately made at Botolph Wharf. This is a portion of one of the piles of the original bridge, which seems to have been oblong in section, instead of square, according to modern ideas. The wood is almost black, and is oak; but although saturated with water and blackened with its eight hundred years of immersion in mud and water, it is still fit for service, and might possibly do duty for another eight centuries.

At the Manchester Exhibition a new form of forge-hammer is exhibited. This hammer no doubt owes its conception to the well-known steam-hammer of Nasmyth, but it works by the

explosive force of gas. It will, if required, deliver one hundred and twenty blows per minute, each blow having a striking force equal to three hundredweight falling through a space of one foot.

A WEIRD PICTURE.

At the mouth of the beautiful loch which forms the harbour of Campbeltown, there stands an island called Davaar, about a mile or so in circumference. On the side facing Campbeltown Loch it slopes down to the water, but on the other sides it is precipitous. Its cliffs are indented with numerous caves, which are objects of interest and curiosity to visitors, as they are easily accessible at nearly all states of the tide to any one not afraid of a rather rough walk over boulders. In connection with one of these caves, there has, within the last few weeks, arisen an object of rather mysterious interest in the shape of a painting of the Saviour on the cross. The cave in question is a double one, the main cave being about fifteen or twenty yards in depth, with a separate smaller one opening into it about half-way in. In the recess formed by the junction of the two caves there is a curious flat triangular surface of rock exactly the size to contain the figure, with arms stretched on the cross; and it is almost a stroke of genius to conceive the painting of such a subject in such a place, as the subdued light entering by the smaller opening, dimly lighting up a recess which would otherwise be dark, gives the figure a weird and mysterious appearance, which is most striking and impressive. It is full size, painted in oil colours, and represents a full front view of the Saviour. It is a realistic work, and, so far as can be judged by the dim religious light, well and powerfully drawn and coloured. The discovery created a powerful sensation, and it has attracted an almost constant stream of visitors from all parts of Scotland. This sensation was heightened by the mystery attending it, no one knowing when or by whom the work was done. A gentleman named Mr Archibald McKinnon, however, has since acknowledged 'that I entered the double cave on the island of Davaar on several occasions, and painted the subject of "Christ Crucified" on the wall of the cave, in the most suitable place I have ever discovered for the purpose of portraying a subject I have long had at heart.'

ROSES.

'I HAVE roses to sell! I have roses to sell!
The voice of the vendor grew faint as it fell.
I went to my window and threw it up high,
Because I loved roses and wanted to buy.

There were women and men speeding fast through the street,
The footways resounded with hurrying feet;
I looked to the left, and I looked to the right,
But the seller of roses was nowhere in sight.

'I have roses, sweet roses!'—I heard it again,
And a little wan form hurried by in the rain;
No friend to protect her—to shield her from harm—
No wealth save the roses that hung on her arm.

She came to my beckon, so modest and shy,
And blushed with delight when I offered to buy.
I took the best blossoms; I gave what I chose;
She knew not the value of even a rose.

'I would not take money,' she said with a tear,
'If father were well, and if mother were here.
I cannot help feeling—I've felt it all day—
Ashamed to sell flowers that we once gave away!'

She fled, with a sigh, from my pitying sight,
And hurried away in the gloom of the night;
While I by her words was instinctively brought
To ponder the lesson unconsciously taught.

Ashamed to sell roses! and yet, day by day,
We are bartering treasures more priceless than they:
The gifts God hath given—the best we have got—
For perishing pleasures that satisfy not.

We sell our smiles to the rich of the earth,
Our favours for what we conceive they are worth,
Our talents for treasure, our nature for name,
Our wisdom for wealth, and our freedom for Fame.

We are selling and selling—and what is unsold
Is given on credit, with bond for the gold;
It is 'nothing for nothing,' give nothing away,
And count up to-morrow the gains of to-day.

Poor seller of roses! I see thee no more;
Thy fate is a secret I cannot explore;
Thy voice may be murmuring still in the night:
'I have roses to sell—I have red ones and white!'

Ashamed to sell roses! Perhaps thou art now
Where shame never flushes the glorified brow;
Perhaps thou art breathing the sweetness profound
The great Rose of Sharon dispenses around.

I know not; but, child, wheresoever thou art,
Remembrance still claims thee a place in my heart;
I think of thee often, by poverty driven,
Ashamed to sell roses thou fain wouldst have given.

O, long may I follow that yearning of thine,
To give, not to barter, the things that are mine;
And when the dark river rolls down to the sea,
The shore may be golden for me, as for thee.

NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE.

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FROM A FIELD-GATE.

A GLORIOUS afternoon it is, the hottest of mid-summer, with not a shadow in the dazzling blue of the heavens. Who could sit at a desk with the white butterflies flickering in and out at the open window, the sweet breath of the clove-pinks filling the air, and the faint gurgle of the river coming up from the glen below? The gardener has long ago left off weeding the lawn borders, and betaken himself to the cool planting-house; Jug the spaniel lies panting out there with lolling tongue in the shadow under the rhododendrons; and the leaves of the aspens themselves seem tremulous with the heat. It will be pleasanter to go up through the wood to the end of the lane, to sit under the edge of the trees there on the trunk of silver birch that serves for a cattle-gate, and enjoy something of the southern *dolce far niente*, with a pocket copy of gentle Allan Ramsay to finger through.

How very quiet the spot is, with the wood behind, and the flowery fields sloping away in front! Not a murmur comes here from the city, whose smoke rises, a murky cloud, far off in the valley yonder. The streets there will be stifling to-day amid the hot reekings of asphalt pavements, the sifting particles of burning dust, and the incessant roar of traffic. Here, above the fields, the air is sweet with the scent of clover; the stillness is only broken by the faint pipe of a yellowhammer sometimes in the depth of the wood, and the blue heavens shed their peace upon the heart. Nothing but the faintest breath of air is moving, just enough to stir gently the deep grasses of the hayfield, and to touch cheek and lip now and again with the soft warm sigh of the sweetbrier in the hedge. Gleaming flies, green and yellow, with gauzy wings, float like jewels in the sunshine; a shadow for a moment touches the page as a stray rook drifts silently overhead; and on the edge of the great yellow daisy that flames over there like a topaz among the corn, a blue butterfly lazily opens and shuts its wings.

This is the silent month, they say, because the

birds have nested and foregone the twitterings of their courting-time; but from the lark up yonder, a quivering black speck in the sky, there is falling a perfect rill of melody. What is he exulting about, the little black speck? Is it for sheer gladness in the happy sunshine, or is it because there is a little helpless brood of callow laverocks in a nest somewhere below among the clover? Glad little heart! sing thy song out while the blue sky smiles above thee. Thou hast forgotten the pinching of the winter cold, and why should thy rapturous hour be saddened by taking thought for the dark things of the morrow. Under the hedge close by, an occasional rustle of dry leaves and an admonitory cluck betray a brood of chickens surreptitiously brought into existence by some lawless and absconding hen; and on a twig a little way off, a young sparrow with fluttering wings gapes its yellow beak for the attentions of a proud and sprightly parent.

In the distance, from the bottom of the next meadow, comes the faint whirr of a mowing-machine. It and the reapers are out of sight; but on the level beyond, the ryegrass lies in long white lines winnowing in the sun. Well may that harvest be the first to be gathered, for it is the share that falls to the faithful dumb friends of man. Meanwhile, the farmhorses left at liberty in the grass-field yonder are evidently, like many honest souls of another genus who have worked hard all their lives, quite at a loss what to do with their late-acquired leisure.

On the dike-top here, the clover, with great ball-blossoms of rich pink, is growing beside the purple-toothed vetch and the small yellow stars of another unknown flower. In the hedge, among the heavy-scented privet blossoms, are flowers of pink wild-rose delicate as the bloom of a girl's cheek, with full pouting buds red as lips that would be kissed. White brier-roses there are, too, as large as crown pieces, and great velvety humble-bees are busy botanising among their stamens. The bees prefer the newly opened ones, however, whose hearts are still a rich golden yellow. Below, among the woodland grasses, the

white dome-clusters of the dim-leaved yarrow are flowering amid a miniature forest of green mare's-tails and the downy stalks of the hemlock. Gardeners are only now beginning to see the beauty of the yarrow for deep borders, as they are beginning to see the beauty of the foxglove and the glory of the broom. Over there in the side of the wood-ditch are springing delicate tufts of spleenwort; and already the flower-fronds of the hard-fern are rising from the nest of their dark-spread fellows. The graceful heart-shaped nettle leaf appears there too, with its purple stem, beside the tall magenta-coloured flowers of the bastard-thistle.

A pleasant retreat, indeed, is the spot; and through the tangled wood-depth, of a moonlit night, might be expected to come the revel court of Titania. Is not that one of her furry steeds, with velvet ears erect and bright wide eyes, cropping the green blade in the grassy lane path? Her sleek chorister, too, the blackbird, has forgotten to be timid as he hops across the ruts there, waiting doubtless for her coming. Whir! What a rush of wings! It is a flight of starlings disturbed from the grass-field below; for these birds bring their young out to the fields this month in flocks of hundreds to feed. Round and round they wheel in the air, as if delighting in their power of wing, before finally settling on the grassy knoll a hundred yards away.

A sunny knoll that is, where the birds feed undisturbed to-day, a small point in the landscape; yet it has a page of history to itself. On its summit once stood a Scottish queen, surrounded by a little group of nobles, watching, a mile to the north, the die of her fate being cast, the arbiter of life or death. Two armies lay before her. Far off about the little village in the bosom of yonder hill she saw two dark masses gathered, with a battery line of guns between them. Those were her enemies; and one of the horsemen behind them—it was only a mile away—she knew was her own half-brother. Nearer, on the lower rising ground, that the railway cuts through now, she saw her own troops gathering, a larger force, but without the advantage of position. And the queen watched and waited; it was about nine o'clock of the morning. Presently, a cloud of smoke sprang out between the armies, and immediately was heard the roar of cannon; the duel of the artillery had begun. During half an hour little could be seen for the smoke, and there was a constant explosion of ordnance. It must have been an anxious time. Suddenly, however, the firing ceased, the smoke rolled away, and the battlefield could be made out. The queen's cavalry had formed into line, had charged, and were driving the enemy's horse before them. Then a tear sprang to the queen's eye as she saw her vanguard leave the hill, cross the open ground among the furze, and, with their gallant leader at their head, rush to storm the village. They disappeared in the narrow lane, where the new church stands now in the hollow of the hill, and there could only be heard faintly their shout as they closed with their opponents, and the shot-reports of the enemy's hagbutters firing at them from the hedge-gardens and the village roofs. How was the day going? See! the enemy's wing was wavering, was giving way. Fight on, brave fellows! brave

vanguard! press them hard. A few moments longer, and the day is yours.

But look! A horseman gallops to the other wing of the enemy, where the Regent is riding. It stirs; it moves down upon the village. Ah, where now is the queen's reserve? Why does it remain inactive and aloof? Are its rival leaders quarrelling over petty precedence, or is there treachery in its ranks? The battle closes again about the narrow lane. The vanguard is attacked on either flank—it is overborne—it gives way. See! they are broken; they pour back out of the lane. Wounded, weaponless, they are fleeing, and with a yell their foes are upon them, cutting them down. But the reserve is moving at last; it may bring help; it may yet retrieve the hour. Ah, cowards! it breaks and scatters. The day is lost. Away! then, away, poor hapless queen! Ply whip and spur for thy life. Neither here nor anywhere in all thy fathers' kingdom of Scotland is there safe tarrying-place for thee now. And may heaven help thee in the hour of need, for thou wilt find small help in man or woman.

The starlings are feeding this afternoon on the Court Knowe, the hillock there, undisturbed, and it is three hundred and nineteen years since the stricken queen rode away through the hollow yonder where the green corn is growing. The suburbs of the city are spreading even over the battlefield itself. But ever and again, upon a summer day, there comes a pilgrim to stand a while in pitying silence on the little knoll under the trees, and to recall something of these 'old, unhappy, far-off things,' as he reads upon the stone there the royal monogram, and the date, May 13, 1568.

Clouds, however, are beginning to gather in the sky; a pair of swallows are flying low, skimming the grasses for insects under the edge of the wood; and the hoarse note of the corn-crake comes from the middle of the clover-field—signs, all these, of coming rain. The hay-makers are hurrying their harvest into small stooks, and a cool wind is rustling the *braird* of the corn. The sun is setting, too, and the sound of the tea-bell comes up through the wood. It is time to go home.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.—A ROLLING STONE.

RICHARD CABLE started homewards. He had ridden his cob to Exeter, and brought him on thence with the cattle by train. Now he drove him all the way back from Somersetshire to St Kerian, but not with the van full of calves the whole way, for he sold them all before he had reached Launceston. Then, instead of going on, he bought up young cattle in Devon, to the north of the road, where is also a wide tract of very poor clay soil, worthless except for rearing stock. In the north of Devon the soil varies to such an extent that one field may let for five times the price of the field next to it. Where the red soil runs, there anything will grow; where the white clay lies, there nothing will thrive. Now, after the old Roman road from Exeter to Launceston

passes North Tawton, it leaves the red soil for ever. On the south of the road is good land—crops wave, and trees grow to stately dimensions; for there limestone and volcanic tufa break out and warm and enrich the soil above. To the north of the road is clay, and clay only, to the ocean, where crops are meagre and trees are stunted. Cable's eye had been sharpened, and he learned and took in much as he went along the road. Having bought young stock from the poor land, he turned his back on the west, and drove them to Exeter, and trucked them on to Somersetshire again; but not this time to Bowdley and Bath, but to the neighbourhood of Wells. He sold these readily enough; and then he bought more calves and trucked them to Exeter, where on this occasion he had left his cob and van; and then drove them to Launceston, disposing of most of them before reaching home.

From Exeter he brought with him seven pairs of new shoes, with perfectly clean smooth soles, of a pleasant brown; and ever and anon, as he drove in his van, with the calves bleating behind him, he opened the bag that contained the shoes, and took them out and counted them, and kissed the soles, thinking of the little feet they would clothe when brought to St Kerian. Richard had to halt continually on the road and buy milk for his calves, dip his fingers in the milk and let the calves suck them. It was tedious work; but it would have been less tedious to another, for no other was drawn homewards by such strong fibres from his heart. At length he arrived within sight of St Kerian, and drove through the village street. The innkeeper came out to ask what luck he had had. 'Middling,' answered Dick; but he did not halt at the inn-door. Then out of his smithy came Penrose the blacksmith with a cheery salute and his big black hand extended.

'Well, Cable, glad to see'y' back. The little uns be all peart [bright].'

Richard nodded. He held the reins in one hand and the whip in the other; he did not accept the offered hand, but drove on.

'What, Mr Cable!' exclaimed the parson, who was on his rounds. 'You're home agoin! I'm glad to see you have a carriage.—Your mother is fairly well, and the children—blooming rose-buds.'

'Thanky', sir!' Richard put the handle of his whip to his cap, and drove on.

'Dicky!' shouted Farmer Tregurtha over the hedge, 'so you're home with your pockets lined with money. I must look out for Summerleaze, or you'll snap it away from under my feet.'

'I take nothing for which I cannot pay,' answered Richard; then he turned a corner and stopped the van, whereat the calves, thinking it meant milk and a suck at his hands, began to bleat. But he was not thinking at that moment of the calves. He saw before him the cob cottage, the limewashed walls gleaming white in the sun, and before the door stood Mrs Cable with little Bessie in her arms, and about her the rest, looking down the road with eager eyes.

What a cry of delight when their father appeared with his van and cob! Little Bessie struggled in her grandmother's arms and clapped her hands; and Mary, his dear Mary, came to him with expanded arms, scudding along like a seagull, and dived into her father's arms, clung

about his neck and heart, and buried her face in his. Never would he forget that moment, that spasm of pride, that rapturous leap of his heart in his breast as he saw her coming on, and shouted: 'No!—not in Somersetshire, not anywhere, is there such another little Mary!'

What a happy evening that was, with his children clustering round the calves, dipping their hands in the milk and laughing, but first shrinking at the mouths of the young creatures sucking their hands! Little Bessie must pat the calves, and she quite fell in love with a young dappled Guernsey. What a pleasant supper when they all sat round the table, but not before there had been a slight scuffle which should sit beside their father! Was there ever so dainty a dish served up at Hanford Hall whilst Richard dined there, as that great bowl of potatoes and turnips that now steamed in the midst of the table round which the bright and happy faces smiled and shone! Then, when supper was over, came the trying-on of the new shoes; and each in turn sat on her grandmother's lap, whilst Richard knelt on the slate floor and fitted the covers on to the dear little feet he loved so well. For Bessie there was a pair of glazed patent leather that shone like sticking-plaster, and they had rosettes with steel buckles and beads over the instep. Bessie laughed and danced in her grandmother's arms, and then cried to be held by her dada; and clung fast to him, and would not be put down or go to bed till he undertook to undress her, wash her, comb her hair, hear her prayers, and sit by her till she fell asleep.

The happiness was of short duration. Next morning, Richard went farther with his van and cob and calves, to the *Maggie*, to give an account to Jacob Corye of what he had done, how he had succeeded, and what he proposed to do.

'There, now,' said the landlord of the *Maggie*, when he heard the results and saw his money. 'I be glad, I be, to handle the cash; but I be main better pleased to know that what some say are the maggots in my head have turned into butterflies, and not blue-bottles.'

After that, of course a second venture was agreed upon. Richard was to remain a week at home, make what arrangements he thought necessary for the children, and then start again on the road by Launceston to Exeter, driving young cattle before him. He was now eager to be gone. Not that he desired to be away from his family, but that his ambition was fired. He was resolved at no very distant date to secure Summerleaze, and build thereon the house which he had seen in a dream, and which he had declared to Tregurtha he intended to build. How many times had wild ambitions and vague aspirations rushed through his head, and found expression on his lips, and nothing had come of them. One night a dream had passed before his sleeping eyes, a jumble of impossibilities, it might be thought, and now that dream promised to realise itself.

Throughout the week he was at home, Richard was silent concerning one matter. He was ready to talk to his little ones about what he had seen—concerning the children of Mrs Stokes, the whirligig he had come across at Okehampton, and the grand cathedral at Exeter, and the piebald

horses of a circus that had passed him on the road, and the militia reviewed at Wells, and the hot springs with foul smell at Bath; and he had told his mother of his difficulties and of his successes, of his mistakes and of his gained experiences, of his prospects for the future, of the certainty of his insuring a small fortune; but he said not a word about the discovery he had made at Bewdley. Nevertheless, that discovery troubled his mind and kept him wakeful at night. It was a discovery that perplexed him beyond power of setting to rights. Why was Josephine in service? If in service, how came she to be singing and playing in the drawing-room that night? He knew so much of the ways of good houses as this, that a lady's-maid is not expected to sit down to the piano in the room with her mistress. He also knew so much of Josephine as this, that for her to associate with such creatures as Mr Polkinghorn would be unendurable. He thought of his own Polly: perhaps the maids at Bewdley were like her. Polly was a good girl, fond of work, and fond also of finery when she could get it. Polly had not been blessed by heaven with much mind, and what little mind she had was uncultivated. She could read, but read only trash—police intelligence and novels. She could write, but not spell. She could talk, but not of anything beyond village gossip. Could Josephine have borne the daily society of Polly, could she breathe in such an atmosphere of vulgar interests?

Either Josephine was very much other than what he had supposed, or she was now completely out of her proper element, and suffering accordingly. It was possible that her pride, her headlong self-will, coupled with pride, had made her throw up all the advantages she had got by the will of Gabriel Gotham. Richard recollected now that she had told him her mother's fortune, which ought to have come to her, had been mismanaged and lost. It was by no means impossible that Mr Cornelius, for whom Richard entertained the greatest aversion, might have met with a reverse and be ruined. Then, how was it that Josephine, being so close a friend of the Sellwoods, was allowed by them to drop into a menial situation? They were well off, always ready to do what was kind, and be helpful to those in distress. Yet it was the Sellwoods who, according to Mr Polkinghorn, had recommended Josephine to her present place.

'I wish I could have seen her,' mused Richard. 'It would be painful to me—but for all that, I wish I had seen her; and when I go back again to Bewdley, I must try and see her without letting her see me. I'd like to know how she bears the change. I'd like to see how she looks—as a servant.' He laughed. 'And to be considered a low lot!'

Dicky Cable did not go near Bath on his second expedition; he went into another part of Somerset. He was away for some time. After this, he was able to stand unsupported by Jacob Corye. He became a cattle-jobber on his own bottom; but he always dealt for Corye whilst dealing for himself, and to Corye he always gave double profits, for it was the landlord of the *Maggie* who had put the plum into his mouth. He began to turn over money very fast. He had a good deal of expense on his journeys: he had to lodge himself

and his horse, and feed his young stock and give skimmed milk to his calves; and the railway carriage ran away with money; and the seven little mouths at home cost more every day, for appetites grew with their bodies, and their clothing and shoeing cost more also. Nevertheless, Cable put away money.

But we are looking too far ahead. He had not started on his own foundation when Christmas came; he did so with the New Year.

The opinions of the St Kerian people underwent a change respecting him. Some were glad at the improvement in his circumstances; but others begrudged it. Most wondered that he should have done what was now obvious to all; they were uneasy at his having got his feet on Luck's road, when there were so many worthier men, such as themselves, who wandered in Poverty Lane. Now, those who formerly had not noticed him, nodded when he passed; and those who in former days had nodded, shook hands; and those who had in the time when he broke stones shaken hands, now asked him to lend them money, which was the greatest mark of esteem they could show him. The St Kerian folk were in that transition mood in which it would take very little on his part to bring them into the most cordial relationship, and make them forget that on one side he was not a true-blooded Cornishman. The women were specially disposed in his favour, because he had proved himself so tender and true a father to his orphan girls; and some were most especially so disposed because they considered him to be a widower. But Richard Cable took no notice of the revolution. He called at none of the houses of the villagers; he scarcely spoke to those whom he passed; he returned their salutations without cordiality; and he never went to the public-house, which was the more to be marvelled at, because, whilst from home, he lived entirely in taverns. Perhaps that was why he cared for none when at St Kerian, and spent all his available time in his cob cottage among his seven little maids.

Christmas came—the second since Richard Cable and his family had been at St Kerian. The first saw him in great poverty, without prospect of betterment; the second shone on him with a future opening before him; but it did not find him, for all that, with a more softened and Christmas-like spirit. He arrived at home on the eve.

Over the great fire that burned on what is locally termed the 'heath-grate' hung a caldron, in which was boiling the plum-pudding for the morrow. Cable sat in the armchair by the fire, with little Bessie on one knee, and Susie on the other, with Lettice standing in the chair behind him, scrambling up his back, and the four other children sitting on their stools in a semicircle round the fire. They were in neat stuff frocks, with clean white pinafores over them. The father was full of joy and fun, when a tap came at the door, and some neighbours entered to congratulate him on his return and to hear the news.

They stood before the fire, thrusting the little girls aside, talking, asking questions, hinting pretty broadly their desire to know how his affairs went—well-intentioned visitors, with kindly meant inquiries, but vexing to Cable, who did not

care to be disturbed. He answered shortly, with gravity; he showed no pleasure at the visit; he put aside their questions unanswered. He did not ask the intruders to be seated and take a pipe; so that, after a few minutes, somewhat disconcerted, they retired. An opportunity for conciliation had been offered, and rejected.

Richard Cable had never cared for the society of his fellow-men, even in the old days, but then he had not shunned it. Now that he had entered on a business which took him among men, he valued his privacy more than formerly. He was not at home for very long, and whilst there, he desired to be left alone with his precious ones. The St Kerian people were not travellers; they remained stationary where their fathers had stood, and their grandfathers before them. Richard Cable had become a rolling stone, after having fallen among them with every promise of becoming a fixture. The proverb says that a rolling stone gathers no moss; but the St Kerian stones collected very little, and Cable at every roll came back with the gold moss clinging to him. A rolling stone he was, stony to all he encountered, hard, unyielding; but with his centre of gravity never displaced, always drawing him towards the cob cottage; and when he was there, there was nothing stony about him, there he was soft, soft as moss.

Scarce had the visitors gone, when another rap came at the door, and before he had called to enter, the door flew open, and in danced several mummers. St George, with a tin pot and a cock's feather for helmet and plume, and a fishpan lid for shield, and a red shawl for mantle; the dragon of pasteboard, overlaid with tinfoil. King Herod with a gold-paper crown and corked moustache and beard. Beelzebub with a black sweep's suit, and complexion to match. Some of the smallest of the children began to cry—Bessie and Susie, who were on his knees; Lettice stood behind him, peering over his shoulder, feeling herself safe behind such a bulwark; but the others laughed, jumped about like kids, and clapped their hands. Cable would have driven the mummers out; he threatened them; but Mary and Martha interposed and entreated him to let them see the show. Then ensued the old-fashioned masque of St George and the Dragon, in doggerel rhyme. The mummers were all boys, and they had learned the traditional play by heart. They recited their parts without much animation and action, as though saying their collects in Sunday school. It was dull fun to Cable; but it delighted the little maidens, their delight reaching its climax when Mary cried out: 'Oh! I know who St George is! You are Walter Penrose.' Thereat St George interrupted the performance to pull a huge, red-streaked apple, a quarendon, out of his trousers-pocket, and present it to Mary with a bow and a laugh: 'And this is St George's Christmas present to little Mary Cable.'

Then the demon brandished his club, made of sacking, enclosing hay, and, banging the performers with it right and left, shouted at the top of his voice:

'Up and cometh Beelzebub,
And knocketh them all down with his club.'

Whereupon the mummers danced out of the

door. Then Richard Cable stood up, put down Bessie and Susie, shook off Lettice, and went to the door and put the bolt across it and turned the lock.

'O father!' cried Mary, 'wasn't that kind of Walter? He is so good! He always gives me sugar-plums whenever I see him.'

'My dear Mary,' said her father, 'I object to your receiving any presents from any St Kerian people. Walter— Is he the blacksmith's son? Well, the time will come when you will hold up your head too high to take apples from and play with the sons of common village blacksmiths.— Throw that apple away!'

'O father!' cried all the little girls together.

'Don't say that,' pleaded Mary. 'Take out your knife, father, and cut the apple into seven.'

'Very well,' he said moodily; 'this time, but this only. Let it be the last; and understand, Mary, that you take nothing again from Walter Penrose or from any other St Kerian child.'

'But, papa,' said little Mary, 'Walter is so kind, and when we get old, I am going to be his little wife.'

'Never,' said Cable angrily—'never.'

Then, all at once, outside burst forth the song of the Christmas carollers:

'Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'

But Richard Cable did not open the door and look forth, and wish the singers a glad Noël, and offer them plumcake and a jug of cider. In all his children's eyes looking at him was trembling entreaty, but he heeded it not. He sat by the fire, looking gloomily into it.

Then the seven little girls raised their voices, and sang inside the cottage, along with the choir without:

'Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."'

'My children sing better than the trained choristers outside,' said Cable to himself. He sat motionless, though the carollers waited without for their Christmas greeting. They did not get it. The rolling stone was stone indeed; and the more it rolled, and the more the prospect of gathering gold moss opened before it, the more flinty it became.

Then the choir went away; and the hushed children and their silent father heard the singers carolling before another house half a mile away. The music came to them faint and sad. There was no peace, no mercy mild and reconciliation in the heart of Richard Cable that Christmas eve.

RUSSIAN FISHERIES.

In the Arctic regions, so greatly does fish preponderate over all other kinds of food, that the people there have often been grouped together under the name of Ichthyophagi, or fish-eaters; and there have been naturalists who have followed this idea so far that they have been able to discover a fishy type of physiognomy among them. Some of these

people in the course of their lives probably never taste any other kind of food; and as its peculiar richness in fat especially adapts it to their requirements of an easily digestible heat-giver, it is well that nature has been so lavish in peopling the waters. So numerous are the individual members of the finny tribes, that they may be said to exist in their myriads, thus forming a striking contrast to land animals, which are comparatively scarce. This abundance of fish arises from the evenness of temperature of water as compared with land. Seaweeds grow luxuriantly in latitudes where land-plants of any importance would be an impossibility, and thus the primary requirements of a large population of animals are supplied. If it were not for this supply of seaweed, it is not too much to say that the Arctic regions would be almost uninhabited; but, thanks to the consequent abundance of fish, the Eskimo and the Samoides extend themselves to within ten degrees of the Pole.

In a cold country like Russia, three-quarters of which has a mean annual temperature of only forty degrees—that is, of only eight degrees above freezing-point, and nearly half of which has a mean January temperature of more than twenty-two degrees of frost—there are millions of people who must depend on the sea, the lakes, and the rivers for a very large proportion of their daily food, and who rarely if ever partake of animal food except in the form of fish. To them, the takes of salmon, pike, shad, herring, cod, haddock, and dorse are as much a harvest as the harvest of the fields is in more favoured regions. St Petersburg, indeed, is the metropolis of fish-dinners; nowhere else can fish be placed on the table in so many different forms, and nowhere else can so many fish-delicacies be procured: there, you may have endless varieties of fish-soups; fish baked, boiled, steamed, stewed; fish-salad, fish-pies, fish-brawn, potted fish, marinated fish; fish fresh, salted, dried, smoked, or frozen; and when you have got through the catalogue of most European fish, you may begin again with preparations of fish-roes.

The Arctic Ocean and the White Sea are extremely rich fishing-grounds, and furnish most of the trade of Archangel. The fish of this region comprise the salmon, herring, cod, whiting, tusk, coalfish, ling, pollack, and dorse, many of which are sold as stockfish. The Baltic is not so rich, and supplies no stockfish except dorse.

But it is in fresh water that Russia stands pre-eminent in Europe. Besides the fresh-water fish, there are the fish, such as salmon, sturgeon, eels, and so on, which ascend the rivers at certain seasons. Each river is let off in sections to farmers, some of whom are great capitalists; while others are obliged to advocate the principles of co-operation, or to fish alone. Some rivers—the Volga, for instance—are strictly considered as Crown monopolies; others are reserved to the nobles and the townships; but fishing licenses form one of the most remunerative sources of Russian revenue.

The Volga is the richest fish-river in Europe. Its length is 2200 miles. Other rivers are—the

Petchora, 900 miles long; Mezen, 480; Dwina, 760; Onega, 380; Dniester, 700; Bug, 340; Dnieper, 1200; Don, 1100; Kuban, 480; and the Ural, 1020 miles in length respectively. Besides these giants, there are hundreds of rivers which may vie in size with our own Thames and Severn; and then there are thousands of sheets of fresh water, for a great portion of Russia belongs to the Baltic region of glacier-formed lakes. These range in size from mere ponds to such a sheet of water as Lake Ladoga, which covers an area of 6330 square miles, which is equal to more than three-quarters of the extent of Wales. Then there are—Onega, 3280 square miles; Saima, 2000; Peipus, 1250; Enara, 1200; Bieloe, 420; Ilmen, 390; and Pskov, 280. Our own largest lake is Lough Neagh, in Antrim, which only covers 153 square miles. Nor are the Russian lakes mere gigantic horseponds, which might be drained as the Dutch lakes have been; but, like most glacier-formed lakes, they have considerable depth. Ladoga has a maximum depth of one thousand feet; while several of the others range down to eight hundred.

From these statements, it will be seen that the aggregate amount of fresh water in Russia available for fisheries or for fish-culture is immense; and it is everywhere thickly studded with pike, salmon, lake-trout, shad, thicksnouts, red bream, perch, and carp; while the larger rivers also yield sturgeon.

The Russian is to some extent prevented from settling down as an agriculturist by the amenities of his climate, but more by his old nomadic blood, so that, in spite of the immense strides which civilisation has made in Europe, he alone is still a semi-savage. He still prefers a semi-nomadic employment to farming, and the fresh-water fisheries meet his requirements.

In the south-east of Russia is the greatest salt lake in the world, the Caspian Sea, which has an area of 130,000 square miles—that is, an area greater than all the British Islands put together, with an additional island larger than England thrown in extra—is intimately connected with the fresh-water fisheries of the Volga and the Ural; for the fish migrate from fresh water to salt, and from salt to fresh, there as elsewhere. The great fishery of this region is that for the sturgeon (*Accipenser sturio*), and its kindred the great sturgeon or beluga (*A. huso*), the sewruga (*A. stellatus*), the osseter (*A. Guldenshtadti*), and the small sturgeon or sterlet (*A. ruthenus*); also for the salmon, white salmon, and knife-fish. The sturgeon family attains to an enormous size, especially the beluga, which sometimes measures twenty feet in length, and weighs two thousand five hundred pounds, though specimens of over one thousand pounds are rare. The sewruga is also a giant; but the other sturgeons are seldom taken above six feet in length. The number of these giants disposed of annually at Astrakhan has in some years been enormous—three hundred thousand sturgeons, one hundred thousand belugas, and millions of the others. No wonder that there are complaints of the failure of the supplies, and, as is usual where ignorance prevails, the mischief is attributed to every cause but the right. 'It is because of the steamboats!' says the moujik, and forthwith the moujik hates the sight of a steamboat. But steam or no steam, the sturgeon of the Caspian may

soon become as rare a curiosity as Thames salmon.

Astrakhan, the principal Caspian port, is one of the most important fishing-stations in the world. From this region alone the Russian revenue nets about a million pounds sterling for fishery licenses; and during the fishing season, twenty thousand strangers, ranging in degree from simple labourers to gigantic capitalists, come in to compete with the regular inhabitants for the profits from the fish industries.

The fishery-trades are systematically pursued in Russia, since so much of the national life depends on these industries. As a general rule, a Company of capitalists begins by forming a fishing-station (*utsching*); and here they make a dam; they catch the fish; they manufacture nets, harpoons, traps, and lures; they convert fish-refuse—heads, bones, scales, entrails, and sounds—into glue, gelatine, and isinglass, or even into manure; they split, clean, salt, smoke, or freeze the fish; and they distribute them through the country to their agents for sale, much of this latter work being done by sledges in winter, to save freight. They also pursue the more lucrative fish-industries, such as manufacturing the finest kinds of isinglass and gelatine, as well as that curious fish-product known as caviare. 'Twas caviare to the general,' wrote Shakspeare, when the Russian Company of London introduced it to this country; and unless men train themselves to like it, just as they train themselves to eat olives, they are still likely enough to splutter when they get a mouthful of it. Caviare is the roe of the sturgeon tribe of fish; but salmon and pike roes are usually added, to assist in increasing the bulk. The roe is cleaned, then washed with vinegar, salted, and dried, when it is packed in casks. The best quality is prepared more carefully from the sturgeons alone. The salting is conducted in long narrow bags of linen, which are hung along a cord and half-filled with roe. A very strong brine is then poured into each bag until it overflows. When the brine has all passed through, the bags are taken down, carefully squeezed, to expel all superfluous liquid; and after a short exposure to the air, packed in casks. The finest quality of caviare made is that prepared from sterlet roe; but this is said not to find its way into commerce, being reserved mainly for the Czar's table. It has been stated that three and a-half million pounds of caviare are annually packed at Astrakhan alone.

Every known method of fish-capture is probably pursued in Russia, from the spear to the hook, and from the net to the trap; but as the Russian fishes for commerce, and not for sport, the sanity of a man who prefers a 'fly' to a dragging net would be strongly questioned. In other words, 'legitimate sport' is a consideration which never enters a Russian's head. The fishery is the best harvest, and the best man is he who boasts the biggest take. The fishing-season is a time of joy, for then each man knows he is laying in a stock for the winter, or is earning his best wages. At the fishing-season, therefore, the villages are full of life and merriment. Bonfires are lighted on the shore, to prepare food for the fishermen, and carts are held in readiness to take the monsters off at once to the cleaning-houses, where men

and women are busily engaged in the various processes.

Night expeditions are preferred by the villagers. Beyond the prow of the boat hangs an iron cage, in which burns a fire of pine-logs. The fish come in shoals towards the light, and a man standing in the boat harpoons them with a spear of three prongs. Now and again, down goes the spear; and when it is drawn in, a finny monster is wriggling on its prongs. This is drawn into the boat by means of hooks, and the men immediately row to the shore with their prize. It is a weird sight to see the immense expanse of water dotted with these moving fires, and surrounded by the stationary fires of the encampment, with the dark pine forests for a background; it is weird to hear the shouts from boat to boat, and the loud merriment of those on shore.

The capitalists who fish for a season go to work more systematically. They first of all construct an *utsching* or 'fish-dam.' Stout poles long enough to project a foot out of the water are driven into the bed of the river until they reach right across. A strong rail joins the tops of these posts; and to this are fastened constructions of basket-work which do not touch the bottom. On this arrangement, against the stream, are placed a number of chambers or compartments of basket-work with a swing flap or door. When the fish comes against the flap, it opens, admits the fish into the compartment, and then closes. Occasionally, such a chamber is lowered into the water by itself by means of a number of ropes. In these compartments are arranged several strings, attached to floats in such a way that by watching the floats it is easy to see when a capture is made. In winter, one of these compartments is let down through a hole in the ice, and a hut is erected close by for the watchers. Sometimes, especially in winter, the tell-tales, instead of being attached to floats, are fastened to bells, so that the attendants may remain on shore by their fire until they hear the fish ringing his death-knell.

Occasionally, a cable is sunk into the water; to this are attached a certain number of night-lines baited with a kind of fish known as an obla. Whenever the compartments or night-lines are examined, a man stands ready with a strong gaff, which he plunges smartly into the gills of the fish as soon as it appears on the surface. A rope is immediately fixed to the gaff, and the boat makes for the shore, where the fish is more readily despatched. The cleansers commence operations by beheading their fish; they then open it and carefully remove the roe, which is placed by itself in a tub, and sent off to the caviare-works. The sounds are next taken out and hung up on a long line to dry in the sun. The inner fat is now scraped out, and sent away, to be clarified and made into a kind of fish-butter. The flesh is last of all cut up into convenient slices, and salted or smoked as the case may be, or preserved in ice, to be sent all over Russia as fresh fish.

Some years back, the entrails and refuse were thrown away, and were at once seized by cormorants, which came in great numbers; but in the best regulated fish-villages, the modern economic chemist has set to work to convert all this refuse into isinglass, glue, or manure. He acknowledges nothing as 'waste,' and has

not only banished the word from his vocabulary, but has actually shown that some of the most solid profits of a fishery are realised by 'gathering up the fragments.'

THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE CATASTROPHE.

THERE does not often happen a tragedy of a character to excite and absorb the interest of the Anglo-Indian community, who, as a rule, are obliged to be satisfied with the most they can make, out of such social doings as ordinarily take place, in dearth of other matter. But the terrible occurrence at Jullabad in the 'cold season' before last, created a sensation profound enough to monopolise everybody's interest for nearly a year afterwards—to the manifest advantage, it may be remarked, of those individuals whose social escapades during that period of absorption would otherwise have received the warm observation to which they were entitled. But nobody—not even Mrs Colonel Speedy, the dread and respected 'leader' and lawgiver of Jullabad society, without whose revision and sanction no scandal was permitted to go forth into legitimate currency—had any mind to spare, during the continuance of the Jullabad sensation, to go into minor matters.

It was with amazement loudly expressed, and with a deeper feeling of pity seldom expressed at all, that the station heard of Colonel Humby's marriage. Colonel Humby was Deputy-Commissioner of the district of Jullabad. This was his second marriage, and his former wife was not a year dead. The man was nearer to fifty years of age than to forty; and hard drinking and the unrestrained indulgence of violent passions had left their dire stamp upon features which nature had made none too attractive. How any woman of Caucasian race could have so shut her eyes as to give herself to such a man, was in itself amazing; but the amazement became astounding when it was credibly reported that Colonel Humby's second wife was young and charming, well-bred and rich.

The feminine portion of Jullabad were pale with womanly indignation. The unmarried men developed a kind of madness—even the married men caught it; for it was only human nature in revolt against an outrage. There was drinking at the messes and Assembly Rooms such as no one remembered before, and play seemed literally reckless. Everybody knew Colonel Humby; and it was monstrous that he should have got a wife so young and so charming, so well-bred and so rich, as this second bride was reported to be.

But although the indignation of Jullabad was both loud and deep, the 'pity of it' was that which was deeper still and about which no tongue spoke. The late Mrs Humby was not a beautiful woman or a social figure of any degree; people saw very little of her; but they knew she had clung to her husband with an ill-requited fidelity which had helped him upward in life, and more than once saved him from death itself—that she had lived a slave, and had died from brutality, as her reward. Everybody knew this, and that Colonel

Humby was a murderer whom the law had no power to touch. As soon as he buried his wife, he started off to Europe on a year's furlough; and now he was bringing back, inside of nine months, this second wife—the only child and heiress of a millionaire! As has been said, wrath and indignation against the man were loud on every tongue; for the ill-starred bride there was deep pity. Jullabad knew nothing concerning the second Mrs Humby except that she was American by birth, not English—until an officer in the Southwold Fusiliers, who had once met her, supplied a few further particulars. Her father had made a fortune in the West Indian trade. Lieutenant Everest had made their acquaintance a couple of years ago at Mentone, where they were staying on account of the old gentleman's health. All the charms of youth and beauty, and innocence and amiability, were embodied in the American maiden. Interrogated to account for her accepting Colonel Humby for a husband, Lieutenant Everest was dumb—it was unaccountable; and the contemplation of the fact made him, who had seen her, look like a man who had been ravished of his own bride on the very steps of the altar.

Colonel Humby and his bride were in its midst before Jullabad became aware of the fact. No preparation of any kind had been made at the colonel's bungalow, the colonel himself, presumably, regarding such preparations as unnecessary; so that the second Mrs Humby found the place exactly as the first Mrs Humby had left it—even to the details of the latter's slippers and dresses, which still occupied their accustomed places. The first time Colonel Humby was seen after his return his face flamed with brandy, as of old; but none anticipated otherwise. Of Mrs Humby, Jullabad could not get a single glimpse. The colonel never went to church, and very likely refused to allow her to go; at all events, when two Sundays had passed and Mrs Humby did not appear, Mrs Colonel Speedy, sitting in council over a five o'clock tea in her veranda, decreed that she herself and four other ladies of lesser degree should 'call on' the poor bride in due order of precedence, and bring all the social battery of the station to her relief. So, one after another, they called, and were received timidly and gratefully by the young wife. But their calls were not returned. Sometimes in the early morning Mrs Humby was passed on her pony in the partially reclaimed tract of jungle which was dignified with the name of 'The Park'; sometimes she was seen sitting alone in the veranda reading or sewing, or wandering about the garden in the late evening; but she was as isolated from all intercourse with human beings—except her native servants—as if her husband's bungalow were a zenana.

In this matter, Colonel Humby was too strong for Jullabad. He cared nothing for society in the station, which, indeed, he had long ago provoked and defied to his utmost, so that he could add little more to his unpopularity now; and he was his wife's lord and master. For what people said he did not care; he required his wife to obey his will, and to hold no communication with others save with his permission and in his presence; and as, under the condition of Colonel Humby's presence, no one desired any communi-

cation with Mrs Humby, the result was her complete isolation.

It was in February Colonel Humby brought his wife to Jullabad; and by the time that people began to prepare for the annual migration to the hills—in the early days of April—the circumstances of Mrs Humby had grown to be accepted as an established fact about which it was useless to talk any longer. In the stir of moving to the hills she was for a time forgotten. Etheria, the hill station which pertained to Jullabad, only fifty miles off, was a very delightful place and famous for its 'pace,' so that for a couple of months pleasure reigned paramount in that bracing and wicked altitude. About this time, however, men who had been left behind on the hot plains for duty began to turn up, exhausted, for their six weeks' leave, and these brought strange rumours with them. Colonel Humby was keeping his young wife on the plains for the hot season! This was inhuman enough; but other stories floated about on the air—stories spoken in whispers. The man was drinking heavily and using the poor child with cruelty.

Among the officers who were obliged to remain in Jullabad for the necessary discharge of military duties was Lieutenant Everest of the Fusiliers, already mentioned. Three other officers of his corps remained, and from the veranda of their mess-bungalow there was a view of the 'compound' belonging to the bungalow of Colonel Humby. Being imprisoned within-doors for ten or twelve hours of the blazing day, they sat smoking and talking in their veranda—or some distance out in the open—up to one or two o'clock in the morning. One night in July—a still, stiling night, the atmosphere like that of a heated oven, though it was half an hour past midnight—the four men lay back in rocking-chairs in the open compound, languidly smoking, and for the most part silent through sheer want of breath to carry on conversation. All else was silent, too, save for the occasional hungry yelp of a pack of jackals prowling for offal in the vicinity of the bungalows, or the more distant cackling bark of the 'laughing'-hyena in the jungles. Even these wonted sounds were intermittent and faint under the atmospheric oppression. The stillness was suddenly broken upon in a manner to rouse into instant activity the enfeebled vitality of the four officers and quicken their interest to a degree of excitement. Cries of alarm broke on the air from the direction of Colonel Humby's bungalow. These were followed, in a minute or two, by the native servants flying in all directions from the compound.

'Humby is in a fit,' observed one of the officers. 'I suppose he is thrashing the natives.'

He had hardly spoken when a short, sharp, scream pierced the air, and the four men leaped to their feet.

'He is killing his wife!' cried one.

There was a minute's silence—painful and anxious silence to these chivalrous men, thinking of the unprotected girl subjected to the brutality of a madman in that isolated bungalow. Then a white figure appeared in the veranda; she stood for a moment in an attitude of fear and indecision, and turning her head quickly towards the door by which she had emerged, sprang from the veranda and ran down the garden

among the shrubs. The four officers were in a distressing situation. The most chivalrous are bound, under the usages of civilisation, to hesitate before interfering between man and wife. There was further reason for hesitating here. The man might be menacing her life, but they could not say so; he might be simply treating her with that brutality in which the law passively licenses the unresisted tyrant. But for men in their position to thrust themselves, from whatever motive, into the domestic concerns of an official holding the high civil rank of Colonel Humby was an act of temerity at which they had good reason to hesitate. Officialism is the governing power in India, and a certain status in the 'service' carries with it (if need be) practical exemption from the operations of the law.

'There he is!' was the exclamation, as Colonel Humby was seen reeling into the veranda. He appeared to be searching for his wife. Not finding her, he stepped off the veranda and went slowly down through the garden.

'He will find her—she is in white. Are we men to stand here?' exclaimed one of the officers.

'Not I, for one!' answered Lieutenant Everest with set teeth. 'If the man were the Governor-General, he shall not use his wife again while I can protect her.' He darted down the compound as he spoke, followed by the others, and took a direction which led towards that part of the garden whither Mrs Humby had disappeared. Her husband was still floundering about among the bushes some distance up. Everest had placed his foot upon the low earth-fence to step into the garden, when he saw her crouching in a heap beneath an orange-tree. The young officer remained where he was, ready to leap across. Colonel Humby called his wife's name; and the poor thing crouched closer to the ground with her hands clasped above her head, as if to offer what frail protection they could against a coming blow. Everest's blood boiled and his fingers twitched savagely. Regardless of consequences, there was a brute's punishment awaiting the Deputy-Commissioner as soon as he discovered his wife's hiding-place. The intoxicated beast was so long in coming! Every detour to right or left among the shrubs made Everest's teeth snap with impatience.

Before the wished-for moment of dire chastisement, however, a shriek of agonised terror from Mrs Humby brought the officer with a leap to the spot. He staggered with horror when he discovered the cause. A cobra was wriggling up the tree at the foot of which the unfortunate girl had been crouching. The deadly reptile paused a moment in its ascent, and with glittering eyes and angrily extended 'hood,' hissed its defiance. Everest had nothing in his hand: and, oblivious to danger, clenched his fist, and dealt the dreaded snake so terrific a blow behind the hood that its spine was shattered, and it dropped to the ground, coiling and recoiling in vicious knots, but powerless to do further mischief. Then the officer raised the unconscious woman in his arms and bore her from the spot. The others, on hearing the shriek, had entered the garden too, and met Everest carrying Mrs Humby.

'Run quickly, one of you, for Dr Rainsford—she has been bitten by a cobra!'

'Good heavens!' was the exclamation of all

three together. Then one started at a run for the doctor; whilst another observed, below his breath: 'If that is so, Charlie, the doctor will be little use; she will be dead before he is here. Take her up to the bungalow.'

Halfway up the path, Colonel Humby stood, in flannel trousers and shirt. Mr Everest, carrying the girl in his arms, walked first, his two brother-officers following close behind. The Deputy-Commissioner took a position in the middle of the path, evidently determined to allow them to go no farther.

'What does this mean?' demanded Humby.

'Your wife has been bitten by a cobra—let me pass,' answered Everest.

The man seemed staggered for a moment, and looked closely into the white face which lay on Everest's shoulder. Then he drew back a pace and glared at the young officer. 'Put her down!' he commanded, pointing to the ground. 'What brought you there? Put my wife down, I say!'

The young fellow's breath came quick and hard, and for a short space he was unable to speak; then, to the astonishment of his friends, he slowly and gently laid the unconscious form across the path, and having done so, drew himself erect and looked at Colonel Humby. The latter made a motion to approach his wife; but in an instant Everest's foot was across her; and shaking in every fibre from excitement, he put out his clenched hand and stopped the man. 'Colonel Humby!' he shouted, 'I will give you ten seconds to obey. Get out of my way, or'—

Colonel Humby was sober enough to see his danger. With a low growl like that of a baffled beast, he turned his back and walked off. Everest drew a deep breath, and tenderly lifted Mrs Humby in his arms. They laid her on a couch in the veranda, administering stimulants as well as they could, until Dr Rainsford arrived, which was in less than ten minutes.

'A cobra, did you say?' inquired the doctor, proceeding to examine hands and feet for the puncture of the poisoned fang.

'I saw it wriggling up the tree under which she was sitting—I killed it,' was the answer.

'In that case, I fear I can do nothing. Poor child!'

The doctor failed to discover the mark of the snake's bite. He poured some brandy down her throat, and sat regarding her attentively with his hands clasped under his chin. A faint fluttering of her bosom and a movement of the eyelids aroused his interest, and he leaned over her and laid his hand on her left side. 'She has not been bitten! The poor thing has only been frightened almost to death. Stand back—or, wait; let us carry this couch out into the open.'

It turned out as the doctor said. In a few minutes, Mrs Humby opened her eyes, closed them again with a shudder, and began to breathe quickly. She had discovered the snake moving among the folds of her dress, and, with that cry of horror which they had heard, had fainted.

Colonel Humby now appeared upon the scene, and heard of his wife's escape with an appearance of shocking indifference.

Dr Rainsford remained a minute or two after the officers left, to have a word with the Deputy-Commissioner. 'Colonel Humby,' he said, 'it is not for others to interfere in any man's private

affairs. I know you are indifferent as to public opinion; but let me warn you of this fact, sir, as a medical man. If you keep your wife on the plains for the remainder of this hot season, you will furnish another grave in the station cemetery before Christmas—in which case, colonel, you may accept my assurance that a stronger power than public opinion will call you to account.'

A fortnight afterwards, the few men in Jullabad made the discovery that Colonel and Mrs Humby were gone to the hills—had, in fact, been some days gone. They did not appear at Etheria; and indeed it was not until their return—in the middle of October—that people knew where they had been.

Matters seemed to go on as usual. Mrs Humby was never met in the mornings upon her pony through the Park, but she was visible in the veranda almost all day long, engaged in needlework. As far as could be judged from such a view as was obtainable thus, she looked better; the atmosphere of the hills had brought back some colour to her cheek. And there was, besides, that sacred and silent expectancy in her bosom which gives brightness to woman's eye in the midst of darkness. Was not the promise of this baby-life, coming to brighten her own, more precious to the ill-used and solitary wife than it ever can be to more fortunate sisters ministered to by the solicitous love of husband and friends?

Then came the time when she was seen no longer in the veranda. Even the masculine heart of Jullabad was touched when it became known that her infant was dead. The mother's lot was darker than before. What went on in that bungalow nobody knew, for no European went there—no Englishwoman even could obtain admittance to the house with a woman's aid and sympathy, when these were sorely needed in the time of agony and grief. The crowning outrage of all was soon made known, and drew a shout of indignation from the community: to attend his wife in her illness, Colonel Humby employed a native doctor!

Public feeling at last became so strong against Colonel Humby's treatment of his unhappy wife, that a statement was drawn up, to be signed by every resident in the station, and forwarded to the Lieutenant-Governor of the province—or if necessary, to the government at Simla itself. As Sir Charles O'Reilly, the Lieutenant-General, was the first official in Jullabad, to him the deputation of ladies came with this paper for the sanction of his signature at the head of the list. The general read the document through, and observed: 'Ladies, I would in this matter willingly sign my name to a stronger representation of the case. As far as I can judge, however, the movement is of a kind to do more harm than good to the poor thing whom we all desire to befriend.'

'How so, Sir Charles?' demanded Mrs Speedy. 'Can anything be possibly worse than her present situation? And we owe something to ourselves!'

'Very true. But what could either the Lieutenant-Governor or the government do? They could only remove the man to another district, which would make things no better. And our interference on her behalf would only deepen still more Colonel Humby's unaccountable cruelty to his wife. You cannot help a woman who is

passively submissive to whatever treatment her husband deals out to her. You may pity her as much as you will; you cannot help her.—We had better let this movement drop,' he added, pointing to the paper on the table.

'I'll tell you what I would do, Charles,' said the general's lovely wife with flashing eyes, 'if I were Mrs Humby; I would roast the man in the ashes of his own bungalow!'

Lady O'Reilly's high-spirited declaration was the only comfort which the deputation carried away with them. Convinced by what the general had said, the movement against Colonel Humby was dropped; but the sentiment of so exalted and respected a lady as the general's wife was too precious not to be widely dwelt upon. In a few hours all Jullabad knew, with deep satisfaction, Lady O'Reilly's declaration that in Mrs Humby's place she would roast her husband in the flames of his own bungalow.

There was many a secret wish that Colonel Humby might indeed goad his unhappy wife to some such desperate act. No one dreamed how nearly the outburst of Lady O'Reilly's indignant heart foreshadowed the tremendous tragedy which appalled the community four-and-twenty hours later.

The following night there was a dance at the Assembly Rooms; and at about eleven o'clock, when the revelry was at its highest, the band—which played outside the building—suddenly stopped. For some seconds the dancers stood on the floor, expecting the music to resume; then an electric thrill of unaccountable excitement swept through the crowd. A gathering and rising of voices without caused a rush to the veranda. There was a dull red glare in the sky; and smoke, flames, and fragments of burning wood were thrown up above the trees beneath it. Every person there knew that it was Colonel Humby's bungalow that was burning—that in fifteen minutes the fire would have eaten it to the ground.

LOW-TONED FICTION.

MANY of the novels now published may be classed under the above heading, more especially those written by inferior novelists. Women are great offenders in this respect, some honourable exceptions shining out among others like stars in a cloudy sky. Every day sees some new novel issue from the press, and chronicles the plunge of yet another aspirant for literary fame into the crowded arena, to swell the lengthy list of authors.

It is a sign of the times that what are termed 'racy' novels are the most run after by the fiction-reading public, and consequently those most readily accepted by certain publishers. In this money-getting, money-grubbing age, some publishers and authors seem to have met on common ground in pandering to a vitiated public taste, and producing books which will not bear the test of being read aloud in the home-circle. Among the worst offenders in such novel-writing are women, who choose *risqué* subjects to write on, and dwell with a minuteness of detail on topics which the purer-minded of their sisters would hesitate to speak of. There are exceptions,

as we have said—women who do not degrade their talents, but write with a purity of purpose books which it is a pleasure to read and re-read.

Can any one, looking at the question of nineteenth-century light literature from an unprejudiced point of view, say that the style of writing now is an improvement on that which obtained a century ago? The novels of those days were decidedly coarse, their plainness of speech corresponding with the habits and customs of the period; but books were then written with the laudable intention of showing up the vices of which they treated, and, if possible, checking such vices by pungent and scathing satire; thus being in advance of fashionable modern society-novels, which, though more refined in speech, are more destructive to morality, in that the authors gloss over sin, picturing it in alluring colours, wrapping it up in sensuous word-painting, and, while professing to disapprove, yet setting it before youthful imaginations in anything but its hideous reality; or else write in such a matter-of-fact, every-day-occurrence sort of a light of vice as to rob it of its actual criminality.

Both styles are deeply to be regretted, for both are working incalculable harm; and it is sad to reflect on the marked increase of books of this stamp. Rare, indeed, is it to find a novel in which the interest is not centred on the love of a man for a married woman, or of a young girl for a married man. We cannot blind ourselves to what goes on in the world around us, but we do not wish such knowledge thrust at us, so to speak, in fiction. That love is the legitimate theme of romance, one is quite ready to acknowledge, but not love of such a spurious, not to say sinful character. Without being unduly censorious, or wishing to attribute to novelists who so systematically degrade their talents, absolute impurity of motive, it is impossible to do otherwise than lament the immoral tendencies of the age with regard to light literature; authors, publishers, and the public are alike to blame. If such books were not eagerly sought after, they would neither be written nor published, and we should be able to allow new novels to lie on our tables without fear of their contaminating the minds of our growing families. It is no narrow-minded prudishness which causes us to write thus; it is a mere dealing with the acknowledged fact, that our lighter literature is each year becoming less moral, and that the effect of this deterioration in fiction upon the rising generation is already bringing forth evil fruit, and proving, by lowering the wall between vice and virtue, disastrous in the extreme.

It is not necessary to mention the authors who are in this respect the worst offenders; names will readily occur to those who indulge in novel-reading from choice, or are obliged to wade through fiction for reviewing purposes. Of avowed realistic writers, those who follow the French school, little need here be said; they write with a motive; how far they are justified in so doing is an open question. If good is done by such realism, it is weighed down in the balance by evil—the evil of example not being one of the least of the faults to be laid at its door. Some one low down in the scale of literature argues: 'So-and-so writes in such-and-such a style, and

his, or her, books always take;' and then proceeds to a slavish imitation of the subject handled, without the breadth and power of treatment which raised the other's work out of the ordinary groove. Clever writers will do real abiding good if they refuse to follow the taste of the day for highly sensational matter, and use the talents given them to raise the general tone of fiction; thus setting a good example to the ruck of imitators who think only of the monetary side of the question, and write in a questionable style because it pays them to do so, their excuse being: 'We must live; our profession is literature; and unless we write books bordering on, if not actually overstepping the bounds of morality, they will not be considered "racy" enough to meet the present taste, and so fail to find a market.'

To such may be said: 'Your brain-power is given you to employ for good, not evil; better never touch a pen again, than use that pen in a manner harmful to the world you live in by throwing wider open the gate of pernicious literature.'

A remedy for this growing evil is not easy to find; but if reviewers would steadily set themselves against noticing in any way low-toned and immoral publications, the thin end of the wedge would be inserted. If such novels fell still-born from the press, publishers would no longer care to accept them; and the supply being governed by the demand, they would decrease in number, as writers turned their imaginations into healthier channels. An adverse review often helps much more to sell a book of a doubtful nature than one in its favour, condemnation merely stimulating a certain class to read the novel censured. But if such works were simply ignored, they would not circulate to the extent they now do. At first, it would be difficult to bring this rule into practice; but it could be done if the editors of the best papers and magazines, whose duty it is to raise the tone of English literature, would agree with their reviewers that such publications as can be justly termed objectionable from a moral standpoint should not receive notice of any kind in their columns. Lesser lights would soon follow in the wake of the greater luminaries, and a salutary check would be put on the low-toned modern novel.

It is a social question this of low-toned and harmful writing, touching so closely as it does on the morals of our youth, and one it is high time was taken in hand and grappled with in serious earnestness.

A ROGUES' PICTURE-GALLERY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

In this Picture-gallery may be found portraits of 'confidence' and 'banco' men. The word *banco* was applied to an old English game with dice; and this very game has in America been elaborated into a successful method of swindling. The *banco*-man usually rents an office for a week or two, or at anyrate until such time as he can find a goose to pluck; and he has two or three partners or confederates to work with him. One of these, a well-dressed affable gentleman to all appearance, looks out in the principal streets of

the city for a likely dupe. Having found his prey, the affable one rushes up to him, shakes him warmly by the hand with 'How are you, my dear Mr Brown?' The stranger draws back for a moment, and explains that he is not Mr Brown, but that his name is Robinson, of such-and-such a town. The affable one thereupon apologises for his mistake, and retires. But the name of Robinson is whispered to a confederate, and once more the stranger is stopped by a well-dressed man. He is in a strange place, and is flattered by being addressed by name, especially by one who seems to know plenty of people at home that he knows himself, for the *banco*-man has had time to refer to a directory, and has posted himself accordingly. The fly is gradually drawn towards the web; he plays *banco* with his newly-found friend, is allowed to win for a time, but at last draws a blank, and loses a lump sum of money. It is said that a certain lecturer on things æsthetic, while he was in the States coaxing the dollars out of the public with his 'curls, sunflowers, and knee-breeches,' fell a victim to one of these swindlers, and left a large proportion of his gains as a tax on his simplicity. These men seem to be fascinated with their calling, for one of them is reported as having expressed himself as follows: 'The prettiest *banco* is when we land a big fish. Talk about trout-fishing! Just think of the fun hooking a man that's worth from five hundred to five thousand dollars! Of course, it takes a man of education and refinement to do this sort of business, but there are several college graduates among our fellows.'

The well-known dictum, 'The receiver is worse than the thief,' is strictly true, for unless the thief can find a safe market for his ill-gotten property, his occupation is gone. Receivers in large cities generally follow some legitimate business, under cloak of which they can carry on their nefarious trade. They are cautious men, who seldom get punished, partly because of the great care which they exercise in dealing with their clients, and also because of the state of the American law, which renders it extremely difficult to bring home to a man legal proof of his guilt. The receiver never deals directly with a thief, but always through a third person, generally the wife of some convict who is serving his time in prison. He gives the thief about one-fourth of the value of the articles which he purchases, and should they consist of plate or jewelry, the gold and silver are put into the melting-pot before he attempts to turn them into money. The petty thieves, pick-pockets, and shop-lifters, are his usual customers; and if he is cautious, he will drive a profitable trade with very little risk to himself.

'Sawdust-men' are a class of swindlers that live on the principle of 'diamond cut diamond,' and we confess that we have no sympathy for their numerous victims, for the latter are quite as criminal as themselves. Their *modus operandi* is the following. They first of all obtain the names of persons who are regular subscribers to lotteries, and soon compile a list of those who 'make haste to be rich.' They now issue a confidential circular, which states in guarded language that they have for sale counterfeit notes of various denominations, which they are willing to dispose of for about ten per cent. of the nominal value. A meeting is arranged at an office, and the would-be buyer

goes to make the purchase. He is shown quantities of real notes, fresh and crisp from the government treasury, while their handler pretends that they are only splendid imitation ones. An assorted number of them are chosen, tied into a bundle, and thrown carelessly to the top of the desk at which the seller sits, which desk stands against the wall. He then opens the desk for the ostensible object of showing his client something else, the upraised lid hiding for a moment the bundle of notes. While this is proceeding, a confederate in the next room opens a panel in the wall, and exchanges the bundle for a similar one stuffed with sawdust. The stranger pays his money, and walks off with the valuable parcel. When he subsequently finds that he has been cheated, he dare not seek the aid of the police, for of course his mouth is closed. This method of making the victim a participator in the crime is very clever, for it insures secrecy, and the sawdust-man continues to flourish. It is true that the panel trick has been worn somewhat threadbare; but several other dodges quite as effectual are adopted to change the notes for rubbish.

The horse is often truly described as a 'noble animal,' but, by some strange fatality, it has given rise to more ignoble transactions than any other quadruped. The frauds that are practised at horse-sales are without number, and seem almost to justify the saying of an experienced dealer, 'Trust neither your brother nor your pastor if he is trying to sell you a horse.' Let us trace one transaction of the kind. The prelude consists of an advertisement in one of the newspapers to the effect that a gentleman who is suddenly called abroad wishes to find a kind master for his beautiful brown horse, so many hands high, a fast trotter, and perfectly sound. Can be seen at his private stables. The would-be purchaser finds a commodious stable, the horse in apparent good condition, and commences negotiations with the glib-tongued man in charge. Presently a confederate rushes in and displays a great anxiety to purchase the animal. The man refuses to sell to him, on the ground that the newcomer is a mere dealer, who will sell the horse again, whereas the real object is to find a purchaser who will guarantee the favourite a good home. He would not sell to a dealer for thrice the money which he is asking for the animal. This seems conclusive; but the confederate presently whispers to the first buyer that he is determined to have the horse; and if he, the first comer, will buy it for him, he will give him a commission of fifty dollars on the transaction. This temptation to make a ten-pound note so very easily is too much for Mr Verdant Green. He buys the horse, and leads him to a place agreed upon by the confederate. But the man is not there, and the purchaser has to keep his very sorry bargain for himself. A case is cited in this book of rogues where a purchaser drove away a horse so purchased, when it dropped down dead before he had covered many yards. The police keep a sharp lookout for these 'horse-sharps,' who are, however, so careful to keep just within the law that a conviction seldom follows an arrest.

One more method of cheating, which is perhaps peculiar to the New World, is practised in the following artful manner. The performer is known as a 'gold-brick swindler,' and he is generally a

man of education and pleasing manners. With a forged letter of introduction, he calls upon a well-to-do citizen, and for the first few weeks of their acquaintance his behaviour is all that can be desired. He then tells a plausible story to the effect that some years back he was instrumental in saving the life of a notorious burglar. The burglar, for an extensive gold robbery, had since been sentenced to several years' imprisonment, but was now at large. Anxious to do the man who had saved his life in years gone by a good turn, the burglar had confided to him the fact that the produce of the gold robbery, buried during his incarceration, was now, in the shape of ingots, again in his hands. The difficulty of disposing of these was somewhat great, and for this reason he would sell them for about half their value to his old friend, who, not being a convict, could easily realise them. The well-to-do citizen is invited to purchase some of the ingots, with the understanding that they are first to be submitted to assay, to test the quality of the metal. An appointment is made with the ex-convict, and an ingot is produced. A piece is broken off each end of the bar, and a file is used to remove some gold-dust from its centre. These morsels of metal are given to the purchasers, and by them sent to an assay office; and from that office an assay note is duly received to the effect that the gold is of fine quality. A sale of the brick or bricks naturally follows; and the purchaser, who, by the way, is no better than any other receiver of stolen goods, is very well pleased for a time with his bargain. The brick is ultimately found to consist of manufactured metal with real gold ends, and a wedge of gold in the centre where it has been filed.

Want of space will not permit us to describe more of the ingenious dodges which have been and are practised in order to defraud the unwary or to tempt those who are passing honest. But the examples cited may serve to put those on their guard who are by their position likely to become a prey to evil-doers. We shall perhaps serve a better purpose by making a few remarks upon the general appearance of these men who live by crimes against property, as indicated by their photographs.

If we begin our review by a notice of the pictures of burglars, the reader will at once be prepared to believe that the Bill Sikes type of countenance is predominant. But, alas for the falsity of preconceived notions, the reader will be quite wrong. No trace of Bill Sikes is here. His portrait, as drawn by the many capable artists who have illustrated the various editions of Dickens's works, is familiar to all of us. He is a beetle-browed ruffian, with a coarse mouth and a flat nose, having, in a word, as close a resemblance to an ugly bulldog as it is possible for the human features to imitate. But the real living burglar as he is photographed here has not the remotest resemblance to that ideal, but looks like any ordinary respectable member of society. We turn to one portrait at hazard. It is numbered twenty-one, and the name below it is 'John Clare,' alias Gilmore, and he is a bank burglar. The picture is that of a good-looking man of about thirty. He wears a moustache and whiskers, and his dress is that of one who is evidently particular about his personal appearance. If we saw this portrait in a friend's album, we should probably ask to whom

this honest good-tempered face belonged. We will now turn to Mr John Clare's memoir, and ascertain why he appears in such doubtful company. Here we find first his 'Description—Thirty-six years old in 1886. Born in United States. Photographer by trade. Single. Height, five feet seven and a half inches. Weight, one hundred and fifty pounds. Black hair, dark hazel eyes, dark complexion. Wears black side whiskers and moustache. Has a slight scar on left arm near elbow.' His 'record' is too long to quote at length, but we will give the gist of it.

Clare is a clever and desperate bank burglar, and is credited with the ability to make a good set of burglar's tools. In 1866 he was tried for murder, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The Court of Appeals granted him a new trial, and he was subsequently acquitted. In 1874 an attempt was made to rob the safe of the New York County Bank, and Clare, under the name of Gilmore, was the promoter of the enterprise. He hired a basement next door to the bank, and after removing, with his accomplices, the brick walls of both buildings, set a steam-engine to work to bore out the back of the safe. The police having obtained information of what was going on, made a raid and captured three of the men engaged, but Clare escaped. He was caught, however, nearly two years afterwards, and sentenced to four and a half years' imprisonment. Moral, 'Do not judge by appearances,' for our good-looking, good-tempered friend turns out to be not only a desperate burglar, but a murderer.

Let us take another case. We turn over the leaves of the volume, and are at once attracted by the portrait of number fifty-eight, for he is distinguished from his fellows by appearing in military uniform. He is quite a young man, and his name is Hugh L. Courtenay; but he prefers being known as Lord Courtenay, and has figured in the best American society as a British nobleman. We learn that he is well known all over the States and in Canada, and that there are many with whom he has made acquaintance, who would be glad to see him again, if only for the opportunity of giving him up to the police. His method of procedure is simple and effective, and the 'handle' to his name gives him a great initiatory advantage over other thieves, for the general public, even in democratic America, have a great affection for a lord. A man likes to have the opportunity of saying, 'My friend, Lord So-and-so, &c.,' and actually feels flattered when his friend, Lord So-and-so, having run short of cash, asks him to honour his cheque for a large amount. In this simple manner, the bogus British lord under discussion succeeded in duping many victims. He was at once received in the best society, and by his distinguished appearance and manners completely captivated the female portion of the community. He spent money on cheap trash, which he generously presented to his friends. A young Baltimore belle describes him as a most fascinating personage, and says that he was the first who ever 'fired her soul with love.' The scamp was in fact lionised; but as he was always 'wondering what could be the matter with his stupid bankers in London,' his male friends became suspicious. The ladies were then laid under contribution by his lordship, and many of them were victimised by him. At last the long

impending crisis came, and 'Lord' Courtenay suddenly disappeared.

Taking a general survey of the portraits, we can only describe them as being a fair sample of an ordinary crowd, except that the broad forehead in numerous cases indicates brain-power of no mean order; more especially is this the case among the forgers and counterfeiters, and it is only fair to presume that their training as engravers, chemists, &c., has led to higher intellectual development than can be found among the general public. But let it not be supposed from our remarks that all these portraits are of nice-looking people, for this is, of course, not the case. Some of the men have the word scamp as clearly traced upon their faces as if the letters were branded on their brows; but it cannot truly be said that these shady-looking ones are in greater proportion than they are in any ordinary crowd.

This last remark can hardly be applied to the female portraits, of which there are only nine, for, truth to tell, there is not one of the number that we should care to regard as an acquaintance. Perhaps the chief reason for this apparent libel on the other sex is the disadvantage under which the women labour in not being able to conceal their mouths. Of all features of the countenance, the mouth is most expressive of our inmost thoughts, and many a man is indebted to a thick moustache for shielding him from uncomplimentary criticism. The women whose portraits are before us confine their attention to pocket-picking and shop-lifting, and their doings do not call for further remark.

We close the volume with very mixed feelings, and with the suspicion that either we ourselves must be unusually blind, or that the art of physiognomy—an innate knowledge of which is such a frequent boast by people who desire to be thought observant—is a delusion and a snare. Was Lavater a humbug? or could he, if living now, trace the markings of crime in some of these placid open countenances? Our ideal portraits of criminals have vanished for ever.

It is very difficult, in attempting to draw a moral from these criminal records, to avoid giving expression to the hackneyed phrase to the effect that, if these men had applied their talents to honourable pursuits, and had exercised the same amount of industry and ingenuity in conducting them which they have devoted to crime, they might have won high places in the world's esteem. Such an exordium from the lips of the judge is a common preface to a sentence of penal servitude, and is probably regarded by hardened criminals as a necessary part of the proceedings. Judging from the histories of these wretched men, whose portraits form so strange a Picture-gallery, such remarks are quite unheeded by them. They behave as if there were only one mode of getting a living, that of circumventing their fellow-creatures. One of these criminals in our own country wrote in his diary, little thinking that the words would eventually be read in a court of justice, 'Some men has *branes* and no money, and some has money and no *branes*.' He wrote further to the effect that it was the mission of the impecunious to rob the empty-headed ones. This was his code of morality, which he proceeded to act upon until pulled up by a sentence of penal servitude. He was the type of many who mistake the low

cunning with which they are gifted for genius. As our records prove, some of these criminals possess great powers of observation, and by this means they have gained a wonderful knowledge of human nature. But they are so constituted that they cannot see any *good* in their fellow-beings. At times of failure or detection, they are apt to reflect that perhaps after all 'honesty is the best policy.' But the thought that any one can be honest as a matter of right principle is beyond them.

In years gone by, lunatics were treated far worse than criminals are in the present day. We now care for them tenderly as afflicted ones who have the strongest claim upon our sympathy. We are just beginning to regard chronic drunkenness as a disease, and find that under scientific treatment the malady can be conquered. Perhaps, as the world grows older, we may find that there is some abnormal condition of the brain which causes a man to seek crooked ways rather than earn an honest living. Such a possibility is foreshadowed to a certain extent by that sad but frequent addendum to a verdict—'Temporary insanity.'

SOMETHING ABOUT BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

EVERY one approaching London from the south or Surrey side of the Thames, through St George's Road, must have observed on his left a building of vast proportions, crowned by a fine dome springing from the centre, and standing in a large enclosed space, neatly laid out. This is the celebrated lunatic asylum commonly called 'Bedlam'; and a few words on its singular origin may not be unacceptable, as the circumstances are not generally known.

In the year 1247, a priory of canons, with brethren and sisters, was founded near the north end of Old Broad Street, in the city of London, by one Symon Fitz-Mary, who was sheriff for that year, and endowed it with all his lands in the parish of St Botolph, Bishopsgate. About the year 1340 this priory was taken under the special favour of the king, Edward III., who, as Stow quaintly describes it, 'graunted protection to the brethren "Milicie Beatæ Mariæ de Bethleme" within the cite of London, in the 14th year of his raigne. It was then an hospitall for distracted people. In this place, people that be distraight in wits are by the suite of their friendes receyved and kept as afore it was used, but not without charges to their bringers-in.'

Thus the priory of St Mary of Bethlehem became a regular hospital, chiefly devoted to the insane, and was recognised as such; and about the year 1450 it passed under the formal protection of the city of London authorities. But about a century later (1556), the corporation bought the patronage, property, and buildings with a sum of money bequeathed for that purpose by a certain charitable citizen and merchant tailor, Stephen Gennings by name. The canons of this priory were distinguished by the Star of Bethlehem embroidered on their gowns; and by their rules, they were bound to supply food and lodging to the 'Bishop of Bethlehem,' should he ever happen

to visit London. This bishop, it would appear, was connected with the brethren and monastery of St Theodosius, founded at Bethlehem, in Judea, about the year 520 A.D.; and to this convent were annexed three separate hospitals—one for the aged, one for the sick, and one for the insane. Whether this last-mentioned fact had any influence on the London establishment is not known, but it is certain that this house was recognised and used as an establishment, or asylum, for lunatics in the beginning of the fifteenth century; and the reason given for this—if Stow's statement is to be relied on—was, that 'the king of England not likinge such kind of people to remaine so near his palace,' had given orders for the immediate removal 'of certain lunatics from Charing Cross to Bethlehem in the Bishopsgate-without.' Charing Cross is here understood to mean the original lunatic hospital of London, which then stood in the parish of St Martin-in-the-Fields, and consequently close to Charing Cross. The site of this building continued to belong to the trustees of Bethlehem Hospital till the year 1830, when it was sold to, or exchanged with, the Crown, and was utilised in widening and improving what is now called West Strand, and the open space round Charing Cross.

Matters continued thus, the priory of St Mary of Bethlehem—or at anyrate a portion of it—being the recognised hospital for lunatics until the dissolution of the monasteries, when the priory being suppressed, the city, with the king's approval and confirmation, purchased the asylum which became the 'Bethlehem Hospital,' by which name it has been known ever since, all mention of its former religious title of the 'priory of St Mary of Bethlehem' being suppressed; and subsequently, the old priory church and private chapel were ordered to be removed altogether during the reign of Elizabeth, and the site was probably immediately built over.

In 1569 a benevolent lord mayor, Sir Thomas Roe, another merchant tailor, enclosed an acre of ground, 'part of the hospital land, lying on the west towards the Moor Fields,' to be used as a burial-ground, his own wife being one of the first occupants. This same ground, afterwards laid out as a private garden, was used as such until the year 1866, and still belonged, with other ground adjoining, to the governors of Bethlehem Hospital. In that year, however, it was sold to the Great Eastern Railway Company for sixty-one thousand pounds, and it is on this ground that the present Liverpool Street Station is now built.

It would appear that the name of the hospital seems to have been corrupted into its well-known title of 'Bedlam' about the middle of the sixteenth century, or shortly after that period, for we find in Shakespeare:

Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.

Matthew Prior, too, uses the term:

One morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing;
Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus
sang she,
'I love my love, because I know how truly he loves me.'

The allusion to the rattling of the 'chains on her hands' occasions a painful and uneasy feeling

in regard to the probable treatment of unfortunate lunatics in those days of darkness and barbarity, when brute force and savage violence were thought to be the only proper systems of treatment to be applied to those whose great misfortune it was to possess disordered intellects.

The old priory having at length been found inadequate, a new hospital was erected, not far from the old one, in the year 1675, in the Coleman Street Ward, outside the city wall, on a plot of land of two acres and a half, which the governors held on lease from the corporation of the city of London, at a nominal rent of one shilling per annum, for a term of nine hundred and ninety-nine years. These new hospital buildings were close against the city wall, and were designed by Robert Hooke, the well-known writer on philosophy and science, who had been appointed surveyor to the corporation, and who was intrusted with the surveying and laying out of the ground for the rebuilding of London after the great fire of 1666. He subsequently held the office of Secretary to the Royal Society until his death in 1702. The new hospital, which was five hundred and forty feet long by forty deep, is said to have cost seventeen thousand pounds. It was, however, still found too small for the increasing wants of the population, and two wings were added in 1733, devoted entirely to incurables. The entrance gates of this building bore two statues which were designed by Cibber; they represented, with life-like, painful reality, two different stages of madness. These two statues are, we believe, still preserved in the South Kensington Museum. This hospital has often been referred to by writers of the last century, and is represented by Hogarth in the last picture of his well-known series of pictorial sermons entitled the 'Rake's Progress.'

As time rolled on and population largely increased, so the demands upon the resources of the old establishment in Coleman Street continued to increase also, until it was determined to build another and a larger hospital in a more open and commodious spot, and give up the old city premises altogether. Accordingly, an eligible site of eleven acres, situated in St George's Fields, was acquired in the year 1810, a spot at that period almost 'in the country,' and very fresh and open, part of it having been occupied by the once famous 'Dog and Duck' tea and pleasure gardens, a great resort, at that period, for Londoners who were, like Mrs Gilpin, 'on pleasure bent,' and yet, like that thrifty lady, who 'had a frugal mind;' for here small luxuries in the way of tea, beer, and punch, with a little fiddling and dancing, might readily be obtained at a cheap rate. On this site, the present building was erected, at a cost of one hundred and twenty-two thousand five hundred and seventy-two pounds, or more than seven times the amount of the Coleman Street building. This large amount was made up by grants of public money, and by a large influx of subscriptions, both from private individuals and public bodies and Companies. The hospital was transferred to St George's Fields in 1815. Large additions were made to this building about the year 1838 by Sir R. Smirke, the architect of the General Post-office and the British Museum; and so stands the Pedlam of the present day, one of the largest

lunatic asylums which the country now possesses, and where every appliance and practice that kindness, humanity, and common-sense, founded on long experience and close observation, can dictate are put in requisition in the modern and scientific treatment of those labouring under the saddest and most distressing of mortal afflictions. How different from the old systems, when patients were chained and manacled, or flogged and beaten without mercy; and when the patients—even the worst cases—were exhibited to the thoughtless public, who were admitted to Bedlam at so much per head, and allowed to irritate and make sport and fun of these unfortunate and deeply afflicted creatures. But let us all be thankful that these horrors have become a matter of black history, and may be now considered as things of the past, in these days of superior knowledge and enlightened advancement.

THE CITY LIES IN HUSHED REPOSE.

THE city lies in hushed repose,
The wintry night-wind freshly blows,
As if to rock the cradled host
In slumber's sweet oblivion lost.
But hark! a sound, and lo! a sight
That wakes the town in dead of night.
A shriek and a glare,
A cry of despair
At the flames in their ire,
For the one word is 'Fire!'
The people rush out,
And, with hurry and shout,
Press on to the light
As it brightens the night,
And spreads like a banner unfurled up on high,
A sign and a terror against the dark sky!
But hark to the clatter, than music more sweet,
Of the rolling wheels and the horses' feet!
'Out of the way—out of the way!
They come to save—now clear the way!'

A sea of faces upward turned,
One fear by every heart inured;
By ruddy light is clearly read
On every brow the anxious dread.
A mother 'mid the bright light stands,
Her neck tight clasped by baby hands,
And through roar and hiss,
Not quite they miss
Her piteous frenzied cry;
But mounting quick on high
A hero springs,
His helm a star
Of hope, that flings
A halo far
'Mid the lurid light,
For a moment lost, then dimly seen
As it gleams on the sight,
The curling wreaths of smoke between!
Up the ladder One rushed, but Three come down,
And the shining helm is a hero's crown!
Yet heeds not he what people say,
He only bids them 'clear the way!'

CAMILLA CROSLAND.

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CONCERNING BELLS.

As the soft breeze of a summer day will carry the vibrating echoes of a peal of bells into the far distance, to find their answer on mountain heights and in hollowed dell, so their musical voices sometimes recall dead or absent friends, and reminiscences of events of long ago that have been forgotten for years. The same thing seldom affects two people in an equal degree. Extremes often meet, and such sounds as the ringing of bells may at once suggest something ludicrous or extremely solemn, a pleasant incident or a disagreeable experience. Their charm and influence, however, are acknowledged by all save the carping few who vote them a nuisance, or the unhappy sufferer from a too highly strung nervous organisation, who cannot endure noise, even if it is disguised as music. Bells are so intimately linked with the trifling and the momentous, the sad and the joyful events of life, both public and private, that their manifold uses or relative importance in the daily routine is frequently overlooked; and yet they may be classed in the category of those seemingly trivial but essential factors which help to make existence easy and possible, by economising labour, marking periods of time, sending forth warnings and notices, and making known public rejoicings or a nation's mourning. The hammering and the clashing, the chiming and the striking, the ringing and the tolling of bells are accepted as a matter of course, just the same as the meals they herald, or the inevitable recurrence of mid-day and midnight, the sun rising and the sun setting. If the food, the light, and the darkness were suddenly withdrawn, so a perceptible blank would remain in the absence of bells, proclaiming the sorrows and the joys of mankind, and, as the old Italian writer, Magius, so poetically expresses it, 'giving a tongue to time, which would otherwise pass over our heads as silently as the clouds, and lending a warning to its perpetual flight.'

The origin of the bell is not known; but a knowledge of it goes back to a period beyond the

written history of nations. The pious Dionysius Barsalabi, in his Dissertation on Bells, asserts that he finds it recorded in several histories that Noah received a command that the workmen employed in building the Ark should be summoned to their labour by the strokes of wood on a bell; but the earliest mention of them in Scripture is found in Exodus xxviii. 33-35, and xxxix. 25, when speaking of the necessary ornaments for the hem of the high-priest's robe: 'And beneath upon the hem of it thou shalt make pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, round about the hem thereof; and bells of gold between them round about: a golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the robe round about. And it shall be upon Aaron to minister: and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out, that he die not.'—'And they made bells of pure gold, and put the bells between the pomegranates upon the hem of the robe.' It is possible that the Assyrians and Egyptians used bells exclusively in religious rites; but the Greeks and Romans employed them for secular as well as for religious purposes. At the British Museum may be seen, in a case in the Nimroud Gallery of Assyrian Antiquities, eighty small bronze bells with iron tongues, which were found by Layard in a caldron, when excavating Nimroud—the ancient Calah of Scripture—on the banks of the Tigris, the approximate date of which city may be given from B.C. 885 to 630. The great feasts of Osiris, the judge of the dead, were inaugurated by the Egyptian priests with the ringing of hand-bells; and the Greek priests of Cybele followed the same custom when they sacrificed to the 'mother of a hundred gods.' Later, they were in more general use with both Greeks and Romans. Pliny refers to the sounding of a bell in public places in Athens to advertise the sale of fish—doubtless, the predecessor of the modern town-crier, who may still be heard in remote country districts. The Greek sentries in camps and garrisons, when they heard the ringing of a bell,

knew the relief-guards were approaching, and were bound to answer the signal. At Rome also, the musical tinkling, announcing the hour for the indulgence of the luxurious bath, was welcomed by the Romans, who made great use of bells as personal ornaments, and adopted them for emblems on their triumphal processional cars.

The small quadrangular hand-bells, made of thin plates of hammered iron, riveted together at the sides and bronzed—a form represented on some of the old Irish stone crosses, and specimens of which are in the British and Hibernian Museums—were exclusively used for ecclesiastical purposes. Their introduction into Britain is generally assigned to the wandering monks, who in those early days of Christianity made frequent pilgrimages to Italy. Ireland possesses a rich collection of these old bells, some of which, with a traditional history, are preserved in costly shrines, embellished with gems. In the *Annals of the Four Masters*, mention is made of the 'Bell of St Patrick,' which has ever been held in special veneration because of the belief that it was the property of that saint. For generations this relic was in the possession of the Mulholland family, who kept it buried, in order to insure its safety during the disturbances which so frequently troubled their country. The last descendant of the family bequeathed the treasure and the secret of its hiding-place to the late Adam McClean, who, on searching, duly found in the spot indicated a strong oaken box, containing the old bell, enclosed in its lovely shrine, and with it a Bible written in early Irish characters. This bell is only six inches high, five broad, and four deep; the shrine is of beaten brass, covered with an antique design of gold and silver filigree, worked in complicated convolutions and knots. The whole is profusely studded over with rock crystals, garnets, and other precious stones. It is now in the Royal Irish Academy, an interesting collection, that includes the almost unique 'bell of Armagh,' besides others, rivals in age and beauty. But as a priceless specimen of the skill and workmanship of those early days, none of the caskets in which each bell is placed equals that of St Patrick. Supplementary to these small bells, used in the services of the Church, are others employed for the administration of oaths, which oaths were considered essentially binding and sacred. Apart from the veneration felt for these bells, superstition sometimes invested them with peculiar powers, like the 'bell of St Colomba,' for example, known as 'Dia Diagheltus' (God's vengeance), which the taker of the oath believed could inflict on a perjurer a terrible and indescribable punishment. Dr Beresford, the late Archbishop of Armagh, had four very curious old bells of this class. The venerable prelate purchased them at different times, and in different parts of Ireland, from peasants, whose reverence for their sanctity had declined in these days of progress, and who, fortunately, were not unwilling to part with things to them comparatively worthless, but above all price to a collector.

The suspended bell is a recent introduction, compared with the antiquity of the hand-bell, used in heathen as in Christian times in the celebration of religious rites. The development

of the heavy swinging bell, from the time of the Anglo-Saxons to that of the Normans, must have been tolerably rapid, when the great size and strength of the belfries, built by the latter, is considered. About the middle of the seventh century, in the reign of Egfrid, Benedict, Abbot of Wearmouth and of Jarrow-upon-Tyne, presented some large bells to his church; and about the same period the Venerable Bede relates how the nuns of St Hilda, at Whitby, were summoned to prayers by the sound of bells. At the present day, very few bells are left bearing authentic dates previous to the Reformation, although it is said that one was removed from the belfry of an old church in Cornwall, inscribed 'Alfredus Rex,' which must, if the inscription was correct, have been in use for a thousand years. The most reliable guide for deciding the approximate date of the casting of a bell is the several marks and stamps impressed upon it by the founder, for it is generally known in what century any noted founder lived; and they were also fond of inscribing on them quaint mottoes, sometimes of exhortation, sometimes of warning, a definition of their use, or an injunction to attend to certain duties. In 1675, an old peal of bells, each bearing a motto, was taken down from the belfry of St Michael at Coventry and recast. No. 4 was the workmen's bell: 'I ring at six to let men know, When to and from their work to go.' No. 7, the sermon bell, running thus: 'I ring to Sermon with a Lvsty Bombe, That all may come and none may stay at home.' No. 8 implies the frequent occurrence of fires, when the greater part of the houses were built of wood instead of stone: 'I am, and have been called the Common Bell, To ring when Fier breaks out to tell.' An old bell at St Sidwell's, Exeter, is, like many small things in this world, both assertful and boastful: 'I mean to make it understood That though I'm little, yet I'm good.' Another, hanging in Newton-Abbot Church, has a similar inscription: 'Although I am both light and small, I will be heard above you all.' Devonshire has its full share of fine medieval churches scattered about the beautiful rich county, and these churches, as a rule, have heavy peals of ancient bells. The peal in Exeter Cathedral, ten in number, claims to be the heaviest as well as the sweetest in all England.

Among the melodious bells of Dewsbury, in Yorkshire, is one called 'Black Tom of Sothill,' which was presented in expiation of a murder. Its lugubrious sound booms out and breaks upon the midnight silence of a Christmas eve, when its solemn tolling is known as the 'devil's knell,' signifying, that when Christ was born, the devil died. Legendary superstition has always invested bells with miraculous powers and strange influences; but why the so-called spirits of darkness are credited with a strong aversion to their din, has never been satisfactorily explained. In many Catholic countries, the church bells are set ringing during a thunderstorm, a superstitious practice which prevailed in England before the Reformation, for Latimer alludes to it, saying 'that the devil might take flight, and so the storm subside.' Wynkyn de Worde also believed in its efficacy, 'because,' he writes, 'evil spirits no doubt moche when they hear the bells rongen.' A remnant of the same faith lingers in the tolling

of the 'Sanctus' or passing-bell, which, previous to the eighteenth century, was sounded before, not after, the mortal had joined the great majority; and the Italian will account for the deafening uproar of bursting bombs in the piazza in front of the church, and the promiscuous clashing of bells from the campanile, during the celebration of the *fiesta* of a local saint, by saying that such noise 'pleases the saints, and drives away the devil.' Sailors are especially credulous of the good or evil omens of bells set ringing; and stories of them having been heard above the roar of the ocean, and the whistling of the wind during storms, like the lost bells of Tintagel, or those of the submerged city between the Scilly Isles and the Land's End, are too familiar to bear repetition. Moore founded his plaintive song, *Silent, O Moyle*, on an old Irish myth on the power of church bells. 'The daughter of Lir was by some supernatural power transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over certain hills and rivers in Ireland till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the church bells was to be the signal for her release.' The Netherlands claim the first introduction of chimes; which, by the way, are nowhere sweeter, or more welcome, than in London city on a fine Sunday, when the quiet of the well-nigh deserted streets is emphasised by the contrast of the whirl, the rush, and the full throbbing life of a week-day. The carillons of Ghent, Bruges, and other continental towns are played by means of keys attached by bands to the bells, on the same principle as a piano; but in England—where the art of campanology is brought to a higher perfection than in any other country—the good old fashion of swinging them by pulleys is still universal.

The utility of bells is undeniable. They act as signals, as warnings, time-keepers, and a host of other offices by which labour is saved and punctuality insured; and their usefulness is more than balanced by the annoyance and irritation created by a senseless and unthinking misuse of them. The domestic wire-hung bell—unknown before the reign of Queen Anne—is already nearly obsolete, superseded by the more convenient electric bells and telephones; and grandchildren of the present generation will probably have no associations of pain, fear, pleasure, suspense, or certainty connected with the ringing of the house-bell. Distinct sensations and different significations—real or fancied—are often conveyed by a bell or bells, corresponding to the mood or desires of the hearer. The ring at the door that announces the messenger of painful, unwelcome, or momentous news, once heard, is never forgotten; and a bell rung in the dead of night, when a household is wrapped in sleep, is sufficient sometimes to cause a panic. All sorts of fears are roused and dangers foreshadowed, difficulties imagined and disasters threatened. It is murder, thieves, fire, sickness! All energy for the moment is paralysed and courage effaced, and the hysterical excitement that ensues only subsides when one, braver than the rest, goes to find out the origin of the alarm. The ringing of a railway bell, also, announcing that the train will depart five minutes hence, puts all philosophy to flight, and defies the hearers of its deafening twang to exercise calm indifference or retain

their wonted self-possession. An unreasoning agitation follows, in defiance of previous resolutions not to be flurried, and a positive knowledge of ample time to spare. The slow tolling of the jail-bell before the execution of a criminal is happily of comparatively rare occurrence, and very few ever hear the suggestive doleful sound. The regular striking of bells on board a ship helps to break the monotony of a long voyage, when there is little to mark the passing days and nights. The uncompromising persistency with which the early work-bell of a factory rings is always an unpleasant noise; and equally unwelcome is the school-bell on a bleak winter morning, that rouses youths and maidens out of that deep sleep which falls so easily and naturally on the young, whilst the old and middle-aged may court the goddess in vain. The summons must be obeyed, and the drowsy eyes, that seem to their owners only just to have closed, must be opened to the raw, dark, and uninviting outside world.

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XLV.—MISS OTTERBOURNE.

JOSEPHINE'S position in Bewdley Manor had gone through a change, a change advantageous in one way, but bringing with it great vexations.

Miss Otterbourne was a small old lady of delicate bones and mind, of small ideas and petty interests. She lived in her great house without a companion, made calls in her grand carriage when the coachman allowed her to use the fat horses, pottered in her conservatories about her flowers, and picked them only when suffered to do so by the head-gardener. She kept a great many servants, and was badly served by them. She spent a great deal of money, and had little pleasure out of it. Josephine was shocked to see how the old lady was pillaged by all her attendants. She kept cows, and bought her butter; poultry, and purchased her eggs; had gamekeepers, but ate very little game. Her pheasants cost her about their weight in silver. She grew grapes and apricots and nectarines and peaches, which the gardener sold in Bath, and put the money into his own pocket. Her porcelain was broken, and had to be replaced incessantly, because the china shopkeeper tipped the breakers for every breakage. Every tradesman who attended the house put money into the servants' pockets, on the understanding that they made work for artisans there. Every shopkeeper who dealt with the house gave a percentage to the servants to encourage waste. Coal-wagons were incessantly bringing their loads to the house, which apparently consumed as much as a glass-furnace; but the coal-cellar door was left always open for all the cottagers to supply themselves from it, and a sack was deposited every turn of the wagon at the gardener's, or the gamekeeper's, or at the lodge, or at the coachman's, or at the house of the mother of the boy who cleaned the knives. The gardener was annually carrying off prizes at flower-shows; but the greenhouses were never properly stocked, and fresh supplies, enough to fill every stage, had to be ordered from the nurserymen every autumn and spring. Fifteen

hogsheads of ale were got rid of in that house in the twelve months by a household of teetotalers; the wine cellar needed the laying-down of expensive wines every year, although Miss Otterbourne no longer gave dinner-parties. A milliner and her assistant from Bath were engaged in Bewdley House half their time, yet Miss Otterbourne had only two new gowns in the year. Bewick's *British Birds* and *Fishes* and *Quadrupeds* deserted the shelves of the library, as if they were leaving the Ark of Noah, and turned up in a second-hand bookseller's at Bath. Valuable pieces of old Worcester china, fine Chelsea figures, unaccountably got mislaid; but certain dealers in London would have been happy to sell them back to the good lady.

'My servants,' said Miss Otterbourne, 'are perfectly trusty. I have left my purse about; I have allowed coppers to remain on my chimney-piece, and I have never lost a farthing.'

It is a curious fact that the conscience of many domestic servants draws a line at money. It is most rare to find one who will purloin a coin; but beyond that line, in far too many cases, all scruple ceases.

Josephine soon discovered how her mistress was being plundered. The housekeeper winked at the petty robberies; she shut her eyes to a good deal more that filled Josephine with horror and disgust. John Thomas Polkinghorn was vain and foolish, but he was not vicious. Among the many men attached to the house in one capacity or another, he was the most respectable; but the old butler, Vickary, on whom Miss Otterbourne chiefly relied as a trusty servant who had the interests of the family at heart, was a prime source of evil in the place. Josephine made him keep his distance. She behaved towards him with such proud reserve and scarce veiled abhorrence, that he scowled at her and prophesied her speedy dismissal. The other servants, all cringing to the butler, took his tone, and behaved to Josephine with insolence, at least in his presence. Yet, behind his back, they were ready to speak to her with kindness; and show her little attentions. They let her understand that they groaned under his tyranny, but were too timorous to revolt. The house was, moreover, too good to be left, except for some extraordinary chance of betterment; and servants who came there well-intentioned, gradually swallowed their scruples and sank to the general level.

That Josephine was not more with them was due to the forethought of Mrs Sellwood, who wrote confidentially to her sister to tell her that Josephine had known better days, was well educated, and by birth a lady, forced by circumstances she was not at liberty to disclose, to go into menial service. Miss Otterbourne was the kindest-hearted of old maids, a generally kind-hearted race, but she was weak. She had fallen a prey to several unscrupulous ladies'-maids in succession. Girls well recommended had come to her, and the general bad tone of the house had lowered them; she herself had contributed to their deterioration by ill-judged kindness, by making of them confidantes, and almost friends. She had trusted them, when they were neither by education nor character worthy to be trusted. They had abused her kindness. One after another had taken to drink. Miss Otterbourne would not

believe it; she supposed poor Jane or Marianne or Emily was subject to fits, or had a weak heart; and Mrs Sellwood had sometimes to come down from Essex to rout a disagreeable and disreputable companion from her sister's house. The old lady, perhaps feeling her loneliness, and with her heart craving for love, was so liable to fall under the dominion of her servants, that Mrs Sellwood was glad to be able to assist Josephine and her own sister at once, to put the former with one who would be kind to her, and to give the latter a companion who was perfectly reliable.

Miss Otterbourne at once perceived that her new attendant was what her sister had described her—a lady, and with her natural kindness, did what lay in her power to soften to her the hardship of her lot.

On the morning after her arrival at Bewdley, Josephine rose with a weight on her heart. She had not slept well. She was pale, and her eyes looked large and sad when she appeared before Miss Otterbourne to assist her in dressing. The old lady spoke gently to her. She told her that she had heard from Mrs Sellwood that Josephine had met with troubles which had forced her into a situation for which she was not born, and assured her that she would be a good mistress to her, and not exact from her more than what was really needed.

'My servants are all so honest and so respectable, and so devoted to me, that I am sure you will like them. They never give me any trouble, and set a good example to the entire parish. But as you belong by birth to a superior class, you will not mix with them much. I shall expect you to be chiefly about my person, and when not engaged in dressing me, to attend to my wardrobe. I should be glad if you could read to me in the evenings. I cannot use my eyes by lamplight, at least not much; and the evenings are tedious to me. I play patience, but one tires in time even of patience.'

Later on, Miss Otterbourne made overtures to get into Josephine's confidence, but without avail. Josephine's secret was not one she cared to share. She soon fell into her work; it was not difficult, and the old lady was not exacting. She felt how considerate towards her Miss Otterbourne was, and she was grateful for it, but not inclined to open her heart to her. Miss Otterbourne was not one who could understand her course of conduct or appreciate her motives.

The monotonous life that Josephine was now leading, the constant restraint, the necessity for reserve, the tediousness of listening to the weak talk of the old lady, and the repugnance she felt for the society of her fellow-servants, were almost more than Josephine could bear, and only her strong resolution to go through with what she had undertaken kept her at Bewdley. As she began to see how completely Miss Otterbourne was deceived in her servants, how she was cheated, and what a demoralising influence in the place the trusty butler was, she became uneasy in mind; she did not like to allow her mistress to continue in her delusion, and yet she was averse from telling tales of her fellow-domestics.

The liking which Miss Otterbourne showed for her excited the jealousy of the female servants and the suspicion of Mr Vickary. This latter saw that he would not be able to influence Josephine

and get her under his power. He was irritated at the contempt she showed him, and aware that she saw through and mistrusted him. He also saw that she was acquiring a preponderating influence over the mistress, which threatened his supremacy.

Josephine had more to think about than her own past troubles; but, unfortunately, those concerns which now occupied her thoughts were in themselves troubles. She missed her old freedom; she was shy of asking a favour of Miss Otterbourne, or she would have entreated to be given a bedroom to herself. The old lady did not know that she had not one; the domestic arrangements were left to the housekeeper, and those maids were given separate rooms who stood highest in her favour. At night, Josephine hardly enjoyed refreshing sleep; she was not so much tired out with her work as fagged; her nerves were overwrought, not her muscles. What would she not now have given for a row on the sea or a stroll by herself in the garden! Sometimes the oppressiveness of her life threatened to drive her mad, and she made efforts to think of the sea, the gulls, the passing ships, to give breath and space to her mind, that was becoming cramped in Bewdley life.

While she read in the evenings to Miss Otterbourne, her mind was absent, for the books which the old lady selected were uninteresting to Josephine. She, like Aunt Judith, was a veal-eater, and must have her mental diet devoid of the blood of ideas and the firmness of intellectual growth. Josephine had been so independent hitherto, that the constraint of having in all things to submit to the will of another, to hear ineptitudes without replying, to go through a mechanical round of duties that led to nothing, were an especial trial to her. But she had the clear sense to see that it was a schooling she needed; she was learning self-restraint.

One evening the old lady was tired of the reading, did not care for patience, and, as she had a little of the fretfulness induced by nettlerash still about her, she began to grumble at never being able to hear a bit of music. With diffidence, and yet eagerness, Josephine volunteered to play and sing. She was diffident, because she did not know how her mistress would take the offer; she was eager, because she had not touched the piano since she left Hanford, and her soul was one that hungered and thirsted for music, a soul that could only find its full expression in pain or pleasure through music. Thus it came about that Richard Cable heard her sing on the night he was lingering under the trees of the park.

The little old lady was not without that atmosphere of romance hanging about her heart that enlarged and transformed common objects and gave them ephemeral and fantastic values and shapes. She thought about what Mrs Sellwood had told her of Josephine, and as she had taken a great fancy for Josephine, she wanted to learn more. She wrote for particulars to her sister, but unsuccessfully, and every attempt to wrest her story from the girl equally failed. As she had so few facts on which to build, she fell back on conjecture, and speedily came to treat her conjectures as assured realities. There could be no question that Josephine was a lady, the child of gentlefolks, who had been suddenly ruined—so

she supposed—by the failure of the great Coast of Guinea Bank, which had recently brought down so many families. She was an orphan, and had lost everything, and she had fled her old home and its associations owing to a love-affair with a gentleman of position to whom she had been engaged, but who, having no resources himself, had broken off the match on her losing her fortune. Miss Otterbourne had in former days had several offers; but as she never could assure herself that the suitors were not in love with her estate rather than herself, she had refused them all; and now, in her old age, had a longing for a little romance, and a desire to take some part in the great concert of love that bursts from all creation, if she were only to play a little feeble accompaniment to the song of another. What a flutter it produces in an old heart on which hopes and loves have flashed and flickered and died out to white dust, to be able, before the last death-chill falls, to assist at the kindling, or to fan when lighted, or to sit by and hearken to the roar of a love-fire! So poor old Miss Otterbourne having made out to her own satisfaction and sincere conviction that Josephine was in love, and had been badly treated, turned the matter about in her mind, and schemed whether it were possible for her to take up the broken engagement and hammer and weld it together again. How she was to do this, she did not know. She did not even know the gentleman; but, again, imagination went to work and showed her that he was endeavouring to get into a government situation. Miss Otterbourne knew and was connected with persons of position and influence, and might possibly induce them to get him a secretaryship or a colonial appointment. The kind little heart made its plans; the letters were thought out, and the list of those to whom application was to be made was drawn up; all that Miss Otterbourne needed to know to put all her engines in play was the name and position of the man. But when she approached the subject, however delicately, Josephine winced, changed colour, trembled, and entreated permission to leave the room.

'There is no help for it,' said Miss Otterbourne to herself; 'I must wait till I have gained her confidence.—Poor young people! Poor dear girl! She is growing thin and pale here. I can see the change in her. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. It is only hope deferred, not extinguished. I am clever in these matters; I will make all right in time.'

Miss Otterbourne was warmly attached to her nephew, Captain Sellwood, who would succeed to Bewdley after her decease, when he would assume by royal license the name and arms of Otterbourne in addition to Sellwood. The old lady had much family pride in her, and loved to talk of the family greatness, its achievements and its matches in the past. It was a sad thing that Cholmondely Otterbourne, her brother, had died early, and that thus the direct male representation ceased. As the old lady loved to talk, and loved especially to talk of her nephew, on whom her ambition concentrated, she was not silent with Josephine.

'I suppose you have seen him, Cable?' she said. 'If you know Mrs Sellwood, you have no doubt seen the captain. He is a very fine man, and has such splendid eyes, like those of an ox. I wish he would marry. I am getting to be an old woman,

and I want to see the young generation settled, and another rising about it. I should be happy, I think, quite happy, with little grand nephews and nieces, nephews especially, trotting about these passages, and up and down the stairs. I am afraid that Captain Sellwood must have met with a disappointment.—You have not heard of such a rumour, have you, Cable?

'There has been no such tale, Miss Otterbourne, as far as I am aware.'

'I cannot conceive of a girl refusing him, he is so handsome, so dignified, and has such eyes, such ox-like eyes. If he has been refused, it must have been by some great heiress, who thinks overweeningly of herself; or by a duke's daughter, or a baroness in her own right.—You have seen Captain Sellwood, I suppose, Cable?'

'Yes, ma'am, I have seen him.' She always spoke respectfully to Miss Otterbourne, as a servant to a mistress.

'What do you think of him? Have you ever seen his equal?—Except'— The old lady laughed. 'That is not quite a fair question;' she assumed a roguish air. 'Every girl thinks one man the ideal of what man should be, but after—that one, eh, Cable?'

Josephine hesitated; then evaded the answer by saying: 'I spoke the exact truth, Miss Otterbourne, about there being no reports circulating concerning Captain Sellwood; but I believe it is true, and Mr and Mrs Sellwood know it, that he was refused.'

'Who was she?' asked Miss Otterbourne.

'A very unworthy person,' answered Josephine.

That the captain was certain to visit Bewdley, and that she would have to meet him—she in the capacity of a servant, occurred to Josephine, and made her uneasy. But on further consideration, this uneasiness passed away. It was bred of pride, and her pride was much broken. The prospect that he would come to Bewdley gave her courage and hope. Before he arrived, he would have been prepared to see her—his father or mother would be certain to do that.

She thought a good deal about him, as Miss Otterbourne spoke of him so frequently; and she trusted that his arrival would relieve her from one of her great distresses. She could mention to him the condition of affairs in the house. As heir to the estate, as the person responsible next to her mistress, he ought to be told everything. Then he could act as he saw fit. She would have fulfilled her duty, and the responsibility would rest on the proper shoulders.

'Captain Sellwood comes on Tuesday,' said Miss Otterbourne one day. 'Tell Mrs Grundy to have the Blue Room ready.'

Josephine drew a long breath. 'I am so glad!' she said. The exclamation escaped her unintentionally. Miss Otterbourne looked surprised, and then annoyed, and said no more to her that evening.

CHAPTER XLVI.—A CHUM.

Once, annually, whilst he was in England, did Captain Sellwood pay his aunt a visit. He stayed with her a fortnight; and she took him round to show him to her old friends, and show him the young ladies of the neighbourhood among whom he was at liberty to pick and choose—ladies by birth and breeding, and with at least

something to bring with them. As yet he had not picked and chosen in the region round Bewdley; he had contented himself with exciting the admiration of the old ladies, to whom he devoted himself with more eagerness than to the young. They were his aunt's cronies, and he made an effort to please his aunt by showing courtesy to her friends.

The family coach went to the station to meet the captain, and Miss Otterbourne awaited his arrival impatiently. Josephine's heart was in a flutter. 'Shall I leave the room?' she asked, suddenly rising from her needlework in the window. Miss Otterbourne had got into the way of making her sit in the same room with her much of her time.

'No, Cable,' answered the old lady—'no need for that. You have, I daresay, seen the captain, and he will probably know you.'

In fact, Miss Otterbourne was curious to observe how they met; for she knew nothing for certain about Josephine's origin, nor of the extent of her acquaintance, nor of its character, with the Sellwoods.

Josephine remained, but stood silent, in the window, withdrawn as much as possible from sight. Captain Sellwood came in, and was greeted with love and pride by his aunt. 'My dear fellow! How you have grown! But—I do believe I see a careworn expression in your face, as if the course of something—something—had not run smooth.'

He turned abruptly from her and came directly to Josephine, who, in spite of her efforts to remain composed, coloured and trembled. 'We have met before—at Hanford,' he said, with a bow, and extended hand; but whether he spoke to explain his conduct to his aunt, or to introduce himself to Josephine, who might not recollect him, Miss Otterbourne could not discover.

'You will be pleased to hear that the rector and my mother are in flourishing condition,' he went on. 'I hope I may be able to inform them, when I write, that you are well and happy.' He spoke civilly, formally, yet kindly; and what he said might have been addressed indiscriminately to a lady or a lady's-maid.

'The rogue!' said Miss Otterbourne to herself. 'He, also, wants to keep me in the dark. There is some mystery; but I shall worm it out.'

Josephine kept away from the drawing-room whilst the captain was there; her mistress did not need her when she had her nephew to talk to. She hoped to have an opportunity of speaking with him in private before long, that she might relieve her mind, after which it was her intention to leave the service of Miss Otterbourne. It did not advantage her to remain there longer. Her mistress had drawn her into association with herself, and she could associate with ladies as at Hanford. As for the servants at Bewdley, she did not wish to be on terms of familiarity with them. They did not represent the class to which Richard belonged. She must seek representatives of his order elsewhere.

One evening, the housemaid who shared her room told her that a sister and cousin had come to Bewdley and had asked her to meet them and walk with them to the station. She had, however, her duties in the house, and could not go out, leaving these neglected. As for the under-

housemaid, she was engaged with her own work, and could not be trusted to arrange the rooms—would Josephine mind relieving her of this for an hour or two. 'It's the captain's two rooms have to be looked after,' said the young woman. 'If you'll do this for me to-day, Cable, I'll help you what I can another time.'

Josephine at once, good-naturedly, consented.

Captain Sellwood occupied the best bedroom, with a small sitting-room adjoining, and on the other side a dressing-room. He did not care for a fire in his bedroom; but there was one in the sitting-room, and there his aunt allowed him to smoke. He had no valet with him to attend to his clothes; and after he was dressed for dinner, the housemaid folded those he had taken off and put them away, and got the room ready for the night. The sitting-room had to be made tidy: the scraps of letters and envelopes to be picked up; his newspaper to be folded and placed on the table; his cigar end, left on the mantel-shelf, to be buried in the red depths of the fire; a flower-glass upset on the side-table, to be refilled, the blossoms rearranged, and the water to be wiped up. How untidy men are!—No, not all men—not Richard. And had not Josephine been just as careless when in her own house?

She put everything together in the sitting-room. Captain Sellwood had worn gloves lined with swansdown, which his mother had insisted on his wearing whilst on the journey; but either the moth had got into them, or the down was badly put on at first, and, as he found the wool coming off, whilst he was smoking he amused himself with picking it off the inside of his gloves and throwing little tufts on the floor, where it adhered to the pile of the Brussels carpet. The collecting of this down engaged Josephine some time, and she said to herself: 'If people only knew the trouble they give by their want of consideration!' and then remembered she would have done the same in former years. She was engaged picking the particles out of the carpet pile, when the bedroom door opened and Captain Sellwood came in, with one patent-leather boot on his foot and the other in his hand. Josephine looked up as the door opened, and rose.

'Oh,' said he, 'I am sorry. There is a peg in the sole that hurts me, and I have come for the poker to drive it down.'

Josephine rose from her knees, colouring.

'Do not let me disturb you,' he said. 'I will go away.' He had a crimson silk stocking on his unshod foot.

'Shall I knock down the peg for you, Captain Sellwood?' asked Josephine. 'There is a hammer in the housemaid's cupboard.'

'Not on any consideration; but if you will kindly fetch me the hammer, I shall be grateful. I do not know the whereabouts of the said cupboard.' He held out his hand to help her up.

'What have you been about?' he asked.

'Collecting all these particles of swansdown. They are difficult to get out of the carpet.'

'I threw them there,' he said; 'but I am glad it has given me the opportunity of speaking to you alone, which I have desired, and failed to get.'

'I also,' said Josephine, 'wish to have a little private talk with you; but'— She looked

round, and seeing that some one was in the corridor and that the door of the sitting-room was open, she added: 'I will get the hammer for your boot at once.' Then she went out at the door and closed it behind her. She had a candle in her hand, and saw standing before her the butler, with a mocking expression on his sinister face.

'What are you doing there, Cable? You have no business in these rooms.'

She would rather not have answered him, and have passed on without a reply; but she considered that she had to return, and that the butler must be got rid of, so she answered with as much indifference as she could assume, that the housemaid was going to the station with her friends, and had asked her to see to the bedrooms.

'And to chat with the captain, who slipped away from table before his usual time.'

Josephine coloured at his insolence. She had taken Captain Sellwood's boot in her hand, and whether advisable or not, she must return with it. She went her way without appearing to notice the remark made by the butler. In ten minutes she returned with the boot; she had succeeded in knocking down the peg. As she came to the captain's door she looked round to see that the coast was clear, and then tapped lightly. He opened at once, and she went in.

She was nervous and agitated. The situation was not a pleasant one; and if she had not made up her mind to speak to him, she would have given him the boot at the door and not have gone in. But three or four days of his visit to his aunt had elapsed without her obtaining the opportunity she sought, and she did not see how she could obtain the desired interview without attracting attention and arousing curiosity.

Mr Vickary was probably satisfied with the explanation she had given. If he doubted it, he could satisfy himself in the kitchen that it was genuine. Notwithstanding her bringing-up, Josephine had much guilelessness in her. She knew Captain Sellwood well, had known him since she was a child, and was aware that he was an honourable man, who would never forget the respect due to her. He knew her story—that she was married; and that she had met with trouble. That he knew why she had gone into service, she did not suppose. He was aware that she had resigned her right to the inheritance of Gabriel Gotham—all Hanford knew that; but the reasons for her so doing were not divulged. The captain, she presumed, thought she had been forced to take service because she was left penniless. That he would not press her to tell him anything she kept to herself, she was well satisfied. He was a gentleman, if a somewhat heavy one.

She closed the door behind her, and went towards Captain Sellwood with something of her old frankness, holding his boot in her hand. 'I must have a little talk with you,' she said. 'And there is no time like the present. I hold you arrested by one foot. You shall not have your boot till you have listened to me.'

'I am not likely to run away from you, Mrs Cable, unless you draw out of your quiver some of your old arrows; then, knowing their sharpness, I might in self-defence take to flight.'

'No; I have broken off all their heads. I will never hurt any one again—at least not with them.'

'Take a chair, Mrs Cable.'

'I had rather stand.'

'And I insist on your being seated.'

She obeyed, taking a small armchair near the fire. He had lighted the candles on the mantelpiece, and stood by the fire, with his elbow on the shelf, resting on his shod foot, with the red-stockinged foot crossed over the other.

'The matter about which I desire to speak to you,' she said, going at once to her point, 'concerns Miss Otterbourne. You and your mother ought to know how she is treated by her servants. She is robbed on all sides. She is surrounded by perfectly unscrupulous persons, who are in league against her. There are valuables in this house, heirlooms; nothing is safe from their rapacity. Dear Miss Otterbourne is so confiding that she leaves everything about—her keys, her cheque-book; her drawers are not locked, and any one can get at her jewelry. The plate is intrusted to Mr Vickary, and—some one ought to be intrusted with the looking after of Mr Vickary. Is there a list of the plate? Do you think Miss Otterbourne herself knows what family jewels she has? I have ventured to entreat her to keep her bureau locked where she has some securities,—she ought to send them to her banker's; but she likes to retain them in her own hands. I am sure the butler has been to that bureau, though I will not say he has abstracted anything. What I fear is—were anything to happen to your aunt—suppose a stroke, which is not impossible or improbable at her age, then—this house would be at the disposal of her servants. They might take what they liked, and who would stop them? An old lady ought never to be left as Miss Otterbourne is—without a relative by her to guard her interests.'

'Dear Mrs Cable,' said Captain Sellwood, 'my mother cannot be here. It is also out of the question that I should. We had hoped—when you came'—

'Exactly, that I was to be life and bodyguard to Her Majesty. I do not feel disposed to be that. I tell you the state of affairs, and then I go. I cannot remain here. Miss Otterbourne is very kind, and I like her; but I cannot remain. You can see that for yourself. Having revealed the misdemeanours of my fellow-servants, I must go as well as they.'

'I do not see that.'

'I do. I could not stay. There are other matters behind all this that I have told you; but you know enough.'

'What is to be done?'

'What is to be done?' repeated Josephine, with a return to her old contemptuous manner. 'You are a man, a soldier, and ask me that!'

'Precisely; because I am a man and a soldier, I know nothing about domestic matters; I cannot engage a new set of servants.'

'But you can induce your aunt to dismiss these.'

'And I know very well that with a new supply she would fare no better. She has had relays of ladies'-maids, and has demoralised them all—made very decent girls my mother has sent her, dishonest and given to drink.'

'Well, I have discharged my duty. It is for you to act on the information you have received. This house not only demoralises the ladies'-maids, but the entire parish. Your good old aunt, with a mind full of religion and kindness, is poisoning every man, woman, and child who comes near her. Trust is a very good thing when well applied; but trust given to the untrustworthy aggravates the evil. Why, what will become of the servant-girls of this establishment when they marry? They have learned here to be dainty, thriftless, and dishonest; to take to themselves whatever comes to hand, and to use everything without consideration what it costs. They will make their husbands and families wretched and wicked.' Josephine spoke with vehemence, because she felt strongly, and had been bottling up her indignation ever since she had begun to see into the condition of affairs in the house, without the opportunity of giving it vent.

Captain Sellwood stood looking down at his unbooted foot, meditating. His face was troubled. 'It would be conferring on us the greatest favour, it would be laying us under a lifelong obligation, if you would consent to stay as companion to my aunt.'

'I cannot. The captain who applies the match to the powder-room does not blow up the crew and provide for his own safety—they all go up into the air together. I cannot do what seems mean.'

'We have no claim whatever on you; but you are here on the spot—if'—

'No, Captain Sellwood—no! How slow you are to take a no!'

Then ensued another silence.

'I have said what I had to say, and now I must go.' She made a motion to rise. He waved his hand.

'I pray you, one moment longer. About yourself. If you insist on leaving this house, where will you go?'

'I do not know. I have not considered.'

'Excuse me, Mrs Cable. I do not want to touch on matters that I have no right to put my finger on, but—we are old acquaintances of many, many years' standing. I cannot bear to think of your being in positions to which you were not born. Do not be offended. I am a clumsy man with my tongue, as you know very well.' He spoke with such truth and kindness, such real feeling in his voice, that Josephine's heart grew soft. 'I ask no questions; I want to know nothing about any of these matters that have occurred and that have affected you; but I do pray you—I pray you—do nothing without consulting my mother; and do not—do not be too proud to take her helping hand. Indeed, you can do my mother no greater favour than ask her to help you in any and every way.'

Josephine did not answer at once. It was not possible for her to answer with frankness without entering into an explanation of her circumstances, which she could not do to him. After thinking, and turning his foot about in her hand, she said: 'I am very sensible, Captain Sellwood, of your kindness; and I know how good and generous your dear mother is, and how I can rely as well on your father. He approves of all I have done. You must not think me wanting in generosity

if I change the subject. You have drawn the conversation away from your aunt to me, and I had rather not have it turn about myself, but revert to what we spoke of at first.'

'As you will, Mrs Cable.'

'I think that you must get a gentlewoman to live here as companion to Miss Otterbourne, and strike at once at Mr Vickary. The house-keeper and the maid-servants are not bad-hearted; but no one in the household has the moral courage to withstand him. Try to induce your aunt to part with him and take a suitable companion. Then the servants' hall can be weeded leisurely.'

A tap at the door. The captain called out to come in, and Josephine looked round to see who asked admission. She was thinking only of what she was saying, and had forgotten where she was, and how strange it would seem to any one opening the door for her to be seated by Captain Sellwood's fire in his private sitting and smoking room talking confidentially with him.

In the doorway stood Miss Otterbourne; and Josephine caught a glimpse of the butler gliding away from behind her. 'Really!' exclaimed the old lady—'really—I am surprised—I—I'—

'There is your boot, Captain Sellwood,' said Josephine, starting up, suddenly conscious of her situation, and hurriedly left the room.

He took the boot, and slowly and clumsily drew it on. He also saw what an awkward position they had been in.

'Can you allow me a tête-à-tête?' asked the old lady somewhat stiffly; 'or—do you prefer younger society?'

'It was,' he stammered—'my—my boot that we were engaged upon. We are old chums; we were chumming, aunt, only chumming.'

AMERICANS ABROAD.

THE summer-tide of American tourists on 'the European trip' causes the transatlantic liners to be heavily laden with passengers, who have booked for months ahead their places in the favourite steamers, and, what is more, in thoroughly American fashion, settled by what vessel they will return in the 'fall.' The weekly arrivals at Liverpool from 'the other side' can be counted by thousands; few sights, indeed, are more calculated to excite reflection than the counter-currents which the great Lancashire port daily sees; the outward flood of sturdy emigrants in search of fortunes 'West' crossing with the incoming wave of American visitors, who, having achieved an instalment of their share of the world's success, come to seek in the Old World those pleasures from which the emigrant has often so unwillingly exiled himself. Time was, when we Britons were the great travelling nation, and though we still well keep up our reputation in this respect, it is useless to deny that we are outdone by our 'kin beyond the sea,' to whom a European trip is much more of a necessity, social and pleasurable, than is the case with us, near as we are to the continent. In America, indeed, every one travels; but the enormous distances which the Americans find themselves called upon to traverse—distances of which we in Europe can by comparison form but a very scant idea—count as nothing till the Atlantic has been crossed. The 'ocean trip' may be said to be the first

necessary extravagance which the successful American lavishes on himself and his family; no matter in what station, one visit at least to Europe is a social, almost a national obligation; while in the more established sections of society it will be found that every one has either 'just been' to Europe, or is 'just going,' or has 'just returned.' We in Britain see almost without exception every American who leaves his country, and the American traveller is nowadays a very familiar object on our railways, which he likes; and in our hotels, which he freely criticises; or scattered over the various places of interest, which it will be found our cousins are far more assiduous in seeing than ourselves.

Perhaps it is on the score of the familiarity we are gaining with the American traveller that British people are so ready with their opinions as to 'Americans.' In a mixed company where the subject is discussed, the variety of views expressed is somewhat apt to be conflicting; and, truth to tell, even to the impartial judge, a candid opinion on the point is difficult. To those who know Americans well, it is only too evident that of late years a marked change is observable in the character of the American tourist as he is to be met with in Britain and on the continent. The low fares and quick passages, the sudden fortunes made 'out West,' among many other reasons, have tended to alter entirely the whole nature of the ocean trip, just as similar conditions may be said in the Old World to have materially modified the character of foreign travel. It is no longer possible, therefore, to pass a hasty generalisation on the American traveller; for he will be found, by those to whom he is familiar in his several phases, to vary considerably, from the highest type of the still existing Southern gentleman, who, to all but the keenest observation, would pass unnoticed in a crowd of correct English people, to the unmistakable 'Westerner' or 'down-Easter,' the cut of whose clothes, hat, and boots, not to speak of a manner thoroughly in accord with his shrill and monotonously toned accent, betray themselves instantly.

Of late years, the crowd of American tourists abroad has been thus divisible into several distinct sections, foremost among these coming the demonstrative American, contrasting in a very marked manner with the excessively correct New-Yorker or Bostonian, whose tone is professedly 'English, quite English, you know;' whose pride it is to be mistaken for a native of this country; whose clothes are faultlessly British in material and style, and whose disgust at his loud-toned compatriots is scarcely to be concealed. It is indeed a singular feature of modern American existence—it might almost be said of modern civilisation, the terms, according to some, being interchangeable—that there is to be found in America a certain section of the community who openly express a contempt for everything 'American.' Probably none are louder in the expression of this feeling than the American women, who form perhaps the largest number of American residents in Europe. It is easy to see how the conditions of existence on 'the other side' have led to this curious state of affairs. In America, there is no 'leisure class;' every member of the community as a rule is actively engaged in commerce; and commerce in America

is followed with a feverish ardour unknown in our 'effete old world.' As a matter of course, the women are entirely outside this interest. Educated in many respects with greater care than their sisters in Europe; leading generally what has not unfitly been termed a hothouse existence; freed in great part from the many domestic cares which occupy so largely the time and attention of women over here; voracious readers of cosmopolitan literature, English, French, and German; looking to Europe for every inspiration of refinement, from the last new fashion in dress or house decoration to the latest novel or the last new opera—it is little wonder that, amidst the uncongenial atmosphere of 'home,' the American woman who has any aspirations sighs to reach the land of promise across the ocean. The sacrifices that are often made by American ladies to complete their studies in Europe are scarcely to be imagined by their British sisters, and are indeed only familiar to those who either know America well, or are constant readers of American literature. The bravery with which a young American girl will leave home unescorted and settle down alone in London or Paris, or in some German town, to pursue the study of the languages, of music or painting, is a feature which can solely be explained by the complex nature of American life. Such ladies form a considerable section of the resident Americans whom we have among us. They keep very much to themselves, and bear their many trials very patiently, aware as they are of the privileges they are enjoying at such a moderate rate. As a class, they can alone be compared with the many young American painters who are crowding the *ateliers* of Paris and Munich, and whose ability to exist on next to nothing is a standing wonder even to the frugal and thrifty foreign art student.

To these sets of Americans to be met abroad, there are to be added the various resident colonies 'located' in Paris and London, or scattered about in the more pleasant European resorts of pleasure and fashion—colonies in great part made up of grass-widows, whose husbands are mysteriously absent in the States for years at a time. To this section of the Americans resident abroad, the typical Western tourist is a standing source of horror: his openly expressed irreverence for the most hallowed of the Old World traditions; his independence of views on every matter of art and culture generally; his very appearance—are criticised by his own compatriots even more severely than by us. Happily, the proportion of Americans who are ashamed of their country and its deficiencies is comparatively small, and their influence inconsiderable, for they constitute an anomaly such as will be found in no other nation.

Socially speaking, from our European point of view, such 'conscious' Americans, as Mr James has termed them, may be more agreeable than their uncouth countrymen; yet, let it not be forgotten that it is with the rawboned, broadcloth-covered, broad-shouldered, slouch-hatted 'Yankees' who protrude their presence so conspicuously, that the future destinies of America rest; by them its wonderful past has been moulded. It is not with the namby-pamby American—too usually a snobbish worshipper of the rank and family in which

he is deficient, and a connection with which he is ever eager to prove—that is to be found the eagerness, the energy, and aspiration which have induced America to fly her kite, and in many cases successfully, at every object of excellence, and of which such singular proofs have been given at the Exhibition at Earl's Court, where have been seen, if not exactly under one roof, at least in one enclosure, the aborigines of the still undeveloped West—redskins unable to communicate except through an interpreter, side by side with the latest inventions and creations of science and art, produced by a nation which, within but a few years, has reclaimed from solitude and savagery the great continent which stretches from the stormy shores of the Atlantic to the quiet depths of the Pacific.

THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER II.—WHO DID IT?

WHEN the first sensation of horror produced by the burning of Colonel Humby's bungalow—a sensation, it must be noted, due not so much to the conflagration itself as to the tragic possibilities which might be involved in it—gave way to the natural excitement incident to such an occurrence, a rush took place from the Assembly Rooms in the direction of the fire. In a few minutes every man in the station was on the spot. The spectacle which met our eyes as the first of us arrived was an awful one. The natives stood together in groups at a distance, dumb and shivering with terror. The bungalow was an old one, heavily thatched, and as dry as tinder. All the water of the Indus would not have saved it. The fire devoured it in one monstrous mouthful, and was licking the bare and blackened walls when we reached the place. The personal interest of the writer of this narrative in that scene was deeper than that of any other man in Jullabad. I was the Lieutenant Charles Everest more than once mentioned. I had seen Mrs Humby in the radiance of her beautiful and happy maidenhood, and realised more than any one else her strange and unhappy fate in falling into the hands of this man. I had had her in my arms, unconscious indeed, and as I then believed, dying, and the thrill of the contact was still upon me. In my heart of hearts, I believed that her husband, for some reason known only to himself—and perhaps to her—was compassing her death—driving her to it in such manner as to insure his own safety from the law. Murders of that class are every year committed with impunity where women are weak and men are brutal. And the horror of horrors which momentarily paralysed me, gazing on the gutted and smoking bungalow, was the dread conviction that Humby had himself set fire to the house, in order to burn his sick and helpless wife in her bed.

I recognised among the natives a *khidmatgar* belonging to Colonel Humby's household, and beckoned the man to me. 'Who were in the bungalow when the fire broke out?' I asked.

'Sahib and Mem-Sahib,' was the answer.

'Where are they now?'

The man shook his head and answered, trembling: 'I don't know, sir.'

A quick inquiry among the others elicited the

horrifying fact that neither Colonel Humby nor his wife had been seen by any of them. All this had not occupied sixty seconds from the moment of our reaching the spot. I staggered, rather than walked, back to the others. 'I believe they have both been burned to death,' I said. 'Let us search the ruin.'

'I feared as much, at least in the case of Colonel Humby,' replied one of the men, as we moved towards the bungalow. 'I saw him driven home this evening so intoxicated that, if he took any more, he must have fallen in a stupor. What an awful death!'

'If he were the only victim, the holocaust would matter little,' I said; and then we commenced our search.

The ground beneath our thin shoes was hot, and the smoke rising from the embers blinded us. We went round the veranda first. All that remained here was a portion of a rocking-chair, with a partially burnt shawl on the floor near it, and a pair of lady's slippers. Mrs Humby must have been sitting in that chair. Had she left her shoes in the veranda and walked to her chamber without them?

I did not know which room she had occupied in the bungalow, and the walls were red-hot and crumbling, which made it dangerous to enter them. But the strain of my anxiety was so painful that more than this would not have held me back. My eyes were smarting from the pungent smoke, my feet blistering from the heat of the brick floor through the dancing-shoes which I wore. I rushed through two or three rooms. There was nothing but smoke and ashes and smouldering pieces of timber. Every combustible thing was consumed. I escaped a falling wall by leaping back just as it fell in a heap. At the same instant from an adjoining apartment came a shout of horror. I thought some other explorer had been killed or injured, and I clambered over the fallen masonry to the place. It was sickening. I will make no attempt to describe it. Colonel Humby had been roasted to a cinder on his bed. The attitude in which the body was discovered suggested that the stupor of intoxication had passed into that of asphyxia, and that he had not moved a limb in the furnace of death. The iron bedstead was the only thing unburned in the chamber. Something was thrown over the remains, and we reeled out of the fearful presence.

Outside the walls, I asked if any person had discovered a trace of Mrs Humby. 'If not,' I said, 'further search must be made. It will be awful if she has been burned to death too!'

'No occasion to be anxious, Mr Everest,' said a dry Scottish voice behind me; 'she is quite safe, I assure you!'

I turned quickly with a start. The speaker was Colonel Jack, our cantonment magistrate, as unemotional and honest a Scotsman as ever came from north of the Tweed. His assurance, as may readily be imagined, was a welcome one—I could have thrown myself, woman-like, on the old fellow's neck for his words—but something in the very dryness of his voice was uncomfortable to my feelings of relief and gratitude. However, it was no time for analysing fancies; it was an intense gratification to everybody to know that poor Mrs Humby had somehow—no one as yet knew how—escaped from

the holocaust, and was now safe and well in the bungalow of Colonel Jack. Excepting our mess-house, that of Colonel Jack was the nearest refuge.

Next day, she received numerous calls of sympathy from the ladies of Jullabad. Associated with their natural sympathy for the poor girl was, of course, a considerable amount of equally natural interest in the particulars of the catastrophe of the previous night. They came away much disappointed. Mrs Humby was grateful for their sympathy, but recoiled, with a look of fear that was mystifying, from every reference to the burning of the bungalow and the fate of her husband. Even Mrs Jack, who was ministering to her with the solicitude of a mother, could not bring her to speak upon the subject.

'She seems so dazed, poor child!' said Mrs Speedy at a tea-drinking that evening; 'I fear her brain is a little affected.'

'I shouldn't have been surprised if it had been affected before now,' observed another lady. 'The life she has led in Jullabad would drive many women mad.'

'Ah,' said Mrs Speedy, shaking her head, 'she hadn't spirit enough to be driven mad. It is melancholy such passive women as Mrs Humby are driven into—or rather, they quietly sink into it.'

Colonel Jack, however, as cantonment magistrate, found it necessary to inquire into the circumstances of the fire and of the Deputy-Commissioner's death; and in the course of a few days these became tolerably well known. Mrs Humby had been examined, as well as those of the dead man's native servants who were able to throw any light upon the matter.

Colonel Humby had come home that afternoon very much the worse of drink. His wife was sitting in the veranda—for the first time after her illness—when she heard him staggering through the rooms within. She had just given some silver bangles (ornaments so dear to the natives) to an interesting child of six belonging to the *bawarchi* (or cook), and the man was standing a few paces off, with folded hands, regarding the child with eyes beaming pleasure and gratefulness. The natives are passionately fond of their children, and the least indulgence to their little ones wins their affections. In this way the solitary wife had made herself attached friends among her dusky menials—the only friends she had.

Suddenly the native started nervously on hearing the 'Sahib' in the bungalow, and with a quick but respectful salaam to his mistress, snatched up his little girl and hurried away to his cookhouse. The colonel, however, had seen him leave the veranda with the child, and the incident was enough for his ill-temper.

'Is there any tiffin ready?' he demanded, reeling up to where his wife sat.—'What has that fellow been doing here with his black spawn?'

'I was giving the child some bangles,' was the answer. 'I had promised them before—I fell ill.'

'Bangles? Let me catch the brat and it shall get something else!—D'y'e hear me, madam? I'll have no more philandering with these niggers—the fellow would cut your throat as soon as thank you—and serve you right!'

Colonel Humby emphasised what he said by shaking his clenched fist in his wife's face. She merely turned her head another way. He looked in a more than usually savage mood; and she breathed more freely when, after half a minute's pause, he walked away from where she sat. She hoped he would go in and throw himself on a couch to sleep the fit off. But he was in a temper for mischief, and instead of doing so, he staggered over the compound to the cookhouse. Mrs Humby held her breath. There was a cry of pain from the poor cook, followed by a scream from the child, and Colonel Humby immediately appeared at the door of the cookhouse actually dragging the little girl after him by the hair. At the door he swung her round in front, and flung the little body from him with a kick, like a football. Before picking the child from the ground, the cook stood a moment regarding his master with a look which, drunk as he was, might have done much to sober Colonel Humby had he seen it. But he was on his way back to the house; and by the time tiffin was laid for him, was lying on his back asleep.

Colonel Humby rose about half-past seven, had some dinner by himself, and afterwards sat in the veranda smoking and drinking brandy-and-water for an hour. Mrs Humby was lying on her bed, dressed, at about nine o'clock, when she heard her husband go into his own room and close the door. At this point the mystery of the event began. The cook—his name was Sinya—lived in the native bazaar, some distance across the station, and after removing the dinner and performing the remaining duties of the day, he shut his cookhouse and went home to see after his child. He did not return again until after the place had been burned, so that he was able to throw no light on the origin of the fire.

The *khidmatgar* deposed to paraffin lamps being burning in the drawing-room, the dining-room, and in the bedrooms of Mrs Humby and her husband. This was the usual practice, and except the dining-room lamp—which was extinguished at ten—they were left burning all night. The lamp in Colonel Humby's room was placed on a table, a distance of several feet from the bed. On the theory that he had accidentally overturned the lamp and thus originated the fire, how was his position on the bed—the position in which his charred remains were discovered—to be accounted for? Only by assuming that after overturning the lamp and setting the fire going, he was too stupefied with brandy to be conscious of the accident, or to be aroused to consciousness by the fierce flare which must have immediately enveloped him. Was this possible? Did the unfortunate man, after upsetting the lamp, stagger to his bed and lie there inert to be roasted?

Upon one point the *khidmatgar* was positive: Colonel Humby never smoked in his bedroom. He smoked little as a rule, but never in the bedroom. The possibility of the fire originating in this way was consequently out of the question.

Mrs Humby, as has been said, was lying on her bed dressed. Some time between nine and ten o'clock, she dropped asleep. She heard no sound from the direction of her husband's apartment after he closed the door. But she had not been long asleep when she was startled into wakefulness by a rough hand grasping her throat and

choking her! With the strength of desperation, she uttered a shriek of terror, and then the fingers relaxed their hold; the man rushed from the room, and a volume of smoke poured in through the door as he did so.

The strangest part of the story was her declaration—reluctantly wrung from her by pressure of repeated questioning—that her assailant was her husband! When awakened by the hand upon her throat, the lamp in her room was extinguished; but when he turned outside the door, the glare of the fire fell upon him, dressed in his every-day suit of Scotch tweed, and wearing his helmet with the green and yellow *puggaree* which was invariably around it. Mrs Humby sprang from the bed and fled for her life to the bungalow of Colonel Jack, where she fell fainting in the veranda.

It was not for three or four days that Mrs Humby could be induced to speak on the occurrences of the dreadful night; and it was only by pertinacious persistence that Colonel Jack obtained from her the foregoing statement of what she remembered. She was not in the least mentally affected by the shock, as the ladies had supposed her to be; she spoke like one having a clear and reliable memory, when she did speak. But the simple and unaffected tenacity with which, when over and over again questioned in every variety of way, she held to the accuracy of that extraordinary statement, was literally staggering.

Of course there was no other topic of conversation in Jullabad now. Not a man of us doubted the entire and childlike truthfulness of Mrs Humby. But accepting her statement, we were confronted with what looked to be an unfathomable mystery. No one denied that Colonel Humby was capable of murdering his unhappy wife; that his murderous fingers were fastened on her throat was in itself possible enough, assuming the man so intoxicated as to be reckless of his own safety. He had not completed the attempted murder—and the bungalow was on fire at the time he attempted it. Was it his fiendish intention first to strangle her, and then consume the traces of his guilt in the fire? Many thought this suggestion the most plausible one. Knowing Humby as all knew him, it would be quite consistent with his character. Cruelty not killing her rapidly enough, a scheme like this would be the very one to do it for him. Charred remains would show no finger-marks on the throat, would defy the terrors of a post-mortem examination. But the men who held hardest to this theory—and let it be noted that Mrs Humby's throat showed distinct marks of the attempted strangulation—were dumfounded and mystified by two obvious questions: Would Colonel Humby have been scared from the completion of his murderous intent by the awakening scream of his victim? Would he, having allowed himself to be so scared, have left the chamber-door open for her escape, gone back to his own room, and deliberately laid himself on his bed to be roasted to death?

The wildness of the excitement which exercised people's imaginations in Jullabad may be judged from the fact that a new sensation was created by the suggestion that the charred and, of course, unidentifiable remains found upon the bed were not those of Colonel Humby, but of somebody else! If it were only possible to fix the identity

upon somebody else, with any fair amount of plausibility, this suggestion might have been accepted. But it was not found possible.

'I, for one,' said our charming Lady O'Reilly, who was very outspoken all through the dreadful business, 'should be extremely sorry if such a story were true. I should never get over the disappointment of knowing that Colonel Humby had only been burned by proxy!'

In India, we are thrown entirely upon our own resources in such a sensational emergency as this. We have no enterprising press to inform us of all the mysterious ins and outs of the affair. The two newspapers which we received were published at the far-away cities of Lahore and Allahabad: the former we generally got either one or two days after issue; the latter, three, four, or even five. Neither could possibly command such machinery for the collection of news, and especially for the investigation of a tragedy like ours, as people at home are accustomed to. They depended entirely on voluntary reports from residents. Their reports, therefore, were a good way behind our own information, and were perused by us with a merely languid interest. But the *Pioneer* of Allahabad took our breath away some ten days after the tragedy, just as we had begun to despair of ever finding a satisfactory explanation of the still mysterious occurrence, with a report—dated from Jullabad—that the conviction was at last forcing itself on the public mind that the author of the fire, and the agent of Colonel Humby's death, could be no other than—Mrs Humby herself!

A thunderbolt could not have fallen with more astounding effect. The sensation created by this announcement was in itself evidence that one portion of it at least was entirely false—that 'the conviction was at last forcing itself on the public mind.' Not a whisper—nay, I believe, not a thought—of such a solution of the mystery had passed in the station.

Who had furnished the newspaper with that report? Somebody in Jullabad must have done so, but none could guess his identity. In the excitement of discussing this new and terrible theory of the awful event, people ceased very soon to concern themselves about the authorship of the report. The suggestion of poor Mrs Humby's guilt took such a hold upon the imaginations even of those who had felt the deepest sympathy with her in her unhappiness, as to make one think that the best human nature has a remorselessly cruel side to it. It was, to my mind, shocking even to discuss such a possibility as that of her guilt—nay, as that of her passive assent to such a horrible deed.

'It is no use fuming about it, old fellow,' said a good-hearted brother-officer to me; 'you know how poison flies through the blood when it gets in through ever so tiny a puncture. It is the dreadful mystery of the affair which makes one mad!'

Ay, there was the rub now! I remembered the dry voice of Colonel Jack that night assuring me that she was 'quite safe'—and an honest and less matured man than the colonel did not breathe. I understood it now: he had been suspicious from the first.

The extraordinary story of Mrs Humby, to which she still adhered, dumfounded her best

friends. That, after the fire had started, her husband was dressed in his out-of-door clothes, helmet and all—that he attempted to strangle her in her bed, and was frightened from his fell purpose by her shrieking—and that then he went back to his chamber and lay down on the bed to be roasted alive—it was incredible. And yet there was not a symptom of mental weakness about her. Dr Rainsford, one of her warmest friends, saw her several times, and was positive her mind was as clear as his own. She was under no delusion. Yet who could attempt to explain such a story as she told?

I have endeavoured to keep myself in the background whilst relating this narrative. I think, too, that during those exciting days I was the least demonstrative man in Jullabad. The reason was, that I could not trust myself. For months the image of that defenceless and unhappy wife had haunted me. It was inexplicable to myself, but none the less the fact, that the white unconscious face that lay on my shoulder that night in the garden was constantly present to me like a silent reproach. I often think that, if matters had gone on in that bungalow much longer as they were, I should at last have ended Colonel Humby's life with my own hand. I could not have borne the contemplation of that poor girl being slowly and surely 'done to her death.' I had seen her in brighter days, when, in lovely youth and gay innocence, she looked nearly akin to the angels; no one else in Jullabad had so seen and known her.

The horrible imputation of her possible guilt I could not endure with patience; I bore it for a day or so, until I witnessed the fearful fascination which it exercised over people's minds, and then I resolved that one man at least should stand out in Mrs Humby's vindication.

The rumour went round one afternoon that she was making preparations to leave India at once. It was quite credible—for what means had she of defending herself? The moment I heard it I determined to do my utmost to dissuade the poor girl from so fatal a step. I went straight to that loveliest and best of women, who was at the same time the friend and idol of every young fellow in the station—Lady O'Reilly. I saw her at once, explained my business, and asked her advice.

'You are entirely right, Mr Everest; she must not be allowed to go,' was the prompt reply. 'Stop her from doing so, if you can; and should you fail, come to me again. I may be able to help you.'

'I think a lawyer ought to be retained in her interests, Lady O'Reilly?'

'Certainly. There is Mr Mapleson, the barrister, an excellent man. Have you money enough to retain him?'

The question awakened me to a new aspect of the business. But there was no occasion for embarrassment with Lady O'Reilly, so I answered frankly, looking straight into her blue eyes: 'I am unfortunately the poorest man in the station. I have an invalid mother and sister at home to support. But money will not be wanting, I am confident; every fellow in Jullabad will contribute freely, if necessary.'

'Go and see her, Mr Everest,' said the lady after a pause; 'and later on, you can engage the lawyer. I shall expect a call from you again this evening.'

Thus fortified by Lady O'Reilly's approval of what I purposed doing, I directed my steps to the bungalow of Colonel Jack the magistrate. I felt nervous upon approaching Mrs Humby on so delicate a mission, for although her image and her sorrows filled so much of my being, I was yet a comparative stranger to her. I did not even know whether she had any remembrance of seeing me a couple of years before at Mentone—any knowledge that it was I who had borne her in my arms up the garden that night—whether, in fact, I was less a stranger to her than the other young men of Jullabad. What expression would her eyes assume when I presented myself before her with the mission which I had taken upon me?

As I drew near, I was glad to observe Colonel Jack sitting alone in the veranda. He evidently regarded me with some interest as I approached. I was a little embarrassed by his attention, but I walked up as indifferent as I could.

'How d'ye do, colonel?—Mrs Jack is well, I trust?'

'Very well, Mr Everest, thank you.—Take a chair. Will you drink anything?'

'Thanks; no.' I sat down, hardly knowing how to break my business—it was, in fact, specially so little business of mine. But the colonel looked expectant, as though he clearly divined I had not called out of mere courtesy.

'Colonel Jack,' I said, fidgeting, 'it may seem no particular concern of mine, but some one was bound in duty to take it up. I refer to this terrible charge which has been insinuated against Mrs Humby. She has nobody to defend her.'

'If she has any friends,' observed the colonel quietly, 'they are far away just now.'

This might mean two things.

'She has plenty of friends in Jullabad,' I replied, 'who are willing to help her, if they can see a way to do so. We will take up her cause for her.'

'That's very chivalrous—very proper,' said the colonel.

'It is rumoured that she is thinking of returning to England. Is that so?'

Colonel Jack's voice was exactly what it was the night of the fire. 'I don't know what she thinks, poor thing; but she is not going to England—yet.' He turned his face, and I followed his glance with cold horror: at a door in the veranda I saw a native policeman. Mrs Humby was a prisoner!

SENSITIVE PLANTS.

THE sensitive plants *Mimosa pudica* and *sensitiva* are among the most interesting products of the vegetable kingdom. Nearly every one has seen these graceful and humble children of nature, and touched their tender, shrinking leaves with an experimenting hand; but very few have taken the trouble to examine them as they deserve. The botanist—restrained, perhaps, by pity for their humility—seems to have seldom used his section-knife and forceps on them; and while other wonders of the plant-world have been fully investigated, the *Mimosa* remains almost unknown.

The *Mimosa* is a native of Brazil; but it has

long been an occupant of our British greenhouses. In grace of form and beauty of colour, no other plant surpasses it. Its tender leaflets shrink and droop at the lightest touch, like a meek spirit from the world's gaze. Its graceful feather-shaped leaves, in common with most similarly shaped leaves of the *Leguminosæ* or Pea tribe, to which botanical order the *Mimosa* belongs, close at the approach of darkness; and its extreme sensitiveness is but an extension of this peculiar plant-sleep. Wind or rain causes its leaves to close and its stalks to droop. When suddenly shaken by the wind, the leaflets and leafstalks fall simultaneously. The same effect is seen when a plant is put into a darkened room during the day. A strong light from a paraffin lamp was placed near two plants of *Mimosa sensitiva* at night. After thirty minutes had elapsed, one of the plants, the more vigorous of the two, opened its leaves partially; the other or less robust plant showed almost no feeling. A plant which had been on an exhibition table at a flower-show for two days, and which was noticed to receive constant attention from some children present, was found to have lost much of its excitability, and did not again return to its normal state, though the plant continued in a seemingly healthy condition, for about a month afterwards. Two leaves which were nearest the edge of the table, and consequently oftenest touched by the children's fingers, were completely immobile for ten days after the show.

The vapour of chloroform, prussic acid, ether, and nicotine, irritates the leaves, and in some cases destroys their mobility. A little chloroform dropped on the base of a leafstalk causes it to droop; and the leaflets, beginning at the apex, and proceeding to the base of the leaf, close in succession. A plant, the leaves of which were heavily chloroformed several times, withered and died in a few days. The sun's rays concentrated in a lens and thrown on a leaf cause it to contract quickly.

The cause of the peculiar excitability of sensitive plants, and the centre of its action, are still undetermined. Various theories have been adduced to explain them. Dr Dutrochet's theory is most favoured by botanists of the present day. His explanation is, that 'the principal point of mobility exists in the little swellings situated at the bases of the common and partial leafstalks. This swelling, or intumescence, is formed of delicate cellular tissue.' He says that 'the agency producing the mobility is in the ligenous part of the central system of this intumescence, and in certain tubes supplied with nervous corpuscles serving for the transmission of the sap.'

Dr Balfour says: 'In the swellings at the bases of the leafstalks the vascular bundles are disposed in a circle near the periphery, and may be concerned in the leaf-movements. Mechanical and chemical stimuli are supposed to act by inducing alterations in the contents of the vessels and cells.'

These theories are unsatisfactory, and there is still much room for further investigation into the origin of the peculiar phenomena seen, in the *Mimosa*. The manner in which it closes its stalks and leaves at the approach of darkness is very interesting. As the gloaming gently falls round the plant, the leaflets move upwards towards each

other till they touch; the secondary leafstalks converge and slowly droop till they are nearly parallel to the main leafstalks, which, in their turn, fall till they point to the ground. Thus gently and silently it folds itself to sleep at the close of day, and rests till the light of morn awakes it to renewed grace and beauty.

Weak with nice sense, the chaste Mimosa stands,
From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands;
Oft as light clouds o'erpass the summer glade,
Alarmed, she trembles at the moving shade,
And feels, alive through all her tender form,
The whispered murmurs of the gathering storm;
Shuts her sweet eyelids to approaching night,
And hails with freshened charms the rising light.

As Humility or Meekness is typified in the world of birds by the nightingale, that

Sings in the shade while all things rest,

so in the plant-world, the meek, shrinking *Mimosa* typifies that brightest and purest attribute of the human mind.

OLD STORIES.

'THERE is nothing new under the sun,' we are told; and the truth of this assertion is strikingly exemplified in the case of stories and jests, to the extreme antiquity of which the attention of science has lately been drawn. It would seem that our ancestors were fertile in jokes, and that these jokes once made were never forgotten. Mr Clouston has published a book entitled *Popular Tales and Fictions*, in which he investigates the origin and adventures of stories and jests. He believes that most of them originated in Asia and India, and thinks they were carried about the world by Buddhist missionaries, by translations of Indian stories, and by other means. But it is well known that several of the pantomime stories existed in ancient Egypt before we had any information about India at all; and therefore very little light is thrown on the origin of stories and jests by the theory of borrowing from the East. There are certain jokes which are common to all nations; and we may take it that, once invented, they were handed down from generation to generation, and passed from race to race. Most of us have heard, for example, of the gentleman who was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was reading every word, he concluded his letter by saying, 'I would write more, but a tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write;' whereupon the self-convicted Hibernian exclaimed, 'You lie, you scoundrel!' This has frequently been quoted as a characteristic Irish bull; but Mr Clouston brings the same joke from the *Bahārīstān* of the Persian poet Jami.

Whether we believe that these old stories, or the greater part of them, were invented in one district, or that the human mind is only capable of inventing a certain number of jokes, and invents those jokes alike everywhere, certain it is that there is a wondrous lack of originality in the mind of man. There is a venerable story told to

the effect that a visitor in the office of *Punch* remarked to the editor: 'I suppose you have lots of good things sent in to you from outside?'—'O yes,' was the reply; 'lots.'—'Then why don't you put them in?' was the cruel retort. Artemus Ward, too, had a fling at our old friend. 'I think,' he said, 'that an occasional joke improves a comic paper.' We have no doubt Mr Burnand could speak very feelingly on this point. The editor of a comic paper must be painfully aware of the extreme age of jests, and of the very few subjects on which the changes are rung. No doubt *his* life is not a happy one.

It may be roundly asserted that it is almost impossible to invent such a thing as an original jest. The person who first hears it or makes it may think it is original; but the chances are that it is a veritable Joe Miller, and that it has done service hundreds of times before it occurred to that particular person. Take, for example, a story told by Mr Payn. He says that when at Eton, a fifth-form young gentleman inquired of him in a drawing voice, 'Lower boy, what *might* your name be?'—'Well,' replied Mr Payn, 'it might be Beelzebub, but it isn't'—an excellent repartee, for which, however, he received a good hiding. Very likely, the genial and highly gifted novelist had heard the story told of somebody, and forgot all about it. But, by a phenomenon of the working of the mind into which we need not enter, the main idea might have been stowed away in his memory; and thus he was, in a sense, guilty of unconscious plagiarism. Supposing, however, that such a thing as an original joke could be invented, it would not be easily allowed to die. It might find its way into *Punch*, and then wander into some of the American, French, Italian, or German comic papers. Then it might probably recommend itself to an English journalist who had not seen it in its original form, and in the course of time again find its way into one or other of the foreign papers. In each case it would be 'adapted' to suit the circumstances; new names would be given to the heroes, and new places discovered for their habitation. This sort of thing would go on until the story could be easily recognised; and then our American cousins would call it a 'chesnut'—that is, an aged and decrepit joke.

In the process of 'adapting' stories, a large amount of lying is involved, because your average Anecdote Fiend nearly always says that he saw and heard what he relates. In this connection the conductor of the 'Editor's Drawer' in *Harper's Magazine* had a curious experience, some four or five years ago, of the unveraciousness of most men. There is a story told to the effect that, in the car on a train from Toledo to Chicago was a man who sat alone, looking absently out of the window, and appearing dejected. During the journey, an accident happened to a newsboy, and the generous passengers passed round the hat for him. The solitary man alone refused to contribute anything. Somebody remarked audibly upon his stinginess, when he turned round and said: 'Gentlemen, it may appear strange to you that I give nothing; but I haven't a cent of money. The fact is, I was married yesterday, and I am on my wedding trip,

and I hadn't money enough to bring my wife along!' This story was told to the editor by a clergyman, who heard it from a friend of his who *saw* it, and who had just returned from the West. In the December following, the Editor of the *Drawer* was told a story to precisely the same effect by a gentleman who *heard* and *saw* it when going down the Danube from Pesth. The editor, in the following summer, received from a gentleman in Paris a letter, in which the writer said that a curious incident happened to him when on a Rhine steamer. Need we say that the incident which the writer mentioned was almost exactly the same as that which had happened in the experience of the two other persons in the same year—once near Chicago, once on the Danube, and now on the Rhine! The editor naturally doubted whether the experience narrated had happened to any one of these unvarnished persons; and subsequently, on hearing the 'original' of the story, concluded that they had only given to it 'a local habitation and a name.' In Mark Lemon's time it was the custom to keep an elaborate index of the jokes in *Punch*; but even this precaution did not wholly protect it from unscrupulous 'adapters.' Several jokes were printed in the belief that they had been heard by those who sent them in, and it was not discovered until too late that they were copied word for word from some of the earlier volumes.

There are certain subjects which are by common consent deemed suitable for witticisms, and many of these are rarely mentioned without a smile. Some of these witticisms are veritable Joe Millers—not to go back any farther—and yet we go on using them as freely as ever, and probably will continue to do so for many years. Mothers-in-law, now: is it possible to invent a new joke in connection with those much-abused ladies? Landladies, too, have suffered a heap of indignities from the professional wit. The food they supply to boarders and the smallness of their scuttles of coal are considered fit and proper subjects for numberless jests. Then there is the editor's waste-paper basket; how many, many times it has been thrown at the head of luckless authors! And the paper on which contributors write has been the means of introducing scores of hints about the buttermilk and the manufacturer. Any joke in connection with a legacy from an old aunt or uncle, or any reference to the pets of the aforesaid relatives, ought almost to be suppressed by Act of Parliament. Sausages, 'pork' pies, umbrellas, false teeth or hair, newly married couples, old maids—what adequate punishment would 'fit the crime' of joking on these and many other equally hackneyed subjects, only Mr Gilbert could say.

Every man has a pet joke, just as every man has a pet word or phrase. The Professor, in the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, on discovering that he had repeated the same witticism to the same person in the same circumstances, satisfied himself by observing that only a perfectly balanced mind could so exactly reproduce itself. The antiquity of jokes and stories is a striking proof of the conservatism of the mind; and to banish those stories which are familiar would deprive us of all themes for jest. After all the cynicism lavished on hackneyed jokes, however, most of us must agree with Washington Irving, that

'honest good-humour is the oil and wine of merry-meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.'

LOCOMOTIVES FOR HIGH SPEED.

As if the present high rate of speed of our express trains was not swift enough, engineers are endeavouring to increase it in some cases from sixty to eighty miles an hour. We learn that Engineer John Hogan, on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad engine No. 134, has driven it at the astonishing speed of a mile in thirty-eight seconds. Other engineers, with Reading engines Nos. 206, 411, 96, 97, 98, and 99, have made miles in forty-three and forty-four seconds. Hogan's speed is at the rate of over ninety-four miles an hour; those of the others are respectively eighty-three and a half and almost eighty-two miles an hour. These high rates of speed were made under circumstances all of which were favourable to a successful test.—A novelty in the line of engine-building is just now attracting the attention of engineers and builders. It is a locomotive designed by M. Estrade, a graduate of l'Ecole Polytechnique, which is to be experimented with on the southern lines of France. The new locomotive depends on its large-sized driving-wheels for the speed of seventy-eight miles an hour which it is expected to attain. The engine, tender, and carriages are fitted with wheels eight and a half feet in diameter. The engine is of the outside cylinder type, with slide-valve on top of cylinder and all the gearing carried outside. The average speed which the locomotive is expected to make is between seventy-two and seventy-eight miles an hour with a train of loaded carriages. If the French engine averages the speed expected, it will be able to make runs exceeding anything on record.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

A BLUE forget-me-not
In some nymph-haunted spot
Bends o'er a stream;
What sees it mirrored there?
Itself—as sweet and fair
As flowers may sometimes seem that light a
heaven-sent dream.

What is it that doth make
The swan, that on a lake
Floats through the night,
To gaze so fixedly?
Ah! surely it doth see
Its beauty made more bright than in the day's
broad light.

And I, too, once did look
Within a rippling brook,
But saw not there
Aught save the sunlit eyes
(Vision of Paradise)
Of her who is most fair of maidens, and most
rare.

H. DAWSON LOWRY.

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IN A WILD GARDEN AT SHIRAZ.

SHIRAZ is thoroughly Persian. No European innovations are to be found in the city where sleep the two great poets of Persia, Hafiz and Saadi. In summer, Shiraz is hot, and those who can do it, pass the very hot weather in a garden. It was the writer's good fortune to be on friendly terms with a Persian grandee who was the happy possessor of one of the largest, shadiest, and most retired of the gardens of Shiraz. No Persian will refuse the hospitality of his garden to any decent person; practically, any man's garden is open to all the world, save when the owner, his wives, or his friends are enjoying their *dolce far niente* there. Fortunately, the proprietor of the Resht-i-Behesht (Envy of Heaven) also had a magnificent garden attached to his town mansion for his own use; this enabled the writer to pass the dog-days in that earthly paradise.

About a mile from the walls of Shiraz, just across the empty river-bed—for in most summers the Shiraz river runs dry, the waters being drawn off for irrigation—lies the garden of the Resht-i-Behesht. The three large rooms have been carpeted. Fly-blinds have been hung over the doors and window-holes, for the building is a mere summer-house. The tiles have been swept and sprinkled. The servants have pitched a little tent for themselves. The cook has constructed a series of furnaces in the open air. The little brick-bound stream running in front of the three rooms gurgles merrily. The great brick *sarkū*, or raised platform, has a carpet spread on it; and a lounge-chair, or a mattress with big Persian pillows, is placed there to invite repose. All is shade here. The trees are so planted that one *sarkū* is overshadowed till afternoon; the other, two hundred yards off, till sunset. By the side of each broad path is running-water. But there are no 'rows of stat y lilies,' no 'winding walks where roses grow;' an occasional hedge of moss-roses, thousands of tufts of the double and single narcissus—these are all the flowers, save the wild ones. The rest is a sort of jungle of fruit and forest trees,

with a dense growth of underwood and grass. By the sides of the many streams the foliage is thick and lush. The place swarms, literally swarms with nightingales. A nightingale is a very poetical bird; but even nightingales fall when in thousands and when their song disturbs one's slumbers. They are very busy about midnight; but just an hour before dawn the music is deafening and sleep impossible. Nature's alarm is, however, a blessing, for what more enjoyable than the early stroll in the cool garden by the bubbling waters. No one is here save ourselves, our servants, and the gardener and his boy. No one will call save on urgent business, for it is understood that a man goes to a garden for privacy, to take his holiday, to recuperate. The dogs having fraternised with the gardener's watchdog are turned loose for a run, and hunt the small birds in the brushwood. A hubble-bubble and a cup of coffee—the former smoked sitting on a stump beside the running-waters in the cool shade—are very grateful in the early morning. Still more so is the bath in the icy-cold tank which has been duly cleared out for our use. Then perhaps a look for an hour. Soon the sun rises; soon we feel its heat, and retire to umbrageous nooks to avoid it. But the Persian sun is not to be denied; we are driven into the building, as the heat becomes stronger and the flies get active. The hum of insects becomes loud. But indoors all is cool, all is quiet. We have come to be lazy; we are so. No blush suffuses our cheeks when we find that we have slept and that it is nearly noon. We have come to avoid the sun; we succeed in doing so, for we breakfast, still in the shade, in the portico. Again a lounge under the trees and by the brooklets. Somehow or other, we get through the afternoon. Have we slept? Possibly. At five, however, the Russian *samovar* is brought with many fruits, and we partake of tea in tiny cups, and the everlasting but grateful hubble-bubble.

Now is the time for very intimate friends to call. We sternly deny ourselves to importunates on business. Are we not *en retraite*? Are we not

in the garden? The sun will be down in half an hour. It is cool; the pleasant wind which is always felt towards evening in Shiraz has commenced to blow. The horses are brought. We enjoy a two hours' ride; a smart canter through the gardens of Meshed Verdi, or across the sandy plain of Jaffirabad. Or we, too, make our calls on other sojourners in gardens. But we avoid the town, the hot dusty town. If we must go, we do, much against the grain, hurriedly returning to our wild garden. Oftener than not we visit other gardens, empty as a rule; several about on our own Resht-i-Belshet. Perhaps we find them tenanted; we attempt to discreetly retire; by no means is this allowed. 'Bismillah! you must take one cup of tea and eat a pomegranate;' or whatever the garden is famed for, for each of the gardens has its speciality. There is no intrusion in the matter. The people are summering, and honestly glad to see us. They will surely return this chance visit, and we shall regale them in the same way, and be as unaffectedly glad to see and chat with them.

Our particular garden is celebrated for a white apple which has an unmistakable flavour of rose-water. But it is also the shadiest garden near Shiraz, and the coolest. We are quite sure. Have we not lived in them all, and do not we come to this particular garden every year? That is proof enough, at all events for us.

It is getting dark; but the moon is rising, the glorious Persian moon. As we return to our garden we see lights in nearly every neighbouring one. On the *sarkū* in front of our living-rooms is set the table with all its civilised appliances; the wine is in snow, for, in Shiraz, snow is the luxury of even the poorest, ice being rare and dear; but there is always plenty of the pure snow to be got from the crevices of the neighbouring mountains. Dinner is served, the regulation English dinner, perhaps with a native dish or two—the smoking *pillau* with its fowl boiled to rags, or a *fizzinjahn* of partridge, or of lamb (we get lamb twice a year in lucky Shiraz).

Dinner is over; we sit on our *sarkū*, the moon peeping through the trees and lighting the place up. The dogs are chained up as sentinels around the building. The gardener's pet bear descends the tree to which he is chained, as soon as the dogs are secured; he discreetly retires to the branches when his enemies are loose. We provide Bruin with a meal of boiled rice. From the servants' quarters resound the melancholy love-ditties of Iran, our literary cook improvising scandalous local songs, which are received with much mirth. Gradually, as the servants lapse into silence, we retire to the roof where our bedding is prepared. 'Tweet, tweet, tweet, bubble, bubble, bubble'—a nightingale. The noise is repeated with variations; but we are not romantic. We are tired; we have dined; we turn over, and our roof being free from mosquitoes, we drop off.

'Hoi, hoi—thieves, thieves!' Bang goes a gun from the servants' quarters; there is much running about, much barking of dogs. In the morning, nothing is missing. There is no sign of the robber; he probably was but a visionary one. As before, an hour before dawn the concert of birds becomes deafening. We pop on an Afghan *poobaceen*, a long sleeved robe of sheepskin, fur

inside, for it is slightly chilly. Again we potter aimlessly about the wild garden. Another day, which will be passed much as its predecessor, has commenced.

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XLVII.—DISMISSAL.

AFTER Mr Vickary had seen Josephine leave Captain Sellwood's room with his boot, he waited about, keeping himself concealed, till she returned with the boot and shut the door, whereupon he went to Miss Otterbourne in the drawing-room, whither she had retired after dinner, and was waiting for her nephew to rejoin her, when he had sat sufficiently long over the wine and dessert.

'I beg your pardon, ma'am,' said the butler; 'I do hope I'm not taking a liberty, ma'am; but may I ask if you told Cable to go in and out as she liked of the captain's apartments?'

'Of course not, Vickary.'

'I'm sorry to trouble you, ma'am. I see her running in there a score of times—it's remarked by the servants, and rather unpleasant, and Mrs Grundy says she has given no such orders; so we thought it best, ma'am, if I were to ask if you, ma'am, had empowered her so to do. You will excuse me, ma'am, but when there is talk—and when the young woman tells lies about it'—

'Lies, Vickary!'

'Well, ma'am, just now I see her go in there, and the captain there too. I said to her that I didn't consider it quite right—it was not her place; and she told me that the housekeeper had set her to attend to the room, which, ma'am, I knew not to be true.'

'The captain is in the dining-room.'

'I'm sorry to differ from you, ma'am; but he went up very quickly to his rooms, and Cable was in after him directly. It must be very unpleasant, ma'am, for a young gentleman to be so run after, and it makes talk in the house.'

Miss Otterbourne was much astonished and greatly indignant. 'Do you mean to tell me, Vickary, that she is there now?'

'I believe so, madam.'

'And the captain is there?'

'I saw him by the fire; and Cable shut the door after her when she went in.'

'Go and fetch her at once.—No. I will go myself. I really—upon my word—to say the least—how inconsiderate.'

The old lady was very angry. She raised herself with difficulty from her armchair, drew a silk handkerchief over her shoulders, as a protection against damp or draught outside the room, and walked in the direction of her nephew's suite of apartments. When she opened the door and saw Josephine seated in an armchair on one side of the fire and the captain standing near her, in earnest conversation, she was as irritated as if her nettlerash had suddenly come out over her temper.

As soon as Josephine had left the room, Miss Otterbourne said—she was panting from having ascended a flight and walked fast—'I—I am surprised. These may be Indian barrack habits, but—but'—

Captain Sellwood managed to get his boot on; his face was nearly the colour of his stocking.

'And only partly dressed too,' gasped Miss Otterbourne, 'half shod, and—and, with a hole in your stocking sole. Good heavens, how indelicate!'

'There was a peg in the boot,' explained Captain Sellwood.

'My dear Algernon, there generally are pegs in boots.'

'I mean—it hurt me, and I asked Josephine!'

'Josephine!'

'My dear aunt, we have known each other since children.'

'Oh!' The nettlerash was alleviated. But presently it came out again. 'That does not explain her coming to visit you in your private room, sitting in your armchair.'

'Where would you have had her sit, aunt?'

'Algernon—she is a servant.'

'Aunt—she is a lady.'

'A real lady would never have run after you into your private apartments.'

'She did not run after me. She did not know I was there. She was picking up the swansdown I had inconsiderately strowed on the carpet, when I came in.'

'Then she should considerably have gone out.'

'I asked her for a hammer.'

'She had no right here.—And are you aware, Algernon, that you have had a hole the size of a threepenny piece in the sole of your foot, at the—heel, exposed? If you had had any sense of decency, you would have kept your foot flat on the carpet, instead of turning it up.—I don't care whether she is a lady by birth and breeding; she is no lady at heart, or she would never have sat here half an hour or three-quarters, staring at a bit of your heel exposed, the size of a threepenny piece. That alone stamps her. She has a nasty mind, and must go.'

'My dear aunt—surely you are hard in judging. There was a peg in my boot that stood up, and that hurt my foot, and no doubt at the same time worked the hole in my stocking.'

'That is very probable,' said Miss Otterbourne. 'But I should like to know, were you aware it was there?'

'No; I felt my heel painful; I do not think I noticed that my stocking was rent.'

'That excuses you, but not her.'

'Perhaps she did not see it.'

'Nonsense; of course she saw it.'

'Aunt, do sit down!'

'In that armchair vacated by her!—No! She has been looking at the hole in your stocking from that armchair.—I couldn't do it.'

'Do what, aunt?'

'Sit in the chair after that!—the old lady was now very angry, and very convinced that Josephine was no lady—'gloating on it—positively gloating on it.'

'If any blame attaches to any one, it is to me,' said Captain Sellwood. 'I came in here out of my bedroom, with my boot in my hand, for the hammer, with which—'

'Why did you not ring for John Thomas?'

'It was not worth while. When I came in, I found her on her knees picking up the bits of down, and I asked her for a hammer, or

she offered one, I do not recollect which; and then she whipped the boot out of my hand and went off with it. It was most good-natured of her.'

'I object to young women being good-natured with young men. Good-nature may go too far.'

'And then I asked her to sit down. I wanted to talk to her about Hanford, and my mother, and mutual acquaintances. I was awfully sorry for her, to see her in such circumstances.'

'I disapprove of young men being, as you call it, "awfully sorry" for distressed damsels; there is no knowing to what this awful sorrow may lead.'

'My dear aunt, it was natural. I have known her, and she was my playmate since we were children. I do like her; I always have liked her. Why, if I were in reduced circumstances, you, aunt, would not cut me.'

'No!—slightly mollified. 'But I am your aunt, and not a young creature. That makes mountains of difference.—And pray, is it only her reduced circumstances that stirs up in you such awful sorrow? She has had some other trouble, I know. Are you acquainted with her intended? Have you brought her a message from him?'

'She has no intended.'

'Then it is broken off! I was sure she has had an affair of the heart, she has looked so peaky and pale since she has been here.'

'I do not know anything about her heart affairs,' said Captain Sellwood. 'I know that one or two fellows have been awfully fond of her.'

'Indeed! Is it possible that one who has confessed to awful sorrow should also allow awful fondness? That it leads to awful chumming, I have seen with my eyes.'

Captain Sellwood did not answer. He had spoken inconsiderately, and his aunt had taken advantage of his mistake.

'Good gracious, Algernon! You don't mean to tell me that there has been an attachment in this quarter?'

'No attachment,' he said, looking down and knitting his brows. 'For an attachment, the chain must hold at both ends.'

'Merciful powers, Algernon! Can your mother have sent this chum of yours here to be out of your way!—You were so infatuated, there was no knowing what lengths you would go, and my dear sister hoped that by putting a distance between you—'

'No, aunt—nothing of the sort.'

'But I must get to the bottom of this. There is something kept from me. Is it true that you have—that you have—harboured an unfortunate passion for this young person—this chum, as you call her?'

'I did love the young lady. We have known each other since we were children—at least since she was a little girl and I a big boy. She was so lively, so daring, so witty, I could not help loving her. But that is over now.'

'I should hope so—I should hope so indeed. A servant-maid—a servant-maid in my house! Lord have mercy on us! It is a wonder to me you did not turn Mohammedan in India, and put your neck under Juggernaut's car.'

'My dear aunt, what have Juggernaut and his car, and Mohammedanism and Josephine, to do with each other?'

'What a world we live in!' groaned Miss Otterbourne. 'Radicalism everywhere!'

'You forget, aunt, that she belonged to the class of life to which I belong. I may tell you this—that she has inherited a very handsome estate, but has conscientious scruples, which I do not understand, because I do not know the circumstances, against her enjoying it; and rather than violate her conscience, she has come into service to you. I honour and respect her for it, aunt!'

'But—she is a servant. She is my lady's-maid. It does not matter one hair whether she be heiress to untold millions or be a household drudge, the moral indelicacy is the same. She ought never to have sat here in your chair, talking to you when you had a hole in your stocking.—No, Algernon, you may say what you will—you may try to throw dust in my old eyes, but I shall never get over that hole in your stocking.' She had said enough and heard enough, and she left the room.—'Smoke your cigar,' she said as she left, 'and then come down to me. I presume you can light it without the assistance of your *chum*.'

When the old lady reached her drawing-room, she was so hot that she sank into her chair and fanned herself for several minutes without getting any cooler. She rang the bell, and bade John Thomas send her Cable at once; and in two minutes Josephine came to her.

'Cable,' said Miss Otterbourne, fanning herself vigorously, 'I am surprised and offended. I *did* suppose you knew your place better, and had more delicacy than to sit in a room with a gentleman who had a hole in his stocking.'

'Had he? I did not know it, ma'am.'

'Did not know it? Of course you knew it! I saw by the direction of your eyes, the instant I came in, that you were examining it.'

'I did not give it a thought, even if I saw it, and I do not believe I did that. But, surely, ma'am, there is no harm in that.'

'No harm in sitting in an armchair in the same room with a gentleman, a captain in Her Majesty's service, who has been in India, when he is in a condition of partial undress! In such a house as this, such transgressions cannot be passed over. My nephew informs me that you have been old acquaintances; but old acquaintanceship does not remove all the barriers of female delicacy, and give a woman liberty to look at a man's foot without his boot covering it. It is perhaps allowed us to know that the other sex has feet, because they are mentioned in the Bible; but we know it as we know that we have antipodes, by faith, not by sight.' She fanned herself with a vehemence which made her hot, and fluttered the little silver barrels on both sides of her brow. 'Cable—it does not please me to have simultaneously under my roof a nephew as a visitor and an old acquaintance of his—*chum*, he called you—as a lady's-maid. The situation is incongruous, and leads, as I have seen to-night, to injudicious conduct, which may, which has occasioned scandal; and such a house as this must be maintained in its dignity and irreproachability. Either the captain, my nephew, or you, my servant, must leave, and leave without delay.'

'Of course, Miss Otterbourne, I will go.'

'If you can make it convenient to depart to-morrow, you will oblige. I am sorry to say this, but—it is quite impossible for me to have my nephew and you under the same roof together. I have the greatest reliance on his discretion; I wish I could say the same of yours. You shall receive, as is your due, a month's wage, because you leave to suit my convenience. There is an excellent Refuge for domestics and governesses out of place at Bath, to which I subscribe, and you can go there till you hear of a situation.'

'Thank you, Miss Otterbourne, but I shall not stay in Bath.'

'Will you go back to Hanford?'

Josephine shook her head.

'I am sorry—I am sincerely sorry. There is so much good about you, so much that I have liked; but, under the circumstances, I cannot retain you. It would not be right; and in this house—from myself down, I believe, to the scullery-maid and the boy who cleans the knives—I trust we all try to do that which is right. Mr Vickary is a burning and a shining light, and Mrs Grundy, hardly less so—a moon beside the sun. But I will not speak of this. I never dismiss a servant except for some gross offence—and I really do not believe such has occurred—without some little testimonial of my regard; so you must allow me to present you with a five-pound note in addition to your wage. You have been guilty of an indiscretion—I firmly trust, unpremeditated.'

'O Miss Otterbourne!'

'Where do you purpose going?' asked the old lady. 'I cannot possibly permit you to depart without some knowledge that you are going to a place where you will be cared for.'

'I am going'—Josephine looked down, then up—'yes, I am going down into Cornwall.'

'Into Cornwall. Where to?'

'To my husband.'

'Cable—what? Husband! I do not understand.'

'To my husband, madam.'

'You are a married woman?'

Josephine bowed.

'Goodness gracious me!—But that somewhat alters the complexion of affairs. A married woman! Does my nephew know that?'

Josephine bowed again.

'A married woman!—But where is your wedding ring?'

'In my bosom.'

Miss Otterbourne fanned herself fastly, not with wrath, but with the agitation occasioned by amazement. 'Merciful powers!—you married! Who would have thought it! And so young, and so pretty! It hardly seems possible. But—if you are married—it is not so dreadfully improper that you should know men have feet under their boots. I do not say it is right; but it is not so very wrong that—that you should have seen a hole in my nephew's stocking, because married women do know that such things occur.'

Josephine smiled; she thought Miss Otterbourne was about to retract her discharge, so she said: 'Madam, I cannot stay here. I have explained my reasons to Captain Sellwood, who will tell you after I am gone. Now I have made my resolve, I go direct to my husband.'

The door of the drawing-room opened and the butler came in. He advanced deferentially towards Miss Otterbourne, and stood awaiting her permission to speak.

'What is it, Vickary? Do you want anything?'

'It is Cable, madam.'

'Well—what of Cable, Vickary?'

'Please, madam, Cable's husband have come to fetch her away.'

CURIOUS FACTS OF INHERITANCE.

THE strength of the law which determines the transmission of character—physical or otherwise—from parents to children is still far from receiving due attention and recognition. A striking instance of inheritance is often hailed as wonderful and inexplicable; yet such cases are merely exaggerated examples of a phenomenon of which every family, nay, every individual affords proof. We all inherit in a more or less variable degree the physical constitution and the mental aptitudes of our parents; but this law of inheritance is liable to so much modification, that frequently its operation becomes entirely lost to view. When two forces act upon a body, the resultant is a mean between the two components. This mean is not merely in all cases different from either component, but it is a variable mean, the variation depending upon the relative strength of the two component forces. Inheritance affords an exact parallel to this elementary law of mechanics. No child is entirely like either parent; and the inheritance of two sets of tendencies which may be allied, opposed, or indifferent to each other, may result in characters possessed by neither parent. This result is no breach of the law of inheritance, but is in strict harmony with its most precise conditions; yet it is not surprising that a law subject to such indefinite variation should gain scanty recognition except from those who have made it a special study, and can, therefore, readily distinguish an explicable exception to a law from an actual breach of it.

That the law of inheritance should be constant in its operation, however variable in its effects, is not a matter for surprise. That like produces like is the law written upon the universal face of nature. Sir Henry Holland truly observes that the real subject for surprise is not that any peculiarity should be inherited, but that any should fail to be inherited; and Darwin remarks that the most correct way of viewing the whole subject would be to look at the inheritance of every character as the rule, and non-inheritance as the anomaly.

It is obvious that instances of inheritance are most likely to be noticed and recorded when the inherited peculiarity is striking and abnormal. Countless instances of inheritance come under our notice almost every day; but the vast majority of them are too slight and insignificant to attract attention. A slight peculiarity of feature, complexion, or voice will readily pass unnoticed; but if a striking deformity be inherited, or some disease pursue a family through several generations, it can hardly escape the most careless observation. Cases are on record of families whose members were characterised by the posses-

sion of a supernumerary digit on the hands and feet, and this remarkable peculiarity has been transmitted through five generations, showing how strong is the force of inheritance even in such a minor detail of structure. A still more singular instance is that of Lambert, the well-known 'porcupine-man,' whose skin was thickly covered with warty projections, which were periodically moulted. He had six children, who were similarly affected; and two of his grandsons inherited the same strange peculiarity. The writer is acquainted with a gentleman who has a marked drooping of the left eyelid. His son inherits this peculiarity, but in a less remarkable degree. One of the most singular instances of inheritance is that recorded by Decandolle. There was a family in France of which the leading representative could, when a youth, pitch several books from his head by the movement of the scalp alone, and he used to win wagers by performing this feat. His father, uncle, grandfather, and his three children possessed the same power to the same unusual degree. This family became divided eight generations ago into two branches, so that the head of the above-mentioned branch is cousin in the seventh degree to the head of the other branch. This distant cousin resided in another part of France, and on being asked whether he possessed the same faculty, immediately exhibited his power.

Haller, the celebrated physiologist, records that the family of the Bentivoglio all possessed a tumour which used to swell when a damp wind blew, and this strange peculiarity was transmitted from father to son. The frequency among the Romans of surnames indicating some physical peculiarity—Naso, Labeo, Bucco, Capito—would seem to show that the fact of certain types of feature being transmitted through several generations had already been remarked. This fact lies almost unnoticed under many current forms of expression. We speak of a certain type of face being aristocratic or the reverse, by which we mean that physical features characterising certain classes are transmitted so surely as to become the recognised appanage of those classes. The aristocracy of Western Europe pride themselves upon possessing and transmitting small hands, the outward and visible sign of long exemption from manual labour. The aristocracy of China pride themselves on the smallness of their feet. The implication is in each case the same. We often speak of 'blue blood' without any clear idea of the meaning of the expression. The phrase probably arose from the recognition of the fact, that the aristocratic and luxurious classes, who are exempt from actual labour, possess a fine white skin, through which the veins show themselves clearly, and that this peculiarity is transmitted from generation to generation. It is a fact of history that Frederick-William I. of Prussia succeeded in producing a stock of gigantic grenadiers by matching his tallest soldiers with women of similar proportions.

No point of structure is too minute to afford instances of the law of inheritance. A little spot on the iris has been transmitted from parent to child. The possession of a few abnormally long hairs in the eyebrows has been known to characterise the various members of certain families; and the characteristic of a patch of prematurely

gray hair has been transmitted through several generations. Many curious records exist of families which possessed and gloried in their scars, moles, and other family marks, faithfully transmitted from parent to child—a sort of secret hall-mark stamped by nature to attest the genuineness of the line. Peculiarities in the structure, arrangement, and even in the chemical composition of the teeth, frequently run in families. The writer, among whose professional duties the frequent inspection of tongues holds a humble but not unimportant place, has remarked a notable peculiarity in the shape of that organ transmitted from mother to daughter.

Peculiarities in the expression of the face are frequently inherited. Many cases may be remarked where an inherited resemblance is quite latent when the features are in repose, but comes out with startling vividness when they are agitated by emotion. Among the acquaintances of the writer is a gentleman who, when smiling, exhibits a most peculiar and unusual arrangement of lines at the outer angle of the eyes, and this characteristic has been faithfully transmitted to his children.

When we turn to the lower animals, the instances of striking peculiarities being inherited are still more numerous, and have been recorded with greater care and accuracy. Every breeder and trainer is aware of the vast importance of the law of inheritance, and no instance is allowed to escape notice; but it is only in recent years that philosophers have become alive to the fact that in his physical nature man obeys the ordinary biological laws which prevail among the higher animals, and that among these laws the law of inheritance holds the first place. A breed of cattle once existed which possessed only one horn, and this was transmitted. A one-antlered stag has been known to propagate this peculiarity in his offspring. A rabbit produced a litter in which one of the young was one-eared, and this was transmitted. Many of the most famous breeds of sheep and cattle have arisen through the accidental appearance of some striking peculiarity of structure, which has been preserved by careful selection and breeding. Thus the well-known Ancon or otter-breed of sheep, now extinct, arose in the last century in Massachusetts by the accidental birth of a ram characterised by crooked legs and a long back like a turnspit. These peculiarities rendered him unable to leap fences, and as this was a point of great importance to the early settlers, this ram was selected for breeding, and his abnormalities of structure were faithfully transmitted. The breeds of Mauchamp sheep and Niata cattle had a somewhat similar origin. Darwin relates how in a litter of pointer pups one was observed to be of a blue colour. This remarkable circumstance led to inquiry, and it was found that, four generations earlier, there had been in the same breed a pointer bitch named Sappho, celebrated for her blue colour. We have here an instance of one of the secondary laws of inheritance known as the law of Atavism (from *atavus*, an ancestor). According to this law, any peculiarity, instead of passing directly from parent to child, may skip one or more generations, and reappear lower down in the line of descent. Of this curious law innumerable instances occur. It is not uncommon for a child to resemble

his grandparents much more closely than his father or mother. This is frequently noted in the case of animals, where we have the opportunity of observing several generations, and analogy would lead us to expect a similar principle in the case of man. The law of Atavism can only be explained by assuming that the qualities which were *patent* in grandfather and grandchild were *latent* in the intervening generation. There is nothing difficult or arbitrary in this hypothesis, as multitudes of facts are on record to prove that physical and intellectual peculiarities may remain dormant for long periods in an individual, and suddenly develop into prominence under some unwonted pressure. Thus, privation or confinement in an unwholesome atmosphere may develop a latent tendency to consumption. A severe illness has been known to determine the onset of insanity, to which the individual had a hereditary predisposition; or, to take more hopeful instances, a severe shock, such as bereavement or the sudden loss of fortune, has been frequently known to bring out unexpected traits of character, and to develop a resolution and a magnanimity, of which the individual had previously exhibited no evidence. Our characters, in addition to those prominent traits which attract general attention, have a multitude of secret marks traced as it were in invisible ink, and ready to spring into prominence on condition of the necessary stimulus being applied.

When we leave the domain of structural peculiarities and turn to that of mind, habit, and instinct, we find an inexhaustible store of curious facts of inheritance. Contrary to popular belief, there seems no reason to doubt that genius is hereditary, though, from the obvious conditions of the case, it is rarely transmitted in like quality and degree from parent to child. The subject is too large to be advantageously considered here; but those interested in it will find a vast mass of striking information and ingenious reasoning in Mr Francis Galton's admirable work on *Hereditary Genius*.

A case is on record of a man who possessed the habit of sleeping on his back with the right leg crossed over the left. His daughter, while still an infant in the cradle, exhibited the same peculiarity. The possibility of imitation, conscious or unconscious, is here obviously excluded. A case has been reported to the writer of a man who had the habit of alternately flexing and extending his great toe while lying in bed. His grandson developed the same habit, though quite ignorant of his grandfather's peculiarity. Ribot records a curious instance of a domestic servant who exhibited an incurable vice of loquacity. She talked incessantly to any one who would listen, to animals, to inanimate objects, and even to herself. When upbraided with her folly, she said it was not her fault, as her father had possessed just the same habit, and had almost driven her mother distracted by it!

Instinct is strongly hereditary in animals, even under the most unfavourable conditions. Ducklings hatched by a hen take to water immediately on breaking their shell; and every one is familiar with the spectacle of the distracted mother wildly running to and fro on the margin of the duck-pond, while her youthful family, heedless of her terror, disport themselves delightedly upon

its surface. If the eggs of the wild-duck be placed under one of the domesticated species, the young, when their feathers are complete, immediately take to the wing. Birds hatched in confinement construct in their cages the same kind of nest as their more fortunate brethren of the same species build in the virgin forest. Many curious and apparently mysterious facts are explicable on the hypothesis of the permanence under changed conditions of traces of aboriginal instincts. Thus, the domesticated dog, even when thoroughly well cared for, is very fond of burying a bone in some secret spot—a lingering trace, probably, of the time when he ran wild in the woods, and the secreting of surplus food for a future occasion was a matter of practical importance to him. When the squirrel is reared in confinement, it stores away in a corner of its cage a portion of the nuts supplied to it, an instinctive preparation for the coming winter, unnecessary, indeed, for this individual squirrel, but highly important for its ancestors and congeners living in the wild state. Every one must have observed how difficult it is to make the common ass leap over a stream, however small. This unwillingness is not the result of an inherent incapacity for jumping, as the ass leaps over other obstacles with ease, while it hesitates obstinately at the tiniest streamlet. We have here, in all probability, a remnant of an instinct dating far back to the time when the ancestors of the ass were exclusively desert animals, and so unaccustomed to the sight of running-water as to be confused and terrified by it. If any one observes a field of lambs at play, he will notice with what delight they frisk upon any hillock within their reach. Here we have probably a trace of the time when the progenitors of our sheep were Alpine animals, and possessed the habits of the chamois.

In the realm of disease, the facts of inheritance are most numerous, and are daily accumulating. Here they are no longer, alas, curious and amusing, but terrible, fateful, overwhelming. No fact of nature is more pregnant with awful meaning than the fact of the inheritance of disease. It meets the physician on his daily rounds, paralysing his art, and filling him with sadness. The legend of the ancient Greeks pictured the malignant Furies pursuing families from generation to generation, and rendering them desolate. The Furies still ply their work of terror and death; but we have stripped them of the garb which superstition threw around them, and they now appear to our eyes in the more intelligible but not less awful form of hereditary disease. Modern science, which has cast illumination into so many dark corners of nature, has shed a new and still more lurid light on the words of the Hebrew Scripture: 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.' Instances of hereditary disease abound on every hand. Fully fifty per cent. of cases of gout are inherited. The proportion is not much less in that fell destroyer of families, our national scourge, consumption. Cancer and scrofula run strongly in families. Insanity is hereditary to a marked degree; but fortunately, like many other hereditary diseases, tends to wear itself out, the stock becoming extinct. Nearly all defects of sight are occasionally inherited. Sir Henry Holland says truly that 'no organ or tex-

ture of the body is exempt from the chance of being the subject of hereditary disease.' Probably most chronic diseases which permanently modify the structure and functions of the body are more or less liable to be inherited.

The important and far-reaching practical deductions from such facts—affecting so powerfully the happiness of individuals and families and the collective welfare of the nation—will be obvious to reflective minds, but cannot be dwelt upon in the present article.

THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER III.—DARKENING.

THE sight of that policeman lounging at the door temporarily took away my power of speech. It was the visible realisation of what I previously regarded as either malicious cruelty or the baseless folly of imagination.

'Colonel Jack,' I said at last, 'you surely do not believe that?'

The colonel shook his head. 'I believe nothing until it is proven,' he answered. 'I am as grieved as you are, young man, that this should be Mrs Humby's situation—poor child, poor child! But the charge is raised, and her innocence must be cleared. I shall be as glad as any to see it cleared. But until that is done— Well, I need not go on.—Do you wish to see her?'

'I came here for that purpose. I should be very glad to speak with Mrs Humby—if she will see me.'

Colonel Jack, without another word, left me. And now I began to feel the natural embarrassment incident to my present position. How should I open my mission to her? It occurred to me, for the first time, that her natural indignation against so foul a charge might transfer itself to me for my impertinence, as a stranger—and a young man to boot—in approaching her with the suggestion that her innocence needed defending. The thought took a most uncomfortable hold upon me, and I began heartily to wish I had given the matter more consideration before volunteering upon such an errand. However, here I was—and there was Colonel Jack, in her room, informing her of my desire to speak with her—and I must go through with it now. Only, I could hardly repress the faint hope that she might either flatly refuse to see me, or decline the interview on some pretence of indisposition. She did neither. Colonel Jack presently reappeared, holding back the *curtain* or blind which hung over the doorway, to allow her to pass. As she appeared, she glanced towards me with a quiet, questioning look. Colonel Jack led her to where I stood, and introduced me, and then, with a slight bow, she sat down in the chair which he had left.

The colonel went into the house; and the policeman, obedient to a sign from his superior, retired to a distance. We were quite alone, and

I feared for my first words, lest they should be such as to create an unfavourable effect.

The way I opened the conversation illustrates a common experience of those who study overmuch beforehand what they will say on a particular occasion. I have mentioned that I believed it more than doubtful whether she remembered having seen me at Mentone two years before—she had not seen me much, and I was changed in looks—and I had made up my mind not to make so slight and doubtful a reminiscence any ground of introduction or justification for one; yet in my perplexity as to how to open the interview, it was the very thing which I did.

'I am more than doubtful, Mrs Humby,' I said, 'as to whether you have the slightest recollection of having met me before you came to India; I hardly think you can. But my having seen you then is the only special explanation of my intruding upon you now, instead of many others who are equally earnest in their desire to—give you their sympathy and help, should you accept it.'

She looked up, gently and gravely and attentively, in my face—as a child might, to whom you were imparting some serious and interesting lesson—and answered: 'I remember you well, Mr Everest. I met you at Mentone, when I was there with my father. I saw you afterwards in London,' she added, after a moment, 'at a theatre; but you did not see me.'

'Then, perhaps, you will not mind my coming here now?'

'Surely not. You have come kindly, I know. How could I resent that? I am grateful for it—grateful to every one who has given me sympathy. And—and—I saw the colour dawning on her white face, but little dreamed what she was going to say—and I owe you personally a word of thanks, Mr Everest, which I have had no opportunity of speaking until now. If only for that, I am glad you have come.' Her face was crimson now, but she looked at me full with her clear eyes as she added: 'I remember that night in the garden. I was prostrated, but not unconscious. I remember everything, every word.—Will you accept my thanks, Mr Everest?' She said it simply, without the slightest tremor in her soft low voice.

I passed from the subject as quickly as I could; I felt an embarrassing warmth suffusing my own face, which I would have given the world for her not to see.

'I have come here this evening—Lady O'Reilly,' I added more boldly, 'has commissioned me—to offer you any help you may need in your present circumstances, Mrs Humby. I will not refer to what our convictions and feelings are—but, you will let us help you? You are alone, in a strange country, and this will justify us in what we ask.'

'Thank you; I thank everybody,' she answered, with a tremor in her tone.

'Then you will permit me to speak freely?' I eagerly asked. 'Be assured that nothing shall be left undone to—to—— How hard it was, in the presence of that pale and friendless girl, so lovely

in her simple dress of black cashmere, to give utterance to the horrible charge which hung over her guiltless head!

She was braver than I was, and saved me the task. 'You want to defend me?' she said. 'It is terrible to need defence. But I felt it still more terrible to be alone—as I have been until now.' The tears burst from her eyes. God help her! how she must have suffered since her solitude was changed into a prison.

'No one knows where or how the accusation originated—no one in the station credits it,' I answered. 'All the same, for your honour we will leave no stone unturned to discover the guilty party—if there has been any guilt—or otherwise clear up the horrid mystery which surrounds that night. You will help us yourself, Mrs Humby; and with what you can tell us we shall be able to succeed in time. We must have a lawyer; and Lady O'Reilly has herself selected one.' All this I spoke rapidly and eagerly.

She dried her tears and rewarded my zeal with a faint smile. 'Alas,' she replied, 'what help can I give you? I have been questioned so much that I can only repeat over and over what I have already said. I know nothing else!'

Now, it was very probably her own extraordinary narrative of the events of that night which first turned sinister suspicion towards her. Colonel Jack, honest as he was, was suspicious from the force of habit derived from his magisterial office; and the mere fact of Mrs Humby escaping from the fire while her husband perished in it would never have associated her for a moment in any ordinary mind with his death. But that strange story which she told, and adhered to, was highly calculated first to create surprise, and then to move suspicion. And even the declaration of Lady O'Reilly, made the day before and carried all over the station, may have unconsciously opened people's minds to the idea of Mrs Humby's guilt.

But that story of hers—I felt it was the stumbling-block. How were we to get rid of it? It is very hard to get rid of an iterated statement in such a case and of such a character; in fact, we know it is impossible to get rid of it; yet the idea held me strongly that Mrs Humby was under some mental delusion, some hallucination, due to fright or excitement, in regard to what took place—that she might have thrown, unconsciously, the lurid colours of a dream of terror over the first moments of her awakening, and confounded or identified the two; and I believed that if we could establish this assumption as fact, something of substantial importance would be gained.

I led her, without difficulty, to talk freely of the events of that night. I took care to lead her up to that point only—at about nine o'clock—when she heard her husband close the door of his room. It was soon after this that she went to sleep. Now this was the point at which my anxiety took its stand.

It was the first day she had been as far as the veranda since her illness; she said she had sat there for several hours. She told me, in answer to my questions, the incident of the cook's child. She admitted, with reluctance, that she was herself in fear of her husband's violence that evening—not because the thing would have been new to her, but because she would have been less fitted to bear

it, on account of her weak health. The man was dead—had died a death horrible enough to appal even an enemy—but the mere thought of this fear made my blood boil against his memory.

She was fatigued when she lay down, dressed as she was, on her bed, and the fatigue caused her to drop off asleep. Now, what was more natural, than that a sleep under such conditions, in the close vicinity within the same walls of a man in her husband's state, should be filled with visions of fear? This was my theory, and my anxiety was great to get ground for it to stand firm upon.

'Are you in the habit of dreaming?' I inquired.

She gave me a quick earnest look, and answered, with some surprise: 'I hardly ever dream.'

The answer, and the manner of it still more so, disconcerted me. I was too eager to win my point to renew the approach by some other method, and I dashed at it at once with all my energy.

'Is it not possible, Mrs Humby, that some portion of your impressions after awaking may have been derived from or coloured by a vision you had in your sleep? Is it too late now to try and recollect whether you had been dreaming? Nothing is more likely, under the circumstances—your mind was full of certain excitements and fears—and everybody knows that the brain goes on after the body has sunk into sleep, just as the sea still rolls after the storm has ceased blowing. Pray, think: it would alter everything so much, if my impression turned out correct!'

I noticed her clasp her hands in her lap, and her face assumed a grave and even earnest expression. She was silent for the space of nearly two minutes, and from the direction of her eyes I knew she was looking across the intervening grounds at the fire-blackened remains of her late home. 'Mr Everest,' she answered at last, speaking low, without removing her eyes from that spot, 'my senses were too alert that night to deceive me.—Look!' she added, untying a small scarf from her neck.

I had heard of this before, and the evidence was perplexing—to me painfully so. The brutal marks were still clearly discernible on her delicate throat, even through the pink tinge which rose to veil them as she displayed her neck.

'No, no!' she went on, in the same low voice; 'I was not dreaming. It was all exactly as I have described it, with nothing to add and nothing to take away. What I do not remember clearly is the manner of my escape from the bungalow and my reaching here.'

'That is easily conjectured,' I replied. 'Of course, now, I entirely believe that what you state was fact, and not fancy. The mystery which surrounds it must be cleared in some way or another. Why should your husband be dressed, for instance? Can you think of any explanation, Mrs Humby?'

'None, Mr Everest. It is as much a mystery to me as to you. As well as—as his returning to his chamber again.'

'It is almost incomprehensible, seeing that the house was then actually on fire.'

It was only comprehensible on the theory that the man had committed suicide. That no one in Jullabad would bestow a moment's consideration

on such a theory in connection with Colonel Humby, is in itself a fact that may be noted.

'Do you fancy, Mrs Humby, that any of the natives might have fired the bungalow—intentionally or accidentally?'

'I do not think so. Not one of them would do harm to me.'

'Your husband had ill-used the cook's child?' I suggested.

'Yes; but the man would not have done it. He knew I was there, and that I was weak. He would not have risked injuring me,' she said, with a quiet faith that was convincing.

The fire broke out soon before eleven o'clock, and there were no natives on the premises then except the *khidmatgar* already mentioned and an ayah. No suspicion rested, or could rest, on either; and if the fire was the result of an accident, it was impossible to assign a cause after the most searching inquiry.

The long and short of it was that the inherent improbability of poor Mrs Humby's story was the source of all the misfortune which hung around her. She would not recede from one word of it. No one could understand it. How many were daily and hourly coming to disbelieve it!

If she had only been silent, she would have been safe. To myself, her very persistence in the statement, extraordinary as it was, was conclusive proof of her conscious innocence. But the same faith was not to be expected from others.

I spent more than an hour with Mrs Humby; and before I left her, she talked to me with as much confidence as if I were her brother. She let me see a little into that mystery of her life into which no eye had penetrated before. I gathered from the poor girl that she had been deceived, and had disobeyed her father, and that she was now filled with a natural but fatal craving to go back to him for pardon and rest.

'Above all things, Mrs Humby, you must not think of leaving this country until your honour is clearly vindicated. You shall have warm friends to defend you and fight for you—be assured of that. Have courage; your friends are more than you know!'

The tears were in her eyes when she gave me her hand at the conclusion of this interview. I promised to send the lawyer to her next day; and with a feeling of disappointment and deep despondency, I took my way again to Lady O'Reilly.

I related all that had passed, and my fruitless efforts to move the foundations of Mrs Humby's unfortunate statement. Lady O'Reilly listened to me attentively, and somewhat startled and shocked me by quietly asking, with her blue eyes observantly upon me: 'Tell me truly, Mr Everest—have you entire faith in Mrs Humby's innocence?'

'She is as innocent as my mother,' I answered.

'I will think over it all before to-morrow,' she said, after a pause.—'Mr Mapleson must see her, and his opinion will be of more value than ours.'

Before leaving, Lady O'Reilly invited me to call at four next day. I will pass over the intervening hours, which were anxious ones to me. I felt more than ever bound up in this young widow's fate, and it was torment to me to be so powerless as I was.

Lady O'Reilly's ayah conducted me into her ladyship's private sitting-room when I arrived next afternoon at four o'clock. Mr Mapleson was already there, having come direct from his interview with Mrs Humby.

'Mrs Humby has no more devoted friend in Jullabad than Mr Everest,' said Lady O'Reilly. —'Now, Mr Mapleson, will you kindly tell us what you have learned, and what you think?'

He told us, briefly and clearly, like a lawyer, what he had learned from his interview. Mrs Humby was perfectly frank with him—but it all came to this: he had gathered nothing new.

Questioned as to the line of defence he would adopt, he answered: 'It must in a great measure depend upon circumstances. We may try to prove it was an accident—there is no evidence to show that it was; we may try to prove that it was due to native malice or revenge—here again there is not a tittle of evidence to go upon. And mark: Mrs Humby's narrative goes against both of these possible arguments. If that story is true, how can the death of her husband be ascribed either to accident or the act of native servants? It would show that he was up and dressed, and in a position easily to escape. If it is impracticable to prove accident or malice, Lady O'Reilly—as at present it really is—there remain only two other theories by which the terrible event can be explained.'

'Please tell us what they are,' said Lady O'Reilly, as the lawyer paused.

'We must be ready, as best we can, to meet every view of the case,' he answered, fingering his watch-chain and looking at the carpet. 'The two theories are—firstly, that Colonel Humby's diseased brain contemplated murder and suicide; and that failing to do the one, he did the other.'

'Nobody would accept that theory,' I answered. 'Colonel Humby hadn't grit enough in him for suicide. He certainly had his grip on his wife's throat, though—how is that to be explained?' I felt this the one strong point, and I laid stress upon it. I was resolved it should not be lost sight of.

The lawyer's answer was exasperating in its very coolness: 'That is a point, Mr Everest, as you say. I wish we had another point or two to support it. We must bear in mind, however, that Colonel Humby often laid hands upon his wife—it is notorious, and she admits it. These marks might have been received by her before the time she mentions—we shall have to prove that her statement is true, if we rely on any part of it—true as a whole. Can we do that?'

Lady O'Reilly looked at me. I was terribly dejected by the lawyer's cold professional dissection of the case. He foresaw and took clear measure of all the obstacles.

'We must take the fact as it stands,' he went on. 'Colonel Humby was burned to death on his bed. You reject the idea of suicide. So do I, in my private judgment. Of course, as a lawyer I must make what I can out of everything that suggests itself in favour of my case. If we cannot prove an accident, we must admit a wilful and felonious act—in a word, that murder was perpetrated. I am afraid it will have to come to that,' he said gravely.

This was literally appalling, coming professionally from Mr Mapleson. It left no room for protest, for argument, hardly—as it seemed—for defence! What a fatal web circumstances had woven around this innocent and unhappy woman!

There ensued a painful silence, lasting several minutes. We did not ask the lawyer what the alternative 'theory' was—no need for that. It weighed like a mountain of lead upon me.

At last Lady O'Reilly broke the silence. For the question which she now put to Mr Mapleson, her tone was quiet, measured, as though she asked with a deliberate purpose: 'Mr Mapleson—if it is a proper question to put to you, in confidence among ourselves—what is your own opinion, frankly, as regards Mrs Humby?'

The lawyer was taken aback. For myself, I held my breath, as if it were the verdict of the jury which was about to be pronounced. 'Frankly,' he answered, 'I think she fired the bungalow. Under temporary derangement, perhaps, and without distinct intent to cause her husband's death. But from all I know at present, I cannot come to any other conclusion than that her hand did it!'

This was horrible. What I should have said or done, but for the quick and thoughtful interposition of Lady O'Reilly, I do not know. She rose, and, with reeling head, I was barely conscious that she bowed to Mr Mapleson, and went as far as the door with him. Then she came back, her lovely face lit up with that luminous kindness which heaven gives to the true woman, and laid her hand gently on my arm. 'My poor boy,' she said, 'it has been hard to hear that sentence spoken. Will it comfort you if I say that my belief in her innocence is as unshaken as your own?'

I could have fallen at her feet and kissed the shoes she wore. I only put my lips reverently and gratefully to her hand, without uttering a word. My heart was too full—too full of that which this noble woman discovered ere I was aware of it myself—love! Yes; that was my case; and, knowing it now, the state of my mind will be appreciated.

In my fevered dreams that night I saw her, from where I stood on the shore of the sea, drifting away in an open boat; her white face was turned to me in silent and hopeless appeal for the help I was powerless to give; the sharks, with their horrid premonitions of death, were gliding around her, their hideous fins showing above the water, waiting for the frail vessel to capsize and give them their horrible feast; and from time to time she put up her poor small hands to protect her uncovered head from the beating of the merciless sun. I awoke with a cry. But it was no relief to awake; the reality was quite as full of distress and peril as the dream, and my sense of powerlessness equally agonising.

Next day, which I dreadingly looked forward to as one of dull and helpless anxiety alone, was fraught with an event which excited Jullabad to a white-heat, and gave me such a blow as a man never receives twice during his lifetime.

I rose very early—as everybody does in India—and had a canter through the park before the

usual morning duties. After these, I went to the mess for breakfast. And here I forgot breakfast and all else in presence of the news some of our men had brought in—that Mrs Humby had disappeared from the cantonment magistrate's bungalow during the night.

I sank into a chair, apart from all the rest, with a groan. What madness could have tempted her to so fatal a step? It was an admission of her guilt before all the world. She paralysed her friends by her folly. Who could stand up for her now?

I went about in a kind of stupor all day; I did not even go to Lady O'Reilly. How could I, after what she had said to me the day before? 'My belief in her innocence is as unshaken as your own!' I knew it was shaken now—even hers! for alas and alas—I will confess it—my own had sustained a stunning blow.

Hour after hour went by, and no tidings, or even trace, of the fugitive were gathered. This was strange, because an Indian cantonment offers few chances of concealment, especially to a lady. It was certain she had not been near the railway station. The thoroughness of the search which was made, and the dead-lock to which efforts of discovery had come, may be inferred from the fact that before sunset every well in the station had been dragged without result. Had she been carried into the clouds, her disappearance could not have been more complete and untraceable.

It was 'guest-night' at our mess, and I would willingly have absented myself. Floping, however, for a few hours' distraction from my thoughts, I went. There were a good many men at dinner, military and civil officials and fellows from other corps. The talk was all on the one absorbing and exciting topic. A hundred theories were put forward to account for the disappearance of Mrs Humby; but not one expression of belief in her innocence was to be heard—now! It was the very torture of slow death to me to sit listening, and it was inevitable that I should lose my self-control at last.

'If she is in the jungles,' I heard it observed, 'the unfortunate woman has chosen the worse of two evils. Even a native jury would have more mercy than a hungry panther.'

I rose to leave the table, unable to endure more. As I did so I heard a few words spoken near to me—by whom, I was too excited to remember at the moment: 'I am sorry for her. As long as she was entitled to a doubt, I expressed no opinion. There was more in the relations of Humby and his wife than others knew. He was no angel; but he was clearly disappointed in his wife—not that this justified ill-usage; but if his story were told, perhaps a good deal would be explained. There is no harm in declaring now the opinion I have held all along—and others as well as I—that Mrs Humby deliberately murdered her husband. Her flight in itself is confession of guilt.'

There was a murmur, but nobody dissented openly. The room swam round me, and I madly snatched a glass of wine and dashed it in the speaker's face.

'You lie!' I shouted—'like a coward and a cad!'

Men leaped to their feet, and a silence followed of intense amazement. This brought me to my senses, and I realised what I had done. I had put this public outrage on the colonel of my regiment.

CURIOUS FINDS.

THE sea sometimes yields up part of its treasures in a curious and unexpected way, as was instanced lately by the discovery of a richly jewelled ring in the back of a herring caught at Dunbar. The finder was still luckier than a servant in Port-Glasgow, who, in cutting up some whiting, found a silver coin in one of them.

Two curious finds connected with nautical affairs should have an interest for Englishmen. Some old canvas that had long been stowed away as lumber, on being unexpectedly brought to light, was found to be the mainsail of Nelson's ship the *Victory*. The sail was riddled with shot fired during the battle of Trafalgar.—When some men were sawing a portion of an old ship's mainmast formerly belonging to a man-of-war at Chatham, a thirty-two-pound iron shot was observed embedded in the mast, the aperture having been plugged up. This was one of the largest kind of shot used in those times.

In a lake in Berkshire a large misshapen and unwieldy chub was found, so strange in appearance and unsightly in its movements, that the most apt zoologist could not account for its lineal descent or say if it was piscivorous or amphibious. The creature was found in a kind of cage formed by the washed roots of an elm-tree by this lake. When young and much smaller, this fish must have got into its strange prison. Limited to a mere turn, the wonder is that—as it must have forced its way in—it did not force its way out; but here it was, after years must have lapsed, taking quite the form of the gnarled and struggling roots. With no room to develop, the tail had almost disappeared, the dorsal fin was altogether obliterated, the body had become very hard, and the scales like so much incrustation of mud divided into layers. The nose was so pushed in and the gills so enlarged, that, when looked at full in the face, it had the appearance of a negro whose face had been despoiled of its shining and oily surface. Indeed, its existence was a matter of marvel, as the water subsided and increased at times, so that in dry weather it had only the most muddy home and a semi-fluid for its subsistence. When removed, it seemed a puzzle to know whether to class this strange discovery as a reptile, fish, or anything else.

Another proof how nature has her own way of accommodating herself to the most extraordinary conditions of life, is afforded by the following incident. A lady lost her gold ring. Some three years afterwards, the loser's cat caught a rat, from which pussy had eaten the head. The neck of the rat was exposed, and the owner of the cat saw something metallic glittering on the rat's neck. On examination this proved to be the lost wedding-ring embedded in the flesh. The ring must have been carried by the old rat to its nest, and a very young rat must have thrust its head into the ring. As the animal grew larger each day, its novel collar would become a fixture. The wonder is how nature continued to permit her

living demands to be supplied through such a small circumference, yet the creature lived, was fat, and looked healthy.

Cats in their hunting expeditions sometimes meet with an untoward fate. The writer saw the mummy-like remains of one of these animals which had been discovered in altering an old building. From its peculiar appearance, the unfortunate creature had evidently been suddenly crushed flat, for, in its dying agonies, its teeth had almost bitten through a piece of wood about a couple of inches square, which was still embedded in its jaws. Some of our readers may recollect the discovery of a petrified cat in the crevice of an old stone wall, during some repairs in Newgate jail. In the opinion of a naturalist, this curiosity must have been in a petrified condition for some hundreds of years.

As some workmen were felling timber near Herne Bay, they discovered in the centre of one of the trees a cavity in which were the remains of a cat. The skeleton was entire, and some hair of a sandy colour yet remained on the skin. It is conjectured that the animal, having entered a hollow part of the tree, was unable to extricate itself, and the wood in process of years had grown around it.

Curious finds have not unfrequently been made in trees. Some woodcutters in the forest of Drümmling made a strange discovery. They began to fell a venerable oak, which they soon found to be quite hollow. Being half decayed, it speedily came to the ground with a crash, disclosing a skeleton in excellent preservation; even the boots, which came above the knee, were perfect. By its side were a powder-horn, a porcelain pipebowl, and a silver watch. The teeth were perfect. It would seem to be the skeleton of a man between thirty and forty years of age. It is conjectured that, while engaged in hunting, he climbed the tree for some purpose, and slipped into the hollow trunk, from which there was no release, and he probably died of starvation.—Another mystery was found in the heart of an oak. From a tree of this kind, a large block, about eighteen inches in diameter, that had been knocking about in various yards and woodsheds, was split up lately, and in it was found an auger-hole about three-fourths of an inch in size, containing a bunch of human hair done up in a piece of printed paper. The hair was near the centre of the block, and fastened in with a pine plug. It was apparently put in when the tree was quite small, as the tree had grown over the plug to the thickness of about four inches, with the grain perfectly smooth and straight.

A natural curiosity was shown in a timber-merchant's workshop; this was the nest and skeleton of a bird embedded in a piece of beech. The timber seemed quite sound all round the cavity, and there was no sign of any aperture into it; but the timber being sawn up, the nest with the bird sitting upon it was found. The nest appeared to be built with mud, and the bird resembled a titmouse. Probably, at the lopping of a branch, a cavity was formed, and the outside subsequently grown over; but how the bird was enclosed seems difficult to imagine.

In the centre of a log of Honduras mahogany the saw revealed a large piece of honeycomb. The finder says the wax with the cells was hard,

and resembled in colour and appearance a mummy. The remains of the bees were incrustated in the wax.—Another log of mahogany was being cut in veneers by a cabinetmaker, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a remarkable and striking profile of Her Majesty in a knot in the wood. The likeness was so true, that all who saw it acknowledged the resemblance. Had this curiosity only been discovered in the present year, we might have had Jubilee mahogany added to the never-ending list of articles so distinguished.

So often have toads been found enclosed in solid bodies, that it is not surprising to read in a Scottish paper that a servant while breaking a large piece of coal for the fire, was startled to find in the centre of the block a full-grown toad, which appeared to be in excellent health and spirits. A less common discovery was made in Birkenhead. A gentleman there was presented with a cow's tongue which appeared to be perfect in every respect. After the tongue was boiled, he discovered a piece of sandstone embedded in it, about three-quarters of an inch in length, half an inch in width, and a quarter of an inch in thickness.

Some curious discoveries of valuable articles occur from time to time. For example, a singular literary discovery was made at a monastery in the island of St Lazarus, at Venice. A pet monkey had climbed to the top of a bookcase, and was amusing itself in imitating a venerable monk, who was trying to induce it to descend. The animal, in a sudden freak, seized a bundle of papers, and breaking the string, showered down on the father's head a number of letters the ink of which had become yellow with age. They were said to be a series of letters which Lord Byron wrote to the monks of St Lazarus, with whom he had once resided.

An extraordinary instance of the recovery of a lost ring may be added to the list of curious finds. A lady when digging holes for planting celery, unconsciously dropped the ring into one of the holes. A plant was inserted, doubtless through the ring, and as the root grew, the ring must have become embedded in its substance. The ring had been given up for lost until the following winter, when the mystery was cleared up by the ring making its appearance among the soup at dinner in a portion of the celery root.

A woman employed as a rag-sorter lately met with a lucky find. While she was engaged in sorting a quantity of rags which had been in stock for a long time, having been sent from France, she came across something resembling a dress-improver, which she cut open, and found in it French coins and notes to the value of over twenty-eight pounds, which became her property as the finder.

A very opportune discovery of money occurred to a distressed person in London. A distraint for arrears of rent to the amount of eighty pounds had been levied on some premises by the landlord, for which sum the whole of the household furniture had been condemned, and placed in two vans for removal, with the exception of a chest of drawers of antique appearance, which had been left to the last from mere accident. On looking into one of the drawers, a small paper parcel was discovered, which was found to contain

one hundred and fourteen old guineas of the reign of George III. The claim was of course soon discharged, and the furniture restored to its proper position.

But perhaps as curious a find as any was that which lately took place at the New British Iron Company's Works, Cradley Heath. Amongst a quantity of scrap-iron forwarded to the works was a disused malt mill. Upon some workmen placing the mill under a steam-hammer for the purpose of breaking and preparing it for the furnace, money was scattered in all directions from the mill. The find is said to have been about one hundred pounds, and the workmen were allowed by the manager to retain the money.

THE COXSWAIN'S YARN.

'KEEP her away a p'int or so, sir—there's some uncharitable rocks off here.'

'Ay, ay, Jack.'

The tiller was pulled over an inch, the sheet squirmed in the block, the yard swung slightly, and the brown-tanned lugsail filled out a trifle more, as the *Spindrift*, flinging showers of spray diamonds off her red and blue bows as she swished through the waters, opened the narrow cove, where the rugged chalk-walls bend back a hundred yards to meet the steep roadway which leads from the country inland down to a strip of shingly beach where the waves break with a musical roll.

'The Landing looks quiet enough to-day, Jack.'

'Quiet enewf allus wi' a breeze anything westerly o' nor', responded the blue-guernsey-frocked figure in the bows. 'But you come here-aways when thar be a no'therly gale a-sending tons of water smack agin yon cliffs, and you'd see it a very perdition of a place. Ay!—removing the short cutty from his lips, and blowing a cloud of blue smoke to leeward—'I'se had some rare tussles wi' t' sea mesel', and yance was overboard 'mong waves close to yan rocks, out of t' lifeboat, a time as I'll never forget.'

Now, Jack Crawford, coxswain of the lifeboat *Gertrude*, and owner of the *Spindrift*, was the 'uncrowned king' of that little community of Yorkshire fisher-folk, and as fine a specimen of a hardy seadog as were ever any of his ancestors who sailed in the long ships of *Ida the Flame-bringer*, when that doughty Viking sailed over the Swansbath, and landed at this snug cove, to win the kingdom of wild Northumbria. He had the blue-gray eyes and golden beard of the old Norseman, was big of stature and bronzed of face like a true Flameburgh-man; and as honest and fearless as they and their fore-elders have always been. Many a desperate fight had he had with the storm-spirits, when more than one gallant mate had gone down with the foundering craft, leaving wife or sweetheart to weep and tell how the cruel sea gat him.' So his yarns were always worth listening to; and now, eagerly invited, he told this story in the rugged, quaint dialect of the north-east coast—which is here toned down for the gentle reader's ears—to the accompaniment

of heaving surges and the softened murmur of the distant surf sobbing and gurgling in the weird caverns which here pierce the cliffs.

It was a dirty March day, twenty years and more ago, and the glass had gone down with a run before the keen wind which got up with the dawn, and brought great banks of leaden clouds out of the east; and by afternoon a whole gale was blowing, and the snow-flakes were hissing down the village chimneys and spitting into the fires on the hearths. But it was not many of us as saw much of the corner-seat that day, for there was plenty to do in hauling the cobbles up beach, which is like a house-roof for steepness, and seeing that everything was fast, and not likely to be carried away in one of the heavy squalls which whirled up off the roaring sea.

Most of us had finished by five o'clock, and were gathered to loo'ard of the boathouse at the top of the cliff, a-smoking and talking a bit, but mostly watching the steamers as were fighting their way south'ard, plunging and rolling out in the offing.

'Yon's the *Conisbrough*, an' it's time she was hauling off a bit,' said Ned Wallis, nodding towards a black-hulled boat whose red-and-white funnel showed out sharp again' the cold gray sky, and whose screw threw up a heap of foam when, every now and then, she pitched it clean out of the water as she headed for the open sea.

'Cap'n Thompson knows what he be about,' growled out old Benson.

'Hullo, mates! there's one yonder as has got her work set,' says I, catching sight of a barque which suddenly showed over the north point of the Landing, a deal too close in for safety.

'Her canvas be going—ch, Jack?' says Tom Smith, handing me his glass.

She was a smart-looking craft, and she plunged madly at the rolling seas, her tops'ls in ribbons and her yards askew, but standing up bravely under a double-reefed mains'l and jib.

'She's a beauty, poor dear, and well handled,' says Robert Barnett.

'If only she'd a dozen cable-lengths more under her lee—but she'll weather t' Head yet, if only she can hold on,' says I.

'She won't clear yon reef—she must gan about soon; and if she hangs for half a minute, she's done for,' says Dick Gibbon, going off into the boathouse, where he begins quietly seeing that all the gear's aboard and the *Sealind* ready; for it was before the bigger boat was sent here, and he was first-cox'n then, and I was second. And a fine fellow he was too, and many's the time we've been out together; but a sou'-easter killed his coble ten years come Candlemas, and he's sleeping out yonder in five-and-forty fathom, for he never come ashore.

Well, the rest of us stood watching the fight between t' barque and t' heavy seas, which were trying hard to smother her; but she flung them off, and held on bravely; and a fine sight it was to see, and we hoped as she might win. But the gale grew, and the crests of the great waves as they rolled in were cut clean off by the gusts, and blown right over the cliff-tops; and the foam-clots were lying like snow upon the hedges a quarter of mile inland.

The dusk was deepening; but she was growing

bigger and more distinct, and we could hear the torn canvas flicking like pistol-cracks.

'Sakes-a-dearie! t' ebb has begun to make, an' shoo's a lost ship,' says old Dan Gibbon, Dick's father, shaking his head.

'Ay, thar it comes.—'Bout ship,' says I. Her skipper saw she was coming fast in-shore, and as his only chance, was going about to beat out to sea, if so be as he could, and we knew it was the last dying struggle, like. Down went the helm, and we saw her coming shaking into the wind, and heard the shouted orders as the hands haul on the braces, and the creaking of the swaying yards; and then, just as the canvas begins to steady and draw—God help 'em! a big sea rose up ahead wi' a roar we could hear above t' gale, struck her slap on the weather-bow, and poured along her deck like a millrace. Her head fell off, and then her taut masts whipped savagely across the black sky as she rolled broadside on to the leaping waves.

'Now, lads, it's our turn,' cries Dick Gibbon in his cool, resolute way. 'Come, look alive—out with t' *Seabird*.'

But before he spoke, we knew what was wanted, and most of us had got our cork-belts on and were hooking the ropes to the skid—for, you see, a carriage ain't no use here, owing to the steepness of the cliff; and so we ran the lifeboat down on rollers, and in next to no time she was on the water's edge. News that the boat was for service had fetched every one from the village, and there was a bit of sobbing here and there; but our women be game, and there was none of them as wanted their men to stay. I had only been wed three weeks then, and didn't know as how t' wife would take it, when I catches sight on her on t' beach. But she comes up to me and looks bravely at me, and says: 'The guid Lord'll tak care on thee, lad;' and never a word to stop me from what she know'd was duty—I being, as I said, second-cox'n.

'Tumble in thar!' shouts Dick, as has got aboard, and is handling the yoke-lines, in a hurry to be away.

We scramble up into the boat. I stand up by my skipper aft, and the rest settle on to their thorts and get out the oars, whilst our mates as are left ashore seize the launching lines.

'Are ye ready?' sings out the cox'n.

'Ay, ay,' comes the chorus from for'ard.

'Then, off wi' her handsome, now!'

The ropes tauten and strain, the boat begins to quiver—slips a bit—and then, with a big rush, she takes a noble plunge slap into the breakers, sending the spray flying; the oar-blades dash into the foaming water, and the men pull like very demons.

If you've had to get a boat off a lee-shore when there's been anything of a 'popple' on, you know what sort of work it is, and how it takes a power of pulling to get well out of danger of being thrown back on shore again. But we had as fine a set of fellows as you could find anywhere, and they stuck to it like good uns; and soon the *Seabird*, rising and falling easily, told us we were safely off in deep water.

'Thar goes their gun, poor souls,' sings out Tom Smith the bowman, as a dull, booming sound rolled past the cove mouth; and a moment later we catch sight of a rocket a-trailing up a line of brightness above the cliff-top.

'Thar's t' answer, then,' Ned Wallis says as a second screams up to the black clouds from the boathouse astern.

'If only they can hold on till we get at 'em,' says Dick to me in a low tone. 'But look thar, and you'll not have to guess what it's like at t' other side.'

I looked ahead as he spoke, and saw a huge breaker dash itself straight at the wall of ragged rock, which we had to pass within a dozen yards, and then spout itself into hundreds of hissing tongues of foam high in air, to fall back into the churning surf with a deadly rush. I tell you, to look at that caldron, and feel the fierce waves shake the boat fore and aft, and see them leap up over the stem, and pour in green scething cataracts off the bow air-case, was enough to shake you a bit. But though Tom Smith was almost drowned at his post for'ard, and we were often up to our knees before the tubes could free the boat from the water, and drenched with the spray, yet we held on; and it was a treat to see how she drove through that sea.

Now, there's a lot of talk that these self-righting lifeboats are crank, and some of the newspapers cry out again' them, and say they are a fraud and a snare. All gunmon, says I! Why, what does a newspaper chap as sits writing all comfortable afore a fire know what a lifeboat can do? They mostlins get their ideas from some of them inventing fellows, who can always improve every blessed thing going, if you'll believe 'em, as cry out that the self-righting boat is a bad design, and they could make it quite safe, and so as she'd never roll over. Now, there's a lot of p'int needed in a lifeboat besides those as have to do with upsetting. She must be easy to pull with oars by a dozen men, and at the same time stand up handsomely under sail, if so be as t' wind serves; she must be buoyant enough to float her crew and passengers, if she gets stove in agin' a wreck or rock; she must clear herself of water as she ships the water, for there's plenty to do for all hands without wasting themselves and time in baling; she must right herself when she goes over, for with all this tall talk, there's no way of making an open rowing-boat as won't upset at times; and then, she must be light and handy enough to be taken about and launched off a beach. And when you've got all these, you've got somewhere near a perfect boat; and I make bold enough to say as you've got 'em all in the Institution's boats. And as to all that yarn about 'em not being 'stiff,' why, bless you, there are fellows as think and call themselves boatmen as will run broadside on to a smashing sea, and then sing out because in course they heel over—as what craft wouldn't? Fact is, sir, a lifeboat is like a thoroughbred horse—put a duffer aboard, and he can't handle it, and gets thrown, maybe, and then comes and says it's the fault of the animal. Lifeboats, I don't deny, want skilful handling, and then they be as safe as winking. Now, I've been cox'n on this station for twenty years, and out in all sorts of weather, and I says, give me a good crew—of sailors, mind you, not longshore lubbers in sou'-westers—and I'll back us to go anywhere at any time in the *Gertrude* there, or any other self-righting boat as belongs to the National Lifeboat Institution,

you likes.—Avast, though; I'se forgetting the yarn I was spinning.

Well, we fight our way on somehow, and at last opens the wide sea—one great stretch of mad, tossing waves, enough to make any chap wish himself ashore. There was a little group of folk up on the pint as had climbed there to see us pass; and as we forged out of the cove, we could just see them in the gloom, and they gave us a cheer, which sounded feeble enough in the din of the gale; but it put new heart in us all, and we meant having the poor fellows off the barque.

'Thar she is!' hails Tom, p'inting to where the sea was all white, like tossing, whirling snow-drifts, and where the breakers were raging over the sunken rocks; and sure enough her hull showed out like a long black bar just beyond.

'Stick to it, my lads—she's got her anchors down, and, please God, they'll hold till we can fetch her,' says Dick Gibbon, as we begin to meet a three-quarter tide a-sluing along. 'Show them a glim—it'll cheer them a bit.'

So I got out the signal-box, and struck a fuse, and it splutters and spits, and then shines out like a big star; and we hear a faint hullo away to loo'ard, and know they've seen us.

Dick works out with the tide, and we get steadily well up to wind'ard, and to where he and I reckon we may venture to drop down to the ship; so he watches for a bit of a smooth, and then over goes our rudder; and the port oars pull us round like a top.

'They be worth saving, yon chaps, for they'se making a good fight for t' ship, and not giving in yet. You bet they be English; a French or German lot would be a-howling and a-ringing of their hands, instead of cutting the masts away,' I says, as suddenly the foremast went by the board, and we saw men hacking at the mainmast.

'Stand by with t' anchor, Tom!—All clear for'ard?'

'Ay, ay,' answers the bowman, steadying himself to heave.

'Let her go!' shouts Dick, keeping his eye on the wreck as the boat drives towards it. 'Hold her up a bit, lads; smartly now.' A dozen strong strokes stop her sternway, and the anchor holds. 'Pay out—steady!'

The cable runs rapidly over the stempost roller, and we drive quickly on to her starboard bow; but the distance between scarcely lessens, and the loud hail, 'We're dragging,' comes from the ill-fated ship.

'Belay that cable,' roars Dick; 'and look handy with that heaving line, Jack.'

And whilst Tom and his mates take a turn round the bollard, I nips up the loaded stick, and flings it with all my might at a group of men on her fo'c'sle, and it falls right among them. In next to no time they had bent on a rope, and we haul it aboard and make it fast smartly enough, for ten minutes we knew would see her on these dreadful rocks.

'For your lives' sake, look lively!' Dick bawls through his trumpet.

But, for creatures, they need no hurrying, for they see it's all up with the ship; and a man seizes the line and drops himself along; and another and another come, and we have them safe inboard.

'Drop a bit nearer; we've got a woman aboard,' calls out a voice from her bows.

'Daren't do it,' we shout in reply.

There's a bit of a delay; and then a man stands out and seizes the rope, the figure of a woman slung to him, and he begins to come hand over hand along it, and gets half-way, when all at once a great sea breaks right over us, filling the boat, and then rushes on, burying the poor souls on the rope deep beneath it. With a heave the *Seabird* rises up bravely, the rope tautens, and lifts its dripping burden clear; and we all give a cry, for the woman's gone, and we see a dark something show for an instant on a wave-top, and then disappear in the boiling surf amongst the rocks. We drag the man in half drowned. But time's too precious to ask questions, and we think only of getting the rest off their doomed ship.

The captain comes last; and when we help him in, he has a little girl-baby in his arms, all done up in a big white shawl, and this only just in time, for the line snaps like a piece of packthread; and then we knew her anchors had dragged clear away; and sure enough, before ever we had hove our own up, we see her give one tremendous roll, then a great heave, and crash she goes right on to the reef-end, and good-bye to her.

'Up with a corner of t' lug,' is the order; and we begin to stagger through the seas, and race the hissing surges towards the shore under sail. As we get near the mouth of the little bay, the man as had been so nearly done for when the sea buried him and tore the woman away, comes-to, and begins to moan for 'Lettie'; and the cap'n of the barque just shoves the little lass into his arms with never a word.

Then the poor chap opens his eyes and looks down the boat with a dreadful earnest stare, and cries: 'O God, where's Lettie?'

The cap'n says nothing, and turns away his head; and then the other seizes hold of Dick's arm and cries fiercely: 'Where's my wife? Tell me!'

And Dick dashes his oilskin sleeve ath'ort his eyes, and then pints up aloft, and says in a hoarse sort of voice: 'She's there, mate!'

He gives a wild, unearthly sort of scream; and then, before ever we guesses what's up, he seizes the baby in one hand, and pitches himself clean over the gunnel into the tumbling waves. I catch sight of the tiny thing for a second close to the boat as we rush on, and make one desperate grab, catch hold of it, and pitch head first over into the black water myself. I clutch like mad at the side as I go over; and as luck, or something better, maybe, would have it, my fingers click one of the life-lines, and I grip it tight, and hold on like death; the cold water pours over me as the boat tows me through. The pull on my arm was something awful; but they soon drag me in by the collar, with the baby in my other hand; and I had just time to see it was alive and to shake myself dry a bit before we get among the rollers and crash on to the beach; and a score of lusty arms seize the *Seabird* and hold her up agin the backwash and haul her out of the surf.

The folks all come crowding round; but the coastguard keep them back; and the eleven sailors with the mate and cap'n are carried off to the *King's Arms*. But I keep the little mite

as I'd saved, and just put it into my wife's arms; and away she flies with it, and never a question to ask.

When I get home, after having helped Dick to stow the boat and the gear, I find a dozen neighbours all a-looking and talking of the poor ba'tn as was sleeping peacefully on Mollie's lap; and then, of course they want to know all about it; and as I don't know, I go off to see the cap'n.

The wrecked ship was the *Evangeline* of Bristol, from Leith to London in ballast; and the poor chap as had jumped overboard was a passenger; but no one knew his name. He seemed a gentleman, but very poor, and had begged a passage from the kind-hearted skipper for himself and wife and baby; and it was his wife as had got drowned, and the baby as was at our cottage.

When I tell Mollie, she cries a bit, of course, as a woman will, and then sets to hugging the bit of a lassie, and vowing she'll be its mother; and nothing would make her think or say different. Well, the parson wrote to all the papers, trying to find out any relations; but none ever came, and so we kept her.

The owners of the *Evangeline* behaved very handsome to us, giving each man of our crew a fiver; and Dick and I a watch apiece; and the Institution they vote me a medal for saving the little un. And they send one hundred pounds to parson for her, which he said he'd give to me and the missus when she was grown up, for our care on her. But we tell'd him straight we'd not touch a penny of it, for she was just like our own to us; and we called her 'Eva' after the ship she was took from. And now she's just the bonniest, cobbiest lass in the village; and she and Jack, my eldest lad, have made up their two minds to be spliced when the herring season's over; and she's having a new coble, and a beauty too, built for him out of her bit of brass; and t' rest of it's for a rainy day. You'll hear her in t' choir at church on Sunday, and you'll see her, likely, when we land, for she's mighty fond of the beach and coming to meet me; and she can tell the *Spindrift* far enough.

There, sir, that's the yarn; and if you're willing, we'd better be running for home, as the tide has begun to make and the breeze seems like falling.

ANCIENT GREEK ART.

A modern Greek publication gives an interesting account, with a drawing, of a curious monument lately discovered at the Acropolis of Athens. This piece of very antique Greek art consists of a bronze relief, made up of two thin plates, each of which represents one side of the figure, and these two plates are fastened together with small nails, not rivets. The relief, which is not thick, is almost flat, and on one side there is the appearance of slight modelling, which, singularly enough, does not correspond with the other side. In fact, the working of this (the right) side is altogether superior to that of the other. On this side, too, traces are still to be seen of gold on the hair and garment. Probably the whole work was originally gilt, which, when first, executed, had doubtless a beautiful and rich appearance. The figure is supposed to represent the goddess

Athene. The figure wears the *peplus*, or long robe worn by the women of Athens, and reaching nearly to the feet, and the *chiton*, or coat of mail, so commonly given to Minerva; but she has no helmet. This latter she may have carried in her left hand; but this part of the work is much damaged by rust. The gold-work which yet remains shows evident traces of the action of fire. The style and execution of this bronze relief are far superior to, and infinitely more natural than, any other of the large number of female figures by which it was surrounded when discovered.

Whilst on the subject of classical antiquities, we may draw attention to the addition lately made to the British Museum, consisting of a very fine large terra-cotta sarcophagus, having on its lid a beautiful life-sized figure of a reclining woman. Everything about this figure is coloured to life—the robing, the ornaments, the flesh, all coming out with striking reality. The date of this work is considered to be about two centuries B.C. It bears a close resemblance to the famed sarcophagus preserved in the city of Florence, which is of the same date, and is celebrated for its extreme beauty. The inscription, as published by the British Museum authorities, gives the names of the lady as 'Scianti Thanunia Tlesnasia.' The work is very ancient Italian, and being rare, is all the more interesting.

WEALTH UNTOLD.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

SEEK your treasure, and you'll find
It exists but in the mind.
Wealth is but the power that hires
Blessings that the heart desires;
And if these are mine to hold
Independently of gold,
And the gifts it can bestow,
I am richer than I know!

Rich am I if, when I pass
'Mid the daisies on the grass,
Every daisy in my sight
Seems a jewel of delight!
Rich am I, if I can see
Treasure in the flower and tree,
And can hear 'mid forest leaves
Music in the summer eves;
If the lark that sings aloud
On the fringes of the cloud,
Scatters melodies around
Fresh as raindrops on the ground;
And I bless the happy bird
For the joy it has conferred;
If the tides upon the shore
Chant me anthems evermore;
And I feel in every mood
That life is fair and God is good!
I am rich if I possess
Such a fund of happiness,
And can find where'er I stray
Humble blessings on the way,
And deserve them ere they're given
By my gratitude to heaven.

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AN OCTOBER WALK.

THE lake I love is a homely level of water embosomed amid trees and content to mirror the sky, but it is the dearest in the world to me, for it is the shining face of a familiar friend. The curving path that leads me round its verge is a resting-place of which I never weary. Here I have pursued the silvan spring and loitered with languid summer; I have romped with the merry autumn gales, and fought many a rough and healthful battle with the keen north wind; and to-day I tread the path, carpeted with a prodigal wealth of fallen leaves—tenderly, because I love it; it is akin to me, for am I not also earth from the bosom of Mother Nature? Here I have followed the procession of the Seasons, feeling that I was the invisible ghost, and they the tangible reality; and I have tasted of Nature's secret elixir of life, finding in the precious draught an existence of joy vague and unexplainable, yet real and boundless as this brisk October wind.

Nature's ways—her revelations are endless; familiarity with her breeds no contempt, for she is ever the leader and the wonderful revealer; although she seems so near, she is for ever beyond our reach; as far as we are capable of going, she will lead us, but still above us there will shine virgin heights unscaled.

The secret of Nature's influence is—peace. I feel it the moment I open this little green gate which leads to the lake. The 'click' of its latch is a fairy talisman, changing the shoes in which I have come through the world's mire into rarer slippers of glass than ever Cinderella wore. No worldly dust can defile my feet here, for this is the silent home of pure tranquillity. I turn down past the yews, where, in the spring, a wren had her nest. I used to pull down the sombre screen of boughs that concealed the mossy structure, to observe the little brown creature, who sat off her eggs—in spite of my approach—with a trembling courage that amazed me. She would even let me touch her shrinking wing,

but she would not fly away; and one day, when I was over-persistent in my attempts to gauge the depths of her courage, she turned upon me a pathetic look that made me feel abashed; for I recognised in its timid appeal the mother's instinct, which brought me down to the level of the tiny wren, and made thenceforth her nest as sacred as my home to me.

Now the expanse of the lake lies before me, and my ears are greeted with the monotonous, creaking solo of the coots. The sun is glinting on their white under-feathers as they dive into the shining water; and they seem very busy, although somewhat shrewish to my mind, in the management of their household affairs.

Rustling grasses, swaying in the wind, gracefully fringe the brink of the lake; and the bulrushes stand stiff and aggressive among their warlike reeds, with blades grown somewhat rusty now that their fighting days are nearly over; and tall stalks of spotted hemlock are seen beside the seeding umbels of cow's-parsley among the sear and rustling sword-grass. The mellow sunshine seems to radiate from this group of horse-chestnut trees, now resplendent in golden autumn tints, and dropping jagged nuts among the dewy grass; the wind, too, has a special delight in the radiant group, and tosses about the golden fans in a frolic, whirling them from the trees far along the russet path. Light and motion and beauty are visible here, and something more, for to me the horse-chestnut tree has always appeared as specially symbolic in Nature's language. The alphabet of an unknown or lost tongue is visible among the branches, for these are indented at intervals with the semblance of a tiny horseshoe, studded with nails of the mystical numbers five or seven; and these figures are again repeated in the finger-like points of every leaf. I wonder if the Druids knew it? To them, it would have been a sacred tree.

How different is the autumnal from the summer sunshine! The latter is high and clear, with a colourless brilliance which cannot be tolerated out of the shade; but mellow autumn throws

a veil over the sun's face, so that man may gaze upon the splendour and yet live. A weasel crosses the path, arching its cruel neck. I can distinctly see its tusk-like teeth. It is hunting for rabbits; but, at my approach, it hides among the grass near the water, and I walk quickly past the lurking evil. A robin comes out of a rhododendron bush and hops quietly before me, pausing now and then to sing a little sibilant note of pleasure; and I follow his sober route gladly, for he is an old acquaintance. In this little arbour beneath the firs I have kept many a wintry tryst with him. The icicles hung then round the sloping eaves, the low red sun shining upon their fantastic forms, and the snow lay deep and crisp; but I brought my dole of crumbs regardless of the woful (unfulfilled) predictions of fireside folk; and now I am rewarded by this steady friendship with robin, of which I am so proud.

This aisle of brilliant beech and mottled elm is the loveliest part of my walk. The sudden sunshine strikes with a white radiance upon the silvery pillars of the beeches, and the bright copper hue of the leaves upon the overhanging branches is reflected far upon the rippling lake—a medium which does not quench but rather intensifies the glow. The swan—surely the ‘oldest inhabitant’ here!—is floating in lonely majesty through the reflected autumn tints, a white speck upon the burnished mirror. The breeze is whirling the beechmast along the path before me; and skirmishing companies of brown crackling leaves are rustling away in wind-driven flight, emitting a whistling metallic sound as they flee. A squirrel comes tumbling along the sunlit way, like a ball of autumn leaves which has suddenly become possessed of life. Now there are two, chasing each other in a spiral progress up the trees with a curious gurgling sound like unctuous laughter. What a mad and rigmarole scamper! Now they glide up the smooth gray beeches, their tails being seemingly superfluous encumbrances; but, with a sudden spring, they turn them into wing-like balances, and disappear within the branching screen of an elm.

This windy whirl of hurrying clouds, of sudden sunshine, of scattered leaves and flashing squirrel-flights, imparts to me a portion of the universal buoyancy of motion. I, too, participate in the brisk alacrity of this October day; for the wind has a note for me, and the sparkling water a smile. This is the place of my thoughts, the abode of the spirit of Nature, the path of moral and spiritual growth, the treasury of beneficent counsel. The temperate light of the sky, gleaming far above the swaying boughs, marks only the limit of the physical eye, for the soul that looks out of it owns no limitations; the spaces which it traverses are boundless, though still it abides within the veil of man's visible frame.

Still I follow with unwearied feet the silvan curve of the lake, passing beneath stalwart oaks not yet at the zenith of their autumn splendour,

but bearing here and there a broad daub of orange or crimson amid the green clusters, as if Nature, like an artist, were groping for her key of autumnal colour. The path becomes mossy now, and broadens into an orchard-like beauty of gently sloping knolls, crowned with ancient hawthorns; and the lake, which is near its source, is almost hidden amid a tangled mass of water-weeds and grasses. A faint blue haze hangs before the distant upland trees, which seem to crouch together before the wind. The haws are ruddy on the almost leafless thorns, and many a nest, deserted now and sodden, is made visible. Here is one that belonged to a pair of chaffinches or ‘shilfas,’ snugly placed in the very heart of a bushy hawthorn. The blithest bird in Raith sang on these branches; he was always singing to cheer his patient mate within the nest, hidden then in a rosy cloud of hawthorn blossom.

Upon the sward beneath the hawthorns the dew still lingers, begemmed with diamonds the scalloped leaves of the green ladies'-mantle, which grows here in great profusion; and amid the russet blaze of the bracken there twinkles a network of filmy gossamer. The azure harebell, the last of the flowers, trembles on the verge of the fern; and a few belated blossoms of the red-campion still flaunt their tawdry charms.

I have now reached the rustic bridge, beneath which wimples the nameless burn that feeds the lake. It is a tranquil little streamlet, not much given to indulge in stormy moods; but to-day it is brown and foam-flecked by recent heavy rains. I always pause to look down into the stream; and when the water is clear, if I take care that my shadow does not fall upon the shining surface, I can see the trouts gliding about, and the long black eels winding their slippery way among the stones at the bottom. This is a favourite haunt of the birds, which are ‘tippeting’ and flirting about the brink of the singing water.

But now I come to a sombre bit of my walk, where yews stand sentinel on either side, their gloom made more apparent by the gleaming waxen red of their green-stoned berries. In the leafy summer-time, I incline to despise these evergreens; but the robins and the starlings love them when the trees are bare; and the wind-harassed leaves find a quiet grave beneath their spreading boughs. I get a glimpse of the lake once more as I emerge from the shade and pursue my way past a grove of tall firs, whose heads are lost in a dusk obscurity. Here the nettles grow rank amid fallen cones and brown fir-needles; and from out the dim recesses a pheasant calls, while another rises almost at my feet, flying heavily away with a startled ‘whir!’ the lovely green lustre of its neck plainly visible.

Beneath some straggling rhododendrons, a semi-circle of clammy fungi has sprung, forming the half of a ‘fairy-ring.’ One can fancy the dainty figures of the woodland elves seated beneath those grotesque umbrellas, their romantic reign marking an epoch in man's progress, when, having survived his first blind terror of Nature's primal forces, he sought to express, in the quaint forms of fairies and other woodland spirits, the mysterious feeling of kinship with Nature which was slowly awakening within him.

Now I pass the thundering waters of the sluice which relieves the lake and sends the surplus flood to turn the miller's wheel; and I pause for a moment to gaze upon the wonderful tints of the beeches across the reflecting lake. I reach a veritable 'crooked corner' where two laburnums being intertwined in their pliant youth are dragging each other to a crabbed and certain doom. These are the victims of man's caprice, for Nature would scorn to perpetrate such a fraud upon beauty. I stoop my head, and hurrying past the unlovely sight, I come upon the pathetic remnant of a once graceful birch, now the prey of a wandering parasite, for the ivy's fatal beauty festoons the barren trunk, which, slanting far into the lake, seems to anticipate its grave. By its side a gaunt and piebald sister-birch droops forlorn branches; and a gnarled oak stretches one long, dying arm towards the rippling, living lake. Truly they form an enchanted group! They look like human beings transformed into this uncouth guise by some grimly humorous witch of yore.

But my leisure hour has almost fled, and I must hurry on between yews and hollies and lustrous rhododendrons, startling many a black-bird from its quest for food among the fallen leaves. I pass the rustic wooden house bearing the sign of two curling-stones, and familiar to the ardent lovers of the 'roaring game,' and now once more I reach the little gate. I open it, and turning, take a last look along the vistas of the trees. I close it again with a lingering touch. 'Shut, sesame!' I whisper, 'and guard my boundless treasure!'

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—A REPETITION.

ONE Sunday when Richard Cable was at home, after he and his children and mother had dined, he said: 'Now, my dears, we will all go out and walk together, and see the place where my new house shall stand with seven red windows.'

Then the little maids had their straw hats, trimmed with blue ribbons, put on, and their pinafores taken off, and they marched forth with their father on the road towards Rosscarrock. It was winter, but mild and warm; and the sun shone; red beech and oak leaves lay thick in the furrows and sides of the road, and under the ash-trees the way was strewn as with scraps of black string. The leaves had rotted, leaving the mid-ribs bare. The starlings were about in droves, holding parliament, or church, or gossiping parties. The holly, grown to trees in the hedges and woods, was covered in the hedges with scarlet berries; but bare of fruit in the wood, where the shadow of the oaks and beech had interfered with the setting of the flower.

When Cable came to the coveted spot, whom should he see but Farmer Tregurtha! In fact, from his house, Tregurtha had heard the chattering of the little voices in the clear air, just like the chattering of the starlings, and some one had said

to him: 'Uncle Dick be coming along wi' all his maidens.' Then Tregurtha had walked across the fields to meet him.

Among the Cornish, any old man, or man past the middle age, is entitled Uncle. Now, Richard had not attained the middle point of life; but the St Kerian folk did not know his age, and thought him older than he really was, partly because he had so large a family, but chiefly because his trouble and his gloomy temper had given a look of age beyond his years.

Things had not gone well with Tregurtha. He had been engaged in a long lawsuit with Farmer Hamlyn about a right of way, and had lost, it was whispered, several hundreds of pounds, because he was so obstinate that he carried his case by appeal from court to court. Cable knew this very well, and would not have been the Cable he had become if unready to profit by it.

'Hulloh, uncle!' called Tregurtha. 'Glad to see you home again, and in the midst of your stars, as the sun among the seven planets.—Ah! folks always say that children bring luck, and a seventh maid is born with hands that scatter gold. Luck has hopped off my shoulders and lighted on yours.—Have you still a fancy for Summerleaze?'

'Where law is handled, luck leaks out,' answered Richard Cable. 'Come into the road, and we'll have a word together.' Then he bade the seven little girls hold hands and walk on beyond ear-shot.

They were some time together; but before they parted, Cable had agreed to purchase Summerleaze and to give for it a hundred and fifty pounds. Tregurtha was glad to get that price for it. Thus it was that the land became Cable's, and the first step was taken towards the fulfilment of his dream and the realisation of his ambitious scheme. But he was not yet prepared to build; for that he needed more money.

Once again he was at Bewdley, and he went there with the determination of seeing Josephine, without allowing her to see him; but when he was there, some indistinct feeling held him back, and he went away without having caught sight of her; but he had made inquiries concerning her of his landlady, Mrs Stokes, without appearing to interest himself especially about her. No sooner was he away, with his face turned homewards, than he regretted his lack of courage, and made a fresh resolve to see her.

And now that he was possessed of land, he became more eager after money and more adventurous in his speculations. He was never at rest. He denied himself the supreme pleasure life had for him—the pleasure of being at home with his children. He travelled over the north of Cornwall, from Bodmin and Camelford to Stratton, and through the poor land from the Tamar to Holworthy and Hatherleigh, buying stock and sending it off. He purchased all the calves he could in the dairy country and sold

them to the stock-rearing farmers, and the money was never idle in his pocket; he turned it and turned it, and it multiplied in his hands.

Then Cable went to Mr Spry, the mason, and ordered him to build the house. 'I will have it a long house,' he said. 'The ground rises so sharp behind, that it cannot be more than one room deep, and so I will have seven red windows up-stairs—three on one side and three on the other, and two below to right and two to left and two shams, and over the door in the middle a window. That will make seven windows in the front up-stairs and four below; and on one side of the door shall be the dwelling part for me and my children; and on the other side of the door shall be the kitchen and back-kitchen; and there shall be a great sort of lobby and hall in the middle, where the children can romp of a rainy day; and because the land falls away so rapidly in front, there must be a flight of stone steps up to the main entrance.'

When this was settled, away went Richard Cable again, and now he went to Bewdley, and as he travelled he thought: 'I should like her to see my land and my house that I am building, and how I am going to make myself a gentleman and all my maidens to be ladies, with no help from her, all out of my own work with my head and hands.'

In this frame of mind he arrived at Bewdley, but without having come to a decision whether he would see her or not. Perhaps, some day, when Red Windows was finished, he would have a large photograph taken of it, with the colours put in, green for the trees, and red for the windows, and send it to her by post. When she saw the picture and read under it, 'Red Windows, the property of Mr Richard Cable,' then she would learn how great and rich a man he had become, and how he throve when separated from her.

He was at the Bewdley tavern again, and he looked at Mary Stokes, and told her mother that the girl was growing into a fine little woman. 'Down in the west where I am,' said he, 'there are no girls, only maidens. If you speak of a girl, they either don't know what you mean, or think you mean something insulting. I suppose, now, in a little while you'll be thinking of getting Mary a situation in the great house? What will she take to?—housemaids' work or the kitchen? The nursery is out of the question, where a baby's voice has not been heard for over half a century.'

Mrs Stokes shook her head. 'No, Mr Cable, my little girl don't go there.'

'But why not? You're a tenant under the lady.'

'I shouldn't wish it,' said Mrs Stokes mysteriously. 'I don't mind saying as much to you, as you're a stranger, and can't or wouldn't hurt me with Mr Vickary or the old lady—but, I can't afford to send my Mary there.'

'Can't afford! Is it like an appointment in the army, more cost than gain?'

Mrs Stokes again shook her head. 'You see, Mr Cable, things in that house ain't as they ought to be; and I wouldn't have my child there not for a score of pounds. The old lady, she's good and innocent, and thinks she'll make all the world about her into Christians; but,

Mr Cable, that house is not a Christian household outside of her sitting-room.'

'What do you mean?' asked Richard, uneasily working on his chair.

'I don't mind saying it before you, because you're a stranger, and wouldn't hurt a fly, let alone me; but Mr Vickary is a bad lot, and he leads the old madam by the nose. Bless you! if it was only picking and stealing, I'd shut my mouth and say nothing, for what is riches given to some for, but that those who haven't may help themselves out of their abundance! But'—she began to scrub the table—'there be things go on there, or is said to go on, that would make decent mothers shy of sending their servants into that house.'

Richard's face became red as blood, and his hair bristled on his head. If Mrs Stokes had looked at him instead of looking at the table she was scouring, she would have been startled by his face.

'Why, Mr Cable, when you come to think of it, it is wonderful what a lot of evil is done in the world by them as intend to do good—I do in truth believe, more than by the out-and-out wicked ones. And I take it the reason is, your well-intending people begin their bettering of others by taking leave of common-sense themselves.—There comes Mr Polkinghorn; doesn't say nothing of all this to him.'

'How do you do, Mr Cable? How are we, Mrs Stokes?' asked the pleasant footman entering, rubbing his hands. 'A little frosty to-night. I shall be glad of brandy-and-water hot, please, and sugar.—How go the calves in the van, sir, and the kids at home?'

'And how is my namesake, Mr Polkinghorn?'

'Oh, the lovely Cable!' He shrugged his shoulders. 'I don't think she'll be much longer with us.'

'What—dying?' The colour deserted Richard's brow.

'O dear, no! Very far from that—a little too much alive, that is all.'

'I do not take your meaning, Mr Polkinghorn.'

'I have a tendency to cloudiness,' answered the flunky. 'I have generally been thought a wag.—Thank you, Mrs Stokes. This is real cognac, I hope, and the water boiling?' Having been satisfied on this score, Mr Polkinghorn poured himself out a stiff glass. 'The cold settles in the stomach, Mr Cable,' he explained.

'What about my namesake?' again asked Richard, whose face was serious, and who sat with his hand to his head, looking across the table at the footman.

'Oh, as to Miss C.—we'll use initials, and that obviates the chance of giving offence—she's a high-flyer.'

'She is proud and disdainful, you mean?'

'That she is. But that is not what I allude to.' He took a pipe and filled it with tobacco. 'You see, my dear sir, we've had our captain staying with us.'

'Who is your captain?'

'The old woman's nephew, Captain Sallwood.'

Cable's fingers twitched; the nails went into his brow.

'I don't myself give credence to all I hear;

but there's a talk that the lovely C. is setting her cap at the captain. That's a pun, you will understand.'

Cable did not laugh.

The flunky explained: 'I'm a joker.—I don't pretend to say where fact ends and fiction begins,' Mr Polkinghorn went on to say, 'because what I have heard has come from the lips of old V., and old Mr V. can colour matters to suit himself, just as a blanchange can be made pink with a drop of cochineal; or, if you prefer another similitude, he can flavour his facts to his taste, as you can any pudding with ratafia or vanilla. There must be something to go upon, or you can't colour or flavour at all. That stands to reason.—Are you particularly interested in Miss Cable?'

'She bears my name,' said Richard sternly.

'Ah, quite so! I understand the feeling. I myself could not endure the thought of a Polkinghorn doing a dirty act; but—I don't believe a Polkinghorn could so demean himself—the name would hold him up.'

'What is the fact, coloured or clear?'

'Oh, I can't say. V. will have it that Miss C. has been carrying it on with the captain, and there has been a rumpus accordingly; and the old woman has had to interfere, and—I do not believe that she will let the beautiful and fascinating C. remain much longer with us—that is what V. says; but V. has never taken warmly to the C.; she has been short with him.'

Then Cable stood up, and without another word, went out of the inn—he went out, forgetful that he had not his hat upon his head, and he walked hastily in the direction of Bewdley Manor.

How wonderful is man's life! It turns about like a wheel, and he does those things to-day which he did some time ago. But no—not those things exactly. They differ in particulars, but in direction they are the same. His life moves in spirals, ever reverting to where it ran before, but never quite going over the same ground. On one memorable evening Josephine had been in Brentwood Hall, and Richard had run to bring her thence, hatless, coatless, breathless. Now he went, by night, to another great house, also through a park, hatless, breathless, but not on this occasion coatless—there was the difference. On that former occasion, Josephine was the most honoured guest in the great house; now she was the least esteemed servant in this great house.

For many thousands of years men believed that storms blew over their heads, tearing up trees, unroofing houses, flashing with electric bolts, pursuing a direct course. They held that storms never swerved to one side or the other till they had expended their violence. Now we are told that no storm travels thus—they all move in a rotary course; they whirl across the earth and sea like aerial spinning-tops. We have supposed, and we still suppose, that men go straight courses from birth to death; but is it so? Is it the spirit of man a blast of the Great Spirit that sweeps along through life in a succession of 'revolutions'? Do we not find, when we look back at our own past history, that we do again and yet again the same things—that again and yet again we drive in the same direc-

tion one day, and in the opposite on the morrow. I myself, when I shut my eyes and hold my face in my hands, can hear the spirit within me whirling and humming, and eager to sweep me away into some folly that I committed a few months ago, and vowed then I would never commit again.

We think the same thoughts, as we speak the same words, and, alas, tell the same old stories, and crack the same old jokes, day after day, in our little teetotum spin. What an amount of impetus there is in our movement; what a whirl, what a hum we make!—but what a little movement forward in the straight line there is for the vast amount of rotary hurry and noise. On this evening, Richard Cable was doing very much the same thing he had done on another evening, the memory of which still scorched his brain; and he was doing that which he had resolved never to do again. He did it with a difference. We all do our little rounds with a difference. He went this time with his coat on his back; but he was as hot, and as agitated, and as breathless as before.

See what an advance the man had made! He went in his coat; though, I grant, he went this time in his coat chiefly because he had his coat on his back when the impulse started him to go. Still this was an advance, a distinct advance.

Richard Cable stood still when he came to the house. He tried to collect his thoughts and resolve what to do. But the dog in the back-yard began to bark furiously, and its bark distracted him; he could not gather his ideas. He knew that Josephine was in a place which she could not remain in without some taint adhering to her. She was under the same roof with the man who had loved her and had proposed to her; a man of her own class, a man whom she had known for long. Richard put from him at once the thought that she was, what the footman said, consciously 'making up to' the captain; but he was by no means sure that unconsciously she might be drawn towards him.

On that other evening when he had run to Brentwood, he had been unable to gather his thoughts; but he had seen clearly one thing—that his wife ought to be with him in his great trouble; so now, his mind was confused, yet one idea shone out clear through the fog of thoughts—that his wife must not be allowed to remain another night in Bewdley Manor. On that other evening, he thought of himself; on this, he thought of her. Then, he it was who needed a stay; now, it was not he, but she. So, with this one idea fixed in his mind, with his ears full of the noise of the dog barking, and with the throb of the blood in the pulses in his ears, he went into the house. But how he encountered the butler, and where and how he made known what he needed, and how he was brought up-stairs and confronted with Josephine and Miss Otterbourne in the great state drawing-room, that he never was able to remember distinctly. He saw everything about him through a haze, as though smoke were rising, or the carpet steamed like a ploughed field in the morning sun. He saw his wife, but she seemed to him as afar off—as if he saw her through a glass. He made no effort to collect his thoughts; he formed no resolution as to the course he would pursue, but he said: 'I have come for

my wife. Give her up to me. This is no place for her. I insist on her coming with me—at once—wherever I choose to take her.'

Then Josephine said: 'Richard—I will follow you wherever you go.'

ON SOME DISCREDITED NOTES.

STRANDED by the waves of chance on the pages of the scrap-book now before us are a few documents, each once possessing certain value, though now quite worthless, and each telling a very different story from its neighbours. The earliest in date is a bill of exchange, granted at St Helena on the 31st of August 1801, while yet that island was unknown to fame. It is in manuscript, and is addressed, 'To the Honourable the Court of Directors for Affairs of the United East India Company, London;' these 'Honourable Sirs' being requested to pay the sum of fifty pounds to the order of the person named in the bill, 'for the like sum this day paid into your Treasury here.' The paper is clean and in excellent preservation; the writing, including the signatures of the drawers—F. Robson, W. W. Doveton, and James Curtis (?)—as clear as on the day it was written; but all the parties to the transaction, the once powerful East India Company not excepted, 'have had their day and ceased to be.' And the island of St Helena itself, becoming fourteen years later the cynosure of all the eyes of Europe, and remaining for six years more a constant worry to the British authorities, has again retired into its original obscurity. Much has happened since this prosaic piece of paper came slowly Londonwards in some old East Indiaman.

Most curious is the history attached to the document which we now examine. It is a duly engraved bank-note, issued more than sixty years ago from the works of W. H. Lizars, an Edinburgh engraver. But the name of the bank and the coinage of the note are equally strange to Scotland and to Britain. This note is dated from 'St Joseph;' and it asserts that 'On demand, or three months after sight, in the option of the government of Poyais, One Hard Dollar will be paid to the bearer at the Bank Office here'—'here' being the above St Joseph. The signatures of the manager and accountant are not given, because this bank-note has never been in circulation, and consequently its blanks have never been filled up. But in two places it bears the legend 'Bank of Poyais;' it is embellished with a coat-of-arms, doubly supported by a brace of Red Indians and of unicorns; and down in the left-hand corner stands the announcement, 'By order of His Highness Gregor, Cacique of Poyais.' Strange medley of names! Edinburgh and St Joseph, bank-notes and caciques, suggestions of the ancient Caribs and Rob Roy—all curiously intermingled. How many modern maps will show us the whereabouts of Poyais, and who shall declare the generation of 'His Highness Gregor?'

One may have never heard of this personage, or of his kingdom either, and yet not be very

ignorant. The position of both, however, is sufficiently explained by Anderson in his *Scottish Nation*, who tells us how 'an adventurer of this name, Sir Gregor Macgregor, at one time rendered himself remarkable by his exploits in South America, and particularly by his obtaining the sovereign sway in Poyais, a fertile tract of land on the Mosquito Shore, near the Bay of Honduras, with a capital of the same name. He was originally an officer in the British army, and served with distinction in Spain. In 1816 he was very active in the Venezuelan revolution; and in 1817 he took possession of Amelia Island, on the coast of Florida, then belonging to Spain. In 1819 he attacked Puerto Bello, which he captured, but was soon after surprised in his bed, and obliged to escape out of a window. Some years subsequently he settled among the Poyais, a warlike race of Indians, who had maintained their independence, and having gained their confidence, he was chosen by them their cacique. In this capacity he encouraged commerce, founded schools, &c. In 1824, as cacique of Poyais, he procured a loan in London from respectable houses.' And no doubt both interest and principal were duly paid to these respectable houses—in the currency of Poyais.

It further appears that a book of considerable size, 'chiefly intended for the use of settlers, was written on the subject of this Poyais colonisation scheme by 'Thomas Strangeways, K.G.C.(?), Captain 1st Native Poyer Regiment, and Aide-de-camp to His Highness Gregor, Cacique of Poyais.' This book, published by Blackwood of Edinburgh in 1822, is entitled a *Sketch of the Mosquito Shore, including the Territory of Poyais*; and it really gives much information with regard to that country, its people, and its products. The suitability of the place as a residence for Europeans, and its capabilities in the way of commerce and agriculture, are dwelt upon by the writer in glowing terms. Nor are his statements without foundation. This Mosquito Territory—in spite of its repellent name—is regarded as one of the healthiest and most productive portions of Central America; and that the founders of Poyais had considered their scheme fully may be seen from Captain Strangeways' reference to 'the opening a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans,' with regard to which he says: 'The practicability of such a measure has never been doubted.' Moreover, although the Highland gentleman with the high-sounding title was doubtless swayed to some extent by vain and ambitious motives, he really had the good of his would-be kingdom at heart. 'The proclamation,' says Strangeways, 'which was addressed to the inhabitants of Poyais by His Highness the Cacique, on leaving that country (dated at Rio Seco the 13th of April 1821), states that His Highness's present visit to Europe is for the purpose of procuring religious and moral instructors, the implements of husbandry, and persons to guide and assist in the cultivation of the soil; and it very particularly mentions that no person but the honest and industrious shall find an asylum in the Territory.' After all, one has no right to assume that the London bankers did not receive payment in full of their advances to the ruler of Poyais; at anyrate, it is quite evident that if he failed to keep his word with them, it was because his

hopeful scheme had failed also. To us, who like to live beneath the flutter of the Union-jack, it seems a matter for regret that this and other attempts at British colonisation in that part of the Isthmus have signally failed.

As notable an attempt as Macgregor's was that of another Scottish adventurer, the famous filibuster Walker, who, thirty years later, tried to civilise Nicaragua proper by force of arms. He, however, aimed at a democratic form of government; and had he acknowledged any superior 'protectorate,' it would have been that of the United States. But all such schemes have quite miscarried; and both of these territories are now under the sway of the native Nicaraguan Republic.

From the consideration of these modern adventures on the Spanish Main, we turn now to matters of a less fanciful order. This worn and tattered guinea-note of 'The Falkirk Union Bank' belongs, since it is dated 1820, to the period of the Poyais settlement; but it does not appeal much to the imagination. One may suppose it to have figured often at the great 'Falkirk Tryst,' as forming part of the purchase-money of a drove of Cheviots or of 'Highland stots,' and as such, to have passed again and again through the horny hands of farmers clinching their bargain over the customary 'gill.' Yet it is not wholly devoid of poetry; for, intertwined along its margin, and again forming a graceful centre-piece in the design, are the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, with the motto, 'Tria juncta in uno.'

There must be many Americans who still possess specimens of Confederate money, and probably are thus unpleasantly reminded of financial loss. To those, however, who have no such associations, a five-dollar bill, such as the one now under examination, is an interesting relic of the momentous civil war. It is dated 'Richmond, Va., September 2, 1861,' and it promises that 'Six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States, the Confederate States of America will pay five dollars' to the bearer of the note. Alas for the hopes of the South! The nearest approach to such a treaty was the surrender at Appomattox Court-house, after which the Confederate States no longer existed. Yet this paper of unfulfilled promises and humbled pride has more of pathos in it than of any meaner feeling. No unprejudiced man can regret the outcome of the great American war; and yet one may be permitted a sigh over 'the lost cause,' if for no other reason than that it *was* a lost cause. Success has always a touch of the cruel in it; and if the Confederates had been victors instead of vanquished, such sympathy as may yet be bestowed upon their memory might not have been forthcoming in the day of their strength. But, as things have turned out, one thinks of the South not as a league of slaveholders and politicians, but rather as a nation of gallant men fighting sternly against ever increasing odds, and dying hard with their faces to the foe. Above all, one remembers their great leader, the most heroic figure in all that struggle, and the skillful and prolonged resistance which he made up to the very last. It could not have been a wholly bad cause that was upheld by such men as Lee and Jackson, who must ever be regarded as examples of the very finest type of nineteenth-

century Americans. So that even this financially worthless memento of the short-lived Confederacy possesses still a certain value of its own, since it awakens the memory of an heroic era.

THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SAD SEA.

I WALKED out of the room amid profound silence. As I went through the door, I half turned, and saw the colonel wiping the wine from his face with his pocket-handkerchief. I knew at once the consequence of my insane act. The occasion, likewise, was the worst possible one upon which it could have happened. An outrage like that, committed in the face of the station, could not be condoned or mitigated. My career was at an end.

I was on my way to my quarters, when an idea, fitting enough to the frame of mind in which I then was, took possession of me: could it be the case that Mrs Humby was hiding in the jungle? It was possible enough, and quite certain that, if so, she would never live to see the sun rise. I looked quickly back, expecting to see the adjutant following to place me under arrest. I saw no one; and without an instant's further thought, proceeded to devote my last few hours of personal liberty to the forlorn hope of discovering Mrs Humby. Instead of going on to my quarters, therefore, I made by the shortest way to the skirts of the jungle. I have always felt a sensation of awe in looking on an Indian jungle at night, so many agencies of death are silently moving about in its shadows! It may be easily realised what effect was wrought upon me by thinking of this poor fugitive crouching in some thicket there, trembling at every movement of leaf or bramble as the signal of an awful fate. It drove me almost mad; and forgetful of that fear of an Indian jungle which had always been to me a peculiar terror, I plunged into the darkness and began to call aloud her name.

Many a beast of prey I scared from its ambush; the unwonted disturbance of the silence at intervals created a weird hubbub, when I startled a brood of peafowl from their roost, or alarmed a family of monkeys into a state of hideous screaming and chattering excitement. My flesh was lacerated with thorns and brambles, my dress torn to rags, and my voice in time grew faint with vain calling out of her name. At last I dropped to the ground from exhaustion, and the interval brought me time to think. This wild enterprise was worse than useless. If she had fled to the jungle last night, she was dead, or lost, before now. Such searching as this was vain; and with the foolish wish—springing from my impotency to save her on the one hand, and the impending anxieties of my own circumstances on the other—that I were myself dead along with her, came the sudden revelation that I might not in reality be far from a similar fate.

I had been several hours in the jungle, and I could discern through the trees the approach of day. Morbid as my feelings were, a cold sensation crept over me when I began to realise my situation. Where was I? There is no place in the world where one can be so easily lost as in a track-

less eastern jungle. I recalled to mind a certain morning, more than a year before, when I had been through the jungle shooting wildfowl, and discovered, about nine o'clock, when I thought of getting back to breakfast, that I did not know which way to go. At first, I was amused by the adventure; but when, after hours of fruitless effort to discover a landmark which might guide me, I was forced to sit down—as I did now—and consider my situation, my sensations took an entirely different character. I had nothing with me to eat or drink, and I remembered how forcibly the nature of my dilemma was brought home to me by the nervous crouching of my poor dogs at my feet. Every yard I moved they crept close at my heels, as though fearful of losing me. When I climbed a tree from time to time, to try and discover over the dark sea of jungle some guiding landmark, the poor animals watched me from below, uttering low plaintive whines. When, at other times, I halted in my weary tramp, at a loss which way to turn, the anxious, inquiring look of their upturned eyes I shall never forget. It was seven o'clock in the evening before I got out of the jungle, and I need hardly add that my escape was due entirely to chance. I had to keep my bed for three days afterwards.

I had been much longer in the jungle this night, and consequently must be now much further lost than had previously been the case. I had, however, one circumstance in my favour on this occasion, such as it was—the dawning day suggested my geographical bearings, and I knew of course that the jungle lay to the south-east of the station. On the first occasion, the sky was cloudy, and the sun wholly undiscernible through the tangled branches overhead; so I had now one point in my favour, but two against me. I was worn out with fatigue and excitement, and I had no means of discovering from what direction I had come, or what distance.

I will not dwell further on this part of my narrative. It was noon when I got back to the station—a sight I was to create astonishment!—and I had not really penetrated more than a mile into the jungle all the night. I suppose I had been going in a circle the whole time, as lost men are said to do.

I threw off my tattered mess uniform, and replacing it with a suit of *khaki*, I flung myself on my bed. I was weary and thirsty. My bed offered me rest; my servant brought me drink; but neither availed me. I lay for more than an hour, completely broken down and wretched, before any one came near me. Of course I was expecting a visit from the adjutant—who, my servant told me (and as, indeed, I had only expected), had been there already early in the morning—and the clanking of a sword in the veranda outside soon announced his arrival. He halted in the middle of the room, and regarded me a moment with interest, without speaking. I pointed to my sword, lying on a chair in a corner, and said: 'There it is, Clinton; I know that I have finished with it now.'

But instead of going through the form of placing me under arrest, the adjutant came over and sat on the side of my bed. 'I say, Charlie,' he observed, 'you have been making rather a mess of it. Where have you been all night?'

'Never mind, Clinton; it isn't of the least

consequence—I suppose I am to regard myself as a prisoner?'

'Well, no; it isn't so bad as that, old fellow. It's bad enough, though. What possessed you last night to go on like that? And you don't drink. However, it was fearfully unlucky all those men were there. Were it not for that, I believe—between you and me—the colonel would let it pass.'

'What!' I cried in astonishment. 'An act like that—at the mess-table?'

'Even so, Charlie. He was wrong himself, and he didn't take into account your—— Well, we all know how deeply interested you were about poor Mrs Humby. But happening the way it did, you know, he can't pass it over.'

'Yet you don't place me under arrest, Clinton?'

'No, not that. But—we are every man of us heartily sorry, you may be sure—you will have to send in your papers. I know the colonel will have some trouble in arranging it for you, but he will do it. You will have to act at once.'

This was my sentence. It was milder than I had expected, but was practically the same thing. Instead of being cashiered by the sentence of a court-martial, I was allowed to cashier myself. Yet in the service there is a difference between the two things; and I could not but acknowledge the colonel's undeserved leniency. I knew well enough that it would cost him something to carry this matter in my favour against the force of official martinets of the staff, several of whom were present when I flung the wine in his face and used to him that language.

'It is very good of the colonel, Clinton,' I said, after thinking it over. 'I have not deserved his leniency. I know I behaved outrageously; but I could not have helped it—Convey my thanks to him, will you?—And now,' I added, turning out, 'I may as well do what is necessary. It comes to the same thing for me, Clinton, in the end, doesn't it?'

'Nonsense, Charlie; you know it doesn't'

I shook my head, for I knew that it did. I had a lively grasp of my situation now. Clinton instructed me what to do; and sitting down at my writing-table, I went through that form known in the service as 'sending in your papers,' that is, requesting permission to resign your commission. Along with this, I sent in an application for leave to return to England pending retirement from the service. As I signed these papers and handed them to the adjutant, my career as a soldier was practically terminated. It was necessary that I should leave the regiment at the earliest possible moment; and to facilitate this the telegraph would, as a matter of course, be called into service. Accordingly, I might now set about the work of packing up my traps for England.

It is depressing enough to a young man to be suddenly deprived of a career which he has learned to love; but this was the least of my troubles at the moment. I doubted whether I had money enough to pay my expenses to England; yet this did not much concern me. I was oppressed by other and heavier anxieties.

'Clinton,' I asked, as I gave him the papers, 'has anything been heard of Mrs Humby to-day?'

'Not a word,' was the answer. 'All that was

possible has been done to discover a trace of her, but in vain.'

'Does the policeman know nothing—the man who was on duty at her door?'

'Oh, the fellow was asleep. It was then that she disappeared. People begin to adopt Lady O'Reilly's conviction on the matter as the most probable solution of her disappearance—indeed, the only one.'

'What does Lady O'Reilly say?' I asked eagerly.

'That the poor thing's brain became affected by the terrible anxiety of her situation, and that she wandered into the jungle. It certainly is awful to think of, Everest. Yet what else could have become of her?'

What else! In that Indian station, knowing circumstances as they did, this was the only conclusion that was open to them! She had wandered into the jungle—her diseased brain lured by the promise of safety which its shadow held out to her terrors—and there met her fate. Some day, a native, tending the village cattle among its obscure paths, would find and carry to the bazaar a fragment of her dress. That would be all.

I will not dwell longer upon this dark ending to the tragedy. I dwelt upon it those days until I had sunk into a morbid gloom from which nothing could rouse me. I made my preparations for departure, and remained in the precincts of my own quarters—having my meals brought to me from the mess—until the last day of my sojourn in Jullabad. I made my round of farewell calls with a heavy heart, and was disappointed to the verge of grief by discovering, when I came to say good-bye to her, that Lady O'Reilly had left Jullabad. She was gone to Europe, a week or more. The kind word and kind look of that truest and loveliest of women, which I had hoped to take away with me as my only comfort from this dark empire, I was obliged to go without.

It was not until I had got on board the mail-steamer at Bombay and we began to recede from the dark shores, that I was able to turn my mind to the future. With the last sight of the inland hills, I went below and lay down to think. I opened the book of the future, and tried to face the task. It was a hard one. A delicate mother and sister depended mainly on my help for their support; and now my profession—to prepare me for which my mother had practised hard economies which she and Agnes could ill afford—was gone for life. I must seek something else. I must take measure of my qualifications, and push into the struggling crowd of seekers with all my strength; but alas, I might have to wait long and bear many disappointments, and what should they do in the meantime?

For the first three days I was too ill to come on deck, and lay in the stifling solitude of my cabin, except for an hour or so in the middle of the cool night. On the evening of the third day I felt better, and went up about ten o'clock. I had no idea up to this time how many passengers were on board, and I saw only some dozen or so lounging about the deck now. There was no moon; but the stars lit up the ocean with a faint shimmer, which was pleasant and restful after the glare of the day. I hung over the side

of the vessel, observing the phosphorescent roll of the water, and passively enjoying the quiet coolness, troubled with no thoughts of this life, as is always the case when one is caught by the influence of nature on sea or shore, when one of the last things I would have dreamed of on that calm luminous Indian Ocean happened to me. A hand lightly touched my arm, and turning round, I beheld Lady O'Reilly!

'I thought it was you, Mr Everest,' she said. 'Have you been ill?'

'Only seasick.—But I thought you were almost in England by this time, Lady O'Reilly. I needn't say I am glad to meet you on this steamer, for it was a keen disappointment to me when I went to say good-bye and was told that you were gone.'

She put her hand on my arm, and I walked along the deck with her. I longed with a morbid craving to talk about Mrs Humby's fate; but Lady O'Reilly avoided the subject; and after two or three attempts, I recollected myself, and returned to it no more. Was it a topic fitting to ask her to dwell upon? And the painful shock to her generous womanly faith which Mrs Humby's flight must have caused was in itself reason enough why I should avoid bringing the hapless woman's fate into our conversation. But suffering is selfish; it was an effort to me to think or talk of anything else.

So Mrs Humby was left in the past. I had no interest in the present, and the future was too dark to dwell upon. Cheerful words Lady O'Reilly did address to me with all the warm sympathetic kindness of her heart; but they awoke no response in me. I soon began even to feel ill and faint, and stammered a confused apology.

'You are ill, Mr Everest. You must lie down, and send for the doctor.' As she spoke, I dropped on a seat, and after looking at me a few seconds, Lady O'Reilly placed her cool hand on my forehead. 'My poor boy,' she said, 'you have fever. Go to your cabin at once; I will send the doctor to you.'

Staggering somehow down the companion-way, I succeeded in reaching my cabin, and flung myself on my bed. The gradual operation of causes long working had come to a sudden climax, and I felt prostrated like one having the heavy hand of death upon him. This was the night of the third day out from Bombay; and it was not until we had passed Gibraltar, and were steaming along in sight of the sunny Portuguese coast, that the consciousness of life again returned to me. The awakening was very gradual. I think I must have been forty-eight hours emerging slowly from the shadow of delirium. The first conscious impression was that of very low, sweet humming behind the curtain which shaded the head of my berth. I felt no interest save that of tranquil pleasure; nor was I surprised when I discovered my companion to be an ayah, as, after a while, she rose, and drawing the white *cheddar* over her head, gave me some medicine. The woman was evidently not aware that the delirium had passed away, and her small dusky hand was very light and cool when from time to time she laid it gently on my forehead.

All the night she remained with me. Sometimes I slept, but as often as I awoke, my

watchful nurse was ready to minister to my wants. She was a young woman—an attendant upon some lady passenger—and so silent and gentle and attentive, that no white-faced Sister of Mercy could awaken a more grateful glow of homage in a patient's bosom than that which I felt warming mine towards this Indian nurse. She deserved it; if her skin was dark, her spirit was that of a ministering angel of light.

In the morning, the doctor came, addressed a few questions to the ayah, and appeared much satisfied with his examination of my condition. An hour or so later, Lady O'Reilly came. I was sensible of lack of strength to speak, and therefore made no sign for the present of being so much better; but Lady O'Reilly whispered in Hindustani with the woman for a few minutes, and then sent her away.

Will it be credited that this noblest of women took her ayah's place as my nurse, and had, as I inferred, been doing so all along? I could hardly credit it myself. But as hours passed, and she sat by my berth reading or sewing, rising at frequent intervals to attend to my wants, I realised it with an access of emotion which overpowered me at last. Her surprise was great when, on withdrawing her hand from my brow, I interrupted the action and gratefully pressed it to my lips. I could not speak; I struggled to do so; and then she placed her fingers again to my lips and with a bright smile forbade me. 'Not a word now—not a word!' she gently admonished. 'You must be a man again, when you see your mother. I am responsible for you, and my orders must be obeyed!'

She withdrew behind the curtain to the ayah's seat, and I closed my eyes and slept for several hours. When I awoke, the ayah was there again—I heard them whispering—but it was Lady O'Reilly who came to me. I felt so strengthened now, that I insisted on pouring my thanks at her feet.

'I don't really deserve one-fourth of your thanks,' was her answer. 'You must give them to ayah, not to me.'

I had not forgotten the ayah. But I thought it strange that when I wanted to thank her too, she shrank still farther back from my sight behind the curtain.

'At least, ayah,' I said, addressing my invisible nurse, 'when we reach England, I will give you a mark of my gratitude to carry back with you.'

'Ayah would be proud of some Regent Street bangles,' observed Lady O'Reilly with a smile.

'She shall have the handsomest I can get!' I answered.

'Very well. Ayah will remember your promise, Mr Everest.—And now,' she added, 'I have some home-news for you; but until the doctor authorises me, I cannot let you have it.'

Home-news? The announcement struck me rather sadly. I had written to my poor dear mother the mail before I left India, breaking the news of my misfortune to her as gently as I could. Knowing what it meant to her and my sister, how could I look for comfort in a message from them? Forgiveness I should have, and abundant love; but ah, so much the harder would the message be to bear!

'The letters met us at Malta,' Lady O'Reilly explained.—'Now I will bring the doctor to see

you; and if he gives permission, you shall have them.—Your mother, I may say, will meet us at Gravesend; and I am going to stay a week or two with you myself—until I leave you quite well.' So saying, she left the cabin.

All this was very mystifying to me, and I could only shut my eyes, and try not to think at all until she came back with the doctor.

Lady O'Reilly was some time longer than I expected. While waiting for her return, full of impatience to obtain that home-news which had been announced to me with such puzzling explanations, I was struck with a sense of ungraciousness towards my silent nurse. 'Ayah,' I said, 'come here.'

She appeared to hesitate, but presently rose. Her face was not a matter of interest to me, and if it had been, it was impossible to see it; her back, as she stood before me, was to the light, and the *cheddar* hung low over her forehead. She 'salaamed' to me with that graceful movement of hand and body peculiar to Indian women, and stood, with her hands folded on her bosom, silently waiting my pleasure.

'Ayah,' I said in Hindustani, 'I am very grateful to you for your services. Only for you and Mem-Sahib, I should have died. My mother will thank you for me when she sees you.'

The ayah bent her slight figure, and again placed her open hand to her forehead in acknowledgment of my words. Then she drew back, to resume her place behind the curtain; but before she did so, I could not resist—nor, indeed, did I try to resist—the impulse to catch her small dark hand in mine and put it to my lips. She took it away with a startled flutter, and quickly retreated to her place. Then the doctor came; and I got my letters, which brought news indeed of a kind fitted for a convalescent to read.

PHYSIOLOGICAL METAPHORS.

LANGUAGE from one point of view may be regarded as fossilised thought. Just as in the strata of the rocks are found remnants of extinct genera and species, so, in our every-day language, words and expressions survive still bearing the almost obliterated traces of ancient and half-forgotten theories. Each record is silent to the untrained eye, but eloquent with meaning to those who have learned to read it aright. In our most logical moods we still employ expressions which imply belief in long-exploded hypotheses. In our calmest moments we use metaphors and similes once instinct with passion, but now part and parcel of the common coin of current thought. We speak of an army being smitten by 'disastrous panic' without reflecting that our epithet implies belief in astrology, or that our substantive indicates faith in the existence of the god Pan. We describe a man as 'jovial' or 'mercurial' in disposition without any conscious reference either to Jupiter or Mercury.

But perhaps the most remarkable series of latent metaphors in our language are those of the physiological type which contain references to the organs and functions of the human body. Few words are more frequently on our lips than 'warm-hearted,' 'cool-headed,' 'good-humoured,' 'ill-tempered.' We talk of 'venting the spleen,' 'a man of that kidney,' 'a keen eye for business,'

'a good ear for music,' 'a silver-tongued' orator, 'a victim of hypochondriasis.' All these expressions, however loosely employed in general, involve a theory, and in most cases the theory is either false or partially inaccurate. This is not surprising when we reflect that such metaphors date from the infancy of human knowledge, when the body and its functions were still sealed mysteries.

First in frequency and importance must be placed that vast range of expressions which refer to the heart as the seat of the soul, and especially of the emotional soul. These expressions are found in the earliest known writings, and have become the commonplaces of almost every nation. We talk of the devices and desires of the heart. The heart of kings is said to be unsearchable. Here the heart stands for the whole nature, 'writ short,' but with reference rather to the natural disposition and the moral character than to the intellectual powers. More frequently, however, the heart stands for the affections and the emotions. The poet Ford calls the heart in express terms 'the seat of our affection.' Shakspeare speaks of the heart 'dancing' for joy, and the expression has become a familiar one. Tennyson, in well-remembered lines, tells us that

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Especially do we speak of the heart when we are thinking of the devotion of a lifetime. The bride at the altar is said to give her 'hand and heart'—the former signifying her person and fortune, and the latter implying the surrender of her affections.

The following lines express a familiar but always touching sentiment:

The flush of youth soon passes from the face,
The spells of fancy from the mind depart;
The form may lose its symmetry, its grace,
But time can claim no victory o'er the heart.

It is needless to multiply instances of such expressions, as our literature teems with them, and they are constantly upon our lips.

One almost hesitates to profane such sacred expressions with the hint that they are one and all false to nature; yet such is the hard fact. The heart is not the source or seat of the emotions; it is, on the contrary, one of the most prosaic, although most vital, organs of the body. It is simply a hollowed-out muscle, which expands to receive the blood from the veins, and contracts to propel it again through the arteries. It is merely a natural pump, very wonderful and perfect in its structure and mechanism, but still concerned in no higher function than the purely mechanical one of regulating the supply of blood to the various organs of the body. The heart does not feel emotion. It does not warm with love or burn with hate or melt with pity, as the poets have so long assured us, and as so many familiar and popular expressions imply. All these emotions have their seat in the brain.

Yet it is not very difficult to discern why so many nations have instinctively spoken of the heart as the seat of the emotions, not merely without a consciousness of absurdity, but with a firm conviction of the accuracy of such expres-

sions. Though not the source and origin of emotion, the heart is pre-eminently responsive to its influence. It is linked by many subtle cords to the brain; and when the emotional centre there is affected, the heart is the first organ to feel the electric thrill, and throbs and palpitates in ready and responsive sympathy. In this secondary sense the heart may still be regarded as concerned in emotion. It is so concerned, but as patient, not agent; as effect, and not cause. If any one will carefully analyse his sensations when struck with a sudden and overpowering emotion, he will find that the head was first affected, however momentarily, and that the effect upon the heart was subsequent and secondary. Sudden emotion produces a feeling of fullness in the head, slight giddiness, and a transient bewilderment of the intellect—all signs which clearly indicate some disturbance of the brain. The quickened heart-beat and the throbbing pulse are secondary effects, although they may follow after an interval so brief as to be scarcely appreciable.

The suddenness of the emotion is an important element in determining its effect upon the heart. There are some emotions which, although profound, are, from their nature, gradual in their onset, and these leave the heart almost unaffected. Pity may be so deep as to draw forth abundant tears, but it does not cause the throbings and pulsations of an excited heart. The sentiment of awe and reverence may be very profound, as when one gazes upon 'the long-drawn aisle' or 'fretted vault' of some ancient cathedral, or upon the birthplace or grave of some illustrious patriot or poet; or the sense of beauty and grandeur with which one views the Peak of Teneriffe or the rushing waters of Niagara may be so deep as to thrill our inmost nature; but in both these cases the pulse remains quiet. Often when we are under the influence of such emotions, the breathing is more affected than the circulation. We involuntarily hold our breath, and our respirations become soft and shallow. In such cases, it would be as logical to regard the lungs as the seat of the emotions as, in other instances, to ascribe their origin to the heart.

Love powerfully influences the heart's action, as every poet has remarked and sung. The subtle chain of association which makes the heart throb at the distant glance of an eye, the flutter of a dress, the sight of an envelope, the odour of a withered flower, the touch of a tress of hair, were it not so familiar, would justly be regarded as one of the most wonderful facts of our nature. Coleridge says, 'A spring of love gushed from my heart'—an adequate but not an exaggerated figure; and all poetry abounds in similar images.

The opposite emotion, hatred, is also one that exerts a marked influence over the heart. Sudden terror affects the heart most of all, often causing fainting, and, in very rare cases, sudden death. 'Death from fright' is fortunately an event of extreme infrequency, but there is no reason to doubt its possibility. In all these cases, however, it must still be borne in mind that the heart is secondarily affected by the emotion, and is never the source or origin of it. It is like the index on the engine which shows the pressure of the steam. The source of the steam is the water, and the fire

beneath; and the source of emotion lies hidden in the mysterious recesses of the brain.

Many curious expressions are thickly strewn through language and literature referring to the relations of the heart and the emotions. Every one knows the exultant feeling to which Wordsworth refers when he says:

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.

Another poet addresses his heart, and asks it to inform him why he is so mournful; by which he probably implies that his heart was the source of his sorrow, and therefore responsible for it. Every one knows the oppression conveyed by the words, 'My heart sank within me,' 'My heart died within me.'

The most piteous expression of all is that of the 'broken' heart. The heart is said to be broken when the emotional nature has received a shock from which it seems incapable of rallying, when the feelings are so numbed with sorrow and suffering as to be incapable of responding to any ordinary stimulus. Many, no doubt, use the words in a more literal sense, and employ them to indicate some fancied injury to the structure and substance of the heart produced by sudden loss or overwhelming emotion. It is well to know that such an idea is a pure delusion. The heart does break sometimes, or rather burst (*rupture* is the medical term); but it is a rare accident, and always the result of advanced disease. The sequel is invariably instantaneous death. Death does occur sometimes, although very rarely, from profound emotion; but it is due not to breaking of the heart, but to paralysis of its action. Those persons, therefore, who seek sympathy on the ground of a broken heart are, strictly speaking, impostors, however deserving of our pity on other grounds. Their feelings may have been so cruelly lacerated that they will never succeed in entirely recovering their former elasticity and freshness; but their hearts are physically as sound as ever, and death will not come, however often invited. Grief very seldom kills; but it may induce a neglect of health and a repugnance to the duties of life which may gradually undermine the constitution, and thus lead to a premature decease.

The conventional use of metaphors which allude to the heart as the seat of emotion naturally exercises an almost unconscious influence upon thought and action. Queen Mary Tudor died protesting that the word Calais would be found written upon her heart. The idea that the name of the lost and bitterly lamented town would be literally imprinted upon her body was a mere disordered fantasy; but the particular site selected for the impress was no doubt suggested by some of the physiological metaphors which we are discussing. Actors put their hands upon their hearts when they wish to indicate visibly an excess of emotion. This gesture is now thoroughly stereotyped; but it is probably a false one, due to the same influence of inaccurate metaphors. In real life, people, when powerfully excited, do not put their hands to their hearts. Pressing the hand to the forehead, or bending the head slightly forward, is a more usual and more natural gesture, and correctly indicates the true seat of the emotions.

No other organ furnishes us with the same

profusion of metaphor as the heart. The expressions referring to the head are less numerous and much more accurate, since, from a very early period, the brain has been regarded as the seat of the intellectual nature. 'Cool-headed' and 'hard-headed' do not imply any erroneous theory. 'Thick-headed' probably indicates a belief that thickness of skull is inconsistent with mental capacity—a view that has considerable foundation.

The liver contributes materially to our stock of physiological metaphors. We often use the word 'melancholy,' which means literally 'black bile,' and still points out how a disordered liver was regarded as the source of despondency and mental depression. This idea, although, strictly speaking, inaccurate, as the liver is not the seat of the emotions, and can only influence them secondarily through the brain, possesses more foundation than many similar expressions. There is truth as well as wit in the reply given to the question, 'Is life worth living?'—'All depends on the liver.' The 'jaundiced eye' is another metaphor from the same organ. It probably contains a reference to the rather erroneous idea that persons suffering from jaundice see everything coloured yellow—an occasional but quite rare phenomenon: 'Hypochondriasis,' which means literally 'below the ribs,' also probably contains an allusion to the liver.

The spleen figures largely in metaphor. 'Splenetic' was a favourite epithet of some of the older writers, and 'to vent the spleen' is a phrase still occasionally heard. It is an unlucky expression, because the spleen does not manufacture any secretion, and has therefore nothing to vent; and secondly, it has not the remotest relation to the emotions.

The kidneys are frequently mentioned in the Book of Psalms under the title of the 'reins,' and are invested with various moral and intellectual functions. They survive in modern English metaphor in the single expression, 'a man of that kidney,' a phrase both false and objectionable.

Many of the organs of the body are employed in metaphor in a way that is partly accurate and partly inaccurate. We talk of 'a keen eye for business;' but we know that it is not the eye of the business man that we have most in view, but rather his general intelligence. The 'quick ear' for music which some fortunate persons possess would be of little value if it did not really imply the correlative faculty of musical taste and appreciation, which belong to the brain. The 'silver tongue' of the orator could not be dispensed with; yet the tongue is quite a subordinate organ of speech, and is much more closely concerned with the sense of taste, a faculty which we rather perversely ascribe to the palate alone. We 'tickle our palates' with a dainty dish; but 'tickle our tongues,' would be much more correct physiology.

We do not imagine that any conviction, however clear, of the inaccuracy of most of our physiological metaphors would be likely to dislodge them from the secure position which they have so long held in current speech. Metaphorical language is natural to man, and strict accuracy is not likely to be regarded, if force and fervour can be attained. As an American author remarks, it is not truth

we want, but *thrill*. The jolly tar who 'shivers his timbers' would not think the expression less forcible if its literal accuracy were questioned. These expressions are firmly rooted in the language, and it would be mere purism to advocate their entire suppression; but their history is of great interest; and a clear recognition of their general inaccuracy may lead to greater moderation in their use, and perhaps to the discarding of some physiological metaphors which are not merely inaccurate, but coarse and objectionable.

A TERRIBLE TEN MINUTES.

A STORY OF THE MIDNIGHT MAIL.

It happened one afternoon last year, during the month of November, that I received a telegram calling for my presence in London early the next morning on an important business matter. To such a summons there was but one answer possible, so, with just a regretful thought for a card-party I should have to forego, I wired back this reply: 'Mr J. DEVON, Anderton's Hotel, London.—Shall leave Burtown by the 12 to-night, and will call on you to-morrow at 8.15.—KNIGHTLY.' Having despatched my message, I finished off the day's work with all speed, and then returned to my lodgings to make preparations for my journey. These, as the masculine reader needs not to be told, consisted principally of cramming a soft cap and a spirit-flask, together with a few other necessities, into a carpet bag; after which followed the discussion of a substantial meal, and the delivery of an exhortation to my landlady to feed my fox-terrier Grip at his usual hours.

The remainder of the evening was spent in skimming over the morning's paper, wherein I found little to interest me. In disgust, I flung the thing on the floor. It alighted at a graceful angle, on whose apex appeared the heading, conspicuous as leaded type could make it—'Shocking Wife Murder in Burtown—Arrest of the Murderer.' With a mental apology to the publishers of the *Chronicle* for the injustice I had done them as caterers to the public craving for horrors, I picked up the paper and proceeded to digest the 'harrowing details.' The gist of the news was as follows: An abandoned ruffian, Chippy Watson by name, had, after the fashion of his class, beaten in his wife's skull with a mallet, in consequence of some domestic disagreement. Having committed the deed, he coolly put on his coat and hat, and was proceeding to depart, when the neighbours and police, attracted by the screams of the unfortunate victim, rushed in and secured him.—This was all, or nearly all the paragraph contained, except for the usual information that 'the prisoner will be brought up before the magistrates this morning, and charged with causing the wilful murder of his wife.'

It was now past eleven—time for me to make my way down to the station; rather more than time, in fact, since that imposing structure was distant from my lodgings by fully two miles. Fortunately, my bag was light, and I shared in its plea 'ug characteristic of being unburdened by superfluous weight. None the less, on reaching my destination there was only one minute left me wherein to take my ticket and secure a seat. The

latter operation, thanks to the slowness of the booking-clerk in handing me my change, had to be accomplished by running the gantlet of guards and porters as the train began to move.

No sooner had I ascertained that my limbs were uninjured by the unceremonious fashion in which the railway officials had 'assisted' me to my seat, than I discovered that the only other tenant of the compartment in which I was ensconced was a young lady, and one, moreover, of no small beauty. Now, I am a shy man as far as the fair sex is concerned. Among men, I have self-possession enough and to spare; but in the presence of ladies, that self-possession vanishes with most uncalled-for rapidity. In the presence of ladies, yes; but here there was but one, who was bound to keep me company for a whole hour until the train should make its first stop. So it happened that, as I contemplated the charms of my vis-à-vis from behind the evening paper, which I had found time to buy on my flight to the station, a measure of my courage returned, and in the inspiring words of Mr Gilbert, said I to myself: 'I'll take heart and make a start; faint heart never won fair lady.'

'I trust you were not alarmed by my unceremonious entry?' I remarked, with some inward misgivings, but much outward assurance.

For answer, a quiet stare and a slight contraction of the pretty mouth of my companion—indicating her opinion that, as a stranger and unintroduced, I had no right to speak to her.

This to an ordinary male animal was the moment for strategic attack upon the fair one's scruples; for me it was the exact opposite—the moment for flight, had flight been possible. Ostrich-like, I buried my face behind my newspaper—there being no sand available—and in a few moments heard, to my relief, a corresponding rustle from the opposite side of the carriage as my pretty prude followed suit. The sense of defeat and disgrace fairly overwhelmed me for a while, and my eyes wandered over the paper I held in my hand, seeing but understanding not what they saw. At length they lighted upon a familiar name, 'Chippy Watson,' and their owner recovered his senses and almost forgot his grief as he read the following lines: 'The Burtown Murder—Escape of the Prisoner.' After detailing the incidents of the hearing before the magistrates and the remand of the prisoner, pending the inquest, the paragraph went on as follows: 'On leaving the court, Watson was conducted between four officers to the van. Just as he was stepping in, and when the policemen were endeavouring to keep back the crowd that pressed round, the prisoner suddenly snapped his handcuffs, in some inexplicable manner, and knocking down the constables who threw themselves upon him, broke through the bystanders and fled down the street. The whole affair took place as it seemed in a second. One minute, and Watson, rigorously guarded, was quietly walking into the van in the midst of the officers; the next, and he was free, tearing down the street with the police and the populace at his heels. He was seen to dodge down a back alley, known as Shut Lane, and followed by the crowd of several hundreds. At the end of Shut Lane he disappeared round a corner, and, strange to say, has not been seen again.' There can be no doubt that he will be

recaptured; but his present escape and disappearance are most mysterious. We understand that the fellow possesses singular strength and agility; but none the less, it will be a standing disgrace to our police authorities that a prisoner should thus, in broad daylight and in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare, effect his escape from the very hands of justice. A reward of one hundred pounds has been offered for his re-apprehension. Watson is about five feet nine inches in height, strongly built, and when he escaped was dressed in a gray fustian suit, with a red scarf and soft hat. He may further be distinguished by a scar across his chin, and by having an arrow tattooed on the back of his left hand.'

This was about the extent of the information contained in the paragraph, and my readers will agree with me that the news was sufficiently exciting to occupy my thoughts to the complete exclusion of the unpleasing experience I had just passed through. As I lay back in my seat to muse upon what I had read, my thoughts began after a while to wander and my head to nod, according to their wont at midnight, and before long I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot tell—probably for a few minutes only—but in those few minutes I underwent a most discomfiting dream. I dreamt that Chippy Watson stood over me, mallet in hand, and that my travelling companion was holding his arm, to avert the threatened blow. She struggled in vain, and the mallet fell—yet with a strangely light touch—upon my arm. With a start, I awoke, and then saw the girl of my dream bending towards me with a scrap of paper in her hand. But her face, how terribly was it changed! Instead of the dainty pink flush I had last seen, there was a ghastly whiteness in her cheeks, and her eyes seemed starting from her head with terror. Holding up one finger, as if to command silence, she passed me the paper, on which were written the following words: 'Some one is underneath the seat, and has just touched me.'

Was it the dream which filled me with the thought that this was no idle alarm? I cannot tell; but this much I know, that in an instant there flashed across my mind with overwhelming force the thought of the escaped wife-murderer.

Returning my companion's silence-signal by a gesture of acquiescence, I wrote upon the paper: 'It is probably only a dog. Shall I look under the seat?'

Her answer was short and to the point: 'No; do not look. It was a hand.'

Here, then, was a sufficient dilemma; but by comparison with what had passed before between my fellow-passenger and myself, it was a dilemma that I felt almost disposed to welcome. The male sex in my person was about to assume its rightful position of protector to its weaker, if would-be independent companion. Sweet was my revenge; and yet, the revenge scarcely promised to be wholly pleasurable.

My first action was to remove any suspicion that there might be in the mind of the mysterious third occupant of our carriage, through the presumably accidental action of having touched the lady's dress. Giving vent to an audible yawn, as though I had just awakened from sleep, I remarked, in a tone of cool imperti-

nence: 'You really must excuse me for addressing you again, madam; but will you permit me to smoke, to enliven this tedious journey?' As I spoke, I accompanied my words by a meaning glance, and was favoured with the reply: 'Certainly, if you wish it; I cannot prevent you.'

Thereupon, I produced my pipe and tobacco-pouch and proceeded slowly to fill the former, as I thought out the plan of action. On reference to my watch, I saw that the train would stop in another ten minutes. Clearly, the only thing to do was to wait till we reached Blackley, and there get assistance to find out who our unknown travelling companion might be.

The longer I pondered over the problem, the more curious for its solution did I become, and then, heedless of the warning I had received, I struck a match and intentionally dropped it. Stooping down with a muttered malediction to pick it up, I cast a searching glance underneath the opposite seat, and then my blood ran cold, as the faint gleam of the taper revealed the back of a man's hand with the mark of a tattooed arrow upon it. Chippy Watson, then, was our companion—a doomed and desperate man!

By a mighty effort, I controlled my voice sufficiently to say: 'Excuse me reaching across you, madam, but that was my last match, and I could not afford to let it go out.'

The girl, into whose white cheeks the colour showed no trace of returning, murmured some unintelligible reply, and for a few moments we sat in silence. Again I looked at my watch. Thank heaven! in five minutes we should be at Blackley, and the awful ride would be at an end. Scarcely had the thought formulated itself, when the girl opposite me sprang up, trembling like a leaf, and shrieked, ere I could stop her: 'Oh, the hand has touched my foot again.'

The moment the words left her lips, I heard a sudden movement under the seat, and quicker than thought, a figure appeared upon the floor. In that moment I flung myself upon the ruffian and clutched his throat with the energy of despair, knowing that should he once gain his feet, it was all over with me, the lighter and weaker man. Can I ever forget the horror of that five minutes' ride? The whole compartment seemed to be falling upon me. Teeth, nails, feet, all were attacking me at once; but through all I kept my grip upon the murderer's throat, and though I screamed with blood, and almost lost consciousness, still held on, while the girl's screams rang dimly through my ears. Suddenly the train stopped; the struggle ceased; and I fainted across the body of my captive.

When I recovered consciousness at length, I found myself lying upon a table in the Blackley Station waiting-room, with a sympathetic crowd around me, and, best of all, I saw a face bending tenderly over me, the face of the girl of my dream and my discomfiture. After making two or three efforts, I managed to ask: 'Where is Watson?'

'Very nigh dead,' replied a ruddy-faced farmer who stood beside me. 'You three-quarters strangled the life out of his ugly body; he was black in the face when they lifted you off him.'

'Do you know that he is an escaped wife-murderer?' I inquired feebly.

'Yes, we know,' responded my honest friend.

'The Burtown police telegraphed after the train to have it searched, because a man answering his description had been seen in the station before it left. The police have got him safe, my lad, this time, and no mistake.—Why, I saw him handcuffed and his arms pinioned behind him, and he a-lying half dead the while, after the throttling as you gave him.'

Do my readers want to hear the rest of my story, now that the catastrophe is told? If so, I will inform them that Watson, on breaking loose from the police, after turning the corner of Shut Lane—where it will be remembered he disappeared—contrived, by an almost incredible effort, to scale a high wall, and so gain the shelter of a railway embankment. Along this he crept until he reached the mid-town tunnel, where he had lurked all day, until, late in the evening, he crept into the station, and contrived to secrete himself in a carriage of the midnight mail, with the results before mentioned.

There is one more incident in close connection with that journey to be told; it is this, that there will be a marriage early this spring. The name of the bridegroom will be Knightly; the name of the bride does not matter. She was never formally introduced to her future lord and master, and therefore it is surely unnecessary to tell the name she will soon cease to bear, to a passing acquaintance like the reader.

THE JUNGFRAU DISASTER.

THERE is scarcely a lovelier sight in all Switzerland than the Jungfrau—the Maiden Queen of the Oberland—as she is seen from Interlaken framed in the wild grandeur of the Lauterbrunnen valley, with her mantle of snow and her dazzling glacier-slopes, thrown into still greater contrast by the black rocks on either side. It is a sight which fills the traveller with enthusiastic admiration, and enables him to realise fully the wild intoxication of the mountaineer who willingly confronts every danger—even death itself—to gain the glorious summit.

There is always to be found, even among experienced mountaineers, a certain class of men who deery the services of a guide, thinking that the glory is greater if, unaided, they can scale the higher Swiss mountains; and to this class the Swiss tourists who attempted the ascent of the Jungfrau undoubtedly belonged. The terrible sequel to their rashness may perhaps cool the spirit of bravado in others who would have done likewise had they been successful. In the Visitors' Book of the *Hotel Staubbach* at Lauterbrunnen are six names, surrounded with a black line, and in the margin appears the sad epitaph:

'Overwhelmed on the Jungfrau, July 15: recovered, July 21, 1887.' The names are as follows:

DOCTEUR A. WETTSTEIN, de Küsnacht, membre du Club Alpin-suisse. GODEFROI KUHN, de Glarus, membre du Club Alpin-suisse. H. WETTSTEIN; CHARLES ZIEGLER; W. BAER; GUSTAVE BIEDER.

All 'ere hardy men and skilled mountaineers, two of them being members of the Swiss Alpine Club. On Wednesday, July 13, they

arrived at the *Hotel Staubbach*, and passed the night there; but although repeatedly questioned, they persistently refused to reveal their plans. It was evident that they intended to make the ascent of one of the mountains which surround Lauterbrunnen, for they came equipped with Alpenstocks, ice-axes, and ropes for the purpose. As they approached the hotel, the usual crowd of guides had beset them, offering their services; but they had refused all assistance, and had plainly determined to keep even their destination a secret. It was in vain that M. d'Allmen, the proprietor of the hotel—himself a member of the Alpine Club—had pressed them: to all his inquiries, they merely returned evasive replies.

On Thursday, July 14, they left the *Hotel Staubbach* at one o'clock in the afternoon, carrying provisions with them. For some distance they were accompanied by a guide, with whom they had entered into conversation at the hotel; and on his return he informed M. d'Allmen that they had determined to make the ascent of the Jungfrau. M. d'Allmen himself had already arrived at the same conclusion, for he knew that they had telegraphed to the Eggishorn ordering wood and provisions to be brought on Friday evening to the Concordia Hut, which is situated between the Jungfrau glacier and the glacier of Aletsch. Upon the guide's return, there was no longer any doubt that their intention was to attempt the Jungfrau, and afterwards, probably, some still more difficult peak, such as the Finster-Aarhorn or the Viescherhorn.

M. d'Allmen's fears were at once aroused, for to attempt such a dangerous climb without a guide is little short of madness, even for the cleverest mountaineer with iron muscles and the strongest head. Nothing but a life spent on the mountains can give the necessary experience, which consists not only of a knowledge of the different routes, but also of the crevasses, the movements of the glacier, the spots exposed to avalanches at each season of the year, the firmness of the snow bridges, and the different points of shelter in case of a storm.

Leaving Lauterbrunnen on Thursday afternoon, Doctor Wettstein and his party reached the Rothhal the same evening; and on Friday morning, July 15, they started again on their way in splendid weather. From the Club Hut on the Rothhal to the summit of the Jungfrau the ascent is made along the rocks in six hours. This route, which is by far the best, has only lately been discovered: the first ascent was made by M. Frédéric d'Allmen with six guides in September 1885. The ascent from Grindelwald occupies eleven hours: six to the hut on the Moire above the Little Scheideck, and five from the hut to the summit. The way runs over the Guggi Glacier, the Jungfrau-Firn, and the Rothhal-Sattel, and has the disadvantage of crossing several enormous crevasses. The same obstacles are encountered on the route from the Bergli, which is an eight hours' walk from Grindelwald, and six from the Jungfrau. The third route crosses the Eggishorn, reaches the Concordia Hut in six hours, and the summit is gained across the glacier in seven hours more. To ascend by these three routes, it is necessary to scale the Rothhal-Sattel, a peak twelve thousand feet high.

Starting from the Rothhal on Friday morning, the unfortunate party must have reached the Jungfrau towards midday. About that time, a terrific storm, the most violent of the season, broke over the mountain, and a fierce gale sprang up from the south-east. The uneasiness at Lauterbrunnen increased as the storm continued; and on Saturday morning (July 16), the weather being still rainy, the proprietor of the *Staubach* telegraphed to the Eggishorn to inquire whether the party had been able to reach the Concordia Hut. A reply in the negative augmented his anxiety. The same evening he despatched a second telegram, and received a more detailed reply. The porters had arrived at the hut on Friday evening with the wood and provisions, and had descended again on Saturday afternoon without encountering any one. The next day (Sunday, July 17), although the storm had scarcely abated, seven guides from Lauterbrunnen determined to start in search of the missing party. They passed the night on the Rothhal, after a fatiguing climb of seven hours, and returned in the afternoon of the following day. Despite their repeated and plucky attempts, their search was unsuccessful: the mist and the wind had prevented them from reaching the Jungfrau. A second search-party, consisting, with one exception, of the same men, was organised on Tuesday, July 19. They ascended the Rothhal, and again attempted to reach the Jungfrau. The storm drove them back once more; but, with indomitable pluck, they returned to the Rothhal, whither provisions had been sent for their use. At length, on Thursday, July 21, the weather brightened. They resumed their search; and about nine o'clock in the morning, so clear was the atmosphere that they could be distinguished upon the summit from Lauterbrunnen with the naked eye. A quarter of an hour before, they discovered the debris of a meal beneath a mass of rock in the direction of the Rothhal. It was evident that the ill-fated party had stopped there on the 15th to take some food in a spot sheltered from the storm. On reaching the summit, the guides observed several men upon the Jungfrau-Firn, who made signs to them to wait their arrival. They proved to be three members of a search-party organised by Madame Wettstein, who had despatched two parties, one from Grindelwald, and the other from the Eggishorn, to scour the glaciers in every direction.

From the other side of the mountain, an Englishman, accompanied by two guides, had on his own account attempted the ascent by the Bergli to search for the missing men. He reached the Rothhal-Sattel, and in a short time, at a height of about eleven thousand feet, between the Jungfrau and the Trugberg, he observed upon the great glacier first one Alpenstock upright in the snow, and a few paces beyond, a second. Descending a precipitous slope, he reached the spot, two thousand feet below the top of the Jungfrau, and there, lying side by side, still encircled by the rope, which was broken in several places, he discovered the six bodies. Their faces bore no trace of suffering, though their bones had been broken by their terrible fall. Whether they had been struck by the lightning, or carried off their feet by the wind, or whether—as seems most probable—they had been swept down by

the slipping of a mass of softened snow, it was impossible to determine; all that could be seen was that they must have fallen from a height of nearly one thousand feet. A battered watch found upon one of the bodies had stopped at a quarter to six, proving beyond doubt—as the cold renders it impossible to pass the night on the mountain—that the accident had happened in the afternoon of Friday, July 15.

The news of the discovery was rapidly conveyed by the guides to their comrades already at the summit; and then the whole party left the glacier valley, and descended with all possible speed to Lauterbrunnen, accomplishing the distance with unparalleled rapidity in five hours. On Saturday, July 23, twenty-two guides from Grindelwald and the Eggishorn ascended once more, and placing the bodies on sledges, brought them over the Aletsch glacier to Fieschi. From Fieschi they were transported, one to Berne, and the five others to Zurich; and the whole population of both towns testified to their sorrow at the sad end of their compatriots by following them to the grave.

LETTERS.

Such a little thing—a letter,
Yet so much it may contain;
Written thoughts and mute expressions,
Full of pleasure, fraught with pain.

When our hearts are sad at parting,
Comes a gleam of comfort bright
In the mutual promise given:
'We will not forget to write.'

Plans and doings of the absent,
Scraps of news we like to hear,
All remind us, e'en though distant,
Kind remembrance keeps us near.

Yet sometimes a single letter
Turns the sunshine into shade;
Chills our efforts, clouds our prospects,
Blights our hopes, and makes them fade.

Messengers of joy or sorrow,
Life or death, success, despair,
Bearers of affection's wishes,
Greeting kind or loving prayer.

Prayer or greeting, were we present,
Would be felt but half-unsaid;
We can write, because our letters—
Not our faces—will be read.

Who has not some treasured letters,
Fragments choice of others' lives;
Relics, some, of friends departed,
Friends whose memory still survives?

Touched by neither time nor distance,
Will these words unspoken last;
Voiceless whispers of the present,
Silent echoes of the past!

IRIS.

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PANICS AND FIRES IN THEATRES.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

It is said that at the moment of the destruction of Pompeii by a volcanic eruption in 79 A.D., a dramatic representation was being given in the theatre. Whether the statement is absolutely reliable or not I am not in a position to say; but certain it is that from the earliest days of stage spectacles theatres have been peculiarly subject to the ravages of the fire-king. Nor have these ravages had their origin in external causes, as in the case of the theatre in Pompeii, or in that of the eight theatres burned to the ground during the Chicago conflagration in 1871. As a rule, the destroying element owes its origin to actual or supposed danger from within. The lessening of this danger is now a problem which those in authority must face without flinching. The terrible disaster at Exeter has made further delay impossible, and the community at large will certainly not be content until the minimum of risk attendant on theatre-going has been realised.

Before touching on a few out of the many causes and preventives of playhouse catastrophes, it might be instructive to glance at some of the more notable conflagrations and panics in theatres which have occurred during the present century. One of the earliest was that of Covent Garden Theatre, which was burned to the ground on September 20, 1808. Discovered at four o'clock in the morning, the fire raged furiously for three hours, when the entire interior of the noble structure was destroyed. Nearly all the scenery, wardrobes, and the music and dramatic library—including some of the originals of Handel and Arne—shared the same fate, and, sad to relate, eleven firemen were buried in the ruins. These men had introduced a hose through an adjoining passage, and were directing it towards the galleries, when the burning roof fell in and overwhelmed them. The origin of the fire remained in obscurity, though it was

supposed to have been caused by the wadding of a gun fired during the performance of *Pizarro* on the previous night.

Twenty years afterwards, Covent Garden was the scene of another fatality, the circumstances attending which seem sufficiently uncommon to merit a record. Between one and two o'clock in the afternoon of November 19, 1828, one of the gasometers used for lighting the theatre exploded, and the storekeeper and gas-man were killed on the spot. It appeared that the cellars, in which the oil-gas apparatus was fixed, were being cleaned. In these cellars was an accumulation of putrid oil and dirt, which adhered to the sides of the tanks and floated on the surface of the water. Water was being pumped into the tanks, and the workmen continued until the oil on the surface ran over and covered the passages ankle deep. The workmen were moving about with candles, and, by some mishap, the accumulation on the floor ignited. At the same time, there was an escape of gas from one of the gasometers, and this mixing with the burning oil-vapours, an explosion was the natural result.

Nearly thirty years later—on March 5, 1856—Covent Garden was once more demolished. This time, happily, no lives were lost, but the attendant circumstances were sufficiently terrible. Professor Anderson, the then well-known 'Wizard of the North,' had been concluding a successful season with a 'Grand Carnival Complimentary Benefit and Dramatic Gala.' Such an entertainment naturally brought together many revellers of questionable character, and it is said that 'at a late hour the theatre presented a scene of undisguised indecency and drunkenness.' At daybreak, however, many of the maskers had disappeared, and when the fire broke out, about two hundred only remained. About a quarter to five, Professor Anderson told the band to play the national anthem, and ordered the gas-man to lower the lights. The gas-man proceeding to obey the order, happened to look upwards, and saw fire breaking out in the ceiling; and the horrors of the moment may be imagined by his exclamation:

'The house is on fire! Get out for your lives!' The gas was immediately extinguished, and terror seized on all. Fortunately, the maskers were able to escape with the assistance of the police, and in a couple of hours the building was laid low. The excitement caused by this conflagration was widespread, extending even to royalty, as the Queen, Princess Royal, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales visited the ruins the following day. Whatever the cause of this catastrophe may have been, a fact which came out at the inquiry held afterwards is worth noting. It appeared that the central chandelier of eight hundred burners was ten or twelve feet from the carpenter's shop, which, with the painting-room, extended right over the ceiling. 'The burners,' says the Report, 'had been lighted at twelve o'clock on Monday, had burned brilliantly on Monday night, had been turned low when the performance was over, had burned glimmeringly during the night and following morning, and had been turned on to their fullest extent when the revels of the masked ball had commenced.' When to this is added the information that the firemen were forty consecutive hours on duty, rendering vigilance an impossibility, the cause of the fire might easily be guessed. Strange to say, this was the third theatre burned down during Professor Anderson's tenancy—one in New York, the other in Glasgow.

The destruction of the Italian Opera House in Paris, on January 14, 1838, constitutes one out of the many instances of fires breaking out in theatres immediately after the departure of the audience. The audience had scarcely retired, when a fire broke out in the musicians' saloon, which was heated by a stove and two hot tubes. There was a hard frost at the time, and water, consequently, was obtained with difficulty. In a few hours the building was demolished, while five firemen and M. Severini, the acting-manager, perished in the flames.

Further down the list may be noticed one of the most disastrous panics of the century, which occurred at the Theatre Royal, Dunlop Street, Glasgow, in 1849. Here, as is too often the case, a false alarm of fire caused the people to lose their heads, with the inevitable result of losing their lives as well. To give a fillip to the popularity of the theatre, the prices to the upper gallery had been reduced to threepence, a price which crowded the gallery with about five hundred people, mostly lads. Just as the first act of *The Surrender of Calais* was concluding, an alarm of fire was given from the crowded gallery. The alarm was occasioned by a piece of paper being thrown down after lighting a pipe, and this igniting a small escape of gas—which was, however, immediately extinguished—gave colour to the alarm. In vain the gallery boys were implored to keep their seats; in vain were they told that danger did not exist: the inevitable rush ensued, and sixty-five corpses were added to the awful total caused by senseless escapades.

Another fatality, which will doubtless be in the memory of many of our readers, was that which occurred in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, in 1865, when six lives were lost, including that of

the Dean of Guild, Mr George Lorimer. Here, as at the recent disaster at Exeter, the fire began in the 'flies,' though, fortunately, it broke out an hour or two before the audience had assembled.

A curious and, unfortunately, almost isolated instance of presence of mind in an audience occurred in Plymouth in January 1863. During the performance of the pantomime, a feeling of uneasiness spread over the audience, owing to a strong smell of fire; but on a strict examination of the theatre being made, confidence was restored, and the performance proceeded without interruption. After the audience had departed, Mr Newcombe, the manager, and others, wishing to make assurance doubly sure, re-examined every part of the building, and found everything in a seemingly safe condition. Soon after, however, a fire broke out in the property-rooms. Had the audience imitated the fool-hardiness of the gallery people at the Glasgow theatre, loss of life would probably have been unavoidable.

Another instance of presence of mind preventing a fatality occurred at the Surrey Theatre in 1865. The pantomime had just concluded, and the audience was leaving the building, when the fire broke out in the ceiling above the central chandelier. The stage-manager, advancing to the footlights, implored the people to disperse quietly, which advice, fortunately, they were sensible enough to follow, and, in consequence, loss of life was prevented. When it is known that in less than half an hour the theatre was in flames, and that the pantomimists were obliged to make their escape in the grotesque costumes they were then wearing, sufficient will have been said to indicate what might have been the result had the stage-manager's advice been unheeded.

Quite different was the conduct of the audience at the Victoria Music Hall in Manchester on July 31, 1868, when about two thousand persons, principally boys of the 'arab' type, were present. Late in the evening, some youths were standing on benches in front of the pit; one or two of the benches gave way, and some of the lads, to save themselves a very trifling fall, clutched at a slender gas pendant. The gaspipe broke, but was at once plugged with paper by some one whose presence of mind was considerably more developed than that of his neighbours. No harm would have resulted, had not some foolish fellow raised the cry of fire. The usual consequences followed. Out of one thousand people in the two galleries, scarcely twenty refrained from joining in the rush, in which twenty-three people were killed.

Another Music Hall panic, even more serious than that at Manchester, occurred in the Colosseum Music Hall in Liverpool in October 1878. In this instance a fight gave rise to some confusion, during which some nervous person cried 'Fire.' The scene which ensued was terrible. The people rushed headlong down-stairs; the usual barrier presented itself; a mass of struggling humanity was soon piled up, and the lives of thirty-seven persons were sacrificed to meaningless terror.

The destruction of the Opera House at Nice, in March 1881, when sixty-two lives were lost; the terrible disaster at the Ring Theatre, Vienna, which occurred in December of the same year, causing the loss of nearly a thousand lives; the

equally fearful conflagration in the Circus at Berditchev in January 1883; the Sunderland calamity in the same year, which sent nearly two hundred poor children to their last account; and the Star Theatre disaster at Glasgow, in November 1884, are all too well within our recollection to require comment here. To recapitulate their horrors would be not only unnecessary but absolutely painful. While most of us can profitably contemplate calamities of bygone years, there are few who can complacently recall fatalities within their own remembrance without feeling that they may possibly be the innocent cause of revivifying, in many a home, memories which are all too recent to be subjected to the thoughtless observation of the stranger.

Without referring, therefore, to more recent events, let me turn to a few of the causes which have brought about some of the theatre catastrophes chronicled in the century's history. The gasometer explosion at Covent Garden mentioned above is happily but a rare agent in stage calamities; not so the use of firearms on the stage; from this cause alone many a theatre has been destroyed and many a life lost. When the Garrick Theatre was burned down in November 1846, there had been a performance of *The Battle of Waterloo*, and, in all probability, a piece of burning wadding from a cannon had lodged in the 'flies;' while a similar fatality once occurred at Astley's after a performance of the same piece. To the use of mimic fire on the stage must also be ascribed the destruction of the Pavilion Theatre in Whitechapel in 1856. A drama entitled *The Red Crow* had been performed, one of the principal scenes in which was the burning of the *Robin Hood* tavern. When a slight fire occurred at the Munich Opera House in August 1879, it was found that a flash of artificial lightning had set fire to some gauze clouds, though in this case a steel fireproof drop-scene was immediately lowered, thus cutting off the stage; and the audience dispersed without accident. In November 1883, when the Theatre Royal, Darlington, was burned to the ground, it turned out that a display of fireworks had been given the previous evening. One would think that warnings such as these would prevent theatrical managers risking both lives and property in unnecessary pyrotechnic displays, yet there are theatres even now the patrons of which insist on 'a grand display of fireworks' as each fifth of November comes round. The present writer has sat in a theatre and witnessed such a display, while between three thousand and four thousand people cheered lustily, and firemen stood with hose at the wings to put out the sparks as they fell! Surely the time has arrived when dangerous exhibitions of this description should be firmly suppressed.

To recapitulate the numerous instances in which the 'flies' have been the starting-point of theatre fires would be but to bring to light many well-known disasters. The burning of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, in 1865, mentioned above, originated in the 'flies.' The gas-man had been lighting the 'battens,' when the drapery caught fire, and he barely escaped with his life. To probably the same locality may be ascribed the origin of the burning of Her Majesty's Theatre in 1867. Either in the 'flies' or in the property-room above them began the fire which destroyed

the Leeds Theatre in 1875; and the terrible disaster at Vienna was supposed to have been caused by a lamplighter inadvertently setting fire to a large veil required in one of the scenes.

Another prolific cause of fire—but one which, for obvious reasons, it is impossible to deal with in detail—has been the carelessness of the workmen employed about a theatre. Thus, in June 1861, some plumbers were at work on the roof of the Surrey Music Hall. On going to dinner, they left their fire behind them in a place which they supposed to be safe. On their return, a small portion of the roof was found to be on fire; and as there happened to be no appliances at hand to procure water, the fire obtained the mastery, and in three hours there were but four bare walls remaining. A somewhat similar cause brought about the entire destruction of the Alexandra Palace in 1873. Workmen had been repairing the lead-work in the roof of the great dome. A piece of charcoal dropping from a brazier set fire to some timber and papier-mâché, and in less than two hours the building was destroyed. Again, when the Czech National Theatre at Prague was destroyed in 1881, it was found that a smith had been fixing a lightning-conductor in the roof, and that the conflagration had originated there.

Having enumerated a few of the causes and effects of some of the more notable theatrical fatalities, let me conclude with a brief reference to the preventives proposed. Perhaps the most generally discussed—and it might be fairly assumed the most generally accepted—safeguard is the iron curtain. Taken for granted that the fire in most cases originates on the stage, the very natural idea suggests itself that the first thing to be done is to sever the connection between stage and auditorium. Unfortunately, the iron curtain is not always an infallible safeguard, for although it probably prevented a panic at Munich in 1879, yet the Berlin National Theatre was totally destroyed in 1883, despite the iron curtain and use of incombustible scenery. Iron curtains, too, have an unfortunate knack of getting out of order just when they are most wanted, so that until they become more easily accessible in cases of sudden necessity, their utility is questionable. That they could be made more easily accessible, goes without saying. Were they—to quote the happy idea of the practical editor of *The Stage*—'painted and used as act-drops,' there is no good reason why they might not be utilised in any emergency. The more general use of electric light instead of gas might be another means of lessening the number of fatalities in theatres; while the prohibition of open fireplaces, limelight tanks, and carpenter's and property-maker's shops within the main walls of the building, would undoubtedly tend to make theatres much safer than they are at present. Then, again, the removal from the stage of all scenery not in actual use, and especially—when not needed—such scenery as 'borders' hanging from the 'flies,' ought to be insisted on; while the hydrants, buckets, &c. at the 'wings' and 'flies' should be inspected regularly by some competent person. It is this want of inspection which often renders the most perfect appliances useless in time of need. On an Atlantic passenger steamer, the carpenter is

obliged to visit and test twice each day every bulkhead in the ship, while the seamen are regularly drilled in every probable circumstance of a fire or wreck at sea. Why not apply the same discipline to theatre employees?

In spite of the most elaborate precautions, however, fires will occasionally occur, and as the safety of the audience is after all the first thing to be considered, the real remedy consists in the construction of proper and unimpeded exits, instead of the tortuous corkscrew passages which are too often *en evidence* in the older places of amusement. I lay a stress on unimpeded exits, for, though wide and roomy passages may be built *ad infinitum*, they will be of little service if impeded by a barrier, which, however useful for the orderly admission of the audience, is decidedly disadvantageous to their chances of getting out alive should a panic of any kind occur. Will it be believed that in a well-appointed theatre I happened to visit a week or two after the Exeter disaster—a theatre, too, which possessed admirable exits, and in which the spaces between the rows of seats in all parts of the house were everything that could be desired—that even here a barrier, firmly fastened by an iron bar, extended more than halfway across one of the passages, and was not unhinged until the performance had almost concluded! Doubtless, the barrier was necessary to enable the check-taker to pass the people into the theatre; but surely common-sense should have suggested its removal immediately the performance had commenced.

After all, the greatest and most effective preventive of loss of life in theatres rests with the audience itself, namely, presence of mind. Were the people to 'keep their heads,' to use a homely phrase, fatalities would seldom occur. This was happily instanced in the Casino in New York in September last during the five hundredth performance of *Erminie*. Naturally, such an event brought together a crowded audience. Suddenly large volumes of smoke drifted into the auditorium; but the audience took matters quietly, and it was soon found that practically no danger existed, as the smoke came from a burning store adjacent to the theatre. In nine cases out of ten, a little presence of mind on the part of the audience would reduce risk to a minimum; and could people only be induced, in case of fire or other danger, to leave the theatre as orderly as they generally do when the orchestra plays the national anthem, the death-list of the theatre would become almost a thing of the past.

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XLIX.—A DROPPED 'S.'

RICHARD CABLE wheeling a barrow that he had borrowed from the stables, laden with Josephine's box, went out of the grounds of Bewdley Manor, and Josephine walked at his side.

'Richard,' she said, 'how comes it that you are lame?'

'You have lamed me.'

'Richard,' she said, 'how oldened you are.'

'You have oldened me.'

'And bent.'

'You have bowed my back.'

'Do not speak unkindly to me,' she pleaded. 'I know I have done wrong, and am sorry for it.'

'When you break china, can you mend it that the cracks do not show and that it will hold as before?'

She did not answer this question.

'And man's heart, when it is broken, can it be patched up? If you pour love into it again, does not the love run out at all sides and leave the vessel dry?'

'You do not forgive me, Richard?'

'I do not—I cannot.'

'Then why have you come for me now?'

'Because you bear my name, and, to my woe, are my wife, and—I would not have you there, where a stain may come on the name, and where my wife may be—nay, is, lightly spoken of. Mind you,' continued Cable, bending between the handles of the barrow, 'I do not mistrust your conduct. Though he is there under the same roof with you who loved you, and perhaps loves you still, I have no doubt about your conduct. God spare me that! I know you to be proud and cruel, but I know also that you are not light. You have brought me down, but not to such baseness as to think that.'

'I thank you for that, Richard, at all events for that.—Where am I going now? What will you do with me?'

'You are going now to the inn, to Mrs Stokes. Where you go next, what I do with you after this night, I cannot tell; you shall know to-morrow. My head is like the old lightship in a chopping sea.'

As soon as they reached the tavern, Richard brought Josephine in, and said to the landlady: 'This is my wife; take her in for the night; give her my room. I am going out, and shall not be back before morning. If she needs anything, let her have it, and stint her not.' He said no farewell to Josephine, but went out at the door, wiping his brow on his sleeve.

He walked by the river. He had not got his stick, and he cut himself one from the hedge; and as the night was dark and he had to grope among them for a suitable stick, he tore his hands, and they were covered with blood, and when he wiped his brow the smears came on his face. He obtained a good stout stick at last on which he could lean, and he stood resting on it by the river, looking over the slowly flowing water to the dark horizon, and the red glare in the sky beyond over Bath.

The season was autumn, the time when, at the rising of the sun, the whole face of a field and every hedge are seen to be covered with cobwebs strung with dew. And now, in the night, the air was full of these cobwebs; one might have thought they were spun in heaven, and came down charged with water. They drifted in the light air, and the dew that rose settled on the minute fibres and weighed them down, that they came leisurely down—down through the raw night-air. They settled over Richard's head—they fell on his face—they came on his hands, and he was forced to brush them away, because they teased him. There were other cobwebs, in his brain, confusing, teasing that, charged also with drops, bitter and salt; but these he could not sweep away—he thrust them aside, and they spread

again; he squeezed them together and wrung out the brine and gall, and they unfurled and fell again over his brain. They obscured his sight of the future; they troubled his thought of the present; and they all rose, thick, teasing, even torturing, out of the past; and all the myriad threads went back to one root—Josephine. But as in a web there are fibres and cross-fibres, so was it with this inner cobweb—there were some revengeful and others pitiful; some hard and others soft; some of hate and some of love; yet by night, as he stood by the water, striking now with his hand, then with his stick, at the falling cobwebs, he could not distinguish one thread from another; one feeling was so interlaced and intertangled with another, that they were not to be unravelled.

There still lurked in his mind that fear of Josephine which he had first entertained when he saw her on the stranded lightship and heard her sing the mermaid's song; that fear which his mother had detected in him when he lay crippled at the *Maggie*, and which she at once brought back to its true source—love. Richard Cable did not know that there remained any trace of his old love there; he thought that all his feeling for Josephine was anger and resentment; but he was not a man given to self-analysis. He was aware of the ever-presence of pain in his soul, and he knew who had hurt him, but hardly the nature of that pain. We carry about with us for many years, may be, a something in us that never allows us to forget that all is not well—a spasm of the heart, a gnawing pain in the chest, a shooting-needle in the brain, a racking cough, and we do not consult a physician: we may soon outgrow it; it came on after an overstrain, a chill, and a long rest will recover us of it. What it is, we do not know; we generally attribute it to a wrong cause, and regard it as that which it is not. It is so also with our mental aches—we have them; we go on enduring them, and often wholly misinterpret them. Richard supposed that he had acted out of regard for his own name, that the fever and alarm he had felt were occasioned by no other dread; but when he sprung up from Mrs Stokes' table and hurried to the manor-house to fetch away Josephine, he had not thought about the preservation of the name of Cable from a slur, only of her—of her in bad moral surroundings; of her exposed to slights, and perhaps temptations. On this night, the sight of her in her quiet servant's dress, with her face pale, the eyes deep, the lines of her countenance sharp drawn, had strangely affected him. He thought that it had roused in him his full fierceness of resentment for wrong done; but he was mistaken—the deepest bell in the rugged belfry of his heart had never ceased thrilling from the first stroke dealt it; and now it was touched again by the sight of her face and the sound of her voice, and the whole mass quivered with its renewed vibrations. Though the dew fell heavily, Richard Cable did not feel the moisture; and though there was frost, he was not cold. The night was long, but he was unaware of its length.

He did not return to the inn till morning, and then he had formed a plan, and he had gained the mastery over himself. Early though

the hour was when he arrived, he found Josephine already down. Contrary to his former frank ways, he did not look her full in the face; he felt his weakness, and would not venture to do so. He spoke to her only when necessary, and with restraint in his tone. The voice was hard and his face drawn and cold.

'I truck my young calves to Exeter,' he said. 'We will go thither by train. After that, you will have to come the rest of the way in my conveyance, unless you prefer the coach.'

'No,' answered Josephine; 'I will go with you.'

He drew a weary breath; he would have preferred to send her by the coach. The oppressiveness of a journey with her was not to be contemplated with composure.

'Then,' said he, 'we will start at once; that is, when I have got my calves in truck. The train is at ten-fifteen. You will be at the station. I will speak to a man to fetch your box, and I will pay him. Have it ready labelled for the *Clarendon Hotel* at Exeter.'

'The *Clarendon*! Is that where you stay when there?'

'The *Clarendon* is where you shall be. You will be well cared for there; it is a good hotel, the best in Exeter; it looks out on the close, and is very respectable.'

'Shall you be there, Richard?'

'No; I go elsewhere. Calves are not taken in at first-class hotels.'

'But I had rather, a thousand times rather, be with you.'

'I have my calves to suckle. I must go where I am accustomed to go, and where I can get milk for them.'

'But why should I not go there too? I will help you with your calves.'

He laughed harshly. 'You are a lady.'

'I am a servant-girl out of place,' she said with a faint smile.

'They drink and swear and fight where I go,' he growled.

'No, Richard—you go to no place that is bad. Where you go, I will go also.'

He did not look in her face; he could hardly have resisted the appeal, had he done so, her face was so full of earnestness, so pale and anxious, so humble, and the eyes so full of tears. Perhaps he knew that he could not resist, were he to meet her eyes, so he kept his own averted. But the tones of her voice thrilled him, and made his head spin. He bit the end of his whip, with his brows knitted. He knew her great eyes, those lovely eyes that went through him when he met them, were fixed on him; but he would not turn towards them; his face became more frozen and drawn.

'You,' he said—by her Christian name he would not call her—'you—understand me. I am not Richard to you. You must speak of me and address me as Mr Cable.'

'But—I am your wife.'

'No,' he said; 'that is all past and for ever done with. For a little while, and then the tie was torn away by yourself. You are coming with me into Cornwall, to St Kerian. There you will live as you like. If you want money, you shall have it; but you shall not live there as my wife, but as Miss Cornellis, or by any other name you like to assume. My mother will see you want

nothing; you shall not live in my house; you will be a stranger there; but my mother—and I, yes, and I, will know how you are, what you do, and that you do not again fall into evil company, and run the risk of’—

‘Of what? I ran no risk.’

‘No,’ he said; ‘you ran no risk. No. You are proud, proud as Satan; and yet Satan, for all his pride, fell.’

The tears which had formed in her eyes rolled over her cheeks. The disappointment was very great. She had hoped that he was going to take her back to himself. ‘You need have no fear for me,’ she said in a voice half choked with her tears; ‘I have that in me which will always hold me true and upright. Not pride; O no, not pride—that is broken long ago, ever since I found I had driven you away.’

‘What is it?’ Still he did not look at her, but he turned his ear attentively towards her. She might have seen, had not her eyes been so dim with salt, that a nerve down the side of his face from the temple was twitching.

‘It is, that I love you,’ she answered in a low, faint voice, but little above a whisper.

Then he stamped on the sanded floor of the village inn parlour and clenched his hands, and stood up and shook himself, like a great hairy dog when it leaves the water. ‘Ha, ha!’ he laughed; ‘as of old, to patronise and play with, and then break to pieces, as a child loves its doll. I will have none of your love. I have tasted it, and it is sour.’

‘Richard!’

He struck the table. ‘I am not Richard—to you. That is part of your grand condescending ways. You shall call me Mr Cable. Who knows!—in time you may come to look up to me, when I am rich and esteemed. Mr Cable of Red Windows, Esquire.’ Then he went forth tossing his shoulders, and he put on his hat in a hot and impatient way.

A struggle ensued in Josephine’s bosom. It was hard for her to go down into a strange country and there live, in the same village with her husband, without being acknowledged by him, divided by all England from her own friends. He was asking too much of her, putting her through too sharp an ordeal; and yet, after a little boil up of her old pride and wilfulness, she bent to his decision. It was not for her to rebel. She had wrought the disunion that subsisted between them; she had made the great change in him; and she must submit, and suffer and wait, till he took her back. She must accept his terms, not impose terms of her own.

She was at the station at the time appointed, and Richard handed her a second-class ticket to Exeter. He travelled in the van with his calves, and she saw nothing of him till their arrival. Then he came to the carriage door, called a cab, shouldered her box himself, and limped with it to the carriage. ‘To the *Clarendon*,’ he said, shut the door, and climbed on the box.

On reaching the inn, an old-fashioned hotel, looking out on the close with its great trees and gray cathedral, he descended, let her out of the cab, and preceding her, ordered the waiter to let her have a room. ‘The lady—she is, mind you, a real lady—she must have a good room, and a capital supper, and a fire, and be made

comfortable.—Don’t you stare at me as if I had aught of concern with her. I’m a common man, a cattle-jobber; but I’m charged to see after her, and that she be well attended to, as a real well-born lady full of education and high-class manners. As for me, I put up elsewhere—at the *Goat and Compasses*, down by the iron bridge. I’ll come in the morning and fetch her away. It is my duty, set me by them as are responsible for her, to see that she be cared for and made comfortable.’ Then he went away.

Josephine was given a well-furnished bedroom, with a large window, looking out on the elms and grass and old towers. Her box was in the room; and she opened it, and drew from it some little things she needed. Then she bathed her face, and seated herself by the window, looking out into the quiet close. The bells of the cathedral were ringing for afternoon service, deep-toned musical bells. The autumn had touched the leaves and turned them. The swallows were clustering on the gray lead roof of the minster, arranging for migration. There was coolness in the air; but it was not too chilly for Josephine to sit at the open window, looking at the trees and listening to the bells. She felt very lonely, more lonely than at Bewdley. There she had the association with old Miss Otterbourne to take off the edge of her sense of solitude; but now she had no one. She was with her husband, yet far removed from him. She was associated with him without association. It was better to be separated altogether, than to be in his presence daily without reciprocation. She drew her wedding ring from her bosom and looked at it. The night before, she had put it on, and had hesitated whether to wear it again; but had rehung it round her neck, determined to wait another day and see what her husband’s wishes and intentions and behaviour to her were, before she did so. And now, as she looked sorrowfully at the golden hoop, she knew that it must continue to hang as before; he had forbidden her to acknowledge her tie to him and to wear his name.

How strange is the perversity of the human heart! She had married Richard without loving him; and now that she had lost him, she loved him. Her love had started up out of her anguish over her wrong done him. He had loved her when she had only highly esteemed him; and now she loved him when he despised her.

She knelt by her box and looked over her little treasures. They were few. Her bullfinch she had not brought away; she had given it to the housemaid who had cleaned her room. She turned over her few clothes in the box and unfolded Richard’s blue handkerchief. In a cardboard box was the bunch of everlastings. They were now very dry, but they retained their shape and colour. ‘Everlastings!’ she said, and recalled the night in the deserted cottage when she asked the rector whether he was looking up at the everlastings. ‘To the Everlasting,’ he had answered, and she had not understood him; but she remembered the scene and the words he had used.

The cathedral bells had ceased, and across the close came the sounds of music—the roll of the organ and the voices of the choir. Josephine closed her box and locked it, and went back to the window and listened to the soothing strains. Then, drawn as by an irresistible attrac-

tion, she went down stairs and crossed the close and entered the side door of the cathedral. She did not go far; she made no attempt to enter the choir, but seated herself in the aisle on the stone seat that ran along the wall. The evening light shone through the great west window, and filled the upper portion of the nave with a soft yellow glow. Below were the gray pillars and cool gray shadow. There were few loungers in the nave, and she was quite unnoticed. Her love of music made her always susceptible to its influence. The effect of the sacred music in the great Gothic minster on Josephine, in her then state of depression, was great: it soothed her mind; it was like breath on a wound, lulling the pain and cooling the fever.

For long there had been in Josephine a craving for help, for something, or rather some one whom she could lay hold of and lean on. It was this want in her which had driven her to take Richard Cable, in defiance of her father's wishes and of the opinion of the world. Richard had failed her; and she had cast herself into a sphere in which she was as solitary and lacking assistance as much as in that she had occupied before. And now, once again, she was torn out of that sphere, and was about to be cast—she knew not where, among—she knew not what companions—and again she was without support.

She sat with her head bowed and her hands clasping her bosom, listening to the music. Her soul was bruised and aching, like the body that has been jolted and beaten. But the hurt body is cast on a bed and sleeps away its pains. Where is the bed of repose on which the weary suffering spirit can stretch itself and be recruited? Josephine was not thinking at all; she was feeling—conscious of want and weariness, of a void and pain. The aisle in which she was, was on the north side of the church; and quite in shadow, only in the beautiful vault of the nave, with its reed-like spreading ribs, hung a halo of golden haze; and in that golden haze the sweet music seemed to thrill and throb.

The pain in Josephine's heart became more acute, and she bent on one side and rested her elbow on the stone seat and put her hand to her heart, and breathed laboriously. The attitude gave her some ease; and as she half reclined thus, the waves of golden light and angelic music swept over her, softly, gently, as the warm sea-waves used to glide in over the low Essex coast. Presently, Josephine slid down on her knees and laid her head on the cold stone seat. Then only did the meaning of the rector come clear to her, when he dropped an s as she spoke of the everlastings, and he answered her, that he looked to the Everlasting.

(To be continued.)

SOME LITERARY RELICS.

CHARLES LAMB, in one of the most delightful of his essays, 'The Two Races of Men,' warns his reader to be shy of showing his books; but he says: 'If thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S. T. C.—he will return them (generally anticipati; the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations, tripling their value. I have had experience.' One of these doubly valuable

books, the folio *Beaumont and Fletcher*, published in 1616, is now in the British Museum. It contains many marginal notes both by Lamb and by Coleridge. Notable amongst those by the latter is the following: 'N.B.—I shall not be long here, Charles! I gone, you will not mind my having spoiled a book in order to leave a relic.—S. T. C., Oct. 1811.' Every book-lover must envy the Museum the possession of this relic. It is the identical volume whose acquisition 'for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings, was it?' Lamb describes with such pleasurable zest in the essay on 'Old China.' After his death, it passed into the possession of Lieutenant-colonel Francis Cunningham, at the sale of whose library it was purchased for the national collection.

An even more desirable possession than one of Lamb's books would be the original draft of one of his essays. One such manuscript, that of the famous 'Dissertation on Roast Pig,' was sold at Sir William Tite's sale in June 1874 for thirty-four pounds. Another interesting relic of Lamb, now in private hands, is the copy of the first edition of Milton's *Paradise Regained*, which, in 1820, the essayist gave to Wordsworth, with the following quaintly phrased inscription on the page opposite the title: 'C. Lamb to the best knower of Milton, and therefore the worthiest occupant of this pleasant edition—June 2, 1820.' Volumes so enriched must always be objects of interest to the lover of letters. A few more examples may be mentioned. The library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is fortunate in the possession of Dryden's own copy of Spenser's works, with manuscript notes by the former poet. Two small volumes of Milton, the Edinburgh edition of 1755, formerly belonging to Robert Burns, and bearing his autograph on their title-pages, are now in the library of St Paul's School. There is a note inside the cover of the first volume, apparently in Burns's own hand, to the effect that the books were a present from Lord Monboddo. They were given by the poet's widow to R. H. Cromek; and from Cromek's granddaughter they were purchased in 1879 for the library of the school in which Milton was educated. Keats's copy of *Beaumont and Fletcher*, with the many underlinings which the poet was so fond of making in his favourite books, and his Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, full of manuscript notes, are both in the possession of Sir Charles Dilke. Pope's annotated copy of Garth's *Dispensary*, Swift's own copy of the *Dunciad*, and Johnson's own corrected copy of his *Lives of the Poets*, were all bequeathed by John Forster to the South Kensington Museum.

Among other interesting literary relics in the Forsterian collection now to be seen at South Kensington are Goldsmith's chair and the original assignment of *Joseph Andrews* in Fielding's own handwriting. This valuable paper was sold at Mr Jolley's auction in July 1851 for ten shillings only, and was afterwards purchased by Mr Forster at the Daniel sale for nine guineas. The original assignment of *Tom Jones* was sold at the Jolley sale for twenty-two shillings; but its present whereabouts is unknown. A substantial relic of the great novelist was lately presented to the Somerset Archæological Society by Mr Merthyr Guest. It is a large and solid oaken table, made for and used by Fielding when he lived at East

Stour Manor-house. It bears on a brass plate the following rather unkind inscription: 'This table belonged to Henry Fielding, Esq., novelist. He hunted from East Stour, 1718, and in three years dissipated his fortune keeping hounds.' A curious relic of one of Fielding's contemporaries, John Gay, was discovered in 1882 at Barnstaple. At that time the parish church was undergoing the process of restoration, and amongst the pieces of timber removed from the interior was a part of a pew with the name 'John Gay' and the date '1695' cut into it. As the future author of the *Beggars' Opera* was then ten years of age, and as no other John Gay appears in the parish register, there can be but little doubt that the fragment was the poet's own handiwork.

Longfellow was in possession of many valuable mementos of poets of the past. He wrote from Coleridge's own inkstand, which was given to him by Mrs S. C. Hall, and also owned the inkstand of George Crabbe. The latter was presented to the poet Moore by the sons of Crabbe, and was bequeathed by Moore's widow to Mrs S. C. Hall, by whom it was sent to the American poet. The Irish harp which belonged to Moore is now in the possession of Mr George W. Childs of Philadelphia. A curious old bronze inkstand, loaded with figures, which once belonged to Ariosto, is described in one of Shelley's letters to T. L. Peacock. 'Three nymphs lean forth from the circumference,' says Shelley; 'and on the top of the lid stands a Cupid, winged and looking up, with a torch in one hand, his bow in the other, and his quiver beside him.' Truly, a fit receptacle for the ink to feed the poet's inspired pen. In Hone's *Table Book* there is an account, with a woodcut, of the standish once used by Petrarch. A large old-fashioned ebony inkstand which Gray used whilst composing his famous *Elegy* is now in the possession of a Lincolnshire gentleman. There are several manuscripts of the *Elegy* in existence, in Gray's own very neat handwriting, so that no one copy can claim to be the original; similarly of another famous poem, Burns's *Scots wha hae*, the Address at Bannockburn, there are several 'original' manuscripts known. One copy in Burns's writing, framed and glazed, and enclosed in a mahogany case, sold at Sotheby's in August 1867 for twelve pounds. The Burns Museum at Kilmarlock contains many articles of interest relating to the poet, amongst them being his chair, and a perfect collection of the various editions of his works, made by Mr M'Kie, a bookseller of the town. A very characteristic relic of the author of *Tam o' Shanter*, his punchbowl, was sold by auction at Dumfries early in 1877, and realised ten guineas.

We doubt whether Dr Johnson would have set much value upon Gray's inkstand; he thought but little of its owner. Boswell tells us how one day at Thrale's the doctor attacked Gray. It had been denied that Gray was dull in poetry. 'Sir,' replied Johnson, 'he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made people think him great. He was a mechanical poet.' The dictatorial doctor is the presiding divinity of the Museum at Lichfield. There are to be seen his snuff-box, cup, cribbage-board, and—mute witness of conjugal affection—the saucer on which his breakfast roll was placed every morning, and which he called 'Tetty,' in memory of his wife.

In November last, at the sale of the effects of the late Joseph Maas, there was sold a tall eight-day clock in a wooden case inlaid, which was said to have been made for and during many years owned by Izaak Walton. This venerable 'ticker,' as Rawdon Crawley would have called it, was bought by Mr Sabin, of Garrick Street, for £70, 17s. 6d. The clock, apart from its association with Walton, is valuable on account of its age and capital condition. Walton was born in 1593, and lived until 1683.

There are some relics, now apparently completely lost, that one would like to have news of, as, for example, that fan which Pope painted himself for Miss Martha Blount. It came into the possession of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was stolen from his study, and has never been heard of since. There are others as to the genuineness of which we would like to have further proof. More than twenty years ago it was stated in the newspapers that a flute which had formerly belonged to Bunyan, and which had helped to while away the tedium of his imprisonment, was at that time in the hands of a tailor at Gainsborough; and in 1875, Bunyan's clock was said to be in the possession of a descendant of his, then resident in Australia. Both these relics would probably stand in need of authentication. A Bible printed at Cambridge in 1637, and having the signature 'John Bunyan' on the title-page of the New Testament, is now in the Sumner collection in the Harvard College Library, and would appear to be a genuine relic of the immortal dreamer.

The various objects that we have mentioned, with many others for which we have not space, would be valued by all book-lovers, although they can be owned but by few. To all, however, is possible the acquisition of the best and the most valuable of relics of the great writers and thinkers of the past—their immortal works.

THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

I WAS left alone to read the letters. Long I regarded the handwriting on the two envelopes before I had enough courage to open them. No prisoner ever shrank from his sentence more than I did from the loving forgiveness which I knew both these letters to contain, and which I deserved so little. They were of course from my mother and sister. As they differed only in expression, I can give the substance of both in that of my mother. Never was news from home more surprising or unlooked-for. The first thing that struck me was the address; instead of being written from the old apartments in Brompton, here was thick paper, bearing on the left-hand top corner the old crest of our family, and on the right the imposingly enamelled words: 'Monk's Dene, Chislehurst.'

What had happened since their last communication to me a month ago? This: my mother's brother had died in South America, and left her a fortune worth, when invested in good securities, eight hundred pounds a year! This had happened two months ago; but she and my sister had kept it secret from me until everything was settled and they could give me a surprise.

I could not keep back my tears. I was weak, and they flowed freely; had I been strong, they

would have come just as gratefully. Dear, dear mother! To know that she and Agnes had now sufficient to give them those comforts and attentions which they had lacked so long, and pined away inch by inch through the lacking of—to know this was to open the floodgates of my heart's gratefulness without a thought of my undeserving self. But *they* had thought for me, and more than enough.

'And now, good-bye, dear, dear Charlie,' my mother concluded, 'until I press you once again to my bosom at Gravesend!'—'Good-bye, darling brother,' Agnes wound up, 'until we meet you, and pay our thanks to this dear Lady O'Reilly, who has so kindly told us all about you. We are only distressed by the thought that we shall not have *somebody else* to welcome too—poor dear Charlie!'

This brought me back to where I was. How had Lady O'Reilly been in communication with them? She had told them my story—*how* she would tell it, I knew too well—but when or where? My mind was very confused, and I was under a half-delusion that Lady O'Reilly had just been to England—by some unknown route—and come back to meet me on the sea. This was only for a minute or so. I put the dear letters to my lips, then placed them under my pillow, to be read again and again, and waited. Lady O'Reilly would soon be back to my cabin, and then she would tell me all about it.

In half an hour she came, and it seemed so long to me. 'The doctor,' she said, 'believes that if the weather keeps fine—as the captain assures me it will, and must—you may come on deck for a while going up the Channel. It is supposed that English air will quicken your convalescence.'

'These letters,' I answered, 'have quickened it; your kindness has quickened it.—So you have written to my mother, Lady O'Reilly?'

'Of course I have, you foolish boy,' she replied, laughing. 'I knew the lugubrious account which you would give of your troubles; and out of kindness to your mother, I sent her a fairer explanation before I left India. I told her you were not half so black as no doubt you painted yourself.'

'How did they know,' I asked, as it flashed upon me, 'that you would be on the same ship with me? I never dreamt of it myself.'

'They knew because I told them. I promised your mother to wait for you, and take care you didn't jump overboard in a melancholy fit—or anything. You see, you wanted somebody to look after you, didn't you?'

I could say nothing; I was too full of gratitude. I knew, from the reference made by Agnes in the end of her letter to 'somebody,' that Lady O'Reilly had told them the real state of the case with me there; but I held back from speaking to her about this. I resolved to wait and suffer her, if she chose, to open the subject herself. She did not do so: I understood why. What more, alas! could be said concerning the poor girl's fate? One thing I was sure of—Lady O'Reilly had never hinted to my mother and sister the remotest possibility of the guilt of her I had loved—whose memory I would always revere, and whose white innocence I would always canonise in my heart.

I enjoyed a long, delicious, and invigorating sleep that night. I awoke late in the morning, as the ship's bell gave one stroke overhead—half-

past eight—and the pleasant home sunlight came through the open port. I was at once conscious of a new sensation—that of hunger, and I called immediately to the ayah. But I received no answer. Drawing back the curtain, I saw that she was not there. Yet I was somehow conscious she had been there at one time during the night.

By-and-by the doctor came, and he ordered my appetite to be suitably ministered to. The food, and the air, and the composure of mind which yesterday had brought me, all combined to accelerate my recovery, and that afternoon I was able to sit for two hours on deck with my kind and lovely friend. Next day, I was almost able to get up the companion-ladder without assistance, and I stayed above all afternoon. The day following we were steaming up the Channel with a delightful south-westerly breeze; and only those who have spent years in the tropics can appreciate the rapture of drinking in such air and feasting one's eyes on the green fields of Old England once again. The steamer stopped at Plymouth to land such passengers as wished to get off at that port. To my great surprise—for she had not given me a hint of her intention—Lady O'Reilly was one of these. I offered no comment—what right had I?—and she sought me where I sat, away aft, to say adieu.

'I shall come down to see you at Chislehurst directly,' she said. 'I want to get off here for a special reason; I had intended going on with you.'

I did not feel warranted in inquiring Lady O'Reilly's reason for landing at Plymouth, and from her manner of waiting after she had told me this, I fancy she expected me to say something about it.

'And now, adieu. Be careful of yourself, for—for your mother's sake, until you reach Gravesend. Perhaps,' she added with a smile after a moment's thought, 'you will find a note from me awaiting you there.' Then she went away, leaving me thinking over her last words. A note from her—about what? An excitement which I could not analyse was gathering in my breast. But she was gone, and I could not ask her meaning. Gone, too, I presently thought with a sensation of shame and self-reproach, without carrying from me one word of thanks to that gentle Hindu girl who had been so kind and attentive a nurse to me. Surely the ayah must think her patient ungrateful and unfeeling, little as natives look for thanks at the hands of the superior race for any services rendered. But I resolved that she should have such bangles as would convince her I was neither forgetful nor ungrateful. This may seem a small matter to the reader; it was no small matter to me, or I should not dwell upon it.

The old Thames at last, with its low shores and its mighty freights; but picturesque and lovely to the eyes of the returning exile! It looks like the wide welcoming opening of the heart of Home after one's long absence; and the crowd of us on the steamer's quarter-deck were mostly silent, or spoke low, because of the fullness of feeling within. Dear Old England! even if they are but coming back to lay their wasted frames in one of your quiet churchyards, your breath brings a tinge to the pale cheeks and a light to the hollow eyes of the returning wanderers.

My mother and sister were there, awaiting me. I saw them only for a moment, their dear faces eagerly watching for me on the deck of the slow-moving steamer—only for a moment, for my eyes filled with tears, which blinded me. I must pass over all this.

It was not until we were in the railway carriage, speeding along through the delicious air of Kent, that I opened the note which had been unfailingly awaiting me. Hard pressed as I was on each side by the loving caresses of mother and Agnes, I had for the moment to forget their presence in the mystification of Lady O'Reilly's brief message. It was written from Plymouth, immediately after landing, and this was what it contained:

'I and ayah are just starting for London. Had you forgotten her when parting from me, that you had no word for her? I hope at least you will not forget the bangles, for the poor thing will certainly expect them—and has earned them more than you know of. I shall come to Chislehurst to see you in a week from to-day, as I am of opinion that you will by that time be strong enough to endure a shock without its killing you. I am sorry to be the agent of a business of this dangerous kind, but I cannot shirk it.—Give my love, please, to your mother and sister.'

It was of no avail to speculate on the hidden significance of this strange letter. I gave it up at last, though the words were constantly present to me. Only two points stood out clearly—the ayah must not be forgotten, and the news Lady O'Reilly was bringing to me was good news. What else could it be? Only my ignorance of it kept me in a nervous state of expectancy.

When I told them at home of my illness on the voyage, Agnes went to London herself and brought back the bangles. I would give them to Lady O'Reilly when she came, and then the ayah would no longer think of me as unmindful of her services. Even the near prospect of discharging some portion of a debt of this nature is comforting.

There was an arbour in the garden of my mother's house which, as soon as I discovered it, became my favourite nook. The weather was delightful, and the sweet air of the sweetest spot in England was a draught of delicious intoxication. Here I lounged most of the day, reading, smoking, doing nothing, by turns, until the gloomy events out in India began to seem to my memory like a dream. The scenes around were so different from those with which my great grief was associated, that I could not avoid softening under their benign influence.

Lady O'Reilly came a day earlier than I expected, and quietly surprised me in my retreat. She was alone; and the radiance of her lovely face I had never before thought so bright.

'You do not look like the agent of a dangerous business!' I exclaimed, referring to the language of her letter as I sprang to my feet and took her hand. 'Ah, Lady O'Reilly, you are welcome—welcome, welcome, for your own sake.—But please sit down and tell me what it is!'

'I have had news from Jullabad,' she answered, smiling—'a letter from my husband. It came overland, and I received it on board at Ply-

mouth, which was partly why I disembarked there.'

News—news from Jullabad! How my heart beat! I could not have uttered a word to save my life.

'The mystery has been cleared up. The innocence in which your faith, and mine, were never for a moment shaken, has been established. Is not this news?'

'Thank God for it!' I answered. 'Alas, alas! she was done to death all the same!'

'Let me tell you how it was. The cook, Sinya, was the man who fired the bungalow. It was discovered by another native with whom he quarrelled in the bazaar, and the man himself has confessed everything. He wanted revenge. But to save his mistress, and at the same time turn suspicion on her husband and from himself, he adopted that strategy which has been the source of so much mystery. He dressed himself in Colonel Humby's clothes, and roused Mrs Humby to her danger by pretending to strangle her. She saw only his back, and believed him to be her husband.'

Amazement filled me as I silently turned this intelligence over in my mind. All was clear now—her truthfulness, which had been her death, most of all!—and the whole plot was so worthy of oriental ingenuity. I fancied—and I believe I was right—that the cook would never have made confession of the manner of his deed but for remorse for the fate into which he had plunged his mistress in attempting to save her. Had she lived, the world would never have seen her innocence established.

'And no word at all—of course there is none!' I said with a groan—'of her? No fragment of her dress, no bit of ribbon—has nothing at all belonging to her been found?'

'Nothing' was the reply, spoken, I fancied, so oddly, that I started.

'The bangles,' Lady O'Reilly went on, without appearing to notice the start I gave—'they are very handsome ones, and I will give them to ayah. Your sister showed them to me.—Now, let us come in to tea; I have a friend with me whom I should like to introduce you to.'

'A friend—a lady?'

'A lady.'

We walked half the length of the garden in silence. At a spot where a clump of shrubs hid the house from us, Lady O'Reilly stopped and looked up in my face. 'I want a promise from you now,' she said gravely—'a promise upon your honour.'

'Surely,' I answered; 'I promise beforehand whatever you ask!'

She paused, still looking me in the face, as if she were taking careful measure of my strength. I began to tremble, with foreknowledge.

'Come back for a minute to the arbour. I was going to venture on a surprise, but it is better not.—Do you imagine *who* is in the house?'

'Lady O'Reilly,' I exclaimed, 'for God's sake, tell me! Has the dead returned to life, that you ask me that question?'

'The dead never return.—Listen for a minute, and I will tell you. I planned and executed Florence Humby's disappearance. You men think one woman cannot help another as *you* would do

it? We can do it better! I carried her to my bungalow, kept her there, and took her thence in the face of all Jullabad—my husband not even knowing it—and behold, sir, she is in England now, and in your very mother's house!

The ayah! I was rushing out of the arbour, when she caught my arm.

'Your promise—your promise!'

'Yes, yes. Tell me what it is?'

'Never—never to reveal to her that you know she nursed you!'

I laughed aloud. Was that all? I heard Lady O'Reilly laugh too, as I left her most unceremoniously. I made straight for the drawing-room. There was no one there. 'Where is she—where is she?' I cried, half aloud, as I turned to the door to search elsewhere.

A figure seemed to rise out of the floor—or had I been blind when I came in?—a slight girlish figure, draped in black, with a white face, and neck draped in pink. I see her now, and will see her for ever, looking at me with bright and timid eyes, with her little hands clasped in front of her. Oblivious of ceremony, and flinging decorum to the winds, I caught her wildly to my breast. My captive gave a little startled cry, then a flutter or two—and was at rest.

Fickle Fortune having done her worst, seemed humoured to compensate us with generous hand. An old man from over the ocean found his lost lamb again, and gave us wealth which we can never use. He gave us his blessing, too, which was more to us. In that fair garden of England we have taken up our abode, and it is little to say that we are happy. Only, to this day we have never spoken of how Florence got to England. I pretend to take it that she came as others do, and make my pretension good by simply not referring to the matter at all. To this day, also—as I believe will be the case to the end—Florence firmly believes in her innocent heart that I do not know who nursed me on that voyage home from India.

One last word, which will furnish a sufficient key to what would otherwise be inexplicable. One August evening, two months after our marriage, we were sitting at an open window facing the Channel. I was reading aloud passages, here and there, from *Paradise Lost*, and had just read the opening lines of the grand description—

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold—

when a sob stopped me, and Florence, bursting into tears, hid her face on my shoulder. It was then that my poor darling told me what I had never questioned her about. Her father, in the excess of his anxiety for her happiness, had brought her up in jealous seclusion from the world, resolved that her wealth should not expose her to the designs of men; so that at eighteen she was still a child. Colonel Humby made her father's acquaintance, and was invited to the house as a man, from age, condition, and looks, with whom it was perfectly safe to trust a child. The trust was betrayed. It was easy even for Humby to fill the imagination of a secluded and innocent girl with glowing pictures

of oriental splendour and luxury and pleasure. He turned her head; and in an infatuated hour—thinking of the East, not of *him*—she forgot her father, and fled with the man. The simulated affection turned to mortal hate when he found himself spurned by her indignant father with the wrathful assurance that he had missed his mark—that he should never share one dollar of the fortune at which he had aimed. The assurance was so given that there was no doubt about it; and in the bitterness of his disappointment, he turned his wife's hopes into Dead Sea fruit.

'My poor, poor darling!' I said, kissing her when she had told me the outline of the story.

'No, no, no, Charlie,' she replied, looking up and laughing. 'Was it not worth going through to—to bring me to the present?'

I looked down in that sweet fair face, and I prayed heaven to grant me virtue to be a worthy custodian of a treasure so rich and pure.

FUNNY SAYINGS AND ANSWERS BY JUVENILES.

IN an article which appeared some time ago in *Chambers's Journal*, and which was entitled 'Unexpected Answers,' the writer asserted that 'no class of men seemed so likely to receive strange and unexpected answers as school inspectors.' This, perhaps, is not quite correct. The inspector only occasionally appears on the scene at school, whilst the teacher is part and parcel of the scene, and always there. The fact is that the comical element amongst youngsters is not nearly so frequently made note of by teachers as it might be, and many Twain-like sayings and laughable answers are thus lost, giving only a temporary diversion and hilarity amid the tedium and monotony of school-work.

Examinations are the times at which our juvenile shooting-stars pop off their unwitting jokes with most frequency. At times, too, the squibs hit the teacher, but only to tickle him, although thoughts may cross his mind that his instructions in geography, Scripture history, or other pedagogy must have been defective, and somehow not lucid to the 'young idea.'

The vicar of a certain parish in Sussex was in the habit of giving religious instruction at the grammar-school of the town. At the close of his series of lessons, he was wont to receive written replies on the subject-matter. On being asked what a 'laver' was, one answer was indited: 'A labourer is a washing-vessel or bason;' the writer thoughtfully concluding, for the credit of his caligraphy, 'George Juniper, forth class, wrote with a sprain thumb.'

A teacher having told his class that 'divers' meant 'various' in the verse beginning, 'But when divers were hardened,' added, that to make the sense complete another word (people) was necessary; whereupon a pupil instantly rose and read out the petrifying paraphrase, with considerable emphasis on the article, 'But when the divers were hardened.'—Asked to place an adjective before the noun 'tree,' an unconscious but grammatical one wrote, 'wooden—wooden tree.'

It is to be supposed that our next youth had heard that the eagle could gaze at the sun without winking. He wrote, however, in a rather

redundant way: 'The Romans never had flags but an eagle on their sticks, it is a noble bird, it looked up at the sun with its eyes open.' Historians make a mistake in calling Christopher Columbus a Genoese—he was an Englishman, for, with the spirit of patriotism burning in him, a boy says: 'The first Englishman who sailed round the world was by name Christopher Columbus.'

The following geographical definitions may be of use to our Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society: 'A cape is a piece of land joining the sea;' and 'a volcano is a burning mounting with spits fire and lather.' That the earth is round is proved by the fact that the earth goes round the sun!—A little well-brought-up boy wrote: 'Geography tells us about the earth and the sea, countries and rivers and lakes and'—with a devout and extraordinary apostrophe pens the invocation—'*above grace give us knowledge.*'

The under-mentioned lad held up his hand triumphantly whilst several companions gave the correct answer. His twinkling eyes showed he knew, if they didn't. 'How many feet were there in a field where stood a shepherd, his boy, and five sheep?'—'Four' was his eager reply; because the rest, he said, 'weren't feet—they were only trotters.'

A quiet and watery-eyed pupil transcribing, 'These poor savages cannot be called the ancestors of the British people,' was slightly in error when he wrote, 'These poor sausages,' &c.—Being asked for examples of animals having coarse hair, one boy thought a Shetland pony. After a pause, another remarked that a pig, too, had coarse hair. But this was completely beaten by another boy, who rose to wind up the subject by stating that 'hedgehogs and porcupines,' he considered, 'had the coarsest and stiffest hair of all.'

A master having propounded the Darwinian theory that such birds as herons, storks, and the like owe their length of leg to the habit, extending over ages, of seeking their food in the water and constantly dragging their feet out of the mud, met a poser from a juvenile anti-Darwinian who requested to know, 'How long will the legs of herons be in a few more ages?'—A boy in the same division was heard shortly afterwards to give a malicious recommendation to another rejoicing in the sobriquet of 'Stumpy' on account of his remarkably short understandings. He recommended 'Stumpy' to 'wear heavy boots.'

In the course of a reading lesson, the word 'sensation' cropped up, and the teacher asked what it meant. Receiving no satisfactory response, he attempted to elicit the answer by saying: 'Come, boys, I'm sure you must know; it's something, for instance, which passes up your arms when you touch a galvanic battery. What is it? Well, my lad, I see you know.'—'Something we feel, sir.'—'Yes, that is very good,' encouraged the questioner; 'but I want the name for it.'—'Please, sir, I know,' came an answer from another part of the class: 'my mother caught one up our Tom's sleeve this morning!'

In examining the boys in the composition of sentences, a master began: 'If I ask you,' said he, 'what have I in my hand? you must not say simply "Chalk," but make a full sentence of it, and say: "You have chalk in your hand." Now I

will proceed. What have I on my feet?' The answer came immediately: 'Boots.'—'Wrong; you haven't been observing my directions,' he rebukingly replied. 'Stockings,' another heedlessly ventured to answer. 'Wrong again—worse than ever,' wrathfully exclaimed the *magister*. 'Well?' he continued interrogatively to a lad near him. 'Please, sir,' then he paused—perhaps he thought it *might* sound funny, but he felt it *must* be right, and so he recklessly gasped it out: 'Corns!'

'What are you talking about there?' demanded a teacher, addressing himself to the loquacious son of a railway porter. But the teacher obtained no response, and was obliged to ask another lad who sat next the delinquent. 'What was George talking about?'—'Please, sir, he was saying as his father's trousers is sent down to Brighton when they gets old, and they's made into *sugar* there, and that's how 'tis sugar's gone down!'

Another Cuvier has arisen. He is very young yet; but the time will come when he will take his proper place as the leading light among animal physiologists. In his essay on the horse he wrote only a bit, but that bit was good—it was concise, and to the point. The examiners showed the paper upon which the dissertation was written to one another, and smiled approvingly at the little author. Young Cuvier had simply touched upon the subject in a geometrico-physico manner:

'*Essay on the Horse.*—The horse is a useful creature. It eats corn it is a sort of square animal with a leg at each corner and has a head at one end and a tale at the other.'

The examiners forgave the little chap. He looked innocent. They thought his mind had been perhaps wandering—that he had been thinking about his hobby-horse.

The following is a sample of a young historian's acumen: 'In 1839 the English had to stop the advance of Russia in India, and Suraja Dowla was made governor. In 1846 confusion again broke out, but the English government went out and stopped it. This led to the appointment of a Secretary of State. It consisted of fifteen persons.'—Mathematicians will be surprised to learn that 'a circle is a figure contained by a straight line.'—Students of geography may not know that 'the Nile is the only remarkable river in the world. It was discovered by Dr Livingstone, and it rises in Mungo Park.'—Home influences appeared in the answer of a child, whose father was a strong teetotaler, to the query, 'Do you know the meaning of syntax?'—'Yes,' was the ready reply; 'syntax is the dooty upon spirits.'

A lady asked one of the children in her Sunday-school class, 'What was the sin of the Pharisees?' 'Eating camels, ma'am,' was the reply. The little girl had read that the Pharisees 'strained at gnats and swallowed camels.'—'In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?' questioned a teacher of the stolid-looking boy at the foot of the class. 'Dead,' was the quiet response.—'What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?' asked a lady of her Sunday-school class. There was silence for some seconds, and then a girl broke in triumphantly with, 'The baby, please, ma'am.'—'Do you know, mamma, I don't believe Solomon was so rich after all?' observed a sharp boy to his mother, who prided herself on her orthodoxy. 'My child!' she

exclaimed in pious horror, 'what does the Bible say?'—'That's just it,' he answered. 'It says that "Solomon slept with his fathers." Now, surely, if he had been rich he'd have had a bed to himself.'—A teacher, in trying to explain to her scholars the meaning of repentance, used this illustration: 'Suppose a bad boy were to steal an orange, and his good mother should catch him with it, and take him by the hand gently and tell him how wicked it is, and how very, very grieved she was; don't you think, now, that the little boy ought to feel sorry?' One of the scholars eagerly replied: 'Yes, mum.'—'And why, Marmaduke?' 'Cause.'—'Because why, Marmaduke?' 'Because he hadn't et the orange befo' his ma cotch him and tuck it away from him!'

'Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?' asked the master of an infant school. 'I have,' shouted a six-year-old at the foot of the class. 'Where?'—'On the elephant, sir.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE recent meeting of the British Association at Manchester conclusively proves, if any proof were needed, that the public take a great and increasing interest in modern developments of science. The attendance of nearly four thousand persons, which is more by five hundred than the number registered at any previous meeting, and the collection of more than four thousand pounds in money, are two facts which speak for themselves. The general Committee, with the help of this satisfactory support, have been enabled to put aside half that sum for purposes of research; for those purposes, indeed, which represent the real work for which the British Association was founded. The recent meeting was no less successful with regard to papers read, and although none of these can be said to deal with any very startling theme, several of them were full of interest. We need hardly say that the social part of the business was carried on with as much enjoyment as is customary. Manchester is a city full of factories of various kinds and businesses of a technical character, and thus the visitors had plenty to see and to study.

It is gratifying, says the *Lancet*, to learn that humanity, to say nothing of good taste, has asserted itself at last among a section at least of the fairer portion of the fashionable world. At a conference of ladies held in Bond Street on the subject of dress, it was decided, a few days ago, that the plumage of small birds should no longer be considered as fashionable trimming for robes or bonnets. Let this decision become accepted by the community in general, and a blot on our civilisation will have been removed.

Messrs. Griffiths Brothers, of 9 New Broad Street, London, E.C., call attention to the fire-proofing solution and paint with which the buildings at the Manchester Exhibition have been protected. They claim for these preparations that they will not flake off; that they contain no caustic alkali or chemical calculated to injure the most delicate material; that the paint can be made in any colour; and that it is no more expensive than ordinary oil-paint. If these materials fulfil

all the advantages which are claimed for them, theatrical managers cannot afford to ignore them.

Captain Cook and his voyages in the South Seas belong to the romantic days of a past era, and the name of the brave old mariner is now seldom quoted. But once more he comes before public notice, and in a strange way. An old house in Soho Square, London, in process of demolition, has revealed a certain recess furnished with doors, which had remained hidden and unopened for half a century. In this recess has been found a remarkable collection of articles gathered during Captain Cook's voyages in the South Pacific. The building in which these relics have been found formed part of the Museum of Sir Joseph Banks, who accompanied Captain Cook on his travels. Inside the panelling was found this inscription, in Sir Joseph Banks' handwriting: 'Instruments used, carvings, weapons and heads collected by Captain Cook during the voyage of the *Endeavour*.' Among the relics, perhaps the most remarkable are some old quadrants and other instruments used on board the *Endeavour*; two mummied, tattooed heads of New Zealand chiefs; and a wooden bowl with lips, used, in the dark days of cannibalism, for handing round human blood.

M.D., writing to the *Times*, gives a most useful note of warning to those who at this season of the year return to their town abodes. These houses, he points out, have in most cases been practically uninhabited for weeks. The traps, which when full of water seal the sewers, have probably by evaporation become inoperative; hence the shut-up house gets full of noisome gas, which we may observe does not necessarily betray its presence by a smell. He urges upon the returning inmates the importance of allowing every tap to run for a time, while the windows at the front and back of the house are opened. He has traced many cases of sore throat to the neglect of this sanitary precaution.

An American medical journal gives the following cure for whooping-cough, which is said to be most effectual; it has at anyrate the virtue of simplicity, and, unlike some remedies, it cannot do harm, even if no good results from its adoption. The method consists in fumigating with sulphur the sleeping-room, as well as any other room used by the patient, together with his bedding, clothes, toys, and everything which he uses. The sulphur is simply burned in the apartments, while the clothes are hung up in any convenient manner, and the rooms remain closed, and subjected to the fumes for about five hours. Everything is then well aired, and the rooms are once more ready for the occupation of the sufferer.

According to the *Lancet*, an alkaloid called Stenocarpine has been discovered by a New York doctor, which it is probable may become a formidable rival to cocaine. It is said that if one or two drops of a two per cent. solution of this preparation be communicated to the eye, any operation may be performed on that sensitive organ with complete absence of pain. The anæsthesia caused by the administration of the drug lasts for twenty minutes. This new alkaloid does not seem to have been yet tried in this country; but no doubt we shall soon have reports as to its alleged efficiency.

In a paper read before the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a curious statement was made, that although the population had increased thirty per cent. in ten years, blindness had increased to the extent of one hundred and forty per cent. in the same period. Why this should be so is not stated. But it is alleged that the United States actually spend about five millions sterling annually in support of the blind.

A new method of collecting gold from its ores has been invented by Mr B. C. Molloy, M.P., under the name of the Hydrogen-Amalgam process. It is well known that particles of gold, such as are found in crushed ore, readily amalgamate with mercury, from which metal the gold is afterwards freed by heat. Under ordinary conditions, the amalgam 'sickens,' as it is called, that is to say, its surface becomes quickly contaminated by certain products of the ore, which coat its surface and prevent its amalgamating action. From this cause only, it has been computed that nearly half of the precious metal found is washed away uncaptured in the form of a fine floating dust. In the new process, the power of electrolysis is called into play. The mercury is placed in a shallow pan about one inch in depth and forty-one and a half in diameter. In the centre of this pan there is a battery cell, so connected with the mercury that hydrogen is constantly given off by that metal, and forms an amalgam upon its surface. This insures absence of that sickening action to which we have already referred. The mercury is kept constantly bright, and the particles of gold are pressed into contact with it by means of a revolving iron disc which floats upon its surface. It is said that by this process every particle of gold is bound to be caught; it cannot possibly escape. The entire machine weighs about five hundred-weight, and will deal with ten tons of ore per day.

Mr Henry Ffennell, who has for many years been endeavouring to preserve an authentic record of the largest salmon caught in the various waters of the United Kingdom, has lately written to protest against unauthorised stories of captures of large fish, which so constantly appear in the various newspapers, but have no foundation in fact. He has made close inquiries into one or two of these tales, and is positive as to their unreliability. For instance, a salmon said to be from the Tay, and weighing eighty-seven and a half pounds, was a short time ago exhibited at a London fishmonger's. This monster has, it seems, now been identified with one weighing thirty pounds less. As a fact, the heaviest fish which has been caught in the river Tay this season scaled sixty-four pounds.

At a recent meeting of the Gas Institute, Mr Livesey is reported to have advised the gas shareholders to be content with smaller dividends, so that the price of gas may be reduced, by which means their business might be much extended and opposition kept away. The advice is well timed, for there are now in the market plenty of well-devised and safe lamps for the burning of cheap mineral oil. Many householders who burn gas because of its convenience in parts of their houses, prefer oil lamps for the living-rooms. Mineral oil gives a brilliant and pleasing light, and at the same time it does not blacken the ceilings. With

such a powerful rival in the field, Gas Companies should take the advice quoted.

Antiquaries and collectors of curiosities generally have always been subject to the operations of ingenious forgers. It is well known that the manufacture of antiquities is one which often flourishes, in spite of every endeavour to extinguish the nefarious trade. The latest instance of the kind is reported from Switzerland, where a band of these forgers stand unmasked and their villainy exposed. They devoted their peculiar talents to the reproduction of relics from prehistoric lake dwellings. In one case it was proved that a lacustrine shield had been skilfully made out of a copper plate, the metal having been afterwards steeped in mud for a long period, so as to give it the appearance of venerable age. There is reason to believe that the discovery, some years back, of various specimens of carved and engraved horn, and which pointed to the existence of a 'horn age,' was due to the operations of these ignoble artists. Once more the owners of cabinets will experience a thrill of doubt as to the genuineness of some of their specimens. Let them refrain from too close an examination. In such a case, ignorance is surely more blissful than full knowledge.

It is said that recently several fires have occurred in the chimneys of metropolitan restaurants, although every ordinary care has been taken to keep them free from soot. The cause is traced to particles of grease which are constantly arising from the cooking operations, and which quickly collect to a dangerous extent in the flues.

Attention having been called to the fact that the two Committees of experts appointed by the Department of Science and Art to inquire into the alleged deterioration of water-colour drawings have not yet sent in their Reports, an authoritative statement has been published giving the reasons for the delay. The Committees are engaged in some exhaustive experiments which cannot yet be concluded. In the meantime, every precaution is being taken to preserve the national drawings as far as possible from the action of light and other deleterious influences. The compiler of this statement reasonably asks, whether a drawing will have more exposure to light by the time one hundred thousand persons have seen it on the walls of a picture-gallery, or when each drawing separately has been taken by each of those persons out of a portfolio, a method of preservation which had been suggested.

An electrician in Ohio is said to have invented a new form of speaking-apparatus called a Sea Telephone, which is described as a sort of trumpet with which conversation in an ordinary tone of voice can be carried on between persons separated by three or four miles. The range of the instrument is said to be as much as twenty-six miles; that is to say, the sounds of a train or a whistle can be heard at a distance of thirteen miles in all directions. If we remember rightly, Mr Edison contrived an instrument of this kind, to which he gave the name of Megaphone. But his researches were merely of an experimental kind, and did not lead to any practical result. Perhaps this new inventor may be more fortunate.

At the time when the incandescent system of electric lighting came into vogue, it was

doubted whether the life of the little carbon filament within the glass globe would be long enough for practical purposes. But these doubts have long ago been set at rest. There are many such lamps which have been used in this country which have long outlived the period for which they were guaranteed to last; but they have all been eclipsed by one particular lamp in a newspaper office in Toronto. This lamp has been burning for several hours each night ever since November 1884. It was originally guaranteed to burn for six hundred hours; but its life has already been extended to six times that period.

We have more than once called attention to the circumstance that iron furnace slag, which used to be a waste product, is now being turned to various uses. In Germany, the slag is specially prepared for mending the roads, a material being produced called 'slagstone.' The method adopted is to run the liquid slag direct from the furnace into cast-iron moulds, which slightly taper towards the top. The mould has no bottom, but stands on an iron trolley, so that, when the slag is sufficiently set, it can be released, and the mould is ready to receive a fresh charge. The freshly moulded block is pierced, and its interior contents, still liquid, are allowed to run out. The block is then covered with cinders and allowed to cool gradually. This method insures a hard crystalline stone, which is found useful for purposes of paving.

A new method of preserving milk has been patented in this country. The process consists in placing the liquid in a closed vessel and injecting into it pure oxygen. This process is patented by M. Brin of Paris, one of the same firm, we presume, now established in London for supplying pure oxygen for various purposes.

That energetic body, the Institute of Civil Engineers, invites contributions in the form of original papers upon different subjects. One or two of these we may mention: 'The Application of Liquid Fuel for Steam-boilers and other Purposes'; 'The Distribution of Electricity for Lighting Purposes, and its Application to the Working of Street Tramways'; 'The Utilisation of such Sources of Power as the Tides and the Radiant Heat of the Sun, and some International System of uniformly Lighting the Coasts of the World.' The Council of this Institution has power to award premiums for papers which may meet with their approval.

M. Jovis, whose experimental balloon ascents in Paris were recently adverted to, announces that he intends to make a balloon voyage from New York to Europe some time between the present month and January next. The time of starting will be governed by the state of the wind, which the adventurous aeronaut hopes to find in the right direction for his purpose. The balloon is to have a capacity of eight thousand five hundred cubic yards, and it is estimated that the voyage will be completed in less than sixty hours!

Although we hear much in the present day of the wonders of photography, it would seem that the rapid gelatine plates do not fulfil all the conditions that photographers require. We judge that this must be the case from the circumstance that a Frenchman offers a prize of one thousand francs (forty pounds sterling) for a process by

which a plate can be prepared which shall combine the advantages of gelatine with those of the old collodion process. The method must be simple, and must be capable of extreme sensitiveness. The competition will remain open until the last day of the year; and intending competitors must be prepared to furnish a full description of the process which they submit, accompanied by proofs of what it will do.

The Lighting Committee of the Glasgow International Exhibition, profiting by the great success achieved by the illuminated fountain at South Kensington, which was shown during recent Exhibitions there, have resolved to construct a fountain of a similar kind, but on a far larger scale. The well-known engineers, Messrs Gallo-way of Manchester, have been intrusted with the erection of this fairy fountain, the base of which is to be one hundred and ninety feet in diameter. One hundred jets of water will rise from this basin, and the electric light for giving them their coloured effects will be worked from a distance of two hundred feet from the fountain. It is estimated that one hundred and fifty horsepower will be necessary for furnishing the required amount of energy to produce the light for this beautiful display.

According to the *Electrician*, a new and quick method of soldering telegraph wires has been invented in Russia. The principal advantage of it lies in the saving of time required for the work, and also in the avoidance of any 'scraping,' which would to some extent reduce the strength of the wire. The process consists of dipping the two ends of the wire—already embraced by binding wire—into a vessel holding a considerable quantity of melted solder, upon the top of which there is sufficient powdered sal-ammoniac to leave a thick layer of liquid salt. The ends of the wire pressed into this vessel are quickly joined, however dirty they may be.

It is not generally known that the inflammable vapour of benzine can be ignited by means of friction. A case has occurred in Philadelphia which shows in a curious manner how an accident happened by this means. A boy was cleaning a printing-press with benzine, rubbing in the volatile liquid with a rag, when the vapour suddenly caught fire, and the poor boy was severely burnt. Another fact not generally known is that benzine can be ignited by a copper soldering tool at less than red-heat, for a case of accident has been recorded where a workman soldering a leak in a tin can holding this dangerous liquid, noticed that the application of the tool caused an immediate flame around the opening which he was about to seal. These two examples are quoted in a recent American publication.

There is now to be seen running on the pleasant waters of the Upper Thames a launch of novel construction. Apparently it is a steam-launch, for it has the outward appearance of one; but in reality it owes its motive-power to the explosive vapour of some hydrocarbon such as petroleum. It is indeed a petroleum engine applied, for the first time in this country, to the purpose indicated. No boiler is required, and therefore much space is saved. The boat is set in motion by the act of lighting a lamp, which lamp must be extinguished when it is desired to stop the engine.

The tank holds sufficient liquid for sixty hours' consumption at a cost of about one sovereign. This is clearly much cheaper than the quantity of coal required to do the same amount of work would be. There is also a great saving of labour, for no stoking is required, and a working engineer is hardly necessary. This new boat may possibly be the pioneer of a system which will drive the steam pleasure-launch from the Thames. We understand that it is of American origin.

THE GREAT VINE OF KINNELL.

The Black Hamburg vine of Kinnell, a former seat of the Macnabs, near Killin, at the western end of Loch Tay, in Perthshire, is one of the great sights of the Breadalbane country. It is now the largest specimen of a growing vine in the United Kingdom. The Marquis of Breadalbane, on whose grounds of Auchmore it is situated, is justly proud of this splendid vine, and has arranged that it may be seen by the public every Wednesday between the hours of ten and two o'clock. When we saw it this autumn, about five hundred bunches of luscious grapes were hanging from it, which, at an average of two pounds per bunch, means about half a ton of grapes. The yield of this prolific vine in recent years is interesting. In 1879 the yield was 1179 bunches; but 376 bunches being taken off green, only 803 were left to come to maturity. In 1880 the yield was 1274 bunches, 560 taken off, and 714 left to mature. In 1883 the yield was 2102 bunches; in 1884, 2172; in 1885, 2844; in 1886, 2868; and in the present year it yielded 2548 bunches, 500 only being left to mature. It now fills a glass house two hundred and seventy feet long, is growing as rapidly as ever, and is remarkably healthy looking. The stem, a little way above the ground, before it sends out its branches, measures one foot ten inches in circumference. It shoots out for five or six feet before it runs to branches. The only extra 'food' the soil now receives is old bones broken to about half an inch. It is now about fifty-six years since it was brought as a young and healthy shoot to Kinnell. It may be mentioned that the famous Black Hamburg vine at Hampton Court is less in size than this Kinnell vine, the leading branches, according to a recent authority, being about 110 feet long; but its principal stem is 38 inches in circumference.

The story of the vine as told by the oldest inhabitant is briefly this: There happened to be an English shooting-tenant in one of the Macnab residences called Auchlyne, in Glendochart. He was fond of sport, but at the same time had paid so much attention to horticulture as to organise a glass house in the garden, in which this shoot of the Black Hamburg vine brought from the south was planted. This sporting tenant having suddenly gone abroad, the healthy shoot was removed to Kinnell, near Killin, and planted there. It took root and flourished fairly well. A genius of a gardener, Robertson by name, now took means to aid its growth. He had a substantial subsoil of leaf-mould brought from near Finlarig, the burial-place of the Breadalbane Campbells, on the shores of Loch Tay. This soil he prepared in the usual way for use, and with his best gardening skill and experience,

the roots were sunk in this compost. The first year after this treatment, the results did not appear very satisfactory; a few scraggy grapes were the total yield. But immediately afterwards it began its remarkable growth and fruit-bearing, until it has attained its present magnificent condition. It is worth adding that the fruit of this vine is not sold or selfishly used in any way; but, with commendable liberality, the Marchioness of Breadalbane sends perhaps a hundred bunches at a time of these luscious grapes to the hospitals and infirmaries of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee.

SHADOWS.

I.

SAR, dost thou love me, dear? Those eyes of thine
Look at me through the shadows gray, that creep
Into this silent room, and stir the deep.
Of my sad heart with longing, but to mine
They give no answer. Evermore they shine
Quietly grave as when in dreams of sleep
I see thee face to face. Does thy heart leap
Ever with joy to greet me? Would no sign
Set all my fears at rest? Dear, couldst thou stand
Intent on other things when I am there?
Wouldst thou not hasten forth to clasp my hand,
If but thou heardest my foot upon the stair?
I have no place in thy thoughts' shadowland;
I am not worthy, love, that thou shouldst care!

II.

I am not worthy! Yet the sunbeams bright,
At dawn, fall on the drooping wayside flower,
And straight it lifts its head to drink the shower
Of perfect blessing in. Forgot is night,
With all its cold and darkness, in the light
That thrills it through with life's strong, wondrous
power.
And thus, O my beloved! if thou shouldst dower
With love my life, that, erst so wan and white
Beside the world's wide way, should learn to glow
With colours vivid as the flaming west
Wore ere the twilight fell. The Past could throw
No shadow o'er a Present that had rest
'Neath love-light from thine eyes. So should I grow—
Not worthy of thee, dear—but ah, how blest!

KATE MELLERSH.

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THE ROMANCE OF THE WOOL-TRADE.

What is wool? 'The covering of the sheep, of course,' replies somebody. Yes; but what is it? Let us ask Professor Owen. 'Wool,' he says, 'is a peculiar modification of hair, characterised by fine transverse or oblique lines from two to four thousand in the extent of an inch, indicative of a minutely imbricated scaly surface, when viewed under the microscope, on which and on its curved or twisted form depends its remarkable felting property.' At first sight this definition seems hardly less bewildering than Dr Johnson's famous definition of network: 'Anything reticulated or decussated with interstices between the intersections at equal distances.' But it will bear examination, and is really more tangible than, for instance, Noah Webster's definition of wool: 'That soft curled or crisped species of hair which grows on sheep and some other animals, and which in fineness sometimes approaches to fur.' It is usually that which grows on sheep, however, that we know as wool, and the number of imbrications, serratures, or notches indicates the quality of the fibre. Thus, in the wool of the Leicester sheep there are 1850—in Spanish merino, 2400—in Saxon merino, 2700, to an inch, and the fewer there are, the nearer does wool approach to hair.

Here is a still more minute description by Youatt, a great authority on wool: 'It consists of a central stem or stalk, probably hollow, or at least porous, and possessing a semi-transparency, found in the fibre of hair. From this central stalk there springs, at different distances in different breeds of sheep, a circlet of leaf-shaped projections. In the finer species of wool these circles seemed at first to be composed of one indicated or serrated ring; but when the eye was accustomed to them, this ring was resolvable into leaves or scales. In the larger kinds the ring was at once resolvable into these scales or leaves, varying in number, shape, and size, and projecting at different angles from the stalk, and in the direction of the leaves of vegetables—that is, from the

root to the point. They give to the wool the power of felting.'

This is the estimate of the chemical composition of good wool: Carbon, 50·65; hydrogen, 7·03; nitrogen, 17·71; oxygen and sulphur, 24·61. Out of a hundred parts, ninety-eight would be organic, and two would be ash, consisting of oxide of iron, sulphate of lime, phosphate of lime, and magnesia. What is called the 'yolk' of wool is a compound of oil, lime, and potash. It makes the pile soft and pliable, and is less apparent on English sheep than on those of warmer countries, the merino sheep having the most 'yolk.'

The fibre of wool varies in diameter, the Saxon merino measuring $\frac{1}{150}$ of an inch, and the South-down, $\frac{1}{100}$. Lustrous wool, it is said, should be long and strong; but if it is very fine, it is not long. Strong wool may be as much as twenty inches in length. The wool of the best sheep adheres closely, and can only be removed by shearing; but there are varieties of sheep which shed their wool, as, for instance, the Persian, which drop the whole of their fleeces between January and May, when feeding on the new grass.

This, then, is wool, the first use of which for cloth-making is lost in antiquity. There is no doubt that the pastoral industry is the oldest industry in the world; for even when the fruits of the earth could be eaten without tillage and without labour, the flocks and herds required care and attention. The shepherd may be regarded as the earliest pioneer of industry, as he has been for centuries the centre of fanciful romance, and the personification of far from romantic fact. The old legend of Jason and the Golden Fleece is in itself evidence of the antiquity of the knowledge of the value of wool, and much as the mythologists make out of the legend, there are some who hold that it merely is meant to record how the Greeks imported a superior kind of sheep from the Caucasus and made money thereby.

Australia is now the land of the Golden Fleece, and millions of money have been made there out of the docile sheep. It is not indigenous, of course, to the land of the Southern Cross, where

the only mammal known when Europeans discovered it was the kangaroo. Mr James Bonwick, a gentleman well known in Australian literature, has lately gathered together many records of the introduction of the sheep into Australia, and of the marvellous development of the pastoral industry there. We shall avail ourselves of the information collected by Mr Bonwick, in his very interesting book, *The Romance of the Wool-trade* (London: Griffith, Farran, &c., 1887).

But, first, as to the different kinds of sheep. The Bighorn is the wild-sheep of Kamschatka, of which we lately gave some notes; and it may be taken for granted that all species of the domestic sheep were at one time wild, or are descended from wild tribes. When the Aryan Hindus invaded India, it is recorded that they took their flocks with them; but whether the wild-sheep still to be found on the hills of Northern India are the descendants of wanderers from these flocks, or descendants of the progenitors of them, we do not pretend to say.

Chief among the domesticated sheep of the British Isles is the Southdown, whose characteristics used to be—although we are told they are changed somewhat now—thin chine, low fore-end, and rising backbone, a small hornless head, speckled face, thin lips, woolled ears, and bright eyes. The wool should 'be short, close, curled, fine, and free from spiry projecting fibres.' Then there are the Romney Marsh, the Cotswold, the Lincoln, the Leicester, and the Hardwick sheep, each with its distinctive marks and value. The Welsh sheep have long necks, high shoulders, narrow breasts, long bushy tails, and small bones; the wool is not first-class, but the mutton is excellent. The Irish native sheep are of two kinds, the short-woolled and long-woolled; but Southdowns and Leicesters have been so long crossed with them, that their idiosyncrasies are no longer marked. The Shetland sheep are supposed to have come from Denmark, but have also been crossed with English and Scotch varieties. In Scotland, the Cheviot and the Blackfaced are the two ruling types. The Cheviot is a very handsome animal, with long body, white face, small projecting eyes, and well-formed legs. The wool is excellent, as the 'tweed'-makers of the Border know, but is not so soft as that of the English Southdowns. The Blackfaced is the familiar form we see in the Highlands, supposed to have come originally 'from abroad,' but now regarded as the native sheep of Scotland. It is a hardy animal, accustomed to rough food and rough weather, with a fine deep chest, broad back, slender legs, attractive face, and picturesque horns. The wool is not so good as that of the Cheviot variety, but the mutton is better. Of course, English varieties have been largely crossed with the two native Scotch kinds; yet these still remain distinct, and are easily recognisable.

As long ago as the time of the Emperor Constantine, the wool of English sheep had a high reputation, and had even then found its way to Rome. Of English monarchs, Edward III. seems to have been the first to endeavour to stimulate the pastoral industry by the manufacture of woollen cloths and the export of raw wool. But Henry VIII. thought that sheep-breeding had been carried too far, and the farmers were making too

much money out of it; so he decreed that no one should keep more than two thousand four hundred sheep at one time, and that no man should be allowed to occupy more than two farms. In the time of Charles II. the export of both sheep and wool was strictly prohibited. As late as 1788, there were curious prohibitory enactments with reference to sheep; and the date is interesting, because it was the date of the settlement of New South Wales. There was a fine of three pounds upon the carrying off of any sheep from the British Isles, except for use on board ship; and even between the islands and the mainland of Scotland, or across a tidal river, sheep could not be transported without a special permit, and the execution of a bond that the animals were not for exportation. Indeed, no sheep could be shorn within five miles of the sea-coast without the presence of a revenue officer, to see that the law was not evaded.

It is not surprising, then, that the first sheep settled in Australia—the only great pastoral country that has never had a native variety—did not go from England. It is very curious that in Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania, where now lies a great portion of the pastoral wealth of the world, there never was any animal in the smallest degree resembling a sheep until some enterprising Britons took it there.

The first sheep introduced into Australia were from the Cape and from India. The ships which went out with the convicts of 1788 had a few sheep on board for the officers' mess, which were presumably consumed before the Cape of Good Hope was reached. There some animals were procured for the new settlement. The Cape at the time was in the hands of the Dutch, who had large flocks of sheep and immense herds of cattle. The sheep they had were not imported from Europe, but were the native breed they had found in the hands of the aborigines when the Dutch colony was founded one hundred and thirty years previously.

The native African sheep is of the fat-tail kind. Wool was not then an item of wealth in the Dutch colony; but the fat tails were appreciated as an excellent substitute for butter. All over Africa and over a large part of Asia, varieties of the fat-tail species are still to be found. In Tibet they abound; and the Turcomans have vast flocks of them. But Tibet has also other varieties, and notably one very like the llama of Peru, with a very soft and most useful fleece, providing the famous Tibetan wool. In Palestine and Syria the fat-tail sheep is abundant; and of the Palestine breed it is recorded that they 'have a monstrous round of fat, like a cushion, in place of the tail, which sometimes weighs thirty or forty pounds. The wool of this sheep is coarse, much tangled, and felted, and mixed with coarse dark-coloured hair.'

Although the first sheep taken to Australia were from the Cape, the most important of the earlier consignments were from India, the nearest British possession to the new colony. Indeed, for over thirty years Australia was ecclesiastically within the see of the Bishop of Calcutta, and letters to England usually went by way of the Indian capital.

The Bengalee sheep are described as 'small, lank, and thin, and the colour of three-fourths

of each flock is black or dark gray. The quality of the fleece is worse than the colour; it is harsh, thin, and wiry to a very remarkable degree, and ordinarily weighs but half a pound.' Not a very promising subject, one would think, for the Australian pastures, but the flesh was excellent; and climate and crossing of breeds work wonders.

That which gave value to the Australian breed of sheep, however, was the introduction of the Spanish merino, which in time found its way to the Cape, and thence to Australia. There is an old tradition that the famous merino sheep of Spain came originally from England; but it appears from Pliny and others that Spain had a reputation for fine wool long before the Roman occupation. The word merino is supposed by some to be derived from *Imri*, the fabled flock of Palestine; and by others from *marino*, or ultramarine, from the tradition of their having been brought by sea. Some writers believe that the merino came originally from Barbary, probably among the flocks of the Moors when they captured Southern Spain. The merinos are considered very voracious, and not very prolific; they yield but little milk, and are very subject to cutaneous diseases. Youatt describes two varieties of them in Spain, and the wool is of remarkable fineness.

About the year 1790, the Spanish merino began to be imported into the Cape, and a few years later a certain Captain Waterhouse was sent from Sydney to Capetown to buy stock for the colonial establishment. He thought the service in which he was engaged 'almost a disgrace to an officer;' but when he left the Cape again, he brought with him 'forty-nine head of black-cattle, three mares, and one hundred and seven sheep'—arriving at Port Jackson with the loss of nine of the cattle and about one-third of the sheep. Three cows, two mares, and twenty-four of the sheep belonged to that officer, and with this voyage he founded not only his own fortune, but also the prosperity of the great Australian colony. Further importations followed; and a Captain Macarthur, early in the present century, went home to London to endeavour to form a Company to carry on sheep-rearing on an extensive scale. He did not succeed, and returned to Port Jackson to pursue his enterprise himself. Eventually, he obtained the concession of a few square miles of land, and thus became the father of Australian 'squattling.' He located himself on the Nepean River, to the south-west of Sydney; and to his industry and sagacity is attributed in great part the origin of the immense wool-trade which has developed between the colony and the mother-country.

And what is now the wool-wealth of Australasia? In 1820 there were not more than ten thousand sheep of 'a good sort' in New South Wales; and in the same year, wool from the colony was sold in London at an average of three shillings and sevenpence the pound. This led to the circulation of fabulous reports of the profits to be made out of sheep; and there was quite a run for some years on squatting lots. In 1848 some Australians started sheep-running in New Zealand; and by 1860 the sheep in these islands had increased to 2,400,000. In 1865, the number there had grown to 5,700,000; in 1870, to 9,500,000; and in 1877, to 14,300,000.

In 1886 the pastoral wealth of the whole of the Australasian colonies stood thus:

Colony.	Number of Sheep.
New South Wales.....	37,820,906
New Zealand.....	16,677,455
Victoria.....	10,681,837
Queensland.....	8,994,322
South Australia.....	6,696,406
Western Australia.....	1,702,719
Tasmania.....	1,648,627
Total.....	84,222,272

At only ten shillings per head, this represents a capital of over forty-two millions sterling, without counting the value of the land.

But now as to the yield of the flocks. Our latest complete figures are for 1884, and are as follows:

Colony.	Pounds of Wool.	Value.
New South Wales.....	171,612,279	£8,895,543
New Zealand.....	82,138,718	3,342,509
Victoria.....	61,369,000	3,878,620
South Australia.....	47,296,784	1,823,431
Queensland.....	35,525,977	1,889,504
Tasmania.....	8,215,101	453,567
Western Australia.....	4,272,948	249,255
Total.....	410,430,807	£20,532,429

The London prices of 'Australian greasy wool' have thus varied: In 1850, 11d. per pound; in 1858, 9½d.; in 1860, 1s. 2d.; in 1869, 1s. 6½d.; in 1871, 7½d.; in 1872, 9s.; in 1884, 11d. In 1884 the price of Lincoln wool in the same market was 10d. per pound.

The total importations of wool into England in 1885-86 were 1,819,182 bales, of which no fewer than 1,139,842 bales, or nearly three-fourths of the whole, came from Australasia. The rest came from the Cape and Natal, 227,289 bales; India, 101,770; the Mediterranean, 79,433; Russia, 65,027; other European countries, 47,655; China, 2393; and the Falkland Islands, 6614 bales.

It would transcend the limits of this article to attempt to sketch the history and growth of the woollen industry in the manufacture of cloths. It is an industry, if not as old as the hills, at least very nearly as old as the fig-leaves of Eden; for we may assume as a certainty that the next garments worn by our forefathers were constructed in some way from the fleecy coats of these bleating followers.

In the middle ages, all the best wool was produced in England, and the woollen manufacture centred in Norfolk, although both the west of England and Ireland had also factories. There are in existence specimens of cloth made in these medieval days which show that the quality of the wool employed was not equal to that which we now use. The art of weaving is supposed to have been brought from the Netherlands; at anyrate there were strong political alliances between the English sovereigns and the weavers of Bruges and of Ghent. In these old days, when Norwich, Aylsham, and Lynn had the lion's share of the woollen trade, the great mart for English and foreign cloths was at Stourbridge, near Cambridge, where a fair was held which lasted a month every year.

How the woollen trade has extended to Yorkshire and Scotland it would take too long to tell. But a word may be added of a quite new development of it at the antipodes. The Aus-

traliana are not going to be content with growing the wool; they are also manufacturing it into cloth, turning out some millions of yards of woollen cloth per annum. What is to be the result? Will our colonial children take away from us the industry which we have monopolised for centuries? It may be so, and our consolation is, that it will be our own children who are succeeding to the inheritance.

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAR,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER L.—BOOTS AGAIN.

NEXT morning, Josephine found a cab awaiting her. Cable had paid her bill and sent the conveyance for her. He had given instructions to the driver to convey her along the Okehampton and Launceston road beyond the town to a point where, at the head of the first hill, stood a fragment of an old stone cross. She had fancied that he would have come with his van of calves into the cathedral yard, drawn up before the *Clarendon Hotel*; and had her box laden on the van there; but Richard Cable had too much delicacy under his roughness of manner to subject her to such a humiliation; she was to leave the *Clarendon* as she had come to it, in a hired conveyance, and as a lady; only when beyond the town would he receive her box and her on his van.

She reached the cross before him, and dismounted. When she opened her purse, the driver objected—he had already received his fare; the man who had ordered him had paid. Josephine had her box placed by the side of the road. A little inn stood near the cross, and the landlady good-naturedly asked her to step in—if she were waiting for the coach. 'No charge, miss; you needn't take anything.'

'Thank you,' said Josephine modestly; 'you are very kind; but I am not going by the coach. A gentleman—I mean a man who drives a van of calves, is going to pick me up.'

'Oh, you mean Dicky Cable. He often goes by our way.'

'Yes; I am going on with Mr Cable.' As she spoke, she saw the cob, and Cable limping at its side, ascending the red road cut between banks of red sandstone hung with ferns and overarched with rich limes.

'He looks very greatly changed,' said Josephine to herself—'oldened, hardened, and somewhat lame.'

Presently he came up. Rain had fallen in the night, and the red mud was splashed about his boots and the wheels of the van. The calves within put their noses between the bars and lowed; they were frightened by the motion of the vehicle; but they were not hungry, for they had been fed by Cable before starting. He scarcely said good-morning to Josephine; it was mumbled, but he touched his hat to her. Then he shouldered her travelling-box and put it on the top of the van. This van consisted of a sort of pen or cage on wheels; the sides and top were constructed like a cage, with bars of wood, and between the bars the air got to the calves, and the calves were visible. There was a seat in front, and the door into the pen was behind—it let down so as to form an inclined plane, up and down which the calves could walk, when driven into or out of the cage.

How was Josephine to be accommodated in such a contrivance? Was she to go into the cage among the calves, or to be slung under the conveyance between the wheels, or to be perched on the top, as in an omnibus? Richard pointed with his whip to the driver's seat.

'Am I to sit there?' she asked.—He nodded. 'Then where do you sit?'

He got upon the shaft, as a carter perches himself.

'I do not like to take your place,' said Josephine. 'You will be very uncomfortable there.'

'It is not the first time you have made me uncomfortable. Sit where I have put you. I must be off every few minutes when we come to a hill; then I walk.'

That was—he limped. His thigh was well, but he never could walk with it as formerly. It gave him no pain, and his movements were not ungainly, but there was a decided limp as he walked.

He was not in a mood for conversation. Josephine could touch him as he sat at her feet on the shaft with his back to her. He did not once look round; he went about his work, driving, walking, attending to the calves, as if he were quite alone. Nevertheless, he must have thought of her, for when he came to a piece of road newly stoned, he went leisurely, and glanced furtively behind—not at her face—to see that the jolting did not hurt her; and when a shower came on, without a word he threw his waterproof coat over her knees. Presently they came to a long ascent. He got down and walked. She also descended and walked on the other side from him. She wondered whether his silence would continue the whole way, whether he would relax his sternness.

The journey was tedious; the cob travelled slowly, and the stoppages were long, whilst farmers haggled with Richard over the price of the calves. The sale of these latter did not, however, begin till the road left the red sandstone and approached Dartmoor. The yeomen and farmers in proximity to the moor were a thriving race; they could send any number of young cattle to run on the moor at a nominal fee to the 'Moor-men'—that is, to certain fellows who had the privilege to guard the vast waste of rock and down, of mountain and valley, under the Prince of Wales as Duke of Cornwall; for Dartmoor forest is duchy property though situated in Devon, and indeed occupying its heart. To the present day, it is about the borders of the moor that the old yeoman is still to be found, occupying in many cases his ancestral farm, the buildings of which date back three or four hundred years.

They consist of a large quadrangle; one side is occupied by the dwelling-house, that looks into the yard, but is divided from it by a small raised garden. The major portion of the yard or court is a pen for the half-wild cattle driven in from the moor; and about it are the stables and cow-houses, the 'shippen,' and the 'linneys'—the 'shippen' for sheep, and the 'linneys' for wagons and carts and the farmer's gig.

The worst seasons do not affect the yeomen round the moor; they must thrive, when they have free run for any number of sheep and cattle and horses over the downs, where the grass is always sweet, the water pure, and where disease never makes its appearance. All they have to concern themselves about is a supply of winter-food for the stock. Elsewhere, the depression in agriculture, the repeal of the corn-laws, killed off the yeomen; only on the moor-fringes do they thrive to this day as sturdy, as well-to-do, and as independent, and, it must be added, as delighting in law as of old. Dartmoor lay on the south and east, and the cold clay land of North Devon on the west; land also, as already said, that is excellent running and rearing ground for young cattle. Consequently, Richard Cable, as soon as he reached the frontiers of these two poor lands—one peat, and the other clay—found buyers, but not buyers who were ready to part with their money without a haggle over coppers.

It was not Richard who went after the farmers with his goods, as a chapman goes about among farmhouses with his wares; but the yeomen and farmers came to him. But when they came, they made poor pretences that they had chanced on him when bound elsewhere, or were at the tavern for some other purpose. The times of Richard's arrival were pretty well known. The van travelled slower than the news, as the thunder rolls after the flash. The men who came after calves were all alike in this—they had very red faces, and all filled their clothes to overflow. They had all loud and cheery voices, and a breezy good-humour not unmingled with bluster, bred of the consciousness that their pockets were well lined, and that they were petty lords on their own domains. In one thing, they, moreover, were all deficient—in the knowledge of the value of time. Josephine looked on with wonder at the business Richard did and at the way in which it was done. The scenery was lovely, so lovely that she enjoyed it in spite of the trouble in which she was. The ranges of tors, or granite peaks of the moor, its wildness and barrenness, contrasted with the richness of the country at its feet; now clothed in the many-tinted garment of autumn, gray desolation towering above pillowy woods of gold and amber, of copper and of green. What could be more beautiful? In her present weariness of expectation and disappointment, she longed to fly to the recesses of the moor, build herself a cell there of lichen granite stones, and there spend the rest of her days away from the sight and sounds of men.

At noon on the first day, the van halted at a small wayside inn, and Richard ordered dinner. 'There is but ham and eggs,' he said. 'Your ladyship must put up with that to-day. The ale is bad, but you shall have tolerable ginger beer.'

The night was spent at an old coaching inn, a large rambling place with vast stables. There she was treated to an excellent supper and to the best of rooms; but Richard did not sup with her, or indeed see her after their arrival at the inn.

Next morning he paid the account, and they started on their further course. Her boots had been well cleaned; not so those of Cable, which still bore the red mud splashes that had come on them when they were in the sandstone district.

It was now clear to Josephine that Richard would not agree to a reconciliation; she must abandon the hopes she had entertained that he would unbend and yield. She also had made up her mind; and when they came to a hill, up which both walked, she went to him on his side of the horse. 'Mr Cable,' she said, 'you are at once kind and cruel. You provide for me very differently than for yourself, and make provision that I shall lack no comfort; but you do not give me a good word, and not a look good or bad.'

'Well,' said he, 'of whom have I learned to be cruel? You were scornful and offensive because I did not in a few weeks acquire your ways; and now I am better, I have learned something—that you have taught me—to be unfeeling and seek my own self-interest.'

'No; I was never either one or the other.'

He laughed contemptuously. 'Not unfeeling!' 'No—Richard, I mean Mr Cable—I was thoughtless, but not unfeeling. I was not self-seeking, or I would not have married you.'

'You married me to suit a whim, and when you had me, the whim came to slap me in the face and sneer at my manners.'

She drew a long sigh; there was truth in this, and she did not contradict it.

'But we will not cry over spilt milk and strive to patch up broken eggs. The thing is done and scaled up and stowed away in the lockers of the past.'

'Tell me this, Richard: are you so set against me in your own mind that you will not take me to your side again? Are we never to come nearer each other than as I sit on the box, and you on the shaft, with your back turned to me? Is your face always to look away from me?'

'For ever and for ever. It is your doing.'

'I have trespassed against you, I know; but, I suppose, to all who trespass, forgiveness is due when sought with tears.'

'No,' he said; 'your trespass was too deep.'

'And I am to be for ever separated from you?'

'For ever.'

'Then—Mr Cable, if I am not to be regarded as a wife, I will owe you nothing. I have money, and I will pay for my lodging and food at the inns. I will not be indebted to you for anything.—What had you determined on for me at St Kerian?'

'I also have money; I will not let you want. You shall have all you need to live like a lady; you shall have a house and a servant; and you shall have half of all the money I earn, and I earn now a great deal.'

'I will not touch it—no, not a penny of it.'

'You are proud,' he said, scowling—'proud and wilful; headstrong always.'

'And you are proud, Mr Cable. There is the fortune of Cousin Gabriel Gotham—your father, lying untouched; the rents and dividends are accumulating. You will not have them, and I will not. Yes, you are proud, and I am proud also. I have some spirit left in me, though much is gone. I will live at St Kerian, as that is your wish; but I will not share your money—I will not touch any of it. I will work for my own bread, and not eat that of charity. I have a little money. Good Miss Otterbourne forced a five-pound note on me, and I have saved my wages. I will buy myself a sewing-machine, and live at St Kerian by my own hands and feet. I suppose there is sufficient vanity among the girls there to make them desire to dress beyond their station; and that the government schools have done their work effectually in giving them a distaste for doing their own needlework. So there will be an opportunity for me to pick up a livelihood, and to be indebted to none—to you least of all.'

'Proud,' he muttered—'proud and wayward, as of old. I feed my calves. Why should not I feed you?'

'Because I am not a calf.'

They walked on in silence some way. Josephine's blood was roused. After reaching the top of the hill, before mounting, she said in a less excited and resolute tone: 'Do not call me wrong-headed. I have my self-respect to sustain, and I cannot live on your charity if I may not bear your name.'

Again they drove on some little way—now over a down that commanded a glorious view of rolling land stretching far away to the west and north-west, and of rugged granite peaks, their sides strewn with overturned rocks, divided from each other by clefts, out of which rushed brawling torrents, coffee-coloured with the dye of the peat-bogs out of which they sprung.

When they came to another rise, Josephine dismounted again and walked up the hill beside her husband. The hill was steep, and she walked bent forward, looking at the ground. 'Mr Cable,' she said, 'at the inn where we spent the night, my boots were cleaned, but not yours.'

'No,' he answered, with a short laugh. 'I was not there as a grand gentleman traveller, but as a plain trading wayfarer. They don't black the boots of such as me.'

'They are plastered with mud of many colours.'

'Does it offend you that your driver has dirty boots, my lady?'

'No, Mr Cable; but I think it would be pleasanter for yourself, if your boots were cleaned.'

'My boots! I remember what offence they gave you once. They would not take a polish. They were so steeped in oil that they might not come into your ladyship's boudoir! Are you sneering at my boots again?'

'No, Richard; I never sneer now.' She put her delicate hand over her brow and wiped it, and then got up into her place again.

Presently they came to a spring that gushed into a granite trough—a spring of such crystalline brightness, that looking down through the water was like looking through a magnifying glass. There was a button at the bottom of the trough, and one could distinguish the four holes in it.

'This water is very good and fresh; shall I give you some?' asked Richard Cable.

'No,' answered Josephine. 'I will take nothing from you, not even a cup of cold water. I will help myself. I will take nothing till it is offered in love.'

He looked hastily at her, and saw that her eyes were full of tears. He trembled, and lashed his horse savagely, and uttered something much like an oath. He was angry with the cob—it was going to sleep over its journey; and a horse that goes to sleep whilst walking is liable to fall and cut its knees. Richard Cable detected, or fancied he detected, somnolency in the horse, and he worried it with whip and jerk of rein till he had roused it to full activity and a trot, whereat all the calves began to low and plead not to be so severely shaken; but Cable had no compassion on the calves; he lashed into the horse, and made it run along as it had not run that day or last.

'It is all pride and wilfulness,' he said to himself.

From sitting on the shaft with his legs hanging down, they were much splashed with mud by the horse, as it went through every wet and dirty place in the road; this was especially the case when it was trotting; and Richard, looking down at his boots, saw them caked with mud, layer on layer, or clot on clot; below was the red, then the white mud of the pounded granite, then the brown of loamy land, then black from peat-water, where the road traversed the down.

'They are a bit unsightly,' he said to himself. 'And when I come to Sticklepath, where I put up for the night, I'll mind and have them dried over the fire in the kitchen; and I'll clean them myself in the morning. She's right—one ought to keep one's-self respectable.'

When they reached the place called Sticklepath, a hamlet with an inn, and a chapel whitewashed and thatched with straw, and looking like a cottage, he ordered supper, and then went after his cob, to rub it down with straw. He was careful of his beast, and always attended to his comforts and necessities himself. Then he got milk for the calves; but when he came out into the yard, he found Josephine there with a pan of skimmed milk, dipping in her hand and holding it to the hungry creatures, who opened their pink wet mouths and mumbled her hand till they had sucked off it all the milk.

'How proud she is!' muttered Cable. 'She does this out of wickedness—to pay me for having given her a lift in my van. She will owe me nothing.'

Before he went to bed, he took his boots to the kitchen and asked that they might be put where they would dry before morning, when he would brush them over himself. He slept soundly that night; and on waking, dressed himself, brushed the mud off the bottoms of his trousers, and then descended in his stocking-soles in quest of his boots. As he came down the back-stairs, he could look into and across the kitchen, and he saw behind it, in the back-shed that served the purpose of boothole and back kitchen, the figure of Josephine. She stood near the door, with the fresh morning light streaming in on her, and white pigeons flying about outside, and perching near the

door, expecting the morning largess of crumbs. She had her sleeves turned back, exposing her beautiful arms, and—she was blackening his boots.

SOME HINTS TO AMATEUR ACTORS.

MAKING-UP.

WHAT amateur actor thoroughly understands the art of making-up? There are many who think they do, but who generally succeed in producing a different impression upon their audience; and when a performance is given under professional superintendence, the wise course is usually followed of hiring an artist from the perruquier to perform the necessary transformations. Professional actors dispense, as a rule, with the services of any such auxiliary, and there seems to be no reason why amateurs should not do the same. All that is needed for the purpose of changing one's appearance is a little knowledge and a little imagination. The knowledge extends to what colours must be used in making-up the face for different characters; and the imagination should teach how those colours should be applied in order to produce the desired effect at the proper distance.

In the first place, we have to remember that the actor is to be seen in an artificial light, where, except in burlesque or pantomime, he wishes his face to present a natural appearance. In order to judge of the effect he is to produce, it is therefore necessary that he should make-up by the same light as that in which he is to perform. To make-up by candle-light for a gaslight performance would be a great mistake; for there is probably as much difference between the colours of these two lights as there is between that of gaslight and of the light produced by electricity. Colours which look perfectly natural by gaslight, appear, when seen by daylight, to be hideously overburdened with yellow. The fact is that all artificial lights possess the power of 'killing' yellow, some in a greater and some in a less degree; so that we must always remember to add a certain proportion of yellow to any pigments whose effect by daylight we desire to reproduce upon the stage. A person ignorant of this will struggle ineffectually to impart freshness to the colour of his complexion by the aid of white alone, and only succeed in producing what professional critics contemptuously characterise as a 'dirty make-up.' This property which gaslight possesses of 'killing' yellow probably furnishes the reason why a clear and healthy complexion looks muddy and haggard if exhibited in the full glare of the footlights. It explains, in fact, the necessity for making-up, even when the actor does not wish to alter the character of his face.

Before making-up, the actor should dress for his part and put on his wig, if he has to wear one. These preparations will enable him to judge of the effect he is producing far better than if they were postponed until the completion of the make-up. The face should previously be washed in order to remove any perspiration which would prevent the colours from adhering smoothly to the skin. It is first necessary to powder the face and neck to the required tint for the general complexion. This should be done with

violet powder or pearl powder with which a little powdered chrome has been mixed—how much, the judgment must decide—with a little red. If the character is a youthful one and the complexion clear and delicate, vermillion in the powdered form is the proper red to use. For sunburnt soldiers or dark-skinned foreigners, Armenian bole (a dark reddish brown) is to be preferred. Combinations of these two reds in suitable proportions with yellow and white will give all the varieties of complexion likely to be wanted.

The next step is to rouge the cheeks. This should be done with vermillion applied by means of a hare's foot. If the complexion is dark brown, vermillion will still be necessary if any warmth of colour is to be imparted to the cheeks, as the addition of more Armenian bole will only make the complexion dull and heavy. The red should be applied close up to the eyes—higher up than it appears in nature—the effect of the strong contrast of colours being to give the eyes a more brilliant appearance. A little red should also be applied under the eyebrows, to counteract the cavernous appearance caused by the shadows thrown upwards by the footlights; but the eyelids should not be reddened unless an expression of grief or age is desired. The marking of the eyebrows is frequently overdone by amateurs, who over-estimate the effect of distance in toning down strong lines. An eyebrow pencil, which should be dark brown or black, may be used either to increase the length or the thickness of the natural eyebrows. By increasing their thickness we give a sterner and more masculine expression to the face; but their natural length should not be increased unless it is conspicuously deficient. The expression of the eyes is greatly assisted by a thin line close under the lower eyelashes. This line should be dark brown or black, but it is only necessary in a theatre or a large hall. At a drawing-room performance it is better omitted. For many parts, also, it is necessary that the nose should be treated so as to bring the face into harmony with the desired characteristics. This requires some skill and care.

If any false hair is to be put upon the face, this should be done before the colouring is completed. False hair is made to adhere by means of liquid 'spirit gum.' The gum should be laid upon the face with a camel-hair brush, and the hair should then be applied and pressed home with a damp towel. The hair is easily pulled off again after the performance; and the remains of the spirit gum may be removed with the aid of a little grease, which will prevent any subsequent soreness of the skin. Most actors prefer vaseline for this purpose; but spermaceti ointment, or even lard, will do equally well; and the writer once used salad oil with a perfectly satisfactory result.

If the actor has a moustache of his own which he wishes to hide, this is a delicate and difficult task to accomplish. The best way is to rub the two sides of the moustache down with a moist cake of soap until the hairs all adhere flatly to the face. If the ends persist in sticking out, they may sometimes be fastened down with a little spirit gum, which must be applied before the soap is laid on. When the gum is dry, the soap should

be passed over it. The use of the soap serves two purposes: it sticks the hair down flat against the face, and it forms an adhesive surface for the powder afterwards to be applied. The operation must be performed before the complexion is made-up, and as much time as possible should be allowed for the soap to dry. Practice alone can make a person an adept at concealing his moustache, and of course some of these ornaments are so thick and bristly that they obstinately refuse to be effaced at all.

The art of 'lining' the face to simulate the wrinkles of age is one very imperfectly understood. Frequently does the amateur performer draw a labyrinthine meshwork of thin dark lines, which only convey the effect of a dirty face when seen upon the stage. The point to decide is rather how few than how many wrinkles to mark upon the face. A few broad touches partaking more of the nature of shadows than of mere lines, will often give an effect which would be destroyed by any attempt at a more minute treatment. The lines should be made with dark red, not black. An ordinary water-colour cake and a small brush are the implements needed. The natural wrinkles of the face will afford the best guide to where the artificial ones are to be painted, although, of course, they must be varied according to the character to be represented. For example, in marking the 'crows'-feet' in the outer corners of the eyes, a jovial expression is given by drawing the lines downwards, and a serious or mournful expression by drawing them upwards. It should further be borne in mind that if the light is strong, the lining will require to be strong in proportion; but in performing by an imperfect light, the lining should be subdued as much as possible.

If a wig with a bald front is to be worn, it must be carefully fixed before the face is made-up. The bald front is joined to the face by the aid of 'wig-paste.' This consists of a pinkish colouring matter combined with wax; consequently, it readily melts with warmth. A little of the paste should be rubbed upon the forehead and also upon the inside of the bald front. The latter should then be fitted to its proper position in front, and the wig should be carefully drawn over the head. No attempt should be made to adjust the bald front after the wig is on, as this will invariably spoil the set of it. When the wig is on, some wig-paste must be rubbed over the joint between the bald front and the forehead. The complexion must, of course, be made up to match the colour upon the bald front, and the latter must be powdered to conceal any glossiness which would mark a distinction between it and the face. If the actor's moustache or whiskers have to be whitened, a moist cake of soap should be passed over them, to enable the powder to adhere to them. We must remember to temper our white with yellow in producing the effect of gray hair, unless we wish to represent a cold bluish gray.

We have described some processes of making-up with the ordinary powders which may be obtained at any chemist's shop. Of late years, 'grease-paints'—which are manufactured in the same manner as wig-paste, only in various colours—have come largely into use. These grease-paints are sold, like wig-paste, in sticks at fivepence or

sixpence apiece. The grease-paint may be applied to the face by first rubbing it in the palm of the hand, where any desired combination of colours can be mixed. Grease-paints are not liable, like powders, to be disturbed by perspiration; and by their use, the process of making-up the face to match the bald front of a wig is greatly facilitated, and they are therefore much in request by actors who play 'old men and character business.' A small stick of dark-red grease-paint cut to a point with a penknife does admirably for lining the face. These paints can be removed from the skin easily with the aid of grease, but they should not be applied to the hair. We believe the composition of these paints to be no difficult art, and we have heard that an eminent London actor always makes his own grease-paints. As regards what can be purchased ready made, we prefer the sticks of German manufacture.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

'I HOPE to goodness, dear Lady Cheshunt won't disappoint me at the last moment. Her presence would give quite an eclat to the affair. But she is so eccentric and forgetful—at least so I am given to understand—that little dependence can be placed on anything she promises.'

'After what Mr Roding has done for her nephew in obtaining for him such an excellent appointment in the City, it would be very ungrateful of her not to come.'

'It would be just like her not to do so. Her nephew has got the appointment, and I have no doubt that is all she cares about. And yet, I do so wish she would put in an appearance, although she is only a baronet's widow, and is deaf and disagreeable into the bargain. Mrs Barker and Mrs Wignall will both be here, and I know for a fact that neither of them has been able to secure any one of higher standing than a Dean's daughter at their dinner-parties.—Well, we can but hope for the best. I sincerely trust that the dining-room of our next house will be nothing like so cramped in size as this one.'

'Surely, you are not thinking of leaving this house already! You have only been in it since last June.'

'That may be,' said the elder lady with a nod of her head, which she meant to be full of significance; 'but Mr Roding has said several times of late that he doesn't like this neighbourhood. Now that he is coining a fortune so rapidly, he thinks we ought to aspire to something higher—that, in fact, we ought to get into a different "set." He even hints at a mansion in Tyburnia or West Kensington; and I myself often feel that I am scarcely in my proper sphere in these suburban circles, however exclusive they may try to make people believe they are.'

The person who enunciated this candid expression of opinion was Mrs Matthew Roding, of Chesterfield Villa, Tulse Hill. She might have been two or three and thirty years of age, and was not without considerable pretensions to good looks; but as against those pretensions must be

set down her vanity, her affectations, and a selfishness so transparent as to deceive nobody. Although it was still early forenoon, she was as overdressed as she always was. She would not merely have been offended, she would have disbelieved any one who told her how much more attractive she would have looked in a simple morning robe, and minus her rings, chains, and bangles, than in the befurbelowed and beflooned dress, with its long rustling train, which she was now wearing. But not to every one is it given to appreciate the charms of 'sweet simplicity.'

Her companion was a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl of twenty, Mary Nunnely by name. She was a distant relative of Mrs Roding, and was the orphaned daughter of a country doctor who had died in impoverished circumstances. When, after her father's death, and with only twenty pounds in the world, a home was offered her by Mrs Roding, Mary gratefully accepted it, and here she was still. But Mrs Roding knew quite well what she was about in making the offer in question. The world gave her credit for doing a charitable action, which is a charge that all of us can bear with equanimity; while at the same time she obtained a companion for herself, whom she could snub or make much of, as the whim might take her, and a governess for her only child, at a much less cost than the market price of that commodity. Fortunately for herself, Mary had one of those happy dispositions which not all the little slights and snubs to which she was subjected, disagreeable though they might be and were at the time, had power either to sour or harden. The sunshine might be clouded for a little while, but that was all; a few raindrops might fall, but April showers are gone almost as quickly as they come. Then, again, Mary was not without certain compensations, of which Mrs Roding knew nothing; of what nature these compensations were, we may learn later on.

Scarcely had the last envelope been addressed, when there was a sudden disturbance and irruption. Through the open window which looked on to the lawn came prancing, with an activity which belied his apparent years, a very tall, gaunt, bony, white-haired old man, with massive aquiline features, bushy eyebrows, and keen, deep-set, cavernous eyes. He was dressed in a black tail-coat and pepper-and-salt trousers, with a black silk neckcloth, and a high pointed collar. On his back he was carrying a boy some five or six years old, in one of whose hands was a tin sword; while the other held a toy trumpet, on which he was sounding a fanfare with all the breath at his command. The old man in question was 'Grandad' Roding, aged seventy-two this very day; the youngster was his grandson Freddy. Grandad just now was supposed to represent a fiery Arab steed, while Freddy was a gallant knight riding away to the wars.

Mrs Roding's hands went quickly up to her ears. 'Child, child! do you want to drive me crazy!' she cried. 'Do at once cease that horrid noise.'

'It ain't howid; it's bootiful,' answered Freddy the bold, and with that he blew another blast, louder than before. Then to his steed he said 'Whca!' and proceeded to dismount on to a chair. The steed sat down on another chair,

slightly blown. Mrs Roding looked as black as a thundercloud.

Turning to his daughter-in-law, as soon as he had recovered his breath a little, Grandad said: 'I have come to thank you, Matilda, for the pretty posy I found on my breakfast table this morning: it shows you have not forgotten what day this is.'

'I don't know what you mean "by a pretty posy,"' answered Mrs Roding in her most ungracious manner. 'Certainly, it was no present of mine: neither do I understand your allusion to what day this is.'

'Ah, then, if the posy didn't come from you, I can give a good guess who it did come from; and his eyes turned meaningly on Mary, who, however, was busy affixing postage stamps and did not seem to hear a word.

Turning again to Mrs Roding, Grandad went on: 'If you have forgotten what day this is, or don't care to remember, I may just remind you that it's my birthday. I'm seventy-two years old to-day—sev-enty-two.'

'Ah, indeed. Well?'

'Nothing much. Only, I want you to do the same to-day as you did last year, and the year before that. I want you and Matthew to come and dine with me in my room, and'—

'It is quite impossible—altogether out of the question, Mr Roding; so you needn't say another word. My husband and I are engaged to dine out this evening in Upper Brook Street, where we expect to meet a number of distinguished people.'

'Ah, in that case, as you say, not another word is needed. Still, I'm sorry; but that matters to nobody but myself.—Come, sonny, let's off to the wars.' He bent his long back; and Freddy, standing on a chair, remounted his gallant steed; and away the two ambled out on the lawn, Freddy blowing a parting blast of defiance as they went. It was noticeable that the child never went near his mother, nor, after his first remark, addressed a single word to her.

'Tiresome old man!' remarked Mrs Roding as soon as the two were out of hearing. 'But he can't expect many more birthdays at his time of life. He's getting quite into his dotage; and the way he spoils that child is altogether outrageous. I must really persuade Matthew to insist upon his living in a little cottage somewhere in the country, with an old woman to look after him.'

As there was nothing in this remark that seemed to call for any reply from Mary, she made none to it. Presently she said, in her quiet way: 'Had I not better go and post these notes at once, and then most of them will get delivered in the course of the afternoon?'

'Perhaps it would be as well to do so, seeing the time is so short. I must consult Mr Roding about the menu. He's quite an hour past his time this morning. I never knew him to be so late before.'

Scarcely had the words left her lips when Matthew Roding entered the room. At the same moment, Mary Nunnely left it by another door.

Five minutes later, Mary was speeding down the street to the nearest post-office. It was a bright spring morning, and the fresh air and sunshine brought out the delicate roses in her cheeks, which, when she was indoors, were less seen than

suggested. As she was turning a corner rather quickly, she nearly ran into the arms of a young man who was coming with rapid strides in the opposite direction. They both started back in amazement, and then they both laughed: Mary blushed as well.

'Why, Ruff!' exclaimed the astonished girl.

'Why, Mary, my darling!' cried the young man; and then somehow he got possession of her hand. 'It's the luckiest thing in the world that we should have met in this way.'

'Why is it the luckiest thing in the world?' asked the girl demurely.

'Let me turn and walk with you, and then I will tell you,' was the answer.

Ruff Roding was the son of Matthew Roding, and was secretly engaged to Mary Nunnely; but this was a fact of which no one save Grandad was cognisant.

But before proceeding further, it will simplify matters to explain, as briefly as may be, the position of the different members of the Roding family with regard to each other at the time we take up their history.

Some fifty-five years previously, Abel Roding, a rawboned country youth, fresh from school, the second son of a small Cumberland 'statesman,' found himself thrown, by no wish or will of his own, into the great seething vortex of London life. There was no room for him at home, and he had come all the way to London Town to fill the situation of junior clerk in the counting-house of Messrs Dibble and Tyson, oil and flax merchants, Bankside. In the service of this firm he had remained, without any thought of change or wish to try to better his fortunes elsewhere, till his fiftieth birthday had come and gone. Then Mr Dibble died—the other partner had died twenty years before—and Dibble junior, who preferred club-life at the west end to looking after such vulgar commodities as oil and jute in the east, was glad to benefit by the long experience of Abel Roding and take him into partnership. Five years later, Abel was in a position to buy out Dibble junior, and take over the business into his own hands. This he did, but without changing the long-standing title of the firm.

His home-life during all these years had not been without its changes. At the age of two-and-twenty he had married, but only to lose his wife some three or four years later. She left him with a son two years old. This child, Abel, not without many pangs of regret at having to part from him, despatched to his old home among the Cumberland fells, where there were plenty of warm-hearted women-folk to look after the motherless boy, and where he would grow up hearty and strong amid the wind and sunshine of the moors. After this brief episode, Abel Roding's domestic life settled down into a routine from which it never varied for forty long years. He rented a couple of rooms in a quiet street off the City Road, with windows that looked on to the New River, which at that time had not been covered in. These rooms were consecrated to him by the memory of his young wife, and not even after the oil and flax business had become his own did he care to leave them.

Except when the weather was very bad, Abel, accompanied by his stout gingham, walked to and fro between his lodgings and the office. At other

times the 'bus conveyed him. He never varied more than a couple of minutes in his time of leaving home, and his return might be predicted with almost equal certainty. He always dined at one place, a little, dingy, out-of-the-way tavern, where even on the brightest day in summer a glimmer of gas was needed. Two or three evenings a week he spent a couple of hours in the bar-parlour of a quaint, old-fashioned tavern in the Essex Road, which since those days has been transmogrified into a flaring gin-palace of the most pronounced type. Here a little knot of congenial spirits were wont to assemble, nearly all of whom were brothers of the angle: Islington, of old called 'merrie,' was always noted for the number of its disciples of the 'gentle craft.' Over church-warden pipes and a few modest 'goes' of grog, matters piscatorial and political were discussed with equal gusto, minnows and ministers both coming in for their due meed of criticism. By half-past ten the company, gently mellowed, had broken up and gone discreetly home, like good citizens who knew they had business to attend to on the morrow. On other evenings, Abel stayed quietly at home with no company save that of his beloved fiddle. He had a fair ear for music, and some taste into the bargain, and, as he expressed it, could play sufficiently well to please himself, which was all that was needed. The music of his choice was in the main that of dead and gone and all but forgotten *maestri* of the French and Italian schools of the last century. He was apt to look askance at compositions of a more modern date. He remained faithful to the loves of his youth, and desired to know none other.

Every autumn he went down to Cumberland for a week to see his boy. The lad grew up strong, wilful, impetuous, and boastful; there was a strain of blood in him which it was difficult to believe he could have inherited from his *staid*, thrifty, shrewd, yet unambitious ancestors on his father's side. Young Matthew Roding would never have been content to spend his life within the narrow confines of a Cumberland valley. By-and-by it came to the question of a career for him, and Abel was utterly puzzled what to do with the lad. Fortunately, the difficulty soon solved itself. From a distant connection came the offer of a situation in a stock and share broker's office in Liverpool. It was an offer that young Matthew jumped at. Even at that early age, the one ambition of his life was to live and die a rich man, and now his foot would be planted on the lowest rung of the ladder he meant to climb. So to Liverpool he went.

Several years passed, and, to all appearance, Matthew Roding had done nothing to justify the ambitious dreams of his youth. He was a clerk at a hundred pounds a year, and nothing more. At an early age, he committed the imprudence of marrying a girl as poor as himself; but his married life, like that of his father, was not of long duration. In a few years he was a widower, and left, as his father had been left, with one son, who in due course was sent to Cumberland to be there brought up; and so more years went by.

This youngest member of the Roding family—Ruff by name—proved to be a born artist, although those around him either would not or

could not recognise the fact till the lad was well on into his teens. He began to draw men and women, horses, cows, and sheep, after a rude but intuitive fashion, before he could either read or write; and as he grew in years the faculty grew with him. When he was fifteen years old his father sent for him. A stool had been found for him in a Liverpool counting-house, and, much to Ruff's disgust, he was made to feel that there was no option left him but to accept it.

Meanwhile, Matthew Roding had married again, and this time his wife brought him a dowry of five thousand pounds. With this sum for a basis, he began to speculate boldly, and in the main successfully. In a little while, he threw up his situation and took to himself a partner, of like proclivities to his own. The new firm called themselves 'financial agents;' but in reality they speculated largely on their own account, and at length Matthew Roding's dream of a fortune seemed on the high-road to be realised. He had not, however, calculated on one possibility, which was that of having a rogue for his partner. During a brief holiday which the state of Matthew's health compelled him to take, this man absconded, taking with him not merely the firm's balance at the bank, but every negotiable security he could lay hands on. At forty-five years of age, Matthew Roding found himself a ruined man. The blow was a terrible one.

In the meantime, matters had gone anything but smoothly between Ruff and his father. The lad hated the drudgery to which he was condemned, but his father persistently kept his nose to the grindstone. He had no belief in Ruff's ability as an artist, and scouted the idea of any son of his attempting to earn a livelihood after a fashion which to him seemed little better than disreputable. Then, again, Ruff's stepmother had from the first taken a strange dislike to him: it was the narrow jealousy of a narrow-minded woman; and that did not tend to make home more attractive to him. At length the inevitable climax came. An election was at hand, and party feeling ran high. Certain clever caricatures and *jeux-d'esprit*, which attracted considerable attention at the time, were traced home to Ruff Roding, and the consequence was an explosion. The firm by whom Ruff was employed happened to be on the opposite side—the side caricatured—and they at once gave the audacious young satirist notice to quit; while his father sternly forbade him ever to cross his threshold again. Nothing daunted, the young man set out for London, determined to seek his fortune there with the help of that gift which nature had so evidently implanted within him. But before that happened, he had set eyes on Mary Nunnely.

Ruff's grandfather received him kindly, and applauded the resolution he had taken, much to the young fellow's surprise. They had not met since Ruff left Cumberland; but before that, on the occasions of Grandad's annual visits to the north, they had been much together, and each had conceived a strong affection for the other. Ruff had brought a few pounds with him to London, together with a portfolio full of sketches and water-colour drawings of various degrees of merit, or demerit; and he proceeded to establish himself in a third-floor-front in that portion of the west-central district which is most affected

by struggling geniuses in his particular line. He had taken lessons for some years in one of the Liverpool night-schools; but he knew how defective his education in that respect still was, and he at once set about remedying it. He husbanded his resources to the utmost; but his tiny store of sovereigns slowly dwindled, and at times even his sanguine spirit began to despair. By-and-by, however, he contrived to dispose of a few of his water-colours, of course at a ridiculously low figure, and he was also enabled to earn a few precarious shillings by his drawings for one or two papers, chiefly of the 'penny dreadful' kind. Later, but not till his struggle had lasted for three long years, he found more permanent and lucrative employment on some of the higher class of illustrated papers and magazines.

Every Sunday, Ruff made a point of dining with his grandfather at Islington. Grandad and he got on famously together, and the old gentleman was never tired of listening to the account of the young man's struggles and adventures during the week; and yet, strange to say, he never even hinted at opening his pursestrings for the other's benefit. Probably, he was not without reasons which seemed good to himself for his apparent penuriousness. As for Ruff, he had only the haziest notion of what his grandfather's position in life really was. He had a vague recollection of having heard that the old man had succeeded to a business of some kind; but, judging from his surroundings and mode of life generally—he never failed to grumble if his 'bus fares for the week amounted to more than ninepence—Ruff concluded that the business in question was probably that of a small shopkeeper in some out-of-the-way nook of London. He was altogether incurious in the matter, and the old man never spoke about his private concerns. No one would have been more amazed than Ruff Roding had he been told that his grandfather's cheque for ten thousand pounds, or it may be for double that amount, would have been duly honoured by his bankers.

When Matthew Roding found himself a ruined man, he went up to London to consult his father, who at that time was sixty-nine years old, but by no means looked his age. The result was that Matthew accepted the position of managing clerk to his father at the same salary that had been paid his predecessor, who had lately died. Half a loaf was better than no bread, and the situation would afford Matthew breathing-time while waiting for something better to turn up.

Abel, who had seen but little of his son during the past twenty years, had never rightly gauged the ambition of the latter—an ambition which rendered a life of plodding industry, even though there might be substantial gains at the back of it, utterly distasteful to him. If Matthew Roding ever conquered fortune it must be by 'leaps and bounds;' his father's old-fashioned mode of doing business had no charms for him.

Matthew's knowledge of his father's business transactions, or of the probable amount of his income, had only been a little less vague than that of Ruff; consequently, he was more than surprised, he was amazed, when he came to look into the books and to sum up in their totality the entries he found there; but his amazement had a large element of the agreeable mixed with it. If figures

spoke the truth, his father must be a much richer man than he had ever imagined him to be. The bank pass-book told him nothing except the amount of deposits and withdrawals; but to what purposes the latter were applied he had no means of ascertaining, his father's private ledger being sacred from every eye but his own. Matthew began to have visions of a possible partnership before he was much older, and of something better still when his father's span of days should be finally run. He began to respect the old gentleman as he had never respected him before, and to feel an interest in the fluctuations of oil and hemp which would have seemed impossible to him three months previously. Having a definite end in view, he resolutely set himself towards the attainment of it. He dressed as soberly as Abel himself, and, to all appearance, lived almost as penuriously—but only in appearance. He reached the office as punctually in the morning, and stayed as late in the afternoon as his father did; but his evenings were his own, and he spent them after his own fashion. And so a twelve-month went by, and then Abel Roding made the one great mistake of his life.

Ever since his start in London, it had been the wish of his heart to be able one day to retire with a competency, great or small, as the fates might determine. He was seventy years of age; his son had taken to the business in a way that both surprised and delighted him; surely now, if ever, was the time for him to carry out his long-cherished wish. He was not a man to do things by halves when once he had made up his mind. Instead of taking Matthew into partnership, he determined to make the business over to him in its entirety, and secede from it altogether himself. A month later, Matthew Roding, to his unbounded astonishment, found himself sole master of the situation, with a balance of ten thousand pounds transferred to his name at the bank—the frugal savings of his father's lifetime. One or two stipulations Abel made: the first was, that the name of the firm should in nowise be changed; and another was, that Matthew should find board and lodging for him under his own roof, free of charge, for the remaining term of his life.

THE CENTENARY OF THE FIRST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

THE month of August last marked the centenary of the first successful ascent of Mont Blanc, by Horace Benedict de Saussure; and the inauguration, this summer, of a monument to the Swiss savant at Chamouni was consequently made the occasion of a popular demonstration in his honour. How much Saussure did towards rescuiting the obscure valleys of the Arve and Chamouni from oblivion, the following brief sketch of his life and scientific work will show.

Saussure was born in 1740; and at an early age he was the associate of such men as Pictet the astronomer, Bonnet the philosopher and mathematician, and Albrecht Haller of Berne. At the age of nineteen, when still a student at the Geneva Academy, he wrote a work on the Nature of Fire. Becoming acquainted with the investi-

gations of J. Pitton de Tournefort and the great Linnæus, the young Professor of Mathematics commenced the study of botany. In 1762 he became Professor of Philosophy. About the same time, electricity began to engage the attention of the scientists of the period. After studying the works of Franklin, Volta, and Nollet, Saussure invented, in 1784, a portable electrometer, which he used in his investigations of aerial electricity. Saussure was a great traveller, and in 1768 he visited France, Belgium, and England. The year 1772 found him in the scientific circles of Paris. Subsequently, he travelled in Italy, visiting Tuscany, the Italian islands, and Rome, where he was historian, antiquary, naturalist, and artist at the same time. He then proceeded to Naples and Sicily, where he climbed Etna, the craters of which supplied scientific work for him. Everywhere he carried with him his meteorological and hygrometrical instruments and the indispensable hammer, collecting whatever seemed interesting to him. On returning from his travels, he collected his experiences and gave them to the world.

Saussure's greatest merit consists in his study of the Alps, in which branch of investigation he was the pioneer, taking observations on air-pressure, temperature, light, and electricity on their heights, which are still used at the present day. At the opening of the eighteenth century, a perfect travel-fever seized upon savants, and the latter gradually penetrated into the Alpine world. The Alps of Savoy were the least known. The fertile and beautiful valley of the Arve was visited from Geneva; but the valley of Chamouni, lying at the foot of Mont Blanc, remained almost a closed book. And yet this valley is one of the most wonderful of the Alps. It is far from any route of communication, almost isolated, trending in a direction from north-east to south-west, from twenty to twenty-five miles long, and only about a mile wide. It is watered by the Arve, and bounded on the north-east by the Col de Balme, on the south-west by the Lacha and Vaudagne, on the north by the Brevent and the chain of the Aiguilles ranges and by Mont Blanc (15,732 feet). The village of Chamouni, which at that time was inhabited by chamois-hunters and shepherds, was poor and little known. In the summer of 1741, two Englishmen (Pocock and Wyndham) penetrated into the obscure valley and made it known to the world. From that time, the number of visitors increased. Twenty years later, two Englishmen made the first attempt on Mont Blanc, but did not reach the region of snow. Saussure, in his eagerness to study the Alps, also paid a visit to the valley, and ascended, within a radius of about two hundred and fifty square miles of the Alpine world, a number of peaks of average height. On August 1 to 3, 1787, finally, he made, in company with his servant and eighteen experienced guides, the first successful ascent of Mont Blanc, which undertaking he describes in his charming pamphlet, '*Relation d'un Voyage abrégé à la Cime du Mont Blanc en Août 1787.*'

Up to 1834 the mountain was ascended only seventeen times, after that year more frequently, and now ascents are of common occurrence. This summer, the highest point of Mont Blanc

was reached by two Russian ladies, the sisters Gortchakoff; they made the ascent in twenty hours. The ladies, who were accompanied by two guides, were enthusiastically received on their return to Chamouni, and almost buried in flowers. Amongst the 1032 persons who, up to the present year, have scaled Mont Blanc, there are a few other instances of ladies having successfully made the ascent. Englishmen are most largely represented in the crowd who have successfully ascended the mountain. Since Saussure's ascent, many routes have been discovered by which the summit may be reached much more easily and more quickly. At the present day, Chamouni is a beautiful village with many hotels, and is visited every year from June to September by thousands of travellers. The inhabitants of Chamouni are indebted for their present prosperity to the intrepid traveller and scholar whom they have honoured this year.

OUR HOLIDAY GHOST.

Two years ago, last July, my better-half, one morning after breakfast, came and placed her arms affectionately on my shoulders, and gazing into my face, made the portentous remark: 'John, dearest, I don't think you are looking half well.'

'Really, my love!' I replied with composure; for I had never felt better in my life.

'No, dear. You look jaded and worn-out rather. You have been sticking too close to that horrid work of late, and I am sure you want a rest.'

Now, experience had taught me that these spontaneous manifestations of sympathetic concern on the score of my health—which by a strange coincidence had recurred about the middle of every summer of our five years of married life—were the invariable preliminary to a proposal for a stay of some weeks in the country or at the seaside; so, with a prompt and commendable appreciation of the situation, I rejoined: 'That is to say, you mean that you are tired of Carlisle, and would like a change, eh? Well, I have been thinking about it myself, to tell you the truth. I suppose we must go somewhere. And what is the favoured spot that your ladyship would like to patronise this summer?'

'John, you are an old dear!' answered my wife with seeming irrelevance, but with great fervour. Then taking up a newspaper, she continued: 'Look here—what do you think of this?' pointing to the following advertisement:

'Seaside Lodgings.—Porthpenllwyd, Pembrokeshire. To let, for any period between three and six weeks, during the temporary absence of the owner, a comfortable Cottage, furnished. Suitable for small family. Beautifully situated on St Bride's Bay, in a village of three hundred inhabitants. Bathing and fishing excellent. Use of boat. Every convenience. Terms moderate.—Apply X Z, the Post-office, Porthpenllwyd, R.S.O.'

'What, in the name of fortune,' I exclaimed, 'pos- ses you to think of going to an outlandish place with an unpronounceable jaw-breaker of a name like that? Why, it will take us two days at least to get there; and when we do get there, we may find ourselves in the midst of a

land of barbarians, in the etymological sense, who won't understand a word we say without an interpreter. You would be tired of it in less than a week, and find it slower than Silloth.'

'Impossible,' said she emphatically, as the recollection of a month spent at that watering-place rose vividly before her mind. 'No, dear; I thought it would be such a thorough change for us. You know I've always longed to go to Wales. And if the inhabitants are barbarians, as you call them, so much the more fun; we can have all the sensation of being on the continent, and getting misunderstood, for less than half the expense!—Besides, I don't think it is such an outlandish place. I believe it is this Porth—what is it?—that I have heard Ethel Austin speak of as one of the quaintest, most delightful old-fashioned villages you could find. It was Porth—something, anyway; and I know my cousin Tom, who is in India, once went down as far as St David's Head, and simply raved about St Bride's Bay for ever afterwards. And I thought, dear' (insinuatingly), 'you always said you liked a quiet place, and that the racket of a fashionable resort was no change for you,' &c.

I caved in. To make a long story short, the matter ended, as every sensible reader has foreseen it would, in my writing to X Z (a gentleman, it turned out, of the uncommon name of Jones), and settling, after satisfactory inquiry, to take the house for a month from the beginning of August. Accordingly, we left Carlisle at the appointed time, a party of four; the other two being Master Jack—the junior member of our family, a sturdy young gentleman of the mature age of three and a half—and his nurse, Maria Emma (pron. 'Mariar-emmer'), who was his constant and devoted attendant.

I resist the temptation to expatiate on the events of our journey, or to launch forth into detailed description of our travelling miseries, which culminated in the seemingly interminable ride in a crowded old-fashioned stagecoach along a road the nature of which has already been sufficiently and graphically expressed by the laconic description, 'Sixteen miles and seventeen hills.' Very novel and romantic it was, no doubt, to sit on the box of a last-century coach, with the horn of the postillion tootling merrily away to awaken the echoes all around, and the crack of the driver's whip combining with the sound of his terrific guttural objurgations to stimulate the flagging energies of the horses to activity; while away to our left stretched the calm blue expanse of St Bride's Bay, sparkling and scintillating into myriad gems in the golden beams of the setting sun, as we sped up hill and down dale along its shores. All very poetical and stimulating to the imagination, no doubt. But one appreciates these things better when they do not come on top of a day and a half's dusty railway travelling, and when one is not in a frame of mind which is far more concerned about supper than scenery.

Well, we arrived at Porthpenllwyd at last, and found our cottage all our fancy painted it, and more. It was beautifully situated and no mistake, standing by itself, and overlooking a placid creek a furlong wide, which wound its way in a graceful curve between lofty cliffs, covered with a wealth of blooming heather and gorse for three-quarters of a mile inland. Mr Jones (alias X Z), a

pleasant-looking old bachelor of fifty, was there to receive us, and did the honours that night with great courtesy, leaving on the following morning, after showing us round generally, and seeing that we were comfortably settled in our temporary abode.

Of the first week of our stay there is not much to record except the usual series of seaside enjoyments—the perfection of bathing in water as clear as crystal, boating and fishing of every kind in abundance, plenty of beautiful scenery to keep my wife's brush abundantly employed (Laura is fond of sketching), plenty of bright shells on the beach to be gathered diligently by the assiduous Mariaremmmer for John junior's delectation—in short, everything calculated to satisfy and delight people who can enjoy life under conditions of Arcadian and primitive simplicity. I will not dwell on these events, but hasten on to the climax of my story.

On the eighth day, I think it was, after our arrival, my wife, who had gone down to the village, according to the established usage of Porthpenllwyd, to inquire for letters at the post-office, came rushing into the house in a breathless state of excitement. 'O John, who do you think is in the village?'

'Well, I should imagine, the Shah of Persia at least, or perhaps the Prime Minister,' I suggested.

'Don't be provoking. No; Ethel Austin is here. She came last night, and was being driven to St David's. She has an aunt living there. But the horse fell coming down the steep hill leading into the village, and she and the driver were pitched out. Fortunately, they were more frightened than hurt; but the shafts were broken and they couldn't go on; so she stayed at the inn all night.'

'Dear me, what a thrilling adventure!'

'Yes; and I've made her telegraph to her aunt to say she is not coming just yet, as she has found us; and she is to stay with us for a few days. She can have the middle room. Won't it be jolly to have dear Ethel here?'

'Oh, very, my dear. She will be nice company for you. But who'd have thought of her turning up in this unexpected kind of way?' This Miss Austin had been my wife's bosom friend at a London boarding-school, and they had kept up the intimacy loyally ever since. She was now about eight-and-twenty, and being of a warm-hearted sentimental nature, had lapsed, for want of a husband, into that gushing type of tender womanhood which indulges in idealistic theories of life, and is fond of discoursing largely about 'sympathies,' and 'affinities,' and 'attractions,' and other subtle agencies of the same mysterious kind. She was also a firm believer in spiritualism. I often used to wonder how her intense and effusive nature, which poured itself forth periodically in sheets of densely written note-paper, could receive enough nourishment from Laura's brief matter-of-fact epistles to keep alive the sacred flame of affection between them in her heart. But such, it seemed, was the case; and Laura was, I know, glad to see her. So, about noon, her travelling trunk arrived at the cottage, followed shortly after by its owner, who received a very hearty welcome from both of us, Laura declaring that she would have to stay a fortnight at least. And in this way Miss Austin

became a temporary member of our small and happy family.

As I said, that lady was a firm believer in spiritualism, of which we soon found she was a most aggressively zealous advocate; nor was she backward in proclaiming her views for our edification both in season and out of season. It amused me to argue with her and draw her out upon this subject, she used to get so eloquent and enthusiastic.

One evening—she had been with us about a week, perhaps—we were sitting, we three, in the cosy little front sitting-room of the cottage, looking out upon the sea in the twilight. It was a glorious night; and the harvest moon just rising above the Gribin hill opposite streamed in through the windows and lit up parts of the room with a 'dim religious light,' leaving the rest in strong shadow. Jack had been put to bed, and Mariaremmmer was sitting sewing in the next room. Miss Austin was holding forth with her customary enthusiasm on her pet topic.

'You may sneer as much as you like,' she was saying, 'and marshal your materialistic arguments with all your ability; but you will never persuade me that the dwellers in the spirit-world do not still feel an interest in the scenes and associations with which they were once familiar. Why, then, should not they be able, being untrammelled by any physical restrictions, to return and hold converse with those who were and are dear to them, and to make their presence known by certain external and material indications?'

'Well, it rather puzzles me—it may be my obtuseness, of course—but I can't quite make out how a spirit can make a noise, for instance, by rapping its shadowy knuckles on a substantial wooden table; or what interest a staid and solemn ghost can take in playing frivolous pranks with fiddlestrings and slate pencils.'

'Scoff away now, you unbeliever,' she retorted; 'perhaps even you will be convinced some day.'

'Pooh—never. You may be sure that'—My sentence was cut short by a crash as of falling crockery, followed by a scream from the region of the pantry, and the next moment the door of the sitting-room was unceremoniously burst open by Mariaremmmer, who appeared with a look of terror on her white face and a candle in her trembling hand.

'O master, missus!' she gasped, 'that I should ha' lived to see this night.'

'What's the matter?' we chorused.

'There's evil sperrits in the pantry,' said she, in a horror-struck tone of voice.

'Rubbish!' I exclaimed. 'The only spirits in the pantry I know of are good spirits—Home & Brindle's best Scotch, in fact'—forcing a joke. 'Maria Emma,' I proceeded sternly, 'if you have been meddling with those spirits, and let one of the bottles fall'—

'No, no, no,' interrupted she eagerly; 'not them sperrits at all, but them other sperrits what Miss talks about, what raps and makes noises. So true as I'm a-standin' on this blessed spot, just now as I was a-carryin' a plate into the pantry, I heered somethin' go rap, rap, rap, like that, three times. It did give me such a turn, and the plate dropped from my hand, and went all to smash on the floor. If I'd a-known as we was a-comin' to a house with uncanny things like that in it'—The sentence

terminated in a display of suggestive pantomime. Mariaremmmer's feelings were too strong for words.

Miss Austin looked very much interested, and turned to me with an unmistakable expression of triumph in her face. Laura was plainly alarmed; and I must confess to a momentary sensation of 'creepiness' myself. Sitting in the dark and talking about ghosts is calculated to give an eerie feeling even to the most strong-minded of sceptics, and Mariaremmmer's interruption had certainly come with an appropriateness which was, to say the least of it, startling. I tried, however, to let no trace of my weakness appear in my voice as I banteringly remarked to Miss Austin: 'I hope you are pleased with the effects of your preaching. Here's Maria Emma so affected by your observations on spirit-rapping and such things, that she can't go into the pantry without breaking plates under the influence of the delusion that she hears ghostly noises.'

'Hadh't we better investigate for ourselves,' said Miss Austin, in a tone of mild confidence, 'before we pronounce it to be a delusion?'

It was evident from her manner that she really believed this to be a supernatural demonstration for my benefit to vindicate the truth of the manifestations which I had been deriding.

'By all means,' I said, with an assumption of eagerness. 'We'll all go together.'

Mariaremmmer protested at first that nothing on earth should induce her again to visit that awful spot, but finally acquiesced, 'if missus would go first,' which Laura heroically consented to do.

So we marched in procession to the pantry. I took the lead, armed with the kitchen poker (this was in deference to the combined entreaties of my wife and the servant, though for my part I could not see what advantage a poker would be in the event of an encounter with a ghost; but it seemed to give them a feeling of security); Miss Austin came next, Laura and Mariaremmmer bringing up the rear. When we got there, everything was perfectly quiet and in its normal condition. Nothing revealed itself to eye or ear to indicate the presence of anything out of the common. Nothing could have looked more prosaic and of this world than the empty beer-bottles and the cold remains of the shoulder of mutton we had had for dinner. Decidedly the most ghostly-looking object in view, to my thinking, was a lean fowl of scraggy aspect which hung dejectedly from a pothook in the ceiling, and certainly presented a very unsubstantial appearance, viewed in connection with the thought of its presentation at table in the near future to satisfy the needs of four hungry people.

'Well,' I laughed, 'I hope your minds are at rest now. There's nothing here, you see.—Silly girl!'—to Mariaremmmer—'what a fright you've given yourself and us about nothing.'

'Indeed, sir, it *was* something,' she protested.

'Nonsense! Mere fancy. If there are any spirits here,' I went on boldly, 'I call upon them now to signify their presence in the usual way—and be quick about it too, or they won't have us for an audience.'

Rap, rap, rap, followed by a sort of scraping, creaking noise, was the immediate response, as if in direct answer to my audacious challenge.

My heart jumped to my throat. The women

screamed; Mariaremmmer fled precipitately; Laura stood her ground, clinging desperately to Miss Austin, who turned to me and said solemnly: 'Are you convinced now?'

'Not yet. I must see and hear more.—It may be only the mice,' I said feebly, and fully conscious that the explanation sounded very lame and inadequate.

'Mice don't make a noise like that,' said she. 'I am sure,' she went on with conviction—'I am sure it is a messenger from the unseen world. I wish I were a medium, and knew how to address it.'

'So do I, if it would lead to a solution of this mystery.'

'Hark! there it is again.'

And again we heard the same noise as before, an irregular knocking, as on some metallic substance, which produced a resonant hollow kind of sound, varied at intervals by the same rasping, scraping noise which we heard at first.

'O John, let's go away from this horrid house at once!' implored my wife with a tremble in her voice.

'We can't go to-night anyway, my dear, and this knocking is harmless enough, in all conscience,' I said, my courage beginning to return. 'And if Miss Austin cannot lay the ghost she has disturbed, I am determined to take no rest till I have fathomed this mystery.'

The knocking was heard more vigorously than ever.

'Poor spirit!' sighed Miss Austin sympathetically; 'how eager it seems to unburden itself of the message with which it is charged. And alas! there is no one who can relieve its pangs and interpret these mystic symbols. How I wish my friend Mrs Anson were here. She is a medium. I will write for her to come to-morrow.'

'No-o-o, please,' shivered Laura. 'Perhaps the ghost won't stay if it finds it isn't understood here, and may go somewhere else. We don't want any medium—do we, John?'

'Certainly not, my dear. We won't have Mrs Anson here. I don't mean to encourage ghosts to hang about these premises.' Renewed interruption—this time only the scraping noise was heard.

'I'll eat my hat,' said I vehemently, after a pause, 'if that noise doesn't proceed from rats; though how on earth a rat could make those other noises and rattle away like a telegraph operator or a pair of castanets, I must own, gets over me for the present.—Yes, and it comes from that corner too,' I added after a moment, pointing to a stone bench, the space under which was occupied by some empty bottles and an old broken filter.—'Wait a minute. If it's rats'—And I turned with a sudden resolution towards the door.

'Where are you going?' asked the others.

'To borrow Captain Lewis's dog. I think he'll be more use than a medium.'

'What sacrilego!' said Miss Austin, horror depicted on her face. 'Fancy! Setting a dog at a spirit! Something dreadful will happen to us, I am sure.'

'Oh, don't leave us!' implored Laura.

'You wait in the front parlour; I shan't be gone five minutes;' and off I went.

Captain Lewis was our nearest neighbour, and lived about fifty yards away—a jovial old salt, who had retired from his profession a few years

before, and settled down for the remainder of his days in Porthpenllwyd, his native place. He willingly consented to lend his little rough terrier Cymro for the purpose of the rat-hunt, which I told him I thought was on hand, and came himself to see the sport.

'If there's any vermin there,' said he, 'I'll back Cymro against any dog I know to give a good account of himself.'

So we returned to the scene of action once more.

Miss Austin refused to sanction our outrageous and sacrilegious proceedings by her presence, and Laura went up-stairs to comfort Mariaremmmer, who had betaken herself to her room and hidden herself under the bedclothes, where she lay in momentary expectation of some terrible *dénouement* to the events of that night.

No sooner had we got into the pantry and let the dog loose, than he went straight up to the corner I had indicated, and sniffing all round it, commenced barking, and showing other signs that his game was afoot.

'Something there, evidently,' said the captain.

'Stay,' I said. 'I'll move the old filter out of the way, for the dog to have a better chance;' and I lifted it up and placed it on a slab at the other end of the room. 'Now, then, Cymro, good dog.'

Strange to say, however, 'Cymro, good dog,' took no further interest in that corner, but began capering wildly round and flying up at the slab on which I had placed the filter.

'Bust me!' said the captain after a pause, with more force than elegance, 'if I don't believe there's something inside that old concern.'

'Wait a minute,' I rejoined. 'Just keep the dog quiet.' Then I put my ear to the outside of the filter. In a few seconds I heard unmistakably the tap, tap, and the scraping noise close to my ear. The mystery was solved. The ghost was indeed a rat, inside the filter. The question was, how had it got there, and how could it make that noise? On closer examination, we found that the filter was without a tap, and that the hole where the tap ought to be was choked up by something hard and roundish. This turned out to be the joint of a good-sized bone about four inches long; and the conclusion was forced upon us that, incredible as it may seem, the rat had abstracted this bone from one of the dishes, carried it to the hole, and succeeded in dragging its burden in after itself until the thick end of the bone got too big for the passage, and stuck fast, thus making the rat a prisoner in its extraordinary retreat. The bone did not fit the hole all round where it was stuck, but was only in contact with the filter at two places, so that, while sufficiently tight to resist the efforts of the rat to expel it or drag it in altogether, the bone was still loose enough to admit of a lateral movement as on a pivot when touched at the other end; and thus it was that the frantic struggles of the imprisoned rat produced the mysterious noises which had given us all such a start.

I was not long before informing the other inmates of the house that we had captured the ghost, and I could not help adding maliciously to Miss Austin: 'Do write for Mrs Anson to come; we shall want her to interpret its mystic symbols.'

We did not think it safe to trust to Cymro's skill and liberate the prisoner in the semi-darkness, so we placed the filter bodily in a tub full of water, and wishing the captain good-night, retired to rest. Next morning, we extracted the dead rat from the filter, and all the family gathered round with interest to look on its remains.

'Here lies the ghost of the pantry,' said I, 'more a ghost now than he was when he imposed on us last night.'

'Only to think, now!' said Mariaremmmer.

'O you wretch, what a fright you gave us!' said my wife.

'Let me play wif his tail,' said Master Jack.

Miss Austin looked rather foolish, but said nothing; and during the remainder of our stay, the taphole of the filter was carefully bunged-up with a large cork.

INCOMPLETENESS.

Not he who first beholds the aloe grow

May think to gaze upon its perfect flower.

He tends, he hopes; but ere the blossom blow,

There needs a century of sun and shower.

He shall not see the product of his toil;

Yet were his work neglected or ill-done,

Did he not prune the boughs and dig the soil,

That perfect blossom ne'er might meet the sun.

Perhaps he has no prescience of its hue,

Nought of its form and fragrance can foretell;

Yet in each sun-shaft, in each bead of dew,

Faith, passing knowledge, tells him he does well.

Our lives, O fellow-men! pass even so.

We watch and toil, and with no seeming gain:

The future, which no mortal may foreknow,

May prove our labour was not all in vain.

But what we sow we may not hope to reap,

Perfect fruition may not seek to win;

Not till, work-weary, we have fallen asleep,

Shall blossom blow, or fruit be gathered in.

Let it be so. Upon our darkened eyes

A light more pure than noontide rays shall shine,

If pain of ours have helped our race to rise,

By just one hair's-breadth, nearer the divine.

Upward and outward, plant-like, life extends;

Grows fairer as it doth the more aspire;

Never completed, evermore it sends

A branch out, striving higher still and higher.

Because so great, it must be incomplete,

Have endless possibilities of growth,

Strength to grow stronger, sweetness still more sweet,

Yearning towards God, Who is the source of both.

CATHERINE GRANT FURLEY.

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CURIOSITIES OF CHESS.

BY THE REV. A. CYRIL PEARSON, M.A., AUTHOR OF 'ONE HUNDRED CHESS PROBLEMS.'

PUBLIC interest has of late been aroused by reports in the daily papers of the great match for the chess championship of the world, and space was spared, in spite of the absorbing claims of party politics, to record the progress of this famous fight. It will be well if we can help to strengthen the impression thus made in favour of this king of games by cracking for our readers some few chess-nuts, mindful ever, as we search into musty volumes, of the saying old and true that 'Sweetest nut hath sourest rind.'

Our game has found its way to us from the far East, and is not akin to any Greek or Roman game of chance. Although its votaries are comparatively few, chess may claim to have been universal, and its board and men have long formed what has been called a common alphabet, the factors of a language understood and enjoyed by men as widely separated as the palanquin-bearer, who reflects how he may best deliver a crushing mate to a pebble King on squares traced on Indian sand, and the Icelandic bishop who sits within his walls of solid snow, and with a block of ice for table, while away the tedium of a polar night. Let us briefly trace some of the many sources from which writers have sought to derive its history and origin.

There does not seem to be much to choose between the claim of one Xerxes, a Babylonian philosopher in the reign of Evil-Merodach, and that of Chilo, the Spartan, one of the seven sages of Greece. Some have ventured to ascribe the honour to Palamedes, prince of Eubœa, who flourished at the siege of Troy, and who may, therefore, have had ample leisure for the elaboration of a mimic siege. We find from more than one authority that the game may have been invented as a last resource by a general whose soldiers were on the brink of mutiny. It is said that Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, turned it to good account at such a crisis; and that a Chinese

mandarin, some nineteen hundred years ago, was able thus to soothe his troops, when they had become clamorous for home, and to reconcile them to their winter-quarters by proposing this amusement for their vacant hours, until, with the return of spring, they could take the field again, better fitted by their friendly contests for the stern realities of war. If, however, we are to believe Chaucer, it was

Athalus that made the game
First of the chess—so was his name—

an assertion supported by Cornelius Agrippa, who tells us that Attalus, king of Asia, was an inventor of games. Finally, a manuscript in the Harleian collection gives us to understand that Ulysses (the crafty one) was first in this field. So many have been these claimants, that Herodotus gravely records the fact that the people of Lydia *did not* profess to have taken any part in the planning of board, or moves, or men.

We are prepared to find, in a game of which the true source is as uncertain as was that of the river Nile, that there have been different methods and manners of conducting it. Thus, in the Hindu game, four distinct armies are employed, each with their King, not ranged in the style of that four-handed chess which has been to some extent revived within the last few years, but shorn of their strength, so that each force consists of half the usual number; and marked by this further peculiarity, that each corps counts among its fighting-men a King, an Elephant, and a Knight, who slay, but cannot be slain.

In the Chinese game, which boasts the sounding title Choke-Choo-Kong-Ki (the play of the science of war), a river runs across the centre of the board, which their Elephants (equivalent to our Bishops), may never cross; and there is a fort, beyond whose limits their King may never pass.

In the Persian game, the Ferz (our Queen) advances one step forward on the opening move, in company with its pawn, thus taking up a position whence it can review and regulate the general attack. After this initial move, it can only

advance or retreat by one step at a time in a diagonal course.

Though, as we have seen, it is vain to attempt a proof from so many contradictory premises, and we must leave the actual origin of chess an open question, there can be no doubt at all that it dates as far back as any intellectual pastime that is known to us. We must be content to allow China, India, Persia, and Arabia to contend for the honour of having rocked Caissa's cradle, satisfied on our part to know that the Queen of chess, grown to maturity, has held sway in Europe for many a long year. There is in existence a book upon the subject written by a Dominican friar in the year 1200, and we are told on good authority that in 1070, a certain cardinal of evidently narrow mind, wrote to Pope Alexander II. to report that he had had occasion seriously to reprove a bishop for indulging in a game of chess. The poor prelate pleaded that this was no game of hazard; but his superiors took a sterner view, and ordered him to repeat the Psalter thrice, and to wash the feet of twelve poor persons, in penance for his offence.

To times quite as remote as these we must refer some extremely curious chessmen which were found in 1831 in the island of Lewis, and placed in the British Museum. It seems probable to those who understand such matters, that these men, which are curiously carved, were made from the tusks of walrus, about the middle of the twelfth century, by some of those hardy Norsemen who then overran the greater part of Europe. The Hebrides were then subject to invasion by the Seakings, and were tributaries to the throne of Norway till the year 1266; we may therefore conjecture that these relics of early European chess were part of the stock of some Icelandic trader whose vessel was lost at sea; and that these ivory men, which are of various sizes, and must therefore have belonged to several sets, were washed ashore, and buried by the sand for nearly seven centuries.

Hyde dates the culture of this game on English soil from the Conquest, because, as he points out, the Court of Exchequer was then established; but there is an earlier record which informs us that 'when Bishop Ætheric obtained admission to Canute the Great upon some urgent business about midnight, he found the king and his courtiers engaged, some at dice, and others at chess.' From a similar source, we find that the game was turned to a very practical account indeed in those times, for when a young nobleman wished to gain permission to pay court to the lady of his love, the fond parent commonly made trial of his temper by engaging with him over the chessboard. A ludicrous old print of somewhat later date represents a garden-party of six ladies and as many gentlemen grouped round a table, at which one of either sex is standing in a most striking attitude pretending to play at chess, while the others amuse themselves in pairs with the languishing deportment of lovers, and seem less interested in the game than an owl which sits upon a rail, with one eye on the board and one upon the company; while three rooks (appropriate birds) are busy in the background with their own affairs.

It does not need the pen of a ready writer to prove to those who are real chess-players, in

however humble a degree of excellence, the pre-eminence of chess among indoor games of skill. As a test of temper and patience, it has peculiar merits, though there have been some notable instances in which these good qualities have failed. Is it not recorded for our warning how 'John, son to King Henry, and Fulco fell at variance at chess, and John brake Fulco's hed with the chest-borde; and then Fulco gave him such a blow that had almost killed him;' and in another chronicle how 'William the Conqueror in his younger yeares playing at chesse with the Prince of France, losing a mate, knocked the chesseboard about his pate, which was a cause afterwards of much enmity between them.'

Nor are ensamples lacking of the abuse of patience. The same authority who has written of the fiery Fulco gives us the following account: 'There is a story of two persons of distinction—the one lived at Madrid, the other at Rome—who played a game of chess at that distance. They began when young, and though they both lived to a very old age, yet the game was not finished. One of them dying, appointed his executor to go on with the game. Their method was: each don kept a chessboard, with the pieces ranged in exact order, in their respective closets at Madrid and Rome; and having agreed who should move first, the don informs his playfellow by letter that he has moved his King's pawn two moves; the courier speedily returns, and advises his antagonist that, the minute after he had the honour to receive this, he likewise moved his King's pawn two paces; and so they went on.' It would doubtless have turned the brain of either of these two worthy dons if they could have been present on any of the occasions in recent times when a game has been begun and finished by telegraph between places far apart in the course of a few hours.

In conclusion, let us lay before our readers some words of excellent advice published by one Arthur Saul, two hundred years ago, which all chess-players may profitably lay to heart: 'Do not at no time that thou playest at this game stand singing, whistling, knocking, or tinkering, whereby to disturbe the minde of thine adversary and hinder his projects; neither keepe thou a-calling on him to playe, or a-showing of much dislike that hee playeth not fast enough; remembering with thyselfe that besides that this is a silent game, when thy turne is to play thou wilt take thine owne leasure; and that it is the royall law so to deal with another as thyself wouldst be deait withall.'

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER II.—ISHTAR.

RICHARD CABLE reascended the stairs unheard and unseen. He was irritated at what he had observed. 'How proud she is!' he said. 'There is no breaking her stubborn spirit. She does this to pay me for her carriage.'

It is a curious fact that we are prone to note and condemn in others the vice that mars our own selves. We are always keen-sighted with respect to the mote in our brother's eye, especially when it is a chip off the beam in our own eye.

I have known a woman, who was a mischief-maker with her tongue throughout a neighbourhood, declare that of all things she abhorred gossip, and that, therefore, she avoided So-and-so as a scandal-monger. The conceited man turns up his already cocked nose at another prig; and the talker is impatient of the love of chatter in his friend. I once knew two exceedingly talkative men who monopolised the whole conversation at table. The one invited the other to make a walking expedition with him of a month; but they returned in three days. 'I could not stand B,' said A; 'I was scannued with his tongue.'—'I refused to go on with A,' said B; 'he talked me lame.' The girl who sings flat, criticises the lack of tune in a companion; and the man who paints badly is the first to detect the blemishes in another's picture; and I am quite sure my most severe critics will be those who have written the worst novels.

Richard Cable was convinced that Josephine was proud and self-willed; and everything she did, every act of submission, every gentle appeal for forgiveness, was viewed by him through the distorted medium of his own pride. Indistinctly, he perceived that she was asking him to be received back on his terms—that she was ready to make every sacrifice for this end; but he could not or would not believe that she was acting from any other motive than caprice. Her pride was hurt because he had left her, and she sought to recover him, not because she cared for him, certainly not because she would be more considerate of him, but to salve over her wounded self-love.

An uneducated man, when he gets an idea into his head, will not let it go. He hugs it, as the Spartan lad hugged the fox though it bit into his vitals. There is no rotation of crops in his brain. The idea once planted there, grows and spreads, and eats up all the nutriment, and overshadows the whole surface, and allows nothing to grow under it, like the beech, which poisons the soil beneath its shadow with its dead leaves and mast cases. A man who has undergone culture puts into his head one idea, and as soon as it is ripe, reaps and garners it, ploughs up the soil, puts in another of a different nature—never lets his brain be idle, and never gives it up permanently to one idea or set of ideas. Or rather—his head is an allotment garden, in which no single idea occupies the entire field, but every lobe is used for a different crop, precisely as in an allotment every variety of vegetable is grown.

Now, Richard Cable had had the idea of Josephine's haughtiness so ploughed into his mind that he could harbour no other idea. It grew and spread like a weed, and poisoned the soil of his mind, so that no wholesome plants, no sweet herbs could flourish there. It overmastered, it outgrew, it strangled all the fragrant and nutritious plants that once occupied that garden-plot. Its roots ran like those of an ash through every portion, and spread over the entire subsoil, that nothing else could grow there, or could only grow in a stunted and starved condition. So, with singular perversity, Cable resented the conduct of Josephine in cleaning his boots, and he attributed her act to unworthy motives. He said not a word about his boots till the van was in motion

and he started up the steep hill; then he exclaimed: 'Whatever have these folk at the inn been about with my boots, that they shine like those of a dancing-master?' Then he went through a puddle, and came out with them tarnished and begrimed. He did not look round at Josephine, who made no remark, but next morning cleaned his boots again. After that, Cable kept them in his bedroom. He would not have them cleaned by Josephine.

All the calves were disposed of before Launceston was reached; and as the load was light, the horse rattled on with the van at a better rate. When they drew near to St Kerian, Cable said: 'I have written beforehand to my mother and told her my intentions. She will have arranged lodgings for you, where you may stay on your arrival. After that, as you are wilful, you must suit yourself; but I could not drop you from the van in the street with nowhere to go to. Even the calves are not treated thus; each goes to its allotted cowhouse. I have told my mother to engage the lodging as for an acquaintance of hers—acquaintance, understand, not friend—and to pay a month in advance.'

'That,' said Josephine, 'I will not allow.' She opened her purse. 'What has been spent, I will refund.'

'I do not know what the sum is,' said Cable angrily. 'I insist on paying this. Afterwards, pay as you will.'

'I will not allow it,' said Josephine vehemently. 'No; indeed, indeed, I will not. If you choose to acknowledge me then, I will take anything from you, and be thankful for every crumb of bread and drop of water; but if you will not, then I will set my teeth and lips, and not a crumb of bread or drop of water of your providing shall pass between them.'

'Yourself—yourself still; wilful, defiant, proud!' he said, with a frown and a furtive glance at her over his shoulder. Then he shouted rather than spoke: 'Why will you not enjoy the estate and money bequeathed to you? It is yours; no one will dispute it with you.'

'I will not touch it,' answered Josephine, 'because I have no right to it.'

'You have every right: it was left to you.'

'But it ought never to have come to me. It was properly, justly, yours.'

'I will not have it!' shouted Richard. 'You know that. I am too proud to take it.'

'And I also; I am too proud to take it.'

'We are both proud, are we? Flint and steel, we strike, and the sparks fly. It will be ever so—strike, strike, and the sparks fly.'

'When I reach St Kerian,' said Josephine, 'I suppose, if you continue in this unforgiving mind, I shall see nothing of you?'

'Nothing.'

'It is hard to put me there alone, without friends, a stranger.'

'I came there a stranger, and have now no friends there.'

'But you have your children. With them you need no outsiders; but I am quite alone. You will let me see the dear little ones?'

'No,' he answered; 'I will not let them come near you, lest they take the infection.'

'Richard,' said Josephine very sadly, and in a low despondent voice, 'it seems to me that we

have exactly altered our positions; I was once full of cruel speeches and unkind acts, and you bore them with singular patience. Now, it is you who are cruel and unkind, and I do not cry out, though you cause me great pain.'

He did not answer her; but he said: 'I will not be seen driving you into St Kerian, as I would not be seen driving you out of Exeter. You shall get out at this next inn. It is respectable and clean. You shall stay the night there, and to-morrow come on with the carrier's wagon.'

'Will there be no one to receive me and show me where I am to go? O Richard! you are treating me very cruelly.'

'I am treating you as you deserve,' he answered. 'My mother shall await your arrival and show you to your lodging.'

He drew up before the tavern, that stood by itself where roads crossed. He took down her box and then something else from the inside of the van.

'What is this?' asked Josephine. 'It is not mine; but it has "Cornellis, passenger, St Kerian" on it; and—it looks like a sewing-machine.'

'It is a sewing-machine.'

She stood and looked at him. 'You mean it as a present for me. You bought it in Launceston, because I said I would work as a dress-maker and so earn my livelihood.—No; I will not take anything you give me: send it back.'

He stamped with impatience. 'How perverse and proud you are!—You do not alter; you are always the same. I do not give you the sewing-machine. My poor little crippled Bessie shall give it you. Each of my children has a savings-bank book, and for every journey I make, some of the profits go into their little stores. Bessie shall pay for the sewing-machine out of her money. It shall be withdrawn from the bank for the purpose.—Will that content you?'

Josephine thought a moment, and then, raising her great full eyes on him, she said: 'Yes; I will take it from Bessie.—Richard! if, as you assert, I was the cause of her being injured, yet I am very sure her gentle little heart bears me no malice. You have told her that I crippled her, you have taught her to hate me'—

'No,' answered Cable hurriedly; 'I have not spoken of you, not uttered your name since I left Hanford. The children have forgotten your existence.'

'Let little Bessie come to me and I will tell her all. I will take to myself the full blame, and then—she will put her dear arms round my neck and kiss me and forgive me. But you'—

'But I,' interrupted Cable, 'am not a child. Bessie does not know the consequences, cannot measure the full amount of injury done her. If she could, she would never, never forgive you; no'—he broke his stick in his vehemence—'never! If she had a head to understand, she would say: "There are hours every day that I suffer pain. I cannot sleep at night because of my back. That woman is the cause. I cannot run about and play with my sisters. That woman did it. I shall grow up deformed, and people will turn and laugh at me, and rude children point at and mock me. That woman brought this upon me. I shall see my sisters as young maidens, beautiful and admired, only I shall not be

admired. That woman is the cause. I shall love with all the fire of my heart, that grows whilst my body remains stunted, my woman's heart in a child's frame—but no one will love me; he whom I love will turn from me in disgust and take another in his arms. I owe that also to this woman."—If she foresaw all this, would Bessie forgive you and love you, and put her arms about you and kiss you? No; she would get up on her knees on your lap and beat your two great eyes with her little fists till you could not see out of them any more, but wept out of them brine and blood.' Then he mounted the driver's seat in front of his van, lashed the horse, and left her standing in the road before the inn with her box and the sewing-machine.

Thereupon, a strong temptation arose and beset Josephine. Why should she go on to St Kerian?—why sojourn there as a stranger, ignored by her own husband? Why should she bow to a life of privation of the most trying kind, intellectual privation, if nothing was to be gained by it? She had reached the first shelf in her plunge, and the golden cup was not there. Now, she was diving to a second and lower shelf, and she saw no prospect of retrieving what she sought on it. The shelf on which she had first lodged was in shallow water, within the light of the sun; it was not so far removed from the social and spiritual life of the cultured class to which she belonged, as that into which she was now called to descend. On that other shelf there was ebb and flow, and now and then she could enjoy the society of her social equals, if not to converse with them, to hear their cultured voices, see their ease of manner, and enjoy the thousand little amenities of civilisation which hang about the mansion of a lady of position. She had been there as a mermaid belonging to both regions, half lady, half servant; and very unpleasant, not to say repugnant to her cultured instincts and moral sense, as she had found the lower element which had half engirdled her, there was still an upper region in which she could breathe. Now she was to be wholly submerged, to go down to the depth where only the unlettered and undisciplined swim, where only broad dialect is spoken, coarse manners are in vogue, and life is without any of the polish and adornment found in the world above the water-line. In the upper air, when she floated, she could hear the birds sing and see the flowers, and smell the fragrance of the clover and bean fields; below, she would hear nothing but strident tones, see nothing but forms uncouth, smell nothing but what is rank. Why should she make this second plunge? Why—when she clearly saw that on this lower platform the golden goblet did not lie? Would it be a final leap? Would it necessitate a further descent into gulfs of darkness and horror? No; hardly that. Intellectually, there was no further dive. She could hardly find a voice below the ledge of the unreasoning, unread, untrained. Below that was the abyss of moral defect, into which she could not fall.

In the old Assyrian poem of *Ishtar*, the goddess is represented descending through several houses into Hades, and as she approaches each, the gatekeepers divest her of some of her clothing, till she reaches Abaddon, where she is denuded of everything. Josephine was something like *Ishtar*—she was forced in her downward pilgrimage, at

every mansion of the nether world, to lay aside some of her ornaments acquired above. She had set forth with her mind richly clothed; she was a refined and accomplished girl, passionately fond of music, with a delicate artistic taste, a love of literature, and an eager mind for the revelations of science. If she had an interest that came second to music, it was love of history—that faculty which, like music and colour, is inherent in some, is wholly deficient in others. To some, the present is but a cut flower, of fleeting charm, unless it have its root in the past, when at once it acquires interest, and is tenderly watched and cultivated. The historic faculty is closely allied to the imagination. It peoples a solitude with forms of beauty and interest; it builds up walls, and unrolls before the fancy the volume of time, full of pictures. The possessor of these gifts is never alone, for the past is always about him, a past so infinitely purer and better than the present, because sublimated in the crucible of the mind.

Now, what struck Josephine above everything in the under-water world into which she stepped was the inability of its denizens to appreciate what is historical. They seemed to her like people who have no perspective, like half-blind men, who see men as trees walking. They had no clear ideas as to time or as to distance. Brussels and Pekin, foreign cities about equidistant, and Iceland and Tierra del Fuego, foreign islands in the same hemisphere. The Romans built the village churches; but whether the classic Romans or the Roman Catholics, was not at all known: nor was it certain when Oliver Cromwell stabled his horses in the churches, whether in the time of the Romans, or in the Chartist rows; neither whether Oliver Cromwell were a French republican or an Irish papist. Turkeys came of course from Turkey, of which, probably, Dorking is the capital, because thence came also some big fowls; and necessarily Jerusalem artichokes are derived from the holy city, or else why are they called Jerusalem artichokes? In literature it was the same. Below the water, the denizens had heard of Shakspeare, but didn't think much of him; he didn't come near Miss Braddon. Swift—yes, he wrote children's stories—*Gulliver's Travels* and the *Robins*. Thackeray! he was nowhere—not fit to hold a candle to Mrs Henry Wood; there were no murders in his tales. In this subaqueous world, music was not; if there had been stillness, it would have been well; but in place of the exquisite creations of the great tone masters, sprang a fungoid, scabrous growth of comic song, *Villikens and his Dinah*, *Pop goes the Weasel*, and revivalist hymns. Josephine in descending so low left behind her everything that to her made life worth having. She must cast aside her books, lay down her music, her painting; and be cut away from all communion with the class in which all the roots of her inner life were planted. Was she called on to do this? What would come of the venture?

But then came another question: Could she go back? To Hanford Hall and to her father? No; she had taken her course with full determination of pursuing it to the end. She would not return. She must follow what her heart told her was the right thing to do, at whatever cost to herself. Ishtar would lay aside every adornment, only not the pure white robe of her moral dignity.

Before the last house, she would stand and wait, and not tap at that door, wait, and lie down there and die, rather than return except at the call of Richard.

CHAPTER LII.—THE SECOND SHELF.

Mrs Cable was waiting before the door of the St Kerian inn, where hung the sign of the *Silver Bowl*, when Josephine arrived. She received her with stately gravity and some coldness. The old woman saw that her daughter-in-law was greatly altered. Her girlishness was gone; womanhood had set in, stamping and characterising her features. She was thin and pale, and did not look strong.

Mrs Cable led her to the village grocer and postmistress, a Miss Penruddock, and showed Josephine a couple of neat plain rooms, one above-stairs, a bedroom, and the other below as a sitting-room. Everything was scrupulously clean; the walls were whitewashed, the bed and window furniture white, the china white, and the deal boards of the floor scrubbed as white as they could be got. Josephine's box was moved upstairs, and the sewing-machine put in the parlour below. Her landlady was in and out for some little while, to make sure that all was comfortable, till the sorting-time for the letters engaged her in the shop. The atmosphere of the house was impregnated with the odour of soap, tea, and candles—a wholesome, and not unpleasant savour.

Bessie Cable remained standing in the bedroom; her tall form looked unnaturally tall in the low room, of which the white ceiling was only seven feet above the white floor. 'Is there anything further you require?' she asked. 'I promised my son that I would see that you were supplied with every requisite.'

Josephine looked at her, and drew beseechingly towards her, with her arms out, pleading to be taken to the old woman's heart. But Bessie Cable's first thought was for her son, and she could not show tenderness where he refused recognition.

'I am sorry to receive you thus,' said Mrs Cable; 'but I cannot forget how that you have embittered my son's life, not only to himself, but also to me, his mother. I had looked forward to a peaceful old age, with him happy, after the storms and sorrows of a rough life. But he shipwrecked his peace and mine when he took you. I daresay you are repentant; the rector told me as much; but the wrong done remains working. One year's seeds make five years' weeds, and the weeds are growing out of the sowing of your cruel lips.'

'You also!' cried Josephine.—'Is no one to be kind to me—all to reproach me?'

'You must make friends here.'

'But you—will you not be my mother, and my friend?'

'Your mother—no. Your friend!—not openly. That I cannot be, because of my son; but I will not refuse you an inner friendship. I believe that now you intend to do right, and that you have acted well in coming here.'

'You think so?'

'Yes; I am sure you have. You could in no other way have shown that you wished to undo the past.'

'I am glad you say that; oh, I am glad! Yesterday, I had a terrible moment of struggle; I was almost about to go away, and not come on here. Now you have repaid me for my fight by these words.'

Bessie looked steadily and searchingly at her. 'I have had years of waiting for what could never come. I had ever an anguish at my heart, like a cancer eating it out. But that is over. It was torn out by the roots in one hour of great struggle and pain, and since then I have been at ease within. You have now your pain. Mine was different from yours. Mine grew out of a blow dealt me. Yours comes because you have dealt blows. There is nothing for it but to bear the pain and wait. Some day the pain will be over; but how it will be taken away, God only knows. I thought that mine would never go; but it went, and went suddenly, and I have felt nothing since. No medicine can heal you—only patience. Wait and suffer; and in God's good time and in His way, the pain will be taken away.'

Josephine suddenly caught the old woman's hand and kissed it.

'Do not—do not!' exclaimed Bessie, as if frightened.

'O Mrs Cable,' said Josephine, 'I will wait.—And now, tell me another thing. I have said that I will receive nothing of Richard till he will acknowledge me. I know I have acted very wrongly, but I think he is too unforgiving.'

'It is not for me to judge my son or to hear any words of condemnation from you.'

'I do not wish to condemn him; but I feel that his justice is prevailing over his mercy.'

'Who hardened him?'

'I—I did it; and I am reaping what I sowed. I own that. But, as he will not receive me, will not season anything he offers me with love, am I wrong to refuse to accept aught of him?'

Mrs Cable did not answer immediately, but presently she said: 'No—you do right. I did the same. I would not touch anything; but then my case was different; I was the wronged, not the wrongdoer.'

'More the reason that I should refuse,' said Josephine with vehemence.

Again Mrs Cable considered; then said: 'Yes, that stands to reason; the wrongdoer gives to the wronged one to expiate the wrong, the wrongdoer does not receive from the one wronged—that would aggravate the offence.'

'I am glad you see this,' said Josephine.—'Now—what have you paid for my lodgings? He said you had given a month's rent in advance.'

Mrs Cable coloured. 'You shall not pay that; indeed, you shall not. I engaged the rooms.'

'Because he asked you. I will not stand in his debt.'

'I cannot receive money from you,' exclaimed Mrs Cable. 'It would burn my fingers.'

Then Josephine knelt by her box and opened it. 'We will come to an agreement another way,' she said. 'There is something in the bottom of my trunk—the only poor remains of my finery I have brought with me. You shall take that, and some day it can be cut up or adapted for Mary. Perhaps Mary may be married—and then she shall have my old wedding dress.

I brought it from Hanford with me, not that I intended ever again to wear it, but it served me as a remembrancer. In it I was married, and in it I gave the last offence to my husband. In it I gained him, and in it I lost him. But I shall require it now no more. Take it, and do with it what you like. The silk is very good; it was a costly dress. Richard is building a new house; the driver pointed it out to me as I came along—do not think he had any notion how nearly I was interested in it. He said that Richard Cable came poor to the place, and will soon be the wealthiest man in it. When he has his grand new house, his little girls must dress well as little ladies; and Mary, when she is married from it, may wear my wedding dress. I trust she will be happier than I have been or am likely to be.' She looked up from the box. How large her eyes were, full of expression and intelligence—beautiful eyes, and now looking unusually bright and large because she was tired and thin and sunken about the sockets of the eyes.

'Have you been unwell?' asked Mrs Cable.

'No—only unhappy.'

'It takes a great deal of unhappiness to kill,' said Bessie meditatively. 'I thought sometimes I could not live, so great were my sorrow and shame.'

'I do not care much whether I live or die,' said Josephine. 'Life is very full of trouble and disappointment, of humiliation and self-reproach to me.—Then, in an altered voice: 'Will you take the dress?'

'Yes,' answered Mrs Cable, still studying her face—'yes—Josephine.'

A smile played over the face of the still kneeling girl. 'It does me good to hear my Christian name again,' she said. 'At Bewdley, I was only "Cable." I should be thankful now for Jössephine, though once I scorned to be so named.' She replaced her clothes in the trunk and laid the white silk dress on the bed.

'What is that? That is one of Richard's old handkerchiefs,' said Mrs Cable.

'Yes,' answered Josephine, lowering her head. 'I found it in the cottage after you were all gone. I will do up the dress in it, if you will promise to let me have the old blue handkerchief again. I—I value it. I once laughed at it—just as I laughed at my name pronounced incorrectly, and at his boots; and now—it is otherwise. I value the handkerchief; let me have it again.'

Then Mrs Cable took Josephine's head between her hands and drew it towards her; then checked herself, and thrust her off, and said: 'I cannot, till my son acknowledges you; it would not be just to him.'

Josephine sighed. The colour had fluttered to her cheek and her eyes had laughed; and now the colour faded and the laugh went out of her eyes. 'Am I not to see the children?' she asked.

'I cannot forbid you seeing them,' answered Bessie Cable; 'but you are not to make their acquaintance and be friendly with them. You shall make them all a new set of gowns and frocks; you shall have their old ones as patterns, but must make them a size larger, as the children are growing—that is, all but Bessie. I suppose that the dresses will have to be fitted; then you may touch them and speak to them; but you

must not kiss them or be friendly with them. Speak to them only about the fit of their clothes.'

'I am very hardly treated,' said Josephine.

'You must consider—you have brought it on yourself.'

'Yes, I have done that, and I must bear my pain.—I shall see little or nothing of Richard?'

'Little or nothing, and he will not speak to you. He is away a great deal now. We see him only at intervals; and when he is at home, he wishes to be left undisturbed with his children.' Then, once more, Mrs Cable asked if Josephine had all that she needed; and left, with the white silk dress tied up in Richard's blue handkerchief, when assured that nothing further was required except that which she was not empowered to give.

THE 'B. M.' NEWSPAPER ROOM.

THE new Newspaper Room, or 'White' wing, which has been recently added to the library of the British Museum, and which also includes additional accommodation for the departments of Prints and Drawings, and Manuscripts, is one with which, perhaps, the outside public ought to be made better acquainted. To regular 'readers' its advantages are at once apparent. In the present circular reading-room, erected in 1857, and without doubt the finest room of its kind in the world, it was, previous to the erection of the present Newspaper Room, a most formidable task to consult, say, a one or two years' file of a daily London or provincial newspaper. Now, however, this is all altered; and with specially constructed tables and desks, and with ease and quickness of supply, an immense saving of time and trouble has been effected.

The new wing is situated at the south-east side of the main building, on ground that was formerly occupied by the garden attached to the official residence of the principal librarian. It has its principal front in Montague Street; and in the solid and imposing style of its architecture, it harmonises perfectly with the character of the main building. The dimensions of this front are a hundred and twenty feet long, and forty feet in height. Two sides are then carried westward to the walls of the old building. The fronts are of stone; while the walls looking into the open court enclosed between the north and south sides are of glazed bricks, which secure abundance of light to the rooms looking out into it. The entrance for readers is through the Grenville Library, on the right of the great hall, at its conjunction with the King's Library.

The building consists of four separate floors—the basement, which is well lighted from without; a ground-floor; a mezzanine or middle-floor; and above this, a gallery lighted from the roof. The disposition of the additional space thus acquired by the trustees is at present somewhat as follows: The basement and the ground-floor on the north side are devoted to the present and continually increasing collection of newspapers published in Great Britain and Ireland, which has of late years entirely outgrown the limited space formerly allotted to it in the basement of the circular reading-room. The ground and mezzanine floors on the south side are given up to the department

of Manuscripts, and afford every accommodation for the officials, and rooms for consulting special and valuable manuscripts; and for the collation of texts, facilities of a greatly superior kind to those which formerly existed have been provided. The mezzanine floors on the front and north sides are devoted to the department of Prints and Drawings, popularly known as the Print Room, which has only now acquired proper accommodation and convenient exhibition rooms for the valuable art treasures it contains. Finally, it is intended to utilise the south section of the sky-lighted gallery for the occasional display of the several collections of works of art in glass, pottery, and porcelain.

The foundation stone of this important addition to the British Museum was laid by Dr Edward A. Bond, C.B., the principal librarian, on Saturday, September 23, 1882; and the operation of building, &c. occupied a period of nearly four years. The work has been executed, as was to be expected, in the most approved and substantial style, and every modern improvement has been introduced. The entire building is, as far as possible, fireproof, and constructed with iron girders and concrete floors. The window-scootings are of oak, and the floors of pitch-pine. The cost of erecting the new building has been defrayed out of money bequeathed to the trustees, so long ago as 1823, by Mr William White, a gentleman who formerly resided in Tavistock Square, and who, at his death, left them the reversion of a sum of £63,941, to be used at their discretion, but apparently with a hope that it might be expended on an extension of the Museum buildings. After making provision for his son, the testator left his real estate and the residue of his personal estate 'unto the governors for the time of that national institution, the British Museum. For from the nation my property came, and when I leave my son enough to be a farmer, he has that which may make him as happy and respectable as he would be in any station.' A life-interest in the legacy was, however, left to the testator's widow, which Mrs White survived to enjoy until the year 1879. The sum which fell to the trustees was then, by probate and other duties, reduced to £57,572. Of this sum, some eleven thousand pounds were laid out in the erection of a new Sculpture Gallery between the Elgin and Assyrian Galleries: four thousand pounds were judiciously expended in the erection of sheds in the inner quadrangle for the reception of sculptures previously housed under the colonnade of the front façade, and in the re-arrangement of the boilers, the construction of a new boiler-house, and generally in improving the ventilating and heating apparatus throughout the entire building. The remainder of the money was devoted to the erection of the Newspaper and other rooms just described. An inscription runs along the frieze on the principal front in Montague Street: 'Erected from Funds bequeathed to the BRITISH MUSEUM by WILLIAM WHITE, A.D. MDCCCLXXXIII.'; and it is interesting to notice the exact words used by Mr White in his will: they are as follows—'The money and property so bequeathed to the British Museum I wish to be employed in building or improving upon the said institution; and that round the frieze of some part of such building, or, if

this money is otherwise employed, then over or upon that which has so employed it, the words "GULIELMUS WHITE ARM. Britannia dicavit 18—" be carved, or words to that import. It is a little vanity of no harm, and may tempt others to follow my example, in thinking more of the nation and less of themselves.' The sentiments thus expressed may well be commended to the consideration of those who have more riches to leave behind them than proper ways of fitly disposing of them. There are certainly not many ways of better obtaining a desirable immortality at so cheap a price as the endowing or building of a public library or an educational institution.

The various departments of the new building enumerated above are now in full working order, and available to readers daily as follows: May to August, till six P.M.; March, April, September, and October, till five P.M.; November to February, till four P.M. If, however, a reader should desire to peruse a volume of newspapers or of parliamentary Reports—which are also now in the new room—he has simply to notify the fact to the superintendent, and at closing-time the volume desired will be sent into the large reading-room, where the reader can have it at his disposal till eight o'clock in the winter months, and seven o'clock during summer.

As the reader passes through the corridor leading to the Newspaper Room, an attendant outside rings a bell, and he is confronted by an official, who inquires what papers are wanted. In a very brief space of time the volumes are laid before him, and a ticket taken for each, which is retained entirely. Not a moment is thus lost; and as the tables are fitted with the most approved desks or supports, writing materials, and other necessities, the reader can start work almost instantly. Of course, as under the old rules, only bound volumes of newspapers are available, so that, so far as weekly or provincial journals are concerned, they can only be had in yearly or half-yearly volumes. London and provincial daily journals, however, are generally bound up in two-monthly volumes, and are therefore more readily available.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

CHAPTER II.

It was not without some natural regret that Abel removed to his new quarters, and vacated the humble rooms which had been his home for nearly half a century. He and Mary Nunnely at once became firm friends; and for the child Freddy he conceived an almost passionate fondness, as old people frequently do for very young children. As for Mrs Roding, she was all smiles and honeyed words, and seemed as if she could not do enough for 'dear Grandad'; while Matthew continued to go to and from business as soberly and punctually as heretofore. His house was an unpretentious one in a quiet street in Canonbury, so that Grandad was able to spend his evenings as usual at his favourite tavern in the Essex Road. But this state of things was too good to last. It was one of those years when an epidemic of speculation spreads far and wide, seeming to be in the very air men breathe; when the blood of every

one who has money to invest, and of many who have none, goes up to fever-heat; when every day blows its own gorgeous bubble, and no scheme is too rash or improbable to be greedily clutched at; when one bogus Company after another is gaily launched, and, like an argosy with golden sails, floats joyously for a little while over summer seas which are as treacherous as they are sunny. After a time the tornado bursts. One argosy here and there comes safely into port; the rest founder in open sea, and ruin and desolation find their way into ten thousand homes.

It was scarcely to be expected that Matthew Roding, who was a born gambler, should escape the prevailing contagion. His blood simmered; his fingers itched; his sleep was troubled with strange dreams; in his waking hours he saw visions; the fever was upon him. In such piping times there seemed to him no reason why he should not turn his ten thousand pounds into a hundred thousand, or into as many more, for the matter of that. The feast was spread before him; what a fool he would be to stand by and watch others devour it, and he starving meanwhile! His previous experience at Liverpool stood him in good stead. He entered the arena a trained combatant. His first successes served still further to turn his head. Deeper and deeper he plunged: thousands of others were doing the same. He joined the directorate of several new Companies; he even 'promoted' two or three schemes on his own account; in the City he began to be talked about as a rising man. Meanwhile, the business at Bankside was left more and more to take care of itself. He began to hate to go near the place. He took an office in Throgmorton Street on his own account, gorgeous with mahogany and plate-glass. Here, with the assistance of a confidential clerk, he transacted his financial business; and here his new City friends were always sure of finding a magnum of champagne of some famous brand. His sober, somewhat old-fashioned garb was discarded in favour of one much more florid and effective. But of all this not a whisper reached Abel. The old man noticed that his son was gayer in his attire, but that was all; Matthew went and came with the same regularity as heretofore. The first intimation of change burst on him like a thunderclap. It was his daughter-in-law who broke the news to him one morning after breakfast. Matthew had taken a villa at Tulse Hill, and they were going to remove there in a fortnight's time, she told him. He merely said: 'Very well. At my time of life I don't know that it matters greatly where I live.' But in his heart he knew that it did matter.

Abel opened his eyes very wide indeed the first time he went over the new domicile. It was a staring red-brick edifice of fifteen or sixteen rooms, standing a little way back from the road in its own grounds. *Carte blanche* had been given to an eminent furnishing firm to fit it up from garret to basement, and they had not neglected their opportunity. Everything was in strict accordance with the latest canons in such matters, as laid down by the highest—and most expensive—authorities. In the coachhouse, Grandad found a brand-new brougham for the master of the house, and a brand-new victoria for the mistress of the house; and in the stables, two

brand-new horses. He could scarcely believe that he was not walking in a dream. The house had originally been occupied as a Seminary for Young Ladies, and a classroom had been built out at the back, with windows looking into the garden. This out-building had now been divided into two rooms, with a door leading from one to the other, and a side-door opening into the garden. The rooms in question had been fitted up for Granddad's sole use and occupation. A short passage with green baize doors shut them off from the rest of the house.

His daughter-in-law herself introduced him to the rooms. 'Think how cosy and comfortable you will be here, with no one to disturb you or interfere with you,' she said. 'You can come and go just as you like. You can smoke your pipe in the garden all day long. You know I strongly object to the odour of tobacco in the house. And then there is a door at the end of the garden by which you can get out into the lanes and fields at the back. You were always fond of rural rambles, I think. Sarah, the house-maid, will wait upon you and bring you your meals. We shall dine at seven in future; but I know you like your cutlet and pudding not later than half-past one. I have had the furniture brought from your other rooms, because I am sure you are fond of old associations. Nothing has been forgotten that could in any way conduce to your comfort.'

'Nothing—nothing,' said Granddad dryly. Then in a lower tone he muttered: 'Buried alive—buried alive!'

Mrs Roding's sharp ears caught the remark, but she chose to ignore it. Really, old people are often excessively tiresome and difficult to please. As soon as he was left alone, Granddad sat down in his easy-chair; his head sank forward, and he covered his face with his hands. 'Fool—idiot that I have been!' he exclaimed. 'I might have known what would come of it.' He sat thus for a long time, and then he wept, for the first time since he had stood by his wife's grave, more than forty years before.

But next morning he was as brisk and chirpy as ever. Whatever thoughts might be at work in his mind, he kept them to himself. He and Freddy had a romp in the garden after breakfast, and then, towards noon, Granddad, with hat and coat elaborately brushed, sallied forth, and hailed the first 'bus that was bound for London Bridge. How his heart warmed when he found himself in the Borough High Street! He had not been there since he retired from business. How strange everything looked, and yet how familiar! Quitting the 'bus at the bridge foot, he walked through the Market, where the salesmen had not yet forgotten him, but touched their hats and bade him good-morrow, as in days gone by. The old man's heart swelled within him. His errand to-day took him to a certain humble clophouse in an obscure street off Bank-side, where he knew that within five minutes more or less of a certain time he would not fail to find the person of whom he had come in search. The individual in question was Peter Bunker, his old and faithful clerk and bookkeeper, who had been in the service of the firm for upwards of forty years. And there of a surety he found Peter, in one of the little partitioned-off boxes in

which he dined six days out of seven, year in and year out. He was a little, prim, closely shaved man, about fifty-five years of age, with the deferential manners of one who all his life has filled a subordinate post and has no expectation of ever filling any other. He started to his feet with wide-open mouth when he saw Abel's tall, gaunt figure enter through the swing-doors and advance along the narrow aisle with its sanded floor, peering keenly from side to side as he did so. 'Mr Roding—sir!' was all the little man could gasp as their eyes met.

Abel's hand went out and gave the other's a grip that brought tears into his eyes. 'It's such a fine day, Bunker, that I thought I would drop in and have a chop-and-mashed with you,' he said cheerily. 'I knew to a tick when to find you here. I don't know whether you or St George's keeps better time.'

Little more was said till Abel had finished his chop. Bunker surmised that there must be some good reason for his old master's visit, but could only wait till he should be told what it was. 'And now we will walk as far as Bilbo's and see whether he has any of his famous old port left. You must steal an hour from business this afternoon, Bunker, in memory of old times.'

So to Bilbo's they adjourned, which was no great distance away. There they found a quiet corner where they could talk without being overheard. Then was Bunker duly enlightened as to the reason of Abel's visit, which was simply to obtain from the old clerk a trustworthy account of the present condition of the firm and business matters generally, now that a year had elapsed since the reins of power had been transferred to other hands. The story told was one that might well have moved Granddad to the depths of his being. Whether it did so or not, Bunker had no means of knowing, for his auditor was one of those men who may be touched to the quick without betraying it either by word or look. He sat and listened to Bunker's recital as quietly as though it were the most matter-of-fact narrative in the world. He sipped his wine in a leisurely way, now and then interjecting a quiet 'Oh, indeed,' or 'Just so,' with an occasional question to elucidate some particular point; but for the most part listening in silence, with eyes that were half veiled under their shaggy brows.

After that first occasion, Abel made a point of seeking an interview with Bunker once a month; of those meetings no mention was made to Matthew. Granddad went quietly on his way, seeming to see and know nothing, and becoming day by day more of a nonentity in the establishment at Tulse Hill. Nearly all his meals were now taken alone in his own rooms, except when he could smuggle Freddy and Mary in to tea on those afternoons when Mrs Roding happened to be out shopping or visiting. Often a week would pass without he and his son setting eyes on each other. His daughter-in-law had succeeded to admiration in her scheme for isolating him from the rest of the household. On Sunday, however, Matthew always made a point of sitting for half an hour with his father. On these occasions, no mention of business matters ever passed between the two; their talk was confined to the leading

questions of the day, for of late, since he had so much time on his hands, Abel had become a great newspaper reader. No hint ever passed his lips that he had the slightest knowledge of anything respecting which he was supposed to know nothing. So month passed after month, and, if it were possible, Grandad became more than ever a cipher in the household; while Matthew Roding, like a swimmer buoyed up with bladders which a pin-prick may at any moment cause to collapse, ventured farther and yet farther into the deep waters of speculation, on whose surface the sun still shone and balmy zephyrs played, while no cloud even as big as a man's hand uplifted itself like a menace above the horizon.

And so we come again to Grandad's seventy-second birthday, and to Ruff Roding and Mary, whom we left so long ago walking together in the direction of the post-office.

'Why is it such a lucky thing that we have met this morning?' asked Mary for the second time.

'Because, as you may or may not chance to know, this is dear old Grandad's birthday, and I have made up my mind, despite both my father and my charming stepmother, to spend it with him. When I nearly fell into your arms just now, I was puzzling my brains as to how I should be able to obtain access to the enchanted castle without the ogress who has laid such a ban on me having the slightest suspicion that I was there. Happily, you have solved the difficulty for me.'

'Expliquez-vous, monsieur.'

'As soon as you get back to the house, you must see Grandad and tell him that I am coming. Then, when the coast is clear and nobody about, either you or he must unlock the door at the bottom of the garden that opens into the lane, and there you are—don't you see?'

'The audacity of young men, of painters especially'—

'Is something that surpasses belief.'

'Mrs Roding will be sure to hear of it through one channel or another.'

'I don't care a rush if she does—after it's over. I've a right to visit my grandfather, especially on his birthday, and no one shall hinder me from doing so. A parcel addressed to him will be left at the house in the course of an hour or so. It's only a game-pie and one or two other trifles. We shall be as jolly as sand-boys.—But oh, Mary, my darling, do—do contrive somehow to dine with Grandad and me! Tell a whopper for once. Say you want to go somewhere—shopping, or anything—then go out as usual; and I'll let you in ten minutes later through the garden door.'

Mary shook her pretty head. 'Indeed, sir, I shall do nothing of the kind, not even for the honour of dining with you.—Perhaps, if Grandad were to ask Mrs Roding'—

'I'll get the old boy to do it. She can't be such a curmudgeon as to refuse him on his birthday.—You don't ask me what I've got in the parcel under my arm.'

'I was always taught that little girls should never ask questions.'

'That doesn't keep you from being inquisitive; so, to save you from dying of curiosity, I'll tell you. It's a little water-colour sketch I've

done, as a birthday present to Grandad, of an old water-mill close to where he was born. I've heard him say that when he was a boy he would stand by the hour watching the slowly turning wheel and the white flashing water; and whenever he goes down to Cumberland he never fails to visit the old mill.'

'He will be delighted with it. It will make him feel that he is not quite forgotten.'

'Dear old boy! I wouldn't for the world have him feel that he is neglected.—But I've something else to tell you. As the gourmands are said to do, I've kept my *bonne bouche* till the last. I've good news, my pretty one—great news—glorious news! "Special edition." Can't you guess what it is?'

Mary turned a face to him that blushed, and paled, and then blushed again. 'You've not'—she said, and then stopped.

'Yes, I have,' he laughed. 'That's just it.'

'You've not sold your picture, Ruff!' she gasped.

'Haven't I, though! But I have, and got a commission for another into the bargain. An American millionaire—a splendid fellow.—No haggling; cash on the nail.—Molly, my darling, we'll be wed in six months from to-day, or my name's not Ruff Roding. Rum-ti-tum-tootle!'

If they had happened to be anywhere but in the public street, he would have taken her in his arms and kissed her then and there.

RABBIT CRUSADING.

MANY of our readers will probably have heard and read much about the ravages of poor 'bunny' upon the sheep-runs of New Zealand, Victoria, and other colonies; but some particulars of the manner in which 'the pest' has been dealt with with a view to its suppression may prove readable. Let us then endeavour to give some description of a rabbit-war, so to speak, of which we had some experience. The work was carried on upon a run of one hundred thousand acres in the South or Middle Island of New Zealand, which had become so overrun with rabbits that the sheep-flock had been reduced from eighty thousand to forty-five thousand, through the inability of the land to support the larger number, owing to the amount of grass consumed by the rabbits. It is commonly related on the station that, about five years before the time of which we are writing, it was a difficult matter to find a rabbit anywhere on the run, and that the manager once reproved one of his men for taking out a gun to try and shoot one of these animals, saying, that if the rabbits were indiscriminately hunted, it would soon be impossible to get one for dinner. And yet so great was the increase during these succeeding five years, that the owners of the station found the carrying power of their land reduced by nearly one half, and were at their wits' end for a remedy.

Various means were tried for reducing the numbers of the rabbits. Men were engaged to breed ferrets on the run and turn them loose; other men were allowed to camp upon the run and keep large packs of dogs to wage war upon them, and were paid liberally for the skins they

obtained; while others were similarly encouraged to kill them with guns. But notwithstanding all these measures for their suppression, the rabbits continued to increase till their numbers seemed limitless.

In the early days of this trouble, the squatter concerned himself only about the slaughtering of bunny, and paid no heed to the value of the skins. It was the custom to pay those engaged in killing them a certain price, from a penny up to two shillings and sixpence—according to the thickness of the rabbits on the land—for each tail or pair of ears brought into the homestead. In this regard there is a story told of two parties of 'rabbiter' who were engaged upon adjoining runs, on one of which the owner paid for the tails delivered to his storekeeper, while on the other a similar price was paid for the ears. These worthies hit upon the device of meeting at the boundary fence and exchanging ears for tails. Thus, each gang was paid for all the rabbits killed upon both runs, and hence every rabbit killed was paid for twice. This nefarious practice was carried on for some time before the victimised squatters discovered the fraud.

In course of time the value of the skins was recognised; and now millions are shipped annually to the London market, where they command a good price, and are made up by the manufacturers into a large variety of articles of female adornment, such as muffs, capes, trimmings, and the like; besides which, it is said that the skin is tanned and made up into an imitation kid. Besides the common gray rabbit, so well known in England, there are in New Zealand some very pretty varieties. Notably, there is what is known as the 'silver gray.' The fur of this species is a mixture, in varying proportions, of black and white tails. For these, nearly double the price of ordinary skins is paid by the skin-dealers. Besides the silver grays, which are sometimes almost white, and at others nearly black, there are also many pure black rabbits, and a few quite white. There are also in some parts black rabbits with brown spots.

The method of taking and preparing the skins is as follows: the skin (jacket) is taken off without being split up in the usual way. The skinner places his foot upon one hind-leg, and holding the other in his left hand, slits the skin with his knife across from leg to leg; he then disengages the skin from around each hind-leg, and planting his foot upon both of these, pulls the whole skin up over the body of the rabbit, precisely as a footballer takes off his buttonless jersey. The skin is thus turned inside out; and a skilful skinner will, with a sharp pull, unless the rabbit be very old and tough, strip the whole skin, dragging the head and fore-paws through without any further aid from his knife. But in some cases he will have to cut round the neck and fore-paws before he can disengage the hide. The speed with which men and boys who are accustomed to the work can strip bunny of his jacket is almost incredible.

Having taken off the skin, the rabbit, unless he wants it as food for his dogs, leaves the carcass lying where he found it; and again turning the skin so that the fur side is outward, strings it upon a strap hanging round his neck, or upon his belt, and goes on in search of more spoil.

The methods already spoken of, shooting, and hunting with dogs and ferrets, having proved wholly inadequate to meet the case, other methods had to be sought; and at last the expedient of laying poisoned grain was hit upon. In the direction of poisoning, many experiments were made with different and uncertain results. Carrots prepared with arsenic were used, and are still in great favour in many parts, and both wheat and oats were 'phosphorised,' as the professional rabbiting term goes. At first, the poisoned grain was placed upon the ground indiscriminately in large heaps; with the result that many sheep and cattle ate it and were killed. This seemed to present an insurmountable obstacle to its use; but further experiments led to the plan of putting down the grain in small quantities in each place, not greater than a ten-spoonful, which resulted very successfully. Oats are generally used in preference to wheat. This was the method by which poisoning with phosphorised oats is carried on, as observed by the writer on the station referred to above. Provisions were made for employing twenty-five men constantly for twelve months in laying poison. These, provided with four large tents, measuring ten feet by twelve feet, and under the supervision of the head-shepherd, were set to work upon a carefully devised plan. In these days of 'wire-shepherds,' as they are called—that is, wire-fences—termed wire-shepherds because they take the place in a large degree of shepherds or 'boundary-keepers,' who in the old days had to be employed by the squatters to keep the sheep from straying in far greater numbers than at the present day—a sheep-run is always divided into a number of sections, often several thousands of acres in extent, called 'paddocks.' The 'poisoning gang' would be taken to a convenient camping-place in one of these paddocks and there quartered. A well-sheltered nook would be selected contiguous to a creek, of which there were several on the run, and here the camp would be pitched. The four tents, for which the poles, pegs, and all necessaries would be carried from camp to camp, would be set up; quantities of dry fern, reeds, creepers, or grass, as the locality might provide, would then be cut and spread upon the floor for bedding; and on the top of this each man would spread his blankets. To each tent six men were apportioned, four of whom had to lie side by side across the inner half; while the other two lay in like manner, occupying one half of the outer portion.

Now to attempt a description of the method by which bunny was attacked. Let us suppose that it was planned first to poison, say, No. 1 paddock. Some weeks before the war began, the bulk of the flock were turned into this paddock to eat the grass close down, so that the rabbits should have but little choice of food when the poisoning began. Next, the camp was pitched in this No. 1 paddock; and then, the sheep having been moved on to the paddock next intended to be operated upon, work was commenced in earnest. The poisoned oats were prepared at the home station, and sent out to the rabbiters upon packhorses. At one time, the oats and phosphorus were boiled together in an open vessel; but as the fumes were found to be injurious to the men who superintended the operation, cylindrical boilers with

hermetical covers were contrived revolving upon an axis. These cylinders, lying horizontally between upright stanchions, and turned with a crank, each capable of holding about two sacks of oats, were filled with a mixture of grain, phosphorus, and water in certain proportions. The cover having been sealed up, a fire was lighted beneath the boilers, which were kept slowly revolving while the contents boiled for a certain length of time. The poisoned oats thus prepared having been brought to the scene of operations, the next business was to distribute them for the delectation of poor unsuspecting bunny. For this purpose, each man was provided with a semicircular tin about six inches deep, with a diameter of about eighteen inches. Each tin was fitted with an overarching handle, passing from the centre of the diameter, or flat side of the tin, to the centre of the circumference, or curved side. Through this handle a strap would be rove, by which means the tin could be slung over the shoulder in such a way that the flat side might rest against the bearer's left hip; the semicircular shape being designed for convenience in carrying. Each tin would hold from fifteen to twenty pounds of oats—nearly half a bushel. Each man carried in his right hand a light stick about two feet six inches long, with a piece of tin bent in the shape of a spoon, and about the size of a teaspoon, fastened to one end. Thus accoutred, and with a tin bottle full of tea, and a little bread and meat in a handkerchief, slung to his belt, for the mid-day meal, the rabbitier would 'fall in' after breakfast every morning at eight o'clock to begin the day's work.

On completing one paddock, drays would be sent from the home station to transport the whole of the impedimenta to the camping-place in the next, and so on from time to time. Nothing but absolutely perpendicular cliffs, which were sometimes met with, was allowed to divert the line of march. Sometimes the men would be climbing up steep mountain sides, at others picking their way gingerly, at no small risk of breaking their limbs, along the faces of steep sidings and cliffs; and anon they would be crossing creeks or threading their way through clumps of 'bush' (wood). At times, when a piece of country had to be attacked where there was very heavy tussock-grass or scrub, a day or two would be given to 'burning off' before laying the poison.

So much for the business of putting the poison down for the rabbits. Now what about securing the skins? For this purpose, a contract was let to three men, who, in the guise of 'camp-followers,' as they might be termed, followed the rabbitiers from place to place. These men were provided with tents and wires for stretching their skins, and were paid by the station owners one-and-sixpence a dozen for all skins brought in properly dried and tied up in dozens. The contractors employed two boys to help them; and all five used to spend the day from early in the morning until nearly dark scouring the country over which the poisoners had passed the day before, and taking the skins from the carcasses. Then, upon their return to camp, they would all have to sit up far into the night stretching and cleaning the spoils of the day.

This gang had to pay the station for its pro-

visions. The collections of skins daily would vary from one hundred and fifty up to three hundred per head, men and boys, according to the abundance of the rabbits in different places. The gatherings would rarely fall short of one hundred and fifty a head, from which it will be seen that these men were earning handsome wages. The writer on one occasion walked six miles, to and from a certain patch of ground that had been poisoned a day or two before (three miles each way), and skinned one hundred and twenty rabbits between breakfast-time and mid-day. The skins collected do not represent all the rabbits killed. Many hundreds die under ground, and numbers are torn to pieces by the hawks and seagulls, which congregate in enormous numbers from all directions upon 'poisoned country.'

From the foregoing, it may be seen what the ravages of the rabbit really mean, though, unfortunately, we have not all the figures at hand necessary for making an accurate statement. But first glancing at the loss to the station in wool through the reduction of its flock from eighty thousand to forty-five thousand sheep, let us review roughly the weekly cost of this rabbit-war alone: Overseer, being the head-shepherd, a 'paid' yearly hand. Twenty-four men at twenty-five shillings each, £30; cook, £1, 15s.; man to prepare poison, £1, 10s.; four packmen at twenty-five shillings each, £5; rations for thirty-one men at seven shillings each, £10, 17s.; oats, say, a bushel and a half per man daily, equal to two hundred and twenty-five bushels at two shillings and sixpence, £28, 2s. 6d.; phosphorus (quantity used and price not known), say, £5; bonus to men for collecting skins—say, three men and two boys collect three hundred each daily—for week, nine thousand, or seven hundred and fifty dozen at one shilling and sixpence, £56, 5s. Thus, roughly speaking, this station was expending weekly £138, 9s. 6d. in protecting itself against loss from the continual increase of the rabbits, which threatened soon to take entire possession of the whole country. From this total have, of course, to be deducted the proceeds of the skins in London, which may be calculated, we think, after allowing for all shipping and home charges, at about two shillings and sixpence per dozen. This would give £93, 15s. to be deducted from £138, 9s. 6d.; leaving a weekly charge upon the station of £44, 14s. 6d. But this, it must be remembered, is a very rough estimate, and is probably a good deal below the actual cost. In allowing a collection of three hundred skins per man and boy daily, we have probably far exceeded the mark; and it will be seen that any material reduction here would alter the figures considerably. Then, again, the estimate of seven shillings per head for rations is probably an under-statement, as is also the item of five pounds for phosphorus. Moreover, no estimate has been made for wear and tear of tents, cooking utensils, horse-flesh, drays, and harness, &c.; nor for wages of men packing, counting, pressing, and carting the skins, and getting firewood and so on.

But enough has been written to show what a serious matter the 'rabbit pest' is to the squatter and to the country; and we trust this paper may prove of some interest to English

readers. It should be mentioned that in Australia the rabbit skins are of no value whatever, because, owing to the warmer climate, they are not so heavily furred as in New Zealand. The ultimate result of the crusade we have endeavoured to describe was highly satisfactory, the run being virtually cleared of rabbits for the time being. Nevertheless, it will be a perpetual charge upon the station to keep them under, as a year or two of neglect would bring about again the same state of things. And this is true of the greater part of the South Island of New Zealand and many parts of Australia. The rabbits are a constant source of anxiety and annoyance, and unflinching vigilance is necessary to keep them in check.

THE LOST ISLAND.

A LEGEND OF ORKNEY.

Most people have heard of the Standing Stones of Stennis in Orkney. In a silent circle they stand amid the solitude of the moor, silvered with the lichens of dead centuries. Tourists come and gaze on them, picnic beneath them, and speculate vaguely as to how they came there. Antiquaries also gaze, and proceed to evolve from their inner consciousness some theory to account for the origin of the stones. But the annals of the countryside have no legend of the race which raised them. All over the islands are the vestiges of some busy tribe who dwelt half underground, and have left to the worms and the rats their buried dwellings, known now as 'Brochs.' Yet the strange fact remains, that, while these peoples are utterly forgotten by their successors, the still earlier tribes, who made terrible the islands of old, have left their traces in the popular legends with which the Orcadian children are kept quiet in the long dark winter evenings.

There lies on a moor not very far from Stennis a huge stone, which was flung by a giant in the island of Hoy at his enemy Cubby Ruo, in Rousay, full ten miles off. That stone must have been there for generations before those which have outlasted man's memory at Stennis, and yet the very name of the man through whose quarrel it came there is unforgettten. Cubby Ruo was a bit of an engineer in his way, and determined to raise a connecting mound between his own island of Rousay and the smaller isle known as Wyre or Veira. In the pride of his strength he took too great a load of earth and stones in his creel, stumbled and fell, and lies to this day under the mound which he was carrying.

His island of Rousay seems to have been a favourite haunt of giants, fairies, and supernatural people of all kinds. It is separated from the Mainland of Orkney by a narrow strait, through which runs a furious tide. At certain hours of the day, two tides meet here, and their meeting-place, known as Enhallow Roost, is one wild whirl of foam and leaping spray. In the middle of the roost lies the little green isle of Enhallow.

The name is commonly held to mean 'holy isle,' and to have been given the island from the fact that on it was erected a very early Christian chapel or hermitage. It seems just as probable, however, that the name is derived from Hela, the old Norse goddess of death. Be that as it may, tradition tells that Enhallow was once an invisible island, only appearing amidst the foam of the roost at certain times, and vanishing again before it could be reached by mortal foot. It came to be known in Rousay—how, we have not been able to discover—that if any man seeing Enhallow took iron in his hand and kept his eyes fixed on the island till he landed upon it, he would reclaim it from the sea for ever. This was done at last, and Enhallow has remained visible and tangible ever since.

But for the adventurous there is hope still. Somewhere near Enhallow there lies another island, unseen of men for more years than can be reckoned. This is the story of its last appearance, as told me by a native of Rousay, one who has seen the fairies and heard the wild strange music of the sea-folk.

One day, very many years ago, a young girl went up to the hill opposite Enhallow to cut peats. Her day's work done, she was sitting resting on the heather, when a strange man came up to her. After a little talk, he asked her to go with him; and though she refused at first, he gained such power over her that he made her come. When night came and she did not return, her people became alarmed, and set out to seek for her. High and low the whole island was searched, but no trace found of the missing maiden. The wonder passed away, and matters fell back into their old course. Some time after this, the father and brothers of the lost girl went out to fish. They were somewhat to the west of Enhallow, when a thick fog fell on the sea, so thick they could not tell where they were. At last their boat touched land; and on going ashore, they found themselves, as they thought, upon Enhallow. Going a little inland, however, they found that they were on another island, for they saw a big house before them. On coming up to this house, they found, to their surprise, none other than their lost daughter and sister in the person of the 'good-wife.' She took them in and gave them food, and told them she was married to a 'sea-man' and living with him here. As they were sitting, the door opened, and 'a great brown wisp' came rolling in and went 'ben.' (A 'wisp' is a huge ball of twisted heather-ropes, which is used in Orkney for thatching purposes.) In a few minutes a handsome young man came 'but.' He was introduced as the husband of the young woman, and welcomed her friends very kindly. Two more wisps came in while they waited, and from each of them came forth a sea-man, who had been out fishing. When the men had to leave the house, the father asked his daughter to return to Rousay with him; but she refused, saying she was too happy with her husband to leave him. She gave her father, however, a knife, and told him while he kept it his fishing would never fail, and he would be able to visit her whenever he wished. After a tender farewell, the Rousay men pushed off into the mist; but the

old man somehow let the knife slip, and it fell into the sea. In a moment the boat touched land on Rousay; but the island and its mistress have never since been seen.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Of all the diseases to which man is liable, hydrophobia, the disease which follows consequent upon the bite of a rabid animal, is surely one of the most dreadful. Its associations in our mind are such that the very mention of its name is sufficient to cause an involuntary shudder. There is the sickening and often prolonged uncertainty, after one has been bitten, as to whether the disease will manifest itself or not; and then, when once the symptoms declare themselves, the horrible certainty of a most awful death. Yet, though the deadly characteristics of the disease are so well known, until lately but very little was understood as to its real nature, and as a consequence, there were no means for its certain cure or prevention, once the virus was present in the system. The most erroneous ideas prevailed, and indeed many of them still prevail, with respect to hydrophobia. For instance, it is supposed by many that it is more prevalent in hot than in cold weather; but this is not so, for it is known in the arctic as well as in the torrid regions, though, strange to say, it is not known, so far as can be ascertained, in Australia or New Zealand. Again, the mad dog is not afraid of water, as is often supposed, but would drink if it could: it is the spasms in its throat which prevent its doing so. Then, there was the popular superstition—which seems now, however, to have nearly died out—that if a perfectly healthy dog bit a person and afterwards went mad, the person bitten would also go mad and die. It would be difficult to say how many dogs, quite innocent of any taint of hydrophobia, have been sacrificed to this unreasoning superstition, the natural corollary of which was, that the life of any person bitten by a dog was in danger until that dog had been killed. Gradually, however, these and other kindred errors and misconceptions have been dying out; but it was left to M. Pasteur to discover the much needed means of successfully dealing with hydrophobia; for successful his method must be admitted to be, seeing that he has given such proofs of the efficiency of his treatment, and seeing, too, that these proofs have been tested, and admitted as correct by a Committee appointed by the Local Government Board of this country to inquire into M. Pasteur's treatment of the disease.

M. Pasteur's method of treating hydrophobia is by inoculation, or vaccination, as we may term it. He ascertained that if a healthy animal were inoculated with a portion of the virus taken from the spinal cord of an animal which had died of rabies, it would contract the disease in the same way as though it had been bitten by a rabid animal. He found, too, that, by a series of inoculations through rabbits, the intensity of the virus was increased; that is, if the virus obtained from

one rabbit was inoculated into a second rabbit, virus from the second into a third, and so on, the strength of the virus increased; and the period of incubation was therefore shortened, until, from about fifteen days in the first instance, it was reduced, after a cultivation of the virus through fifty rabbits, to seven days. Now, the virus taken from the spinal cords of any of these rabbits would, if inoculated into a healthy animal, produce rabies; but if the cords are suspended in jars containing dry air at a certain temperature, the virus is gradually weakened or attenuated without decomposition taking place, until, after a certain period, it is no longer capable of producing rabies. By this process it will be seen that virus would be readily obtained of various degrees of intensity, ranging from an almost harmless nature to the highest point of virulence. By a series of experiments, M. Pasteur established the all-important fact, that if a dog or other animal were inoculated with a portion of this attenuated virus, and inoculated on each succeeding day with virus of a greater strength than that used on the preceding, it would be rendered non-labile to rabies.

This interesting fact has been most clearly proved by experiments made in this country by Mr Horsley, the Secretary of the Committee appointed by the Local Government Board. All the experiments, it may be here stated, were rendered painless by means of ether or chloroform. Six dogs were 'protected' after the method observed by M. Pasteur, or, in other words, they were inoculated with virus from the spinal cords of rabbits which had died of rabies, using on the first day a cord which had been dried for fourteen days, and on each succeeding day a cord dried for one day less, until a fresh cord was used. These six protected dogs, with two unprotected dogs and some unprotected rabbits, were then, after being made insensible with ether, bitten by rabid dogs, or by a rabid cat, on an exposed part. The results were conclusive. A protected dog bitten by a dog paralytically rabid escaped scot-free; while an unprotected dog, bitten a few minutes afterwards by the same rabid animal, died paralytically rabid. About four months afterwards, another of the protected dogs was bitten by a dog furiously rabid; he also escaped; while of four unprotected rabbits bitten at the same time and by the same dog, two died of rabies. This was the case with another of the protected dogs and some unprotected rabbits bitten at the same time: the dog lived, the rabbits died. Some six months after being inoculated, two other of the protected dogs were bitten by a furiously rabid dog; and on the same day, by the same dog, an unprotected dog and three unprotected rabbits were bitten. The unprotected dog and two of the rabbits died of rabies, while the protected dogs remained well. The sixth of the protected dogs was thrice bitten on one day by a furiously rabid cat, and a month afterwards by a furiously rabid dog, and again, in another month, by a second furiously rabid dog. It died ten weeks after it had been bitten on the third occasion, though not of rabies, but of diffuse eczema, from which it had been suffering during the whole of the time it was under observation. To make this quite certain, a post-mortem examination of the dog's remains was made, when no signs of rabies could be found; and two rabbits inocu-

lated with virus from its spinal cord in the usual way exhibited no signs of rabies while alive, nor could any signs of such be discovered when, several months afterwards, they were killed. The dog could not, therefore, have died of hydrophobia. The results of these experiments demonstrated in the most effectual manner the fact that animals can be protected from rabies by inoculating them according to M. Pasteur's method. The duration of the immunity thus conferred has not yet been ascertained; but during the two years which have passed since it was proved, there have been no signs of its limitation.

But such experiments as we have just recorded could not, of course, be tried upon human beings; and as M. Pasteur's method is not practised in this country, its success could only be judged of by examining the results of its application by M. Pasteur himself. Between October 1885 and the end of December 1886, M. Pasteur inoculated two thousand six hundred and eighty-two persons; but to take all these cases in the lump, as a means of ascertaining the value of his treatment, could not be considered a sufficiently accurate test, because of the difficulty there is in estimating how many, out of a certain number of people bitten by dogs rabid and supposed to have been rabid, would have died of hydrophobia if not inoculated. Much depends upon the number of bites, and as to whether they are inflicted upon the bare flesh or through clothes; in the latter case, the teeth of the animal may be cleansed in their passage through the clothes. Again, the bites of dogs are not equally dangerous, for cases have been known of a dog biting as many as twenty persons and only one of the number dying; and on the other hand, one dog biting five persons and all dying. Then, too, cauterising and other modes of treatment may prevent a fatal result. All these factors of uncertainty existing, it was necessary, in order to arrive at a just estimate of M. Pasteur's treatment, to investigate personally some of his cases.

He was quite willing that this should be done; and accordingly, the cases of ninety persons were personally inquired into in Paris and the neighbourhood by the English Committee. An analysis shows that out of these ninety cases there were thirty-one of which there was not sufficient evidence to prove that the dogs were rabid; but in the remaining fifty-nine the Committee found that the persons had been bitten by undoubtedly rabid dogs, and that out of these fifty-nine there were twenty-four persons who, after being bitten, had not been treated by cauterising or in any other way likely to prevent the action of the virus. That M. Pasteur's treatment has been efficacious is proved beyond any question by the fact that not one of these persons died from hydrophobia. How many would have died if not treated by M. Pasteur, it is, of course, impossible definitely to state. From observations made of persons bitten by dogs believed to be rabid, and not inoculated or otherwise treated, various estimates as to the number of deaths from hydrophobia have been made, varying from five to sixty per cent. If we take the ninety cases at the very lowest estimate, namely, five per cent., this will give at least four deaths; but seeing that twenty-four persons were

bitten on naked parts by undoubtedly rabid dogs, and not treated in any way, the Committee consider that no fewer than eight persons would have died. It cannot but be admitted that this estimate is indeed very low; in fact, to most people it will appear much too low.

But the two thousand six hundred and eighty-two cases treated by M. Pasteur from October 1885 to the end of December 1886 offer a still further proof of the efficacy of his treatment. Taking the lowest estimate of the percentage of deaths from hydrophobia among persons bitten by dogs supposed to have been rabid, and who were not inoculated, namely, five per cent., it follows that at least one hundred and thirty persons out of the two thousand six hundred and eighty-two should have died; whereas the number of deaths has been thirty-three only, thus showing a saving of close upon one hundred lives. These results may be clearly verified by comparing with them the results of certain groups of M. Pasteur's cases. Thus, out of two hundred and thirty-three persons treated by him, who had been bitten by dogs proved to have been rabid, either by inoculating other animals from them, or by other people or animals dying after having been bitten by them, only four died; whereas, without inoculation, it would be fair to estimate that at least forty would have died. Then one hundred and eighty-six persons were bitten on the head or face by animals proved to have been rabid, only nine of whom died after being treated by M. Pasteur, instead of at least forty. Again, there were forty-eight bitten by rabid wolves, and of these only nine died; whereas, without inoculation, it would have been expected that about thirty would have died—the deaths following bites from rabid wolves being, of course, much more numerous than from dogs.

From the end of December 1886 to the end of March 1887, M. Pasteur inoculated five hundred and nine persons bitten by animals proved to have been rabid, and out of these, only two have died, one of whom had been bitten by a wolf a month before being inoculated, and he died after only three days' treatment.

From January 1886 to April 1887, M. Pasteur has treated one hundred and twenty-seven persons from this country, including one hundred and one bitten by dogs proved to have been rabid. Only four have died, and in one case the death was certified by the English medical man to have resulted from pneumonia. Another of the deaths is scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that the man was repeatedly intoxicated during the whole of the time he was under treatment.

In conclusion, it may be interesting to note how the inoculation of the modified virus acts so as to avert the disease of hydrophobia. Three suppositions have been entertained as to its nature and action. First, that the virus is a living matter, which, when introduced into the system in a modified form, eats up something in the system necessary for its existence, so that, should strong virus capable of producing death be afterwards introduced, it finds nothing to feed upon, and cannot therefore develop. Second, that the weakened virus educates the system to withstand the stronger. Third, that while the virus increases in the body of the inoculated person, it also produces a substance which checks and finally

stops altogether its own growth. This action may be observed in the yeast plant, which as it grows produces alcohol in saccharine solutions, the alcohol presently stopping the growth of the yeast plant itself. M. Pasteur takes this third view, believing that the virus, when present in the system, produces a substance which is in fact its antidote. This being so, the spinal cords of animals which have died of rabies contain both the virus and its antidote. The cords are dried previous to being used, as previously explained, the potency of the virus being thereby reduced to a greater extent than that of the antidote; and each day a fresher cord is used for inoculation, which, though more virulent than that used the preceding day, still contains a larger portion of the antidote, so that, as the treatment proceeds, the latter is able to choke the growth of the virus before it has reached its full incubation period. On this theory it can be seen how it is possible for a person to be bitten by a rabid animal and yet escape; for it is evident that if he can only withstand the action of the virus up to a certain point, the antidotal substance will stop its further development.

RINGS IN TREES NOT A TEST OF AGE.

WE learn from the *Lumber World* that Mr R. W. Furras, an agent of the United States Forestry Department, who has given much attention to the age of a tree as indicated by rings, as well as to the period at which trees of different species stop growing, and that at which the wood is at its best, has reached some conclusions of general interest. He says: 'Concentric or annual rings, which were once accepted as good legal evidence, fail, except where climate, soil, temperature, humidity, and all other surroundings are regular and well balanced; otherwise, they are mere guesswork. The only regions within my knowledge where either rings or measurements were reliable indications are in the secluded, even, and regularly tempered valleys of the Southern Pacific coast.' Annual measurements of white elm, catalpa, soft maple, sycamore, pig-hickory, cotton-wood, chestnut, box-elder, honey-locust, coffee-tree, burr and white oak, black walnut, osage orange, white pine, red cedar, mulberry and yellow willow, made in South-eastern Nebraska, show that 'annual growth is very irregular, sometimes scarcely perceptible, and again quite large;' and this he attributes to the difference in seasons. As trees increase in age, inner rings decrease in size, sometimes almost disappearing. Diminished rate in growth after a certain age is a rule. Of four great beeches mentioned in Loudon, there were three, each about seventeen feet in girth, whose ages were respectively sixty, one hundred and two, and two hundred years. Mr Furras found twelve rings in a black locust six years old, twenty-one rings in a shell bark-hickory of twelve years, ten rings in a pig-hickory of six years, eleven rings in a wild crab-apple of five years, and only twenty rings in a chestnut-oak of twenty-four years. An American chestnut of only four years had nine rings, while a peach of eight years had only five rings.

Dr A. M. Childs, a resident of Nebraska from 1854 to 1882, a careful observer for the Smithsonian Institution, who counted rings on some

soft maples eleven years two months old, found on one side of the heart of one of them forty rings, and no fewer than thirty-five anywhere, which were quite distinct when the wood was green; but after it had been seasoned, only twenty-four rings could be distinguished. Another expert says that all our northern hard woods make many rings a year, sometimes as many as twelve; but as the last set of cells in a year's growth are very small and the first very large, the annual growth can always be determined, except when, from local causes, there is in any particular year little or no cell-growth. This may give a large number on one side. Upon the Pacific coast of North America, trees do not reach the point where they stop growing nearly so early as those of the Atlantic coast. Two hundred years is nearly the greatest age attained on the eastern side of the continent by trees that retain their vigour; while five hundred years is the case of several species on the western coast, and one writer is confident that a sequoia which was measured was two thousand three hundred and seventy-six years old! At Wrangel, a western hemlock, six feet in diameter at the stump, was four feet in diameter one hundred and thirty-two feet farther up the trunk, and its rings showed four hundred and thirty-two years. But in the old Bartram Garden, near Philadelphia, not more than one hundred and fifty years old, almost all the trees are on the down grade. The oak, which is England's pride, and which at home is said to live one thousand years, has grown to full size and died in this garden; and the foreign spruces are following suit. Silver firs planted in 1800 are decaying. The great difference in the longevity of trees upon the western and eastern coasts of continents in the northern hemisphere seems to be due to the warm, moist air carried by strong and permanent ocean currents from the tropics north-easterly, in both the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, which makes the climate both moist and equable in high latitudes.

BEYOND.

AUTUMN is dying; Winter is come;
Dead leaves are flying; the rivers are dumb;
The wind's like a knife—one's fingers grow numb;
There is snow on the mountain, ice in the pond.
Winter is with us, but Spring is beyond.

The Old Year is dying; its glory is dead.
The days are all flying—their glory has fled.
The bushes grow bare, as the berries grow red;
There is snow on the mountain, ice in the pond.
The Old Year is dying, but the New is beyond.

We are all growing old, and life slips away.
There is bare time for work, and still less for play;
Though we think we grow wiser, the longer we stay;
But there's life in us yet—no need to despond;
This world may wax old, but heaven is beyond.

B. G. J.

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IN THE TURNIPS.

A BLUE haze rolls away in the distance, like a spotless fleece from millions of rain-diamonds. The fields shine in silver armour, not plain, but filigreed and incrustated with a marvellous cunning beyond the art of man. The sun peeps down into the glowing funnel, shining against the purple mist as on a cerulean wall. Cobwebs, elastic needles, shooting and contracting in the glorious sunshine, spun lines of sheeny floss, bar the way from hedge to hedge, where the purple saffron—the crocus of autumn—lurks, mandragora to the velvet-backed bees. In the air there is a sharp crack of frost, so faint as to be scarcely discernible, though it glows in our veins as no champagne can do; and over the streams hangs a pall of pearly nebulous haze, which covers the broad fans of the water-lilies with a gleaming coat. A brace of wild-duck splash and dabble in the quiet pool under a bending ash sapling, inverted now, like rainbow-coloured cones, as they reach for the bleached water-celery in the flood below. Yonder, a moorhen rides upon the water, a square black speck; we can hear a coot piping in the belt of reeds, no longer vivid green to the needles, but scared half-way down, as if a breath of fire had scorched them. Forget-me-nots, the paler blue variety, the myosotis probably, bloom here luxuriantly, some of the star-shaped heads large as a shilling; what with ash-berries, wild geraniums—still lingering in the sheltered hollows—late grasses, ruddy leaved anemones, late blue-bells, and the long trails of the bramble, its leaves burnt, and fused from pale primrose to delicate rose-pink, a late bouquet can be gathered.

Last night's frost has caught the bramble leaf. Here is one with veins of dull red gold, shaded away to the main sinew a flushed scarlet, through all the gradations of colour—ether blue, rose madder, and saffron. A chilled tortoiseshell butterfly lies on the leaf, its wings closed, the segment of a leaf almost itself, till it is held up to catch the fragrant warmth; it gradually expands and flies upwards. Close by, under a clump of

dry moss, there is a tiny hole in the bank, a murmurous hum in the air, as a colony of orange-tailed bees, with bodies softer than the sheeniest plush, dive in and out, some clean and bright, others covered with a fine powder, a yellow dust that goes to help the waxen cells. Some of the same colony have found their way to the thistle-bloom, where they crawl, drugged and helpless, like a Malay under the dangerous fascination of a pipe of opium.

The mist rolls away as we drive along, till the whole panorama lies before us. On either side, hills rise clad to their crests with trees, the leaves commencing to turn, the transformation more apparent when they are backed by belts of dark firs. The ashes are blackening already, the sycamores are a mass of yellow, showing strong against the copper beeches. In the orchards there is a sombre brown coating where the fruit gleams warm gold or crimson-streaked, pale waxen yellow or glowing red, the imperial purple on the plums making contrasts all too inviting. A squirrel in the hazels pauses in his nimble flight to contemplate us with his dark eyes; yellow-hammers in their winter plumage flit along the gorse bushes. There is a bloom upon it still, no longer virgin gold in colouring, but faint as late primroses. We are nearing our destination. The sun has climbed up higher; it will be hot presently, though the dew still lies thick in the shade. Cattle, sleek, russet-coated, stand knee-deep in the straw; there is a rush, a bark of welcome from a cluster of dogs, and our host stands at his gate, with a smile of welcome to greet us.

Breakfast is laid for us in 'the study,' an apartment which, with the exception of a complete set of *Bailey* and the *Gentleman's*, contains not a single volume of any kind. Our host has a brown face, a keen gray eye that will get but little wiping to-day, one that can look along the barrels of a sixteen-bore to some purpose. There are some half-dozen guns, worn smooth in the barrel as hammered silver; a pile of cartridges at one end of the oak table; at the other, a cloth laid with

covers for three—welcome sight, after our nine-mile drive. As we take our places, the dogs bound in : a splendid retriever, black and glossy as ebony, with a ripe red brown on his loins ; a pointer, dappled with splashes like a strawberry ; a young setter, half-made as yet, thin as a whipping-post, and eager as an excited child. The eggs and ham smoke on the board, some fragrant coffee throws out an aromatic smell ; but our host, a good old-fashioned conservative, holds to the cold beef, and swears by his tankard of home-brewed. Thirty miles a day across the stubble or the grass meadows have inured him to stronger potions than we dare to take. Lucky Rusticus, with the clear brown skin and hearty laugh, who has never known a day's illness or a day's sorrow in the whole course of his thirty-five years.

In the lanes there is deep red mud, churned by wide-wheeled wains ; and swaths of corn hang from the hazel wands, bending now under the weight of nuts in russet sheaths ; distantly, the hum of a thrashing-machine makes drowsy murmur. Here is a stubble-field, fresh reaped, where a long string of geese march in search of golden grains, and over the brow of which a hare scuds, startled by our heedless footsteps. Close against us, an orchard lies, laden with fruit, the grass vividly green ; dew spangled where the sun cannot reach down to the sloping boles of the lichen-clad trees. A great green woodpecker, called here a 'heckle,' bright green and lemon-yellow, taps upon the trunks like a postman's knock, undisturbed by our approach. Round the tree he goes in spiral gyrations, higher and higher, till, with short piping screams, he flashes away to the distant woods. In the corner, there is a sudden whir ; a dusky glimpse of brown wings, as a covey of birds clear the hedge ; bang, bang ! go the guns, and out of the waning flight two seem to stop, as if held by some unseen power, and fall to the ground. One we find stone-dead in the fallow ; the other is utterly lost, as if by magic. The black setter stands at length over a tuft of grass no larger than a man's hand, a marvelously small space for our wounded bird to hide itself ; and there it is found.

We are in the turnips at last—a goodly crop, lying east and west in even rows, with a bloom upon the broad leaves, and dewdrops like liquid diamonds shaking in the purple-laced edges as our feet disturb them. In the centre of the field, a solitary figure is standing, fork in hand, a stalwart countryman, only moving in short steps, as if there was some great weight attached to his limbs. Strange that the feet formed to follow the plough through the fallow, the scythe through the grass swaths, should inherit from his sires, or generate for himself, the seeds of the agricultural labourer's greatest curse—rheumatism. But where the land is deep and red, and where pasture does not predominate, the demon lurks in every moist hedgerow or drenched clover-field. See

Hodge dressed at his best on the gala days of rustic fairs, and, young or old, you may see how the enemy steals upon him.

But Giles, in spite of his rheumatism, has a sportsman's heart. He pauses in his uncongenial toil, and, leaning on the long handle of his fork, stares at us with the honest disconcerting contemplation a genuine Simon-Pure countryman can alone assume. The workings of his mind are not particularly rapid ; then, without a word, he raises his hand, pointing stolidly to a distant corner, where the roots are thickest, and the shade from a copse throws a grateful shadow. The dogs have settled to their work now, making smaller circles in front of us, till at length the pointer stops, as if frozen into stone, his nose cast to the wind, every lithe muscle and elastic sinew rigid. A few steps farther, and there is another mad whirring of wings. Bang, bang ! go the guns. The blue smoke drifts away in spiral coils, a handful of feathers floats in the air, and two brace and a half lie dead upon the turnips. A hare starts madly across a bare patch, going down the wind, then suddenly stops, turning three complete summersaults, and lies a mass of golden brown fur, stiff and still. And we have not been walking more than half an hour as yet !

In the seed-clover there is a murmurous hum, as from a million bees. The purple bloom is nearly off ; the tops are brown and seared, though in the rich undergrowth there is a perfect carpet of honey-yielding flowers ; first of all, the white and purple clover, rich in nectar as the blue belt of hoarhound that stripes the golden state of California. Here, earlier in the season, the screaming plover has nested, the lark has found a resting-place, or the whinchat has laid her speckled eggs. Clouds of small birds rise at our feet out of the rich feeding-ground, their spectre-flight contrasting now and then with the heavy whir of a well-fed pheasant winging his noisy way to the woods. The bees are busy to-day ; the honey-gatherer in his useful brown coat, the great orange-tail with noisy hum of doing much with scant result, the black velvet-backed bees—all are here, making their harvest before the coming winter. Another fortnight, and the last feast of flowers will be over, though the sun is hot overhead and summer fills the air. But they know, with that marvellous instinct, as the hawkweed knows of the coming storm, or the seabirds scent the distant gale. Over the whole of the dead seed-heads they flit like an invading army ; and with them come the homely birds, waiting now for the flushed berries in the hedgerows to ripen under the warm breath of the September sun.

Here is a long rambling hedge over a warm south bank, against a field of ripe, pungent smelling hops. There must be trees of some half-dozen growths in its entire length—blackthorn, hedgerow elms, alder, dwarf-oak, hazel, and hawthorns, with masses of wild-rose, sloe-berry, luscious bramble, and shining dewberry at the foot. Here in itself is material enough for a lover of nature to write a volume. The profuse clusters of red-black hawthorn berries are seen beside the vivid scarlet hips of the straggling dogrose, or, as the children here call them, 'soldiers ;' sweet to the taste when they are

scooped out, and the furry seeds taken away. The berries have all their ripeness and richness of colouring, like seasoned mahogany, but without the final polish that brings out the beautiful graining of the wood; their polish will come from a few more drenching dews, followed by a touch of hoar-frost, and consummated finally by the pale November suns. They hang in coronets of shining necklaces, untouched as yet by the birds; the leaves are turning brown behind them, though the hazel tassels are still a sheeny emerald. Behind them you can see how the conflagration of the woods burns with a luminous shine, not so deep as it will be presently, but still enough to present a harmonious haze of beautiful tinting; an artist's despair, the consumption of nature, like a lovely woman with the scarlet flush upon her cheek. The deep sap-green of the hops, like a living wall, stands behind, touched plentifully by a pale sulphur yellow where the fruit has ripened. If you will take the dry seeds and place them under a strong microscope, you will see nuggets of virgin gold, so bright and clean are they. It is all silent now; a few days later, and the green solemn stillness will be alive with labour, picturesque and wild, and noisy with a babble of strange tongues, utterly unlike our deep west-country accent.

Passing away to the right, we come to a piece of 'rough,' a tangled mass of fern, and gigantic thistles with heads like bursting cotton. There is a chatter of birds; the red flash of bullfinches, the golden flit of a cloud of goldfinches in the air, others perched upon the thistle branches, hundreds of them making a yellow splash against the sombre brown. Two men crouch down near a cage containing a call-bird; already they have gleaned a goodly feathered harvest, for by them is a wire prison in which half a score of frightened songsters rush and flutter, as if they would beat their hearts out against the cruel bars.

The sun is high up overhead in a cloudless sky; nature seems to have changed her rosy aspect since we started. Autumn of the cherry cheek and purple brow seems to have stolen from Summer—loth to depart—a charm or two to deck her glowing beauty. Past two now, and in a sheltered corner lunch awaits us, sportsman's fare—bread and cheese, a few slices of cold meat, sparkling cider, and bright home-brewed ale in stone jars. Ten brace of birds lie on the brown turf, with three hares, some rabbits, and, in contrast to them, the sheeny blue of the wood-pigeon's plumage. If you look at the dogs as they sit waiting for their turn, you can see how their black eager noses turn to the wind and quiver, like the muzzle of a stag in the ferns. Behind us is another field of roots, where the partridges are calling; and if you strain your ears, you can catch the whistle of a snipe in the reeds. For nearly five hours we have been walking over hill and dale, and yet there is a freedom of step, an elasticity of limb that nothing seems to tire. The cream of the day is still before us; the birds are lying well, and many a patch of clover and turnip still remains unbeaten; evidently, we are going to have a day to be marked in sporting memory with a white stone.

Presently, we skirt a belt of woods, still and quiet, save for the challenge of a pheasant or

the ring of a distant woodman's axe. Under a giant oak, on the short thymy turf, a fox lies sporting with her cubs. Tread softly, and see Reynard at home—three of them altogether; they roll over and over, a mass of reddish-brown fur, showing their white teeth. Close by, a blood-stained mass of feathers lies, and with them a half-eaten rabbit. Unconscious of danger, they play around, till one of us treads too eagerly on a dry twig; then, as if by magic, there is a rush, and they are gone. What a marvellous instinct these pariahs of nature have for scenting danger! Over the very spot a cock-pheasant struts in the full beauty of his sheeny plumage, his burnished neck and golden-blue crest in vivid contrast to the white ring round his neck. A host of his hens follow behind obediently, tame almost as the barn-door fowl now; but docile as they are, lazy of flight and hard to scare, they will come 'rocketing' over the bare oaks fast enough in another month, when the roaring equinox has beat upon the woods, and the naked oaks rock before the gale. See them coming down the wind then, with a scud like a seagull, and you shall not know them for the same half-domesticated birds.

The sun begins to slope down in the similitude of a glowing copper shield; the breeze grows fainter and dies in the fern fronds; a bright flush touched with rose-pink warms all the western sky, making a golden tracery finer than the most delicate lace behind the pines. All along the east it is a steely blue, with the cold mists rolling up with the crescent moon. A tiny stream runs through a broken meadow, full of thorn-bushes, reeds in feathery clumps, and broad-leaved flags of the yellow iris. Earlier in the spring, about Eastertide, it was one waving mass of orange-coloured bloom from the nodding daffodils. Here are scattered birds from the frightened coverts—conies racing away right and left, a snipe or two with quick zigzag flight, and on the quiet pool a brace of moorhens. The acorns are falling fast; they crunch under our feet; a polished brown at the dome, a pale saffron where the cups have held them. Under every bank, half hidden by the coarser plants, the hartstongue throws out its long burnished leaves; beech and oak fern are abundant; though it is so far south, you can gather a button-hole of white and purple heather. Here and there are giant mushrooms—not the round white domes of the water-meadows with their chocolate linings, but wide, spreading fungi, in shape like a parachute, coloured like oak-bark, and black underneath; gigantic puff-balls incrustated with tiny dots, upon which the dew lies like a cluster of jewels, all full of sap now, though, later on, the children racing home from school will kick them with eager feet, to see the brick-red dust fly out of these natural snuff-boxes.

Every yard we cover holds something new. Here at our feet is a moving dome of moist brown earth. Kick it over quickly, and out glides a black little engineer, soft as the daintiest sealskin, astonished to find himself in the light—no mole, perhaps the most hard-working of nature's miners. He loses no time in idle regret; see how quickly he buries himself again; a second later, and he is gone. Man makes war upon him in blind ignorance, as those black spots hanging from

every bough of yonder willow can testify. This one must have worked hard; an uplifted mass of turf, an irregular line some forty feet long, mark his track. Like the worms, they are splendid drainers; yet every farmer will tell you they are his greatest pest.

Let us count our bag, for the light is waning fast; the woods begin to loom nearer; a conflagration as from a thousand coloured fires rages in the western sky. Thirty brace and a half of partridges, five hares, a score of rabbits, a couple of landrail, and a brace of pigeons. And above this, a walk of nearly forty miles in some of the grandest scenery the west country affords. The keeper shoulders his gun, and bids us a respectful good-night as he drops sundry coins into his capacious pocket. Limbs are not so elastic now, and visions of warm baths and clean linen rise in refreshing vision before the mind's eye.

Look at the sunset for a moment: every colour is there from indigo to golden. How many pigments can an artist count upon his palette?—Perhaps fifty at best! Here we have a thousand delicate gradations, infinitely blended, so that the keenest eye cannot discern the marvellous grades, the infinitesimal shadings that in one small space cover the whole gamut of colour. There is no coldness with it; everything is glowing bright, bathed in sunlight, that most wonderful varnish which develops every minute variation. Then, every passing moment brings some change; a tiny cloud no bigger than a man's hand, one minute is snowy white, then rose-pink with golden edges; fading to saffron, to chilly gray, to pale, lustreless indigo. Other cloud-banks, a while ago like piled-up snowdrifts, change to burning mountains on the crest, and sun-kissed valleys in the hollows; many of them might be plated cobwebs, so marvellously fine their tracery is. Long before we reach our destination, they are all cold gray, with a burning fire upon the horizon, as if a forest in the west had burned itself away to the ground and was dying in sullen embers. In the east, the rising mists have lost their coldness, as the moon touches them with a silvery floating vibration like a sea at flood. She has lost all her pallor now; her face is polished with a metallic lustre, as she shines upon tree and moor and fell, making ghostly shadows in the rickyard; upon the white gates, behind which welcome lights gleam, and the sheep-dog barks a welcome to the ingle nook.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER LII.—CONTINUED.

MANY days passed, and Josephine sat in her little parlour working at the frocks for the seven girls—frocks!—gowns for the elder children, who grew apace. Through her window she saw them pass, tall, beautiful maidens with fair hair, like corn, as yellow and as shining, and eyes blue, and cheeks like wild-roses. Among the dark-haired, dark-eyed, and sallow-skinned natives, they were looked at with surprise and a little envy. They kept themselves aloof from the village children—

not that they were proud, not that they shared their father's prejudices, but that they had enough of companions among themselves. They were an attached family; they had been nurtured in love, and the love their father had poured into their infant hearts had filled them and overflowed towards each other. They had, indeed, their little quarrels, but they passed like April gusts, leaving the sunshine brighter after the cloud, and the landscape fresher for the shower.

Then, at times, Josephine's work fell from her fingers, and she sat with the needle in her hand, poised and motionless, looking before her. It was not the historic muse who then visited her and raised a mirage picture of castles and knights jousting, and gay ladies looking on in the most picturesque of costume; or of tapestried chambers, in which walked Van Dyck figures with long hair and Steenkirks, and rapiers clinking and spurs jingling, and lapdogs of King Charles's breed snapping—it was a muse who is nameless, a Cinderella muse, thrust aside by her sisters, and clean forgotten, the Muse of Unfulfilled aspirations, clothed in white with a hawthorn crown, and eyes filled with tears, and bare feet dripping blood.

What were the visions raised before the brooding mind of Josephine, sitting at ease in the enchanted palace, sent to sleep and made motionless in the midst of work? The picture brought up by the magic wand of the muse was a humble one—of a little cradle, in which lay a sleeping babe, with one small hand out, and a coral resting on the quilt; of a baby snuggling into her bosom at night, and sobbing, and being patted, patted, patted by the hour, and talked to half-pitifully, half-wearily, to coax it to sleep; of a child growing up, standing at her knee and learning to thread beads, and whilst threading, repeating, 'Once upon a time, when Jenny Wren was young;' of a young maiden—like Mary in growth and beauty and sweetness and innocence, looked up to and loved by all the village, and adored by her mother, who only lived and thought for her. Her day-dream went no further. Oh, if she could have had a child to love and labour for, to cherish and talk to, to kiss and laugh to and weep over!—her solitude would not have been so depressing, her pain not so unrelieved. Bessie Cable had endured years of suffering, yet what was hers to that of Josephine, for Bessie had her child to love? She looked for the time when the fair faces of Richard's daughters passed her window, and her ear was alert to catch every tone and inflection of their sweet voices, whenever they came into the shop to buy the groceries needed for their home.

When they came to be fitted on, her slim white fingers trembled, and she could not well see what were the defects to be remedied, because her eyes were clouded. Finally, the seven dresses were finished and sent to the cottage, and then each had a little packet of sweet things neatly wrapped up in the pocket; for that the children came and thanked Miss Penruddock, for they supposed the kind shopkeeper had put them there.

With such dear children about him, Richard

had a home complete in joys, and he needed not another inmate. He could dispense with his wife, who was not the mother of these lambs; surely, he did not imagine the solitude of the girl, who was without an associate of any kind.

After Josephine had done the frocks, other work came in. The servant-maids at the parsonage wanted this and that; and then some of the farmers' wives sent for her to come and work at their houses. She found that thus only could she obtain continuous work. At the farms she was well treated, given plenty of food, somewhat coarse, but wholesome, served in a rough way, and partaken with the labouring men from the land. There was also plenty of conversation going on, but it was wholly confined to local gossip—the misdoings of this young woman, the shameful conduct of the parson in preaching at So-and-so, and the favouritism of the schoolmaster among the children. The maladies of the family, of the cattle, of the ducks and hens, were discussed with intolerable prolixity, and with a breadth of language unsuitable to the narrowness of the subject. The costume of the continental peasant is a century behind the fashion of the present. The Black Forester wears the knee-breeches and long coat and waistcoat that were the dress of gentlemen in the time of our great-grandfathers; and the Tyrolean peasantess wears the short bodice of our great-grandmothers. We have no costume in England—slopshops everywhere kill costume—but we have social habits, and the habits of our lower middle class, of the yeomen and the tenant-farmer, are those of our great-grandfathers; they crack the same free jokes, and their wives laugh at them, as our great-grandmothers laughed; and they drink till they are merry, and upset their light carts coming home from market; and fall into the ditch, just as our great-grandfathers tumbled under their tables. The wives are thrifty, and great at cordials and supplies of linen; and they as girls had worked samplers, which they retain in married life framed on their walls, to be tokens of their skill with the needle; just as did these ancient ladies in our dining-room who look down on us out of their tarnished frames and through cracked varnish.

In the eastern counties, the old race of small farmers and yeomen have well-nigh disappeared, or rather they bid fair to disappear, before the gentleman-farmer with his thousand acres; but the agricultural-depression which has cut down these big men has spared the little, and they are reappearing again. In the west of England there are very few mammoths, only small men, and the small men make the money and stand the stress of hard times.

The class among which Josephine went was quite different from that in the servants' hall at Bewdley. That class was one of the spoiled tools of luxury, young men and girls transplanted from cottages where they had lacked everything but the barely necessary, to a house where they lacked nothing, but rioted and surfeited on abundance. In their homes they had been subjected to the rough moral control of village opinion; in the hall, they were a law unto themselves. They had been brought up in freedom and frankness; and they found themselves in a region where they must practise dissimulation as part of their qualification. They resembled wild-flowers

brought into a forcing-house, treated with strong manures and much bottom heat. But where Josephine now went, it was among wild-flowers in their natural element; they were fresh, strong, rough-stemmed; not brilliant or choice, but natural. In the servants' hall, an atmosphere of absurd affectation had prevailed: Mr Polkinghorn talked of his ancestors; and the maids languished, minced their words, and imitated the easy motions of the ladies they saw. In the farmhouse, the fresh air blew—all was natural and hearty—but the fresh air was somewhat charged with the reek of stable and cowhouse. From the farmer down to the servant, all were blunt, dull, noisy, ignorant, free in their talk, but with a healthy downright sense of the just and moral, and with great kindness of heart and readiness to assist one another. Josephine was obliged to carry her sewing-machine when she went to the farmhouses, scattered at considerable distances from the 'church-town' where was the post-office where she lived. As the winter drew on, the nights were dark and the weather stormy. She was often wet through and tired, and the burden of the sewing-machine was almost more than she could bear. She did not like to ask to be assisted with it; the sturdy country girls thought nothing of such a weight, and did not mind a wet through and a trudge in the mud, so that she was not volunteered assistance.

When she reached her lodgings, she was sometimes so exhausted that she flung herself on her bed, too fagged to take off her wet things; and thus she would have lain and fallen asleep, had not the kindly postmistress looked after her, and insisted on her getting up and putting on dry clothes. Every Sunday morning early, she went to the cob cottage in the lane that led to Ross-carrock, with a little basket in her hand, and laid on the window-ledge of the children's room seven little bunches of flowers—rosemary and mignonette, a monthly rose and marigold, such simple flowers as she could beg of the farmers' wives where she worked on the Saturday. And every Sunday the seven girls went to church with these flower-posies in their bosoms—'the pixy present,' they called them, and always wondered whence they came; and little thought that they came from the strange young woman with the wonderful voice, that the vicar's wife had lately taken into the choir. Did Richard guess? He asked no questions; but his mother said to him, when he happened to be home on Sundays: 'Do you see these pretty posies? The little maids found them again this morning on their window-sill.—Smell them, Richard; how sweet they are—they scent the room.'

'We shall have grand flowers when we come to Red Windows,' he said.—'No; I will not smell them: they give me a headache; take them away.'

Then winter-frost killed most flowers; but the feathery seed-heads of the traveller's joy, with bramble leaves of carmine and orange and gamboge and sap-green, with a rose-hip or two, made nose-gays as beautiful and rich as any made of flowers, and these were laid as had been the bunches of blossom.

Christmas morning came, and Josephine started from her bed as the day began to break. She had made seven of the prettiest little posies of

white chrysanthemums, which had flowered on untouched by frost, and they were surrounded by the green fronds of the crane's-bill.

What was that? Her heart stood still, as, undressed, in her night-attire, with a white bunch in each hand, and her dark hair down her back, she stood listening. What was that? A sound she knew well, but had not heard for long. Again! What was it? In the room or outside? Then a cry of joy. 'My Puffles! my Puffles! You dear one! Who has brought you here?'

Her bullfinch, in the cage, that she had sorrowfully parted with at Bewdley, was in her window. Who had brought it her? Who had thought of her sorrowing to be without her bird? Who but he who had let it go and caught it again!

That Christmas Day, clear and sweet rang out the voice of Josephine in the song of the angels, and her heart beat with hope.

CHAPTER LIII.—RED WINDOWS AGAIN.

The house progressed. By Christmas, the roof was on; then the plasterers and the carpenters went to work, not fast, but leisurely. They kept holiday on Christmas Day, and on Old Christmas and at New Year; and they knocked off work early on Saturdays, and came to work late on Mondays. They had much information to impart to each other, and all were called together to consult on every detail. When it was wet weather, they came and looked at the work and went away; and charged half a day's work for looking on the work and deciding to do nothing. When the masons were ready to build, the stones were not ready for them to build with, or the mortar was not mixed; so they waited and talked, and charged for having been on the spot with nothing to do. When it came to plastering, they were short of laths or short of nails, or short of sand or short of lime—short of everything except reasons for doing nothing. So with the carpenters. They went to work to do the thing the wrong way; and when it was done, and they were convinced it was wrong, they went to work and pulled it to pieces again; and recommenced doing it in another way. When the rain fell or there was frost, masons, plasterers, carpenters, plumbers, and painters wanted to work outside, and saw clear reasons why it was impossible to do anything inside; and as the rain hindered or the frost prevented, they went away with their hands in their pockets and sat under a shed, looking at the front of the house and the rain or the frost; and charged for their desire to work when it was not possible to work. When the sun shone and the air was warm, they wanted to work indoors, and there were unanswerable reasons why the work out of doors could not be got on with. However, in spite of all these difficulties, the house progressed, but progressed so slowly as to astonish even the masons and carpenters and plumbers and plasterers and painters themselves, and to comfort them greatly. They were not going to kill the goose off-hand that laid the golden egg, but pick him to pieces feather by feather.

The plumbers laid the lead, and the masons walked over it with hobnailed shoes, making holes in it, which required a revision and a patching with solder of the lead which was quite

new; and when the glass was put into the windows, the carpenters drove planks through the panes, necessitating new glazing. And the ironmonger brought grates that would not fit the chimney-pieces, and invoked the masons to pull out the mantel-pieces again and put them in afresh. Then he made holes in the plaster for the bell-wires so ragged and so big that the plasterers must needs come and mend them up again. Lastly, the glazier put his hand into putty or white paint and smeared a circle in the midst of every pane, to give work to a woman to clean the windows.

The painter performed wonders; he coloured all the woodwork of the house flesh-colour, and called that priming. Why it should be primed flesh-colour, he did not say. I remember how that there stood over the market hall in Launceston—and it stands there still—a clock on which are two figures with hammers, that strike the hours and the quarters. Many years ago, the civic authorities ordered the repainting of these automata. Then a painter went up on a scaffold and primed them, after the manner of painters, flesh-colour. The mayor issuing from the Guild Hall saw this, and was frightened, or shocked, and with mayoral mantle and gold chain of office about his shoulders, ran up the ladder and said: 'What are you about? We don't want to have Adam and Eve here.'

'I'm priming, your Worship,' answered the painter, 'as you were primed afore you drew on your clothes and insignia.'

Now, it is reasonable enough that figures representing human beings should be coloured pink first, and painted with clothing to taste, afterwards; but why windows? Why doors? Why skirting-boards?

A recent writer on Natural Law and the Moral Order holds up to scorn the hermit lobster, which does not build its own shell, but seeks a ready-built house into which to slip. The writer of that book never had to do with the erection of a manse for himself, I presume, or he would have taken off his hat and bowed to the hermit lobster, and pointed him out as an example of instinct so acute that it reached wisdom.

Richard Cable had accepted the builder's rough estimate of cost and of the time the house would take in building, and had left a margin; but soon found that the margin should have been as wide as that in an *édition de luxe* book or of a modern funeral card. A builder can always discover reasons for spinning out the time, and especially the expense. Cable found, before the house was done, that he had spent all the money put by for it, and was obliged to borrow for its completion and for the furnishing; and this did not improve his humour. He had not allowed the house to be built by contract, because he knew very well that what is built by contract is badly built; and that if he were to pay an overlooker to see to his interests, the masons and the carpenters, and the plumbers and glaziers, and slaters and painters, would give the man an acknowledgment to overlook their bad work. So he had his house built by day-work, and then it was to the interest of the men to do their work in the most substantial and thorough manner, because that is also the most slow and costly manner.

When Cable was on his way back from each

journey, he thought within himself: 'Now I shall see a great advance in the work; I have been away three weeks.' But on his arrival he required good-nature and faith to see that a proper amount of work had been done; and good-nature and faith fail when disappointed repeatedly. However, the house was finished at length and furnished—furnished quietly and scantily, because the money ran short. Richard was not alarmed. He knew he would earn the necessary sum, but he was sore at having to borrow. The consciousness of being in debt was new to him, and fretted his already sore spirit. It took the zest off the pleasure of having a grand new house of his own. He had no difficulty in getting the money advanced by the bank; he was pretty well known to be a man who made gold by turning it about in his hands. It flattered his pride to be able to borrow so easily, and yet it galled him to know that the house was not absolutely his own till the debt was cleared away.

The house was finished; and it had seven red windows in the upper story, and three on each side of the door below. To the door led a flight of slate steps, and the door opened into a spacious hall. The house looked larger than it really was, because it was shallow. The hill rose too rapidly in the rear to allow of much back premises. In the garden was a summer-house, as he had seen in his dream, painted green, with a gilt knob at the top, very fresh and shining.

When the house was complete, and ready for him, he arrived from Somersetshire; and in the evening, when the children were in bed, his mother put the key on the table. 'There!' said she. 'To-morrow we leave this old cottage for the new house. Richard, why not take possession of it with a new heart? You are in the wrong now. She has been here many months, and all speak well of her. She works for her living, and works hard. There are no pride and stubbornness left in her; all that has passed from her into you; and the gentleness and pity and meekness are gone from you into her.'

He moved impatiently. He took up the key and threw it down; then he pushed it from one side of the table to the other, and his face was sullen. 'Mother,' he said, 'I would not allow another to speak to me of her. It is enough. You have said your say. I have suffered too much from her. I have said it. We are parted for ever.'

'You have not seen her.'

'I do not choose to see her.'

'But you should. She is greatly changed, and looks weak and frail. You do not think that the great alteration in her mode of life must hurt her. She is like a flower taken out of a garden and put on the moor, where every wind blows her about, and every animal that goes by tramples on her.'

'Who has dared to touch her?' asked Cable, flaring up.

'I do not mean that any one has purposely wronged her; but she is in a place and among people who do not understand her, and she cannot endure rough handling. She is too delicate, and it will kill her.'

'What do you want, then? If I give her money, she will not take it.'

'Not if it be given churlishly.'

'Churlishly! Are you also turned against me?'

'You are acting wrongly. I would not say so to another; I would not let her suppose that I reproached you; but in my heart I think it. I also went on for years harbouring my wrong, and believing that I could never forgive it; but the time came when I was forced to forgive; and you, Richard, you also must do the same.'

'You have said this before. I cannot listen. I shall go away again;' and he put his hat on his head and went forth.

Next day, the few things required to be removed from the cottage were carted to the new house; but Richard would not move into it till evening, when no one would be about to observe the migration.

The sun had set when they all started for Rod Windows, the father leading, then Mrs Cable and little Bessie, and the rest two and two, the twins of course together. The youngest carried their toys, a battered doll, a wooden horse; and the elder, sundry treasures that could not be intrusted to other hands to transport. The evening was still, soft, and summery; bats flew about and screamed ear-piercingly. The hedges were full of foxgloves and wreathed with honeysuckle. Glowworms shone in the banks, jewelling the way, as pixy lamp-bearers welcoming them to their new home. The procession moved slowly, because Bessie was heavy to carry, and because Susie could not walk fast. It moved silently, because the children were depressed in spirits, sorry to leave their little rooms and garden—the known for the new, the loved for strange.

Cable spoke; but his voice startled him and the rest. He felt not as if he were being advanced in position, but as if he were going to execution. He turned and looked at his mother. 'Let me carry Bessie now,' he said.—'What are you whispering?'

'I was not whispering.'

'I saw your lips moving.'

'I was repeating to myself some words that kept coming up in my mind, like a cork in water.'

'What words?'

'Merely a text, and I cannot say why they rise.'

'What is the text?'

'He shall lay the foundation in his first-born, and in his youngest shall he set up the gates.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'I mean nothing; but I cannot get the text out of my head. It seems to point.'

Cable laughed. 'This is mere superstition, mother. You have Cornish blood in you. Besides, the foundations are laid and the gates set up, and nothing has occurred.'

She said no more, nor did he; but the words she had spoken did not help to cheer him. Presently, he found his own lips moving; he was repeating the ominous words; and a fear fell on him lest they might apply not to the bare walls and wooden gates, but to the domestic life in the new mansion—a new life to be built up amid new surroundings and in a new sphere. For, indeed, Richard by this move mounted the social scale. In the cottage, he was but a cottager; in the grand new house, he was transferred to

the middle class. As Josephine went down, he went up.

He opened the garden gate, and the feet of the little procession trod the newly gravelled path. There were flower-beds, but no flowers; a lawn, but the grass was battered and cut up with the traffic of the builders. They came to the flight of steps; and Cable went up, put the key in the door, and tried to open it; but the wood was swollen, and the door stuck. He put his knee to it and forced it open, and the noise reverberated through the empty house like thunder. Then the children came in. The air within smelt of lime and paint. He struck a match and lighted a paraffin lamp. The children looked round in astonishment, but expressed no pleasure; they shivered; the night-air had been cold, but the interior of this new house seemed colder still.

In the dining-room, a cold supper was laid—lamb and salad, whortleberry tart, and cream, blanchmange—'Shaky trade, that is bluemange,' the woman called it who had cooked the supper, an old cook from the parsonage, married in the place.

'Sit down,' said Richard. 'Eat heartily your first meal in Red Windows.'

But the children were not hungry; his mother did not care to eat, and he himself had no appetite. He forced himself to take lamb, but he could hardly swallow it. The children were silent, looking about them at the walls and ceiling, and the chimney-piece with the mirror over it.

'Well,' said Cable, 'as no one seems hungry, the sooner to bed the better.'

So they parted for the night.

Next morning, he was in his garden. The blacksmith appeared at the gate.

'Neighbour,' said he, 'glad to see you well quartered. I'm sorry I haven't been over the house; the iron-work was not given to me, but to a Camelford man. I'd have served you better. However, I bear no malice. I should like to see over the box, if you've no objections.'

'Box! What box? Do you call a mansion with seven windows on the front in the upper story and six below—a box? I have objections to show my box, as you call it.'

'Oh, I meant no offence,' said Penrose. 'I'll come another day.'

'This is not a showplace,' said Cable curtly.

The next to come was the innkeeper. 'Halloh! Mr Cable! Shake hands. Glad to see you. We've lost our guardian—died the other day; so we've had a vestry meeting and elected you guardian of the poor, unanimous.'

'I—guardian of the poor! the poor of St Kerian?' He laughed bitterly. 'No one cared for me and watched over me when I was poor and ill. Why should I care for your poor and be their guardian, now I am rich?'

'Come, Cable, don't be sour. Give a sovereign, and we'll have the bells rung for your housewarming.'

'Not one penny. It concerns no one but myself and my family that I enter Red Windows.'

The taverner shook his head and went away.

Then his mother came to him, and said: 'Richard, why do you not meet the St Kerian people in a friendly way, when they make the first step

towards good-fellowship? Why do you refuse the hand that is held out for yours? Why should you be angered that they look on you now with other eyes than those with which they saw you enter the parish? When you broke stones on the road, what was there in you to attract their esteem? When they saw your love and care for your children, they respected you; and when they found you were making money, they acknowledged that you had brains. Was not that natural and reasonable and right? When you were poor, with seven hungry mouths crying for food, there were others worse off than yourself, and what sympathy did you show them? When a crippled beggar came through the village, did you rush after him, take off your hat, and offer him hospitality? Why, then, are you angry with the St Kerian people because they only begin to touch their hats and notice you, now that you are well off? You are well off because you have talents above their level, and this they recognise.'

'I wonder what *she* thinks, now that we are in our house, when she sees the smoke rising from the chimneys, and the windows lighted up?'

'She thinks that a cottage where love is, is better than a thirteen-windowed mansion where there is hardness of heart and pride.'

Richard did not answer; he walked away, and went about his grounds and planned improvements, and seated himself in his garden-house, and tried to believe he was happy. At night, when alone, he sat again in his summer-house with the door open, and looked down at St Kerian, which lay in the valley, with a gossamer veil hanging over it, the vapour in the air condensing above the stream. The church tower stood out like ivory against the black yews. He could see the chimneys of the parsonage, and the glitter of the tiny conservatory flashing the moonbeams back. He heard the soothing rush of the water in the mill 'leat' running the waste water into the river. In the wood behind, the owls were hooting. On such a night as this he had stood at his cottage window there below, two years ago, and resolved to realise his dream. He had accomplished what he had determined, and was he satisfied? He strained his eyes to see the old cottage; but it was dark; but, through the soft haze, he saw one golden pin-point, from where the post-office stood. Was that *her* light? Was she sitting there, at the window, looking up, out of the valley, at his grand house, on which the moonlight shone? What were her thoughts?

Richard Cable's breast heaved, and a choke came in his breath. He turned his face away and looked at the hills, at the gray moor frosted with moonlight, at the deep sky, and tried to spell stars in it, but could not, because of the suffused light. Then his eyes went back to the golden speck, the one spangle of yellow in the cold scene of white and gray and black. Then he stood up, and sat with his back to the door, and looked into the gloom of the interior, and down at the rectangular oblong patch of white, like snow on the floor, laid there by the moon. But he could not long study that. He turned on his seat, and once again the golden speck shot into his brain and down into his heart,

where it fell like a spark and burnt him, that he uttered a suppressed cry.

'It is all stubbornness and pride,' he said, rubbing the bench with his hand, as if to polish it. 'She is determined to show me that she can do without me. What does my mother mean by saying the rough life is killing her? She has chosen it out of obstinacy, to spite me. If I were to give her five pounds a week, she would throw them down at my feet. I can do nothing. If she is determined to kill herself, she must do so. She is proud. Why is her light burning now? She is working on late, that she may earn money and do without help. It is flint and steel striking, and the spark—there it is, and it is burning me.'

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE STATES.

FIFTY-THREE years after the bold Spanish navigator Ponce de Leon had landed on the pine and palm covered peninsula that bars the Gulf of Mexico from the great Atlantic, and called it Florida—and fifty-three years before the Pilgrim Fathers set their feet on Plymouth Rock away in the far north, a Spanish expedition under the command of Don Pedro de Ávilas disembarked from their old galleons on St Augustine's Day 1565, and made their camp upon the shore, where they ultimately built the town named after that great saint—the first, and consequently the oldest, of all American cities. And to-day, a very queer old place this city is; there is nothing like it in America; there is nothing so quaint and medieval in any city of that great continent. The oldest street remaining is but seven feet broad, and the balconies that project from the upper stories of the houses well nigh touch. You can easily shake hands with your opposite neighbour, should you be on sufficiently familiar terms to do so; and if one is not, and the vis-à-vis be vindictive, it would be better for a householder who is at the same time a lover of peace, to go farther up the street!

St Augustine is situated on a wide and shallow bay, across the mouth of which there lies the long narrow island of Anastasia. The town stretches along the shore for over a mile, and is protected from the ravages of the sea by a solidly built seawall, which is sufficiently wide on the top to form a pleasant lounge for the inhabitants in the cool of the evening. About half-way along the irregular line of houses that faces the sea there opens a fine large square, the Plaza de la Constitución. This Plaza, which is several acres in extent, is surrounded by buildings, a few of which are of great interest—notably, the cathedral of St Joseph, the old slave-market, and the two fine obelisks that are respectively commemorative of the granting of the old Spanish constitution to the city, and of the services performed by the St Augustine soldiers who fell when fighting in the Confederate army. On the latter monument there is a quaint inscription: 'They have crossed the River, and rest under the shade of the trees.'

At the eastern end of the Plaza, and overlooking the harbour and sea-coast, there stands the old slave-market, now happily disused, and only remaining as a relic of the state of things 'before the War.' There are no walls—simply a deep roof

supported on fourteen pillars, seven a side, and surmounted at one end by a cupola, from which there rang the notes of the bell that announced a sale of slaves. The building is about fifty feet long and thirty feet broad. As one stands under the shadow of the roof and looks out on the gay aspect of the Plaza, thronged by rich and well-dressed people from the North, with here and there a sauntering, staring, and unmistakable Briton, it is difficult to retrace the last generation backward to those days when the sleepy old Spanish town was periodically aroused by the clangour of the bell that bade the people gather together to examine and buy human flesh and human lives for household chattels. It is difficult to picture the huddled group of frightened negroes—husbands and wives, parents and children fearful of being separated—in the St Augustine of to-day. Quaint and old-world-like as it is, the progress of the last decades has set its print upon the place, and the darkest blot on these genial southern scenes has been removed for ever.

On another side of the Plaza is the old cathedral. It has a well-designed west front, and a Moorish belfry for four bells, each in a separate niche—three below and one above. They are the oldest bells in America, and upon one is the date of 1689. Inside the cathedral there is an imposing high-altar, with a great solid silver lamp hanging before it and continually burning; and on the south wall of the nave is a queer old picture representing the first mass said at St Augustine. Reared on an improvised platform, an altar is depicted, adorned with crucifix, candles, and missals. The priest is elevating the Host, and his assistant is ringing the Sanctus bell. Gathered around, the armed warriors of Don Pedro are bowing low before the sacred sign; while the trumpeters and standard-bearers, and the ships in the offing with their cannon, are saluting the moment of consecration. The interest of the picture is heightened by the surrounding palm-trees and the groups of friendly Indians, who, with awe and curiosity, are imitating the action of the white men.

The great feature, however, of St Augustine is Fort Marion. It is built near the edge of the shore, and is defended from the sea by high and massive ramparts, which form, like the seawall of the town, a favourite promenade for the St Augustine folk. Fort Marion, which in the time of the Spaniards successively bore the names of San Juan de Pinos and San Marco, and only received its present name from 'Uncle Sam,' when Florida was bought from the Spaniards by the United States early in the present century, is a fine specimen of military engineering. It covers about four acres of ground, and its walls, which have Moorish turrets at the angles, are over twenty feet in height and twelve feet in thickness. It is built on rising ground, and commands the sea-entrance as well as the city and harbour. Like all the old buildings of St Augustine—the cathedral, the city gates, the convent, seawall, and old houses—it is built of *coquina*, which is a shell conglomerate formed by the action of the sea-water upon the shells and sand. An immense quantity of this conglomerate is found on Anastasia Island, where all the *coquina* used in St Augustine has been quarried.

The outside view of Fort Marion is imposing,

and the interior is extremely interesting. From the outer ramparts a drawbridge leads to the gateway of the fort. Over this gateway there is a large slab of stone engraved with the Spanish arms. Passing through, one comes into an open court about a hundred feet each way, which at the present time is almost entirely occupied by the wigwams of the imprisoned Apache Indians. Some five hundred of these redskins are kept here by the United States government. They were taken captive by the various expeditions sent against them in Arizona, New Mexico, and the neighbouring territories, where for many years they have been a danger and a terror to the white settlers. All of these Indians were taken red-handed in their war against the whites, and are accordingly imprisoned for an (as yet) undetermined period. The attitude of the United States government toward the Indians is peculiar. They are not regarded as foes or as rebels, but as troublesome and ignorant children or wards. The position of the government is that of a parent or guardian; and while the Indians that are taken prisoners are kept for many years, if not for their lives, in that condition, they are well looked after, and are paid for the work which they are required to do. Most of the children are removed from their parents and sent to semi-military schools, where they are taught English and the elements of education together with some useful trade.

These Apaches, like Indians generally, are taciturn, but 'cute'; they appreciate the value of the dollar as highly as any 'Down-easter' does. They are allowed to sell the bows and arrows, rude musical instruments, moccasins, toys, and other simple things that they make, to the visitors at St Augustine, who while away a good deal of their time in watching them at their work and games. Their chief amusements are shooting with the bow, which even small children do with marvellous skill; indulging in a game somewhat like quoits; and playing on a rough sort of fiddle, made out of a large bamboo cane, with a minute fiddle-bow. From this simple three-stringed instrument they manage to get a barbarous kind of melody. Many of the shooting-bows they make have the English alphabet painted on them in black paint and various shades of ochre; and in other ways they are proud of showing-off their attainments in the English language. The writer bought one of these bows for a dollar, and a bamboo fiddle for fifty cents. The latter is curiously painted in geometrical patterns with red, blue, and green colour on a ground of yellow ochre. Some of the Apaches are very clever at embroidering leathern quivers, belts, and moccasins with coloured silks, wools, beads, and wire.

The incongruity of some of their costumes is amusing. The great ambition of an Indian seems to be to possess a flannel shirt and a pair of high boots. It is comical to watch a silent and solemn-looking Indian, highly ochred, strutting about in a flannel shirt, a huge blanket, high boots, and a perfect innocence of anything in the way of breeches! On the other hand, some who have these desirable articles of apparel, are shirtless and bootless! There are indeed few who have not in one way or another supplemented their wardrobe by incongruities acquired by barter or gift.

Queer enough it seems to see these Indians living comfortably and apparently happily within the old Spanish fort; for many a time in the past has this courtyard, with its bastions and casemates and embrasures, been thronged with panic-stricken refugees from the city, and hundreds of excited soldiers strenuously resisting the attacks of foes. Englishmen as well as Indians have repeatedly and unsuccessfully attacked Fort Marion; but the old order of things has indeed passed away. Of the hundred guns that once formed its armament, not a half remain, and the garrison of to-day is still smaller in proportion. The dark dismal dungeon underground, the iron cages hung upon the wall, and the chains, with iron bracelets, that are attached to the floor, are no longer used for captured foes, and have fallen into decay. The days of tragic scenes are indeed over; and the only changes that pass upon the gray old silent fort are those that are made by the hand of time and the remorseless northern tourist!

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

CHAPTER III.

MATTHEW RODING at this time was close upon fifty years old, but, like his father, he scarcely looked his age. He was a broad-shouldered, well-built man, with prominent features of a somewhat aquiline type. His dark hair and bushy whiskers showed here and there a silvery streak, and the crow's-feet at the corners of his cold gray eyes had become of late more numerous than he liked. He had a long upper lip, and a firm-set mouth, which, however, could on occasion break into a very pleasant smile. His laugh, though rarely heard, was mellow and spontaneous. His general air and expression were those of a strong-willed, self-opinionated man, who believed greatly in himself, and would strive his utmost to impose that belief upon others. He was carefully but not too showily dressed; in such matters he knew how to preserve a *juste milieu*. An expensive orchid decorated his button-hole.

As soon as he entered the room, his wife rose and touched the electric bell. A moment later, a servant brought in a breakfast equipage for one person.

'How late you are this morning, dear,' said Mrs. Roding as her husband seated himself at table. 'I began to get quite fidgety about you.'

'Had too much of that confounded Madeira last night,' he replied in his quick, laconic way. 'Made me as sleepy as a top this morning. I must fight shy of Madeira after the second glass in future.—Hasn't Grigson arrived yet?'

'I've seen nothing of him. At what time did you expect him?'

'At ten-thirty sharp, and now it's ten forty-five. What can the fellow be about?'

'Then you are not going to the City to-day?'

'No. Luncheon is ordered at the *Star and Garter*, Richmond, for one-thirty sharp. First meeting of the Directorate of the Patent Asphalt Roofing Company. A pretty directorate, forsooth, if the world only knew it! What gormandisers some of those fellows are! Only provide them with plenty of turtle and champagne, and you can get them to put their names to anything.'

Then, after a pause: 'Tilly, somehow your breakfast doesn't seem to go down this morning.' He was careful never to call his wife 'Tilly' except when they were alone.

'Is there nothing that will tempt you? I thought, perhaps'—

'No; can't eat; no appetite. I'll try a B.-and-S. presently.'

The *Times* on its arrival each morning was taken up immediately to Matthew Roding's room. He had brought it down under his arm, and he now began to run through the City article again. While thus engaged, a loud double-knock resounded through the house, and a few moments later the page brought in a telegram on a salver. 'Any answer, sir?' queried the youth.

'Wait,' said Matthew as he tore open the envelope. Telegrams with him were matters of almost hourly frequency. His face flushed a little the moment he saw the enclosure. 'From Sandalar,' he muttered under his breath. 'Good news or bad?' Then to the page: 'No answer.'

The cablegram, for the message was from America, was written in a cipher, the key to which was contained in a small private memorandum book which Matthew carried in an inner pocket. Placing the key before him, and taking his pencil and a scrap of paper, he proceeded to translate the message letter by letter into the language of everyday life. When the translation was finished, it ran as under: 'Mine flooded. Will take months to pump dry. Will delay sending official message for three hours, so as to give you a start. You know what to do. Don't forget that I stand in with you.' The moment Matthew Roding had made himself master of the last word, he started up from his chair, a great light of exultation shining in his eyes. 'If Sandalar keeps his word, I ought to clear four thousand by this coup,' he said aloud. For the moment he had forgotten that he was not alone. 'Three hours' start—a hundred and eighty minutes. Not long, and yet it ought to be enough.'

His wife merely looked at him and said nothing. She knew that in business matters he was not a man to bear questioning even by her—nor, indeed, did such subjects possess much interest for her.

'If Grigson is not here in five minutes, I must go myself,' continued Matthew, as he crossed to the sideboard and proceeded to concoct a mixture of brandy-and-soda.

At this juncture, another knock was heard, and next minute a tall, fair, fashionably dressed young man was ushered into the room, who was carrying a bulky portfolio under one arm. It was Grigson, Mr Roding's confidential clerk. 'Sorry to be behind time, sir,' he said. 'Cab-horse slipped down just this side the bridge; had to walk a quarter of a mile before I could find another hansom.'

Mr Roding seemed scarcely to hear his explanation. 'I'm glad you've come,' he said.—'You have a cablegram for me, haven't you?'

'Here it is, sir. Arrived five minutes before I left the office.'

Matthew tore it open. It was a duplicate of the one he had already received. One had been sent to his private address, the other to his office in the City, to insure that if one missed, the other

should reach him. Turning quickly on Grigson, who was emptying the portfolio of its letters, prospectuses, and documents of various kinds, Mr Roding said: 'I want you to rush off to the nearest telegraph office, and, without losing a minute, wire Bateson to sell every scrap of Yucatans he holds in my name. Tell him I shall expect him to have got rid of the last of them by two o'clock to-day.'

Grigson stared a little at his employer. 'Beg pardon, sir, but do you really mean Yucatans?'

'I do.'

'Of course you know, sir, that they went up an eighth yesterday, and may possibly go up another to-day?'

'All that is known to me, and still I say sell—sell—sell without a moment's delay. Now, hurry off, because every minute's of importance. I'll run through the letters while you are gone.'

As soon as the young man had left the room, Matthew rubbed his hands gleefully and broke into one of his rare laughs. 'Four thousand pounds! Not such a bad morning's work—eh, Tilly?' he remarked jocosely to his wife.

'No, indeed, Matthew. I'm sure I don't know how you do it, but what you call "business" is all a mystery to me.'

Her husband said no more; he was deep in his correspondence.

Mrs Roding waited for her opportunity, as she was in the habit of doing whenever she had anything particular to say to her husband. 'My dear,' she said at length, as Matthew leaned back in his chair, tapping his teeth with his nails, as he had a trick of doing when turning over a doubtful point in his mind, 'I should like a few words with you about next Wednesday's dinner-party.'

'They must be as few as possible, then,' he answered with a glance at the clock.

'I suppose you wish no expense to be spared?'

'Certainly not. Don't forget to have plenty of ferns and exotics. They look well, and can always be got on credit. I will hire a man-cook for the occasion from the place where I lunch in the City. I am especially desirous that the dinner should be a success.'

'I wish, dear, you would spare me a cheque for the payment of the new piano. The bill came in quite three months ago, and I have had to put the people off twice within the last few weeks. And there's the two brougham horses not yet paid for. A man called yesterday, and was really quite insolent when I told him the matter had escaped your memory.'

'Confound his insolence!' exclaimed Mr Roding with much emphasis. 'Is a man, whose whole mind and thoughts are immersed in immense speculations involving hundreds of thousands of pounds, to have his life worried out of him for the sake of a few paltry hundreds? Let the rogues wait. They know how to charge enough, in all conscience: cent. per cent. clear profit, if they get a fraction; and I shall not pay them till it suits my convenience to do so. Just at present, I want every farthing of my available capital for other purposes than to pay tradesmen's bills.—By-the-by, as I was passing Hunt and Roskell's yesterday I saw a pair of diamond earrings which I think would suit you admirably. The price was rather stiff—a hundred guineas.'

However, I ordered them to be sent on. The bill won't come in for six months, and by that time, if all goes well, a hundred guineas more or less will be a mere bagatelle.'

Mrs Roding rose and crossed to her husband's chair and kissed him: she loved jewelry almost better than anything else in the world. 'A month ago you promised me another pony to match the one in my basket carriage,' she ventured to observe as she went back to her seat.

'So I did. I've so many things to think of that I had quite forgotten it. I'll tell Grigson to try and find one for you; he understands such matters better than I do.'

At this moment in rushed Master Freddy. His first act was to climb on his father's knee, pull his face down, and kiss him. 'It's Grandad's birthday, pa!' he said. 'Won't you go and wish him many happy returns? Grandad would like us all to go and have dinner with him in his room to-day. Why can't we, pa?'

'For shame, Freddy! How dare you burst into the room in that rude way!' said Mrs Roding, before her husband could interpose a word. 'Your manners are becoming more unbearable every day. It's high time you were sent to a boarding-school. I told your grandfather less than an hour ago that it was quite out of the question for your father and me to dine with him to-day. I can't think what put such a ridiculous notion into his head.'

The boy made her no answer, but stood with one finger pressed to his lips, staring at her with round, serious eyes.

'I'm busy just now, Freddy—very busy, as you see,' said his father; 'but I'll wish Grandad many happy returns later on.' Then he turned to his letters again.

Mrs Roding, with an imperious gesture, unseen by her husband, motioned to the boy to leave the room. He went without a word.

There was a minute or two of silence, then Mrs Roding said: 'Really, my dear—and I hope you won't think me prejudiced in saying so—your father is becoming more tiresome and troublesome every day.'

'I'm sorry to hear that,' remarked her husband without taking his eyes off the letter he was reading.

'The way he spoils that child is insupportable. And then the vile odour of the tobacco he smokes seems to pervade every room in the house. Further than that, in fine weather he nearly always plays on his violin for a couple of hours in the garden, which, to say the least, must appear very strange and eccentric conduct to our neighbours.—Don't you think, dear, it would be doing him a genuine kindness if you were to find a little cottage for him a few miles out in the country—a cottage near a railway station and a church—with a nice bit of garden attached, in which he could potter about as he liked, and with some elderly person to look after his little comforts? I am sure that in such a place he would be far happier and more contented than he can ever expect to be here.'

'I doubt that very much, Tilly,' answered her husband, whose attention she had now succeeded in arresting. 'Besides, a bargain's a bargain, and you know what I promised the old boy when he made over the business to me. Think, too,

of all that we owe to him. To do as you suggest would seem like the basest ingratitude.'

'But if he himself were to suggest such a plan?'

'That would alter the case materially,' answered her husband dryly. 'But I don't in the least think he's likely to do that. I think you may safely count on him as a fixture—one of those fixtures one takes at a valuation.' He nodded and smiled at her, and then went back to his letter.

Mrs Roding said no more. She had gained her first point, and knew when to stop; but with her the project was only shelved, not done with.

This was evidently destined to be a morning of interruptions. Presently, a rat-tat-tat so loud and prolonged resounded through the house that Mrs Roding fairly jumped in her chair. 'Goodness gracious! who can that be at this time of the morning?' she exclaimed.

Her husband said nothing, but waited. 'Lady Pengelly!' he exclaimed in some wonderment, as he read the name on the card which a servant brought in a minute later.—'Don't know her from Adam. What on earth can she want with me?'—Then to the servant: 'Where is her ladyship?'

'In the small drawing-room, sir.'

'Say that I will be with her in one moment.' Turning to his wife, he added: 'It is probably you, my dear, she wants to see, not me. There's some so-called charity or other in the wind, I'll be bound. Many of these titled ladies are said to be most accomplished cadgers.'

But already Mrs Roding was deep in Debrett.

As Matthew entered the drawing-room, Lady Pengelly rose and greeted him with an elaborate courtesy. 'Mr Roding, I presume?'

'At your ladyship's service.—Pray, be seated, madam.'

She smiled, and sat down again. Matthew seated himself deferentially some distance away.

Lady Pengelly was a much faded woman of fifty or thereabouts; thin and angular in person, but exceedingly upright; with eyes and hair of no colour in particular, but with a thin, straight-cut mouth expressive of considerable determination and fixity of will. Her dress was worn and old to the verge of shabbiness. Mrs Roding—so she afterwards averred—would not have been seen in such a gown for the world; but then one of the two would have lent a distinction to rags, while Worth himself would have failed to make the other look quite a lady.

'Before entering on the business which has brought me here,' began her ladyship in a pleasant but somewhat artificial voice, 'I must apologise for making my visit at such an unconscionable hour, and my only excuse must be, that knowing the best time to find you City gentlemen is early in the day, I was afraid I might miss you if I delayed my visit till after luncheon. Then, again, I have also to apologise for calling on you at your private residence instead of at your office. It was by the advice of Major Donovan that I did so. You know Major Donovan of course?—Yes. Had I not found you here, I should have gone on to the City; but really, it was not very much out of my way to drive round by Tulse Hill. I had no idea it was such a charming neighbourhood.'

'I am pleased your ladyship has found me at home,' said Matthew, who was wondering more and more as to the object of her visit. 'As a rule, I leave for the City long before this hour, but fortunately to-day has proved an exception.'

Again her ladyship smiled, and inclined her head. 'And now for the reason that has brought me here,' she resumed. 'Knowing how valuable your time must be, I will endeavour to be as brief as possible. It has been intimated to me, through more than one source, Mr Roding, that you are connected, either as chairman or director, or in some other capacity, with several of the new Companies—or syndicates, don't they call them?—which have already appeared, or are about to make their appearance, before the public.'

Mr Roding gravely inclined his head.

'Such being the case, would it not be possible, may I ask, by bringing your influence to bear, to obtain for Lord Pengelly—whose income, I am sorry to confess, is a very limited one for a man of his rank—a position on one or more of the directorates of these new Companies, in return for the use of his lordship's name, which could scarcely fail to have considerable weight with the public, knowing, as the majority of people must who know anything at all of such matters, that he comes of one of the oldest families in the kingdom and is first-cousin to his Grace of Leamington?' She had leaned forward a little in the earnestness of her appeal, but now drew herself up, fixed her lips rigidly, and stared straight at Mr Roding.

The latter tapped his teeth with his nails thoughtfully for a few moments before answering. Then he said: 'As it happens, singularly enough, we are in want of a few good names to complete the directorate of a scheme of more than usual promise and magnitude which will be launched before the public in the course of a week or two. I shall have great pleasure in proposing Lord Pengelly's name to my colleagues for one of the vacancies in question. The duties, I may add, are not especially onerous. The Board will meet two mornings a week for a couple of hours, after which there will of course be a little luncheon.' Mr Roding paused, and twisted a finger in his watchguard.

'And the honorarium?' queried her ladyship eagerly in a voice that was scarcely above a whisper.

'Will, in *this* case, be at the rate of five hundred guineas per annum, paid quarterly in advance. His lordship will, of course, have to qualify himself by taking up a certain number of shares.—But that is a little detail,' added Matthew with a smile, 'which may, I think, be safely left for me to arrange.'

'How can I thank you sufficiently, Mr Roding!' said her ladyship, her faded face flushing for a moment and then paling again. 'I was indeed well advised in coming to you.—You are married, I believe?—at least so Major Donovan gave me to understand.'

Matthew Roding bowed assent.

'Ah, in that case I must beg of you and Mrs Roding to favour me with your company at my "At Home" on Thursday next. I will take care that cards are sent you. Only a small party—the Countess of Clandooley and a few others,

to whom I shall be happy to introduce Mrs Roding.'

Her ladyship rose as she finished speaking; seeing which, Matthew did the same. 'Both my wife and myself will feel highly honoured in accepting your ladyship's invitation,' he said.

'By the way, there is one trifling detail which it may perhaps be just as well you should be made aware of,' said her ladyship, as if suddenly struck by an afterthought. 'Lord Pengelly is subject to fits now and then. Nothing in the slightest degree dangerous, or disagreeable to others. All he requires at such times is to have his neckcloth loosened and a little cold water dashed in his face, after which he will come to himself in five minutes. I trust that a circumstance so trivial will in no way militate against his position as a director?'

'Your ladyship may make your mind easy on that score. We have two directors already who are nearly stone-deaf, and another who invariably goes to sleep five minutes after the meeting has begun.'

So, with a few words of polite leave-taking, Lady Pengelly went her way, Matthew himself ushering her to her carriage, which he did not fail to notice was what he termed to himself 'an uncommonly shabby turnout.' Neither did Mrs Roding, who was peeping unseen through the blinds of an upper window, fail to notice the same fact. 'Very hard up, that's clear,' muttered Matthew to himself as he went back indoors. 'Of course, if it hadn't been for that, she would never have come near me. But then, her husband's an earl—is he an earl, by the way, or what? Must ask Tilly; she's sure to know. Anyway, his lordship is first-cousin to a duke. A very good catch for our forthcoming prospectus—a capital catch!' He paused for a moment or two by the barometer in the hall, as if to consult it, but his thoughts were somewhere else. 'In five years' time, if things go on as swimmingly as they are going now, I ought to be worth half a million at the least. It took my father thirty years to make a few paltry thousands. We don't do things in that humdrum style nowadays. Five years hence I mean to write M.P. after my name. Later still, a title may follow. Why not? Money can do anything in these times. Sir Matthew Roding, of Cradstock, Cumberland, wouldn't sound amiss.' He dug his hands into his pockets, and went back to his letters, whistling softly under his breath.

When he left the house half an hour later, he had forgotten all about Grandad and his birthday. After all, it was a mere trifle, and just now he had matters of much greater moment to occupy his thoughts.

THE NERVOUS ORIGIN OF COLDS.

UNDUE exposure to cold and damp is the only source of colds or catarrhs, in the limited estimation of popular opinion; and when it has provided stout boots, comfortable wraps, a serviceable umbrella, and a mackintosh, that authority has furnished a fully equipped weapon to beat off the unwelcome domestic complaint. When, as often happens, a cold is contracted in spite of these unimpeachable precautions, popular opinion is

puzzled beyond measure how to account for the remarkable circumstance.

Cold, however, is not the only factor in the production of catarrh. There is a collateral cause, and a most important one, in certain depressed conditions of the nervous system, which is too little known and appreciated. In healthy conditions of the nervous system, provided reasonable precautions are taken against cold, there is enough vitality in the organism to resist its injurious influence. The nervous system is, in fact, the guardian, controller, and prime regulator of animal heat or body temperature, and its slightest failure to fulfil its responsible duties—the least relaxation of its constant vigilance—renders us liable to fall a prey to cold.

The following supposititious cases will afford an illustration. An individual, who habitually drives about in an open conveyance with perfect freedom from catarrh, happens on one occasion to fall asleep when he is out, and the very next day has cold. The explanation of the phenomenon is to be found in the fact, that during sleep, nervous energy is lowered, and the system therefore less able to withstand the injurious effects of cold. If we assume that the individual was also in a state of intoxication at the time, the damage done by cold would be more serious, as the depression from alcohol is superadded to that of sleep. It is, therefore, not surprising to find that inflammation of the lungs is frequently contracted under such circumstances. We instinctively acknowledge the nervous depression during sleep, by taking the precaution to throw a rug over the knees before our forty winks on the dining-room sofa.

A timid woman comes home one night pale and ghastly with fright, having encountered a spectre clad in white, which she calls a 'ghost.' In a day or two she develops a cold, for which she cannot in any way account. Fear acts as a depressant to the nervous system, crippling its powers of resisting the action of cold; hence the phrase, 'shivering with fear.' Similarly, innumerable events of daily life tend to irritate, depress, or excite the nerves, and render them unfit for maintaining the body-temperature against the fluctuations of weather and climate. During these unguarded moments, a trifling exposure to cold or damp is sufficient to induce catarrh. It is desirable, therefore, that it should be generally known that stout boots, umbrellas, and wraps, though excellent preservatives in their way, are not by any means the only precautionary measures to be adopted; that we must endeavour to strengthen the nervous system, if it be defective; and that, when we are compelled to expose ourselves to cold or wet when the nerves are depressed from temporary causes, such as fatigue, anxiety, grief, worry, fear, dyspepsia, or ill-humour, we should be specially careful to guard against cold.

Let us now dissect the morbid condition known as catarrh, and verify, if we can, the theory of its nervous origin. What is a cold? To answer this question we must first explain what is meant

by animal heat. Man is what is known as a warm-blooded animal, that is, he possesses the capacity under all circumstances of maintaining an average uniform temperature. Whether he live in the frost-bound Arctic regions or in the burning deserts of Central Africa, the heat of the blood is the same. In summer and winter alike (if we except, perhaps, certain abnormal states of the body due to the excitation or depression of the vital processes in various diseases), the average temperature of the human body is 98.4° Fahrenheit. Now, this is a remarkable fact, as, in view of the peculiar source from which animal heat is derived, namely, from the combustion of used-up tissue with the oxygen of inspired air, it stands to reason that the heat of the blood cannot remain constant for five minutes together, as with every movement of our muscles we add coals to the human fire; and the regulation of all our movements, so as to preserve a uniform temperature, would be an utter impossibility. How, then, is the object achieved? The superfluous heat is disposed of by conduction and radiation in the capillaries of the skin, and by evaporation through the sweat glands and air-passages; and when there is no superfluous heat to dispose of, the skin contracts to prevent evaporation of moisture from the surface. Thus, when we exert ourselves, there is increased waste of tissue, and accordingly we both pant and perspire. When we are cold, on the other hand, the skin is very far from being moist, and contracts, presenting what is called the 'goose-skin' appearance. Now, these functions are under the immediate control of the nervous system. Cold acts on the latter in such a way that the vessels supplying the skin are constricted, and the flow of blood to the surface checked, loss of heat by conduction, radiation, and evaporation being thus prevented; while heat, on the other hand, relaxes the blood-vessels and favours the escape of heat from the body. It will thus be seen what an important part the nervous system plays in the maintenance of animal heat.

Whenever, owing to any derangement of the nervous system, the perfect maintenance of animal heat fails to be carried out, disorder ensues, the mildest form of which is a catarrh, namely, the blocking up of the skin or outer surface of the body, with the consequent transference of the excretion to the mucous or inner surface. The deleterious matter which ought to have been removed by the skin, irritates the blood by its retention there, and ultimately expends itself by the nose and throat. For example, if the nervous system be feeble, sweating would probably be induced, and a consequent loss of heat, irrespective of the needs of the body; in which case a cold would most probably follow. As a fact, there are many people with feeble nerves who readily perspire in the coldest weather, and are in consequence liable to frequently recurring colds. The nervous origin of colds also furnishes us with a clue to its treatment in the early stages. The whole history of a cold shows it to be essentially and primarily a state of collapse, demanding early recourse to a stimulating plan of treatment. There is no more dejected mortal than a patient in the first stage of cold, and both his physical and mental condition point to nervous collapse. Hence, we believe the great success of camphor and ammonia inhalations in

the early stage. It has also been repeatedly found that two or three glasses of wine have cut a cold short, when taken at the first appearance of the symptoms.

A TALE OF A TIGER.

UNLIKE most Anglo-Indians, I am nothing of a sportsman. Like the rest of my tribe, I have always possessed a Colt's revolver, with a sufficient complement of cartridges; nor have I ever been without a good central-fire, breech-loading double-barrelled gun. But the former has, through all the years of my Indian career, waited mutely for the burglar, who, thank goodness, has never invaded my bachelor bungalow; and the latter has chiefly justified its continuance in my possession by giving my faithful bearer something to do in cleaning its almost unused barrels. When I say that my gun is a choke-bore, you will understand that it is more suited for snipe-shooting and the pursuit of ducks and plover, than for the destruction of larger game. However, I had been warned, before I began my Indian career, that opportunities of sport were likely to be thrust upon me without my seeking; and such I found to be the case in more than one instance.

In 1880 I was in camp at the foot of the Tipperah Hills. My tent was pitched under the shade of a vast banyan tree, and on the bank of a picturesque little hill-stream, close to the station where His Highness the Maharajah of independent Tipperah collects tolls from such of our fellow-subjects as cut timber in his vast forests. Hard by was the collection of thatched huts in which lived the Maharajah's agent, a Mohammedan gentleman of much local influence, hospitable, as almost all Indians of position are hospitable, especially to those in authority over them, plausible and pleasant in his manners, as Mohammedans nearly always are, and bent upon showing me—who was, alas, quite content to take him at his word—that he was as good and staunch a sportsman as any Sahib of them all. For days before my arrival, the hill-folk had been warned to look out for traces of tigers or bears; and it was with obvious pride and satisfaction that my friend announced to me, one lovely cool morning in December, that he had succeeded in putting nets round a patch of jungle in which lurked a fine tiger. There was nothing for it but to make a hasty breakfast, and to start with my trusty gun aforesaid over my shoulder for the agent's house. Unfortunately, the only cartridges I had with me were loaded, if you will believe me, with snipe-shot. I was loth to damp my friend's enthusiasm by admitting that I was insufficiently armed for a tiger-hunt, and I resolved to trust to his skill in forest warfare for the conquest of the tiger and the safety of our skins. To me was allotted the post of honour on the back of a small and, as it seemed to me, extremely nervous young elephant, whose movements were so erratic that it was as much as I could do to hold on to the ropes by which the 'pad' on which I sat was bound; and

I could not help wishing that I were gifted, like an Indian god, with an extra pair of arms for the due management of my weapon. To make matters more uncomfortable, the mahout, or driver, behind whose back I was perched, was either very cold or very frightened, for his teeth chattered dolefully, and, unlike most of his class, he seemed unwilling to talk.

We were a picturesque procession enough, as we started for the forest. I led the way on my elephant; next came my Mohammedan friend, with a gaudy skullcap perched very much on one side of his flowing and curly locks; over his shoulder was slung an ancient single-barrelled, muzzle-loading gun; and it was no small comfort to notice that, whatever my own inward doubts and tremors might be, my friend at least was full of enthusiasm and pleased anticipation of an exciting day's work. Behind him came two or three Mussulmans armed like himself; and the rear was brought up by a miscellaneous crowd of Tipperahs, Manipuris, and plains-people, who had been impressed as beaters.

It was a lovely morning, bright, clear, and cool; and, even in my somewhat excited state, it was impossible not to admire the lovely glimpses of forest scenery which opened to our right and left as we made our way slowly up the bed of the little stream by which my tent had been pitched. Every now and again, we passed a small Tipperah village, the wooden houses raised, like those of all the Eastern hill-folk, on piles some six or seven feet above the level of the ground. In one, an ancient headman, gray and bent with age, advanced to wish us success in our effort to rid the country-side of a pest whose ravages had thinned the cattle of the neighbouring villages wofully; and as I acknowledged his salaams, I heartily wished that my place could have been taken by some one better armed and more skilful than myself. But soon the villages grew rarer; the patches of golden paddy, set in a frame of dark dense jungle, more unrequent. We heard the clear shrill cry of jungle-fowl in the woods, and the cooing of innumerable doves in the feathery branches of the wild bamboos. Soon the path became almost impassable; and the elephant and its driver were busy tearing down branches and clearing a way for us through the dense undergrowth of tree-fern and gorgeous flowering creepers. Where the shade was densest, the air struck chill even to my well-clothed limbs, and I could sympathise with the tremors of my half-naked mahout; and again, when we emerged into a clearing, deserted by the migratory cultivation of the hill-people, the sun struck fiercely, and rendered the protection of one's huge sun-hat very grateful. At last, and, as I thought, only too soon, we reached the patch of forest which had been netted. The beaters disappeared by jungle-paths to right and left; the Mussulmans climbed into convenient trees, and, with an occasional friendly shout to me, peered anxiously into the dense jungle below. Presently, we knew that the beating had begun, for we heard the distant sound of shouts and tom-toms, a sound which raised a strange elation and excitement even in my unsportsmanlike bosom, and, for a moment, I forgot that I had in my hands only a choke-bore gun loaded with snipe-shot; that I was holding with might and main to my

uncertain seat on a nervous and untrained elephant; and that, if the tiger charged, I should be in a situation of very considerable danger. Fortunately, there was not much time for thought, for the roar of voices and of drums came rapidly nearer, and my Mohammedan friends grew more eager and excited. At last, close on my right, and with startling suddenness, I heard the mighty roar of a tiger. Impelled by I know not what impulse, I managed to draw both triggers of my gun, and, almost simultaneously, I heard two other shots fired in rapid succession. But the proximity of the tiger and the sound of firearms were too much for the nerves of the elephant, or the mahout, or both, for the next moment I found that I had dropped my gun, and was holding on for dear life to the ropes, as the terrified beast beneath me plunged headlong through the forest.

How far we went before the mahout regained his control over the beast, I cannot say; and it is with unbounded thankfulness and wonder that I think, even now, of the escapes I had from the overhanging boughs and coils of clustering creepers through which we forced our headlong way. As often happens in situations of extreme peril, my mind was singularly clear and tranquil, and, amongst other incongruous thoughts, I remember wondering what a new Byron would make of the story of an Indian Mazeppa on a frightened elephant. At last, however, the mahout was able to guide the animal's movements; and after a long and weary journey—very slow, because we had to clear our way as we went—we emerged into the open paddy-fields. It was with a sense of inexpressible happiness that I saw my white tent gleaming under the dark spreading branches of the banyan tree and saw my servants awaiting my return. But I was not a little astonished when I found that they were gathered round the body of a huge tiger, which they said the agent had sent over as the spoils of my gun. I had heard, it was true, of a desperate man who had slain a tiger at close-quarters by firing a charge of small-shot straight into its eyes. But I had fired almost at random and at a considerable distance; and an examination of the animal's body showed that it had been killed by a lucky bullet which had pierced its heart. My Mohammedan friend presently appeared in person, and loaded me with undeserved praises of my coolness and skill, and apologies for the unsteadiness of his elephant. It was obviously useless to tell him my real reasons for being positively certain that the magnificent beast which lay at our feet had not fallen to my gun; but I was able at last to persuade him that my elephant had turned to bolt before I could take a correct aim, and so to induce him, not very unwillingly, to accept the credit of the tiger's death. He insisted, however, upon giving me the skin, which lies before me as I write, a reminiscence of my most exciting tiger-hunt.

I am older now and, I trust, wiser. Certainly, no consideration of pride or profit would now induce me to go shooting tigers with snipe-shot; and my only excuse for venturing to inflict the story of a very foolhardy adventure upon you is, that the tale is strictly true, and there lies the skin to this day to testify to it. If ever I go tiger-shooting again, it shall be with a good

express rifle in my hand; and if I ever mount an elephant, I shall take care to ascertain that he can stand fire.

ROBURITE: A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

A new explosive, bearing the name of Roburite, has recently been brought before the public by Dr Carl Roth, an eminent German chemist, and bids fair to rank eminently with the explosives at present holding the market. The advantages claimed for roburite, as compared with dynamite, gun-cotton, blasting-gelatine, &c., are increased explosive force combined with a safety that is not merely augmented, but is declared to be absolute; for the new explosive consists of two harmless compounds, which can be kept separate, and even when mixed, require a special fulminate detonator to cause explosion—concussion, friction, or fire being equally unable to effect this.

For mining purposes, roburite should rapidly push its way, for, in exploding, it emits no flame or spark liable to ignite firedamp or coal-dust; whilst the amount of noxious gases generated is so little, that no small advantage accrues from its employment in tunnels, shafts, and other confined places where the workmen frequently suffer from foul air. An eminent authority on such matters has declared his belief that the substitution of dynamite for gunpowder has added ten years to the lives of our miners, so injurious to the lungs is the smoke of the older explosive. A further advantage should accrue in this respect, if roburite obtains largely in our mines and realises the expectations of its introducers. Roburite, it is further stated, will not deteriorate by keeping, and is not affected by extremes of temperature. In appearance, the new explosive is sandy and granular, not unlike coarse yellow sugar.

A series of interesting experiments, recently made at the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, with roburite in comparison with gun-cotton, dynamite, and blasting-gelatine, proved satisfactorily the sterling qualities possessed by the new explosive.

EARTH'S LAST KISS.

Earth's last kiss to the dying day

Over the surf and the tawny sands;

Lips are parted, and far away,

A light goes down in the faint cloud-lands.

Earth's last kiss ere the autumn star

Shines like a jewel in Night's dark crown,

And dusty blossoms from yon blue bar

Sparkle and fling their radiance down

Earth's last kiss ere the seabirds scream

Summer's farewell from the wildflowers' height,

And winds steal forth from the cliffs' dark seam,

Moaning their musical last 'Good-night.'

Earth's last kiss, and the eyes are strained

And arms outstretched, for the gloom draws nigh;

But lips have met, and a love is drained—

Earth's last kiss, dearest love, good-bye.

CHARLES MACKENZIE.

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HOLIDAY FRIENDSHIPS.

It is all over. The holiday outing, looked forward to for so long, has come and gone. The ever recurring query, 'Where are you going?' has been metamorphosed into, 'Where have you been?' Every other person you meet wants to know how you have enjoyed yourself; and whether, when you were here, you visited the crypt of this cathedral; and when you were there, you thoroughly explored the tower of that castle. One points out what you missed on the Matterhorn; another assures you, you have not exhausted the delights of Boxhill. 'Ah!' is the usual form, 'pity I did not know you were going; I might have put you up to a thing or two.' Still, deficiencies notwithstanding, you have to tell all about your doings. The interest taken in them is universal. They have a quite phenomenal attraction for your friends, which is only one degree less perplexing than the perpetual recital of other people's experiences at the best known of holiday haunts, to which you have to submit. This is the unfailing sequel of one's annual trip beyond the confines of daily toil. No one will let you rest; and only when you have exhausted your patience and satisfied a battalion of bores, are you able to escape from the purgatory of recounting your history during a month's absence.

Apart from this source of petty annoyance on your reappearance in workaday garb, ask yourself whether your holidays have fulfilled their roseate-hued promises. Have they brushed away the official or professional cobwebs, and imparted vigour to the frame and lightness to the heart? Have they, in a word, given you new strength to face fresh trials and overcome the big difficulties of a small world? They have doubtless done several of these things, but they have done something more. Kenelm Chillingly described love as a disturbance of the mental equilibrium. One may, of course, have no mental equilibrium to disturb; mental equilibrium is given only to the chosen few; but if you boast anything like an approach to a stable mind, a holiday is the one

thing to render it unstable, for a while at any rate. You start off, seedy, perhaps, and with no thought save of enjoyment: you come back well and wretched. This may be your own fault, and the precise degree of wretchedness depends largely upon temperament; but wretchedness there generally is, nevertheless. You are dissatisfied; deny it, if you can; dissatisfied, not with the past, but with the present and the future. The only condition on which you can deny it is, that you have not realised the pleasure which you anticipated.

The reason of all this is perfectly simple. New sights, new life, new amusements, new faces, new friendships, new thoughts—these are the concomitants of a thoroughly happy holiday, and in proportion as they are appreciated, the return is made miserable. We come back to think of them, and to long for the time when we may go forth and meet them once more. Handsome men and pretty women—all more or less commonplace, it may be, but winning and kindly disposed—haunt the memory of those who have dined for a short time at a table where strangers meet and friends part. Vanity may have been flattered; self-interest may have been unduly watchful; or friendship pure and simple may have possessed the heart. You may have gone merely from one capital to another, from London dark and heavy, to Paris light and gay; you may have studied German life in Berlin or Vienna, or brushed shoulders with the modern Spanish *hidalgo* in Madrid, or wandered round that mystery of modern Europe, the Vatican, and marvelled at the self-incarceration—if that is not too strong a word—of its chief. You may have visited the Channel Islands, with their delightful admixture of British severity and French *abandon*; you may have bathed and lounged at Boulogne, or made yourself giddy on Alpine heights, or lived luxurious days in the shade of Southern orange groves; or even have idled in some not far-distant spot at home. It is all one. You get literally thrown off your balance, and come back to town with a strange sense of restless aspiration in the heart.

The table at which you are expected to sit, you are ungrateful enough to imagine, is not nearly so conducive to comfort and digestion as the one at which you have sat recently; the very chair on which you sit was not evidently intended for the reception of your goodly proportions; familiar faces are dull and uninteresting; old scenes have for the time lost their charm. And all this discomfort springs from a very vivid recollection of certain things said and done during a few weeks' sojourn from home.

Social relations are the chief elements of post-holiday disquiet. Our holiday probably has been passed in the midst of a select and more or less unchanging circle of pleasant people. We have had nothing to do but explore the neighbourhood in which we have found ourselves, write one or two letters—a little business which meant torture—read a favourite novel, and gossip to any extent. Talk around the hospitable and cosmopolitan mahogany of the boarding-house or hotel has been of a character quite different from that indulged in at an ordinary dinner; the company has been thrown together not for one meal only, but for three or four meals daily during many days, and what would have proved a merely formal acquaintance at the one, ripens at the other into a close friendship—assuming of course that conditions are favourable to such friendship. Chief among these conditions is sympathy, and where sympathy obtains, it is a magnetism which draws soul to soul irresistibly and speedily. Your host or hostess seats you beside some one whom in an ordinary way you may not dislike, but who is the last person to inspire you with a strong personal regard. A little later, the freedom of the drawing-room shows where reciprocity of respect and sentiment exists. It would be a curious and instructive experiment to place a large company round a table at one meal, seating them quite haphazardly, and then to ask them, a meal or two later, to choose their own places. The transformation at the end of a day or two would be somewhat startling, and would almost certainly be an index to the true feelings of the company individually and collectively.

A good deal has been said at various times against chance acquaintances; but it surely has been every one's experience to 'run across' some really worthy person at a strange holiday-haunted table. With many people, it is a constant experience, and consequently a source of equally constant chagrin. They meet those whom they fancy they would care to have as friends always; they spend most of their time together, and of course enter more or less into each other's confidence. Then comes the end of the holiday, and the four winds of heaven scatter the companions of several days broadcast, placing the widest geographical gap usually between those whose friendship has been closest. The return to work is made with a distinct sense of bereavement. For some reason or other, it is deemed inexpedient to strike up a

correspondence; and it is in keeping with perverse human nature that the longing to know more of each other should be enhanced by the fact that they have determined it is wisdom to forget. Few attachments are stronger than those formed promiscuously, especially where a certain bashfulness has preceded actual introduction and conversation; and to lose friends in the first blush of unalloyed good feeling may be more painful than to lose old friends. With old friends is kept up a correspondence for a period at least; and if it is dropped, it is dropped so gradually that the intimacy fades almost naturally. The casual friend of the summer outing goes his or her way, and if a letter passes, it is written with a 'What-is-the-use-of-it?' sort of philosophy. Some friendships made in this manner become continuous and remain close; but in the majority of instances, they are the facts of a week or two, and the failures of a lifetime.

One is prone to believe that these new-found friends would, if circumstances permitted, prove the nearest and dearest one has ever had. All the experience of life and of a dozen friendships does not open our eyes to the fact that even the best of us are human, and that the happy and cheerful colours under which we see our friends of the holidays are not probably always flying when the holidays are over. The truth is that our regard for them is nothing more than infatuation born of idleness and bred of environment. Almost everybody, even those who believe themselves to be suffering from some fatal malady, are so friendly and pleasant, it would be a little strange if one did not catch the contagion of their affability. Young men and maidens are especially unfortunate in the effects of their holidays. They may behave with the decorum which the British matron herself would approve; they probably never escape her vigilant eye, and the opportunities for a good flirt are reduced to a minimum. Nevertheless, they lose their hearts. The 'panting tenant' of their bosoms has not yet been hardened by harsh trials. It is still susceptible to soft words. To make young people forget each other as easily as they can be brought together, is the most difficult thing imaginable. They have a knack of calling up from the recesses of their memories the faces and voices which they have grown in a few days to like, and possibly to love, and there is no being so restless for a time after a congenial holiday as they. They do forget naturally, in the course of weeks, the keen delights of the companionship of a few days which was cut in twain as precipitately as it was entered upon; but whilst the memory of it is green, it is entirely destructive of youth's mental peace.

Young and old, rich and poor, we take it, find something of this sort their general experience, and it is an experience to be commended. It shows the heart is in the right place. There are some men and women who never make real friends, or temporary ones either. They go away miserable, and they come back miserable. They are incapable of attachment, and make every one

feel inclined to give them a very wide berth. They are the bugbears of holiday life, and, luckily, are in a distinct minority. Even the bore, who will tell you all his affairs and give you the advantage of an overgrowth of second-hand ideas, is preferable to these unhappy creatures, who, forsooth! are on pleasure bent. Nothing satisfies them: they have not enough room for their elbows at table; they go without the mustard or the salt, because they will not place themselves under an obligation by asking you to pass it; they refuse to join in the good-will of the company in the drawing-room; they walk abroad alone; and the end is they make others miserable as well as themselves. Their absence is the only thing of which every one approves, and their departure for good comes like the bursting of the sun through recently clouded heavens. Thank God, these sad-souled grumblers do not constitute the many but the few among one's holiday friends. If they did, the conditions of holiday-making would be reversed, and the return home would be anticipated with as keen a joy as the departure from home now occasions in all true-hearted people.

All this may seem to say that holidays are a mistake. Not so. The toiler of eleven-twelfths of the year need not be dispirited. There can, however, be no question that, for some, holidays are a really serious matter, and the end of them comes with the wrench which follows the severance of a love-engagement. The lovesick swain is a not much more pitiable object than the friend-sick holiday-maker. But only rarely does harm come of the trouble of either of them. The sympathies of the latter have undergone more than one sharp bout, and his mind has discovered the peculiar significance of topsy-turvydom. To dwell in unaccustomed rooms, to live by the side of unknown people, and to sleep in strange beds, literally turns him inside out; and there is truth in his remark, that it will be long ere his heart will forgive him for the tax he puts upon its self-control. He is, however, none the worse for a little shaking up on new lines; and the moral which he should draw from his holiday experiences is, to beware in future of chumming too thoughtlessly. This, for two reasons. In the first place, he has little or no means of ascertaining who his new friends really are; in the second, if they are thoroughly respectable and worthy, the chances are he may never see them again after the holidays. It is quite possible to get attached to a person during a week; and if one is to return home to think of friendships rudely severed, holidays become somewhat of a nuisance, and one wants a day or two to settle down to work, instead of coming back invigorated and ready for anything that may crop up. Not the holidays, but holiday friendships are the mistake; and if most of us were wise in the future, we should break with work for a spell away with the determination not to strike up friendships at the hotel or boarding-house table except for extraordinary reasons. It is more conducive to happiness not to know nice people intimately, than to know them intimately—the word is not too forcible—for one week, and have to forget them the next. This is a somewhat stern and not altogether courageous doctrine. That the hint will be acted on is no more to be expected than that love itself will

vanish from the world; but if experience teaches anything, it is that holiday friendships—boarding-house and hotel friendships, at least—are the joys of a day and the worries of a month.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER LIV.—‘NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD FOOL.’

‘I SUPPOSE,’ said Richard Cable to his mother, ‘that *she* would not live in our old cottage? Not if I offered it her rent free?’

‘The cottage is mine, Richard, not yours. Perhaps from me she would take it, but not from you.’

‘Then you may offer it her.’ He had his hands in his pockets; he drew them sharply forth and began to hum a tune—it was the mermaid’s song from *Oberon*. When he thought of her, that tune came up with the thought. ‘Mother,’ he said, breaking off in the midst of the tune, ‘now that we are in this house, we are in a different position, and the little girls must be suited to it. I’ve heard them talking just like the St Kerian children—with a Cornish twang, and I won’t have it. They must have better schooling than they can get at the national school.’

‘Will you send them away?’ asked Mrs Cable in dismay, as her heart failed her at the thought of parting with her grandchildren.

‘No; they must not leave home; they must learn better here. They should be able to play on the piano, and to sing, and read French, and know something of all those concerns which young ladies are expected to be acquainted with.’

‘What! Are you going to bring a governess into the house to them?’ asked Mrs Cable with dismay almost equal to the first at the prospect of parting with the children.

‘No; I’ll have no stranger here,’ he answered.

‘Then, how are they to learn?’

‘Is there no one in the village who could teach them? I do not mean that they should be ignorant, or know no more than the labourers’ children, because they will have money, and if they marry, they shall marry well.’

‘There is a long time to that,’ said Mrs Cable.

‘Who can teach them?’ asked Richard.

‘There is but one person who can do this,’ she answered, after a pause.

‘She must be well paid for her trouble. You must arrange all that. Only, I will not have this teacher come here; the children must go to her. Pay her what you like, and take her, whoever she may be. I do not ask her name; I want to know nothing about her; but if she teaches them, I will not have her too free with them: she must undertake not to kiss them, and coax them to love her. Do not tell me who she is; I do not want to know. I leave all that to you, but I make my stipulations beforehand.’

‘You mean this, Richard?’

‘I leave it to you. I ask no questions. I want no names named. If the children are to learn the piano, this lady who is to teach them must have one on which they may be taught. I will order one at Launceston to be sent to the cottage.’

'Very well, Richard.'

'I have hit on a great idea,' said he with a sudden change of tone. 'There is always a trouble about feeding the calves with the hand. I have ordered at Bridgewater a lot of stone bottles, like those for ginger-beer, but as large as foot-warmers for bed. And I've had a board put along each side of the calves' van, with holes in it, into which the bottles can be fitted. And then, mother, I've had tubes and nipples made for the bottles; and I pass these in to the calves through the bars, and they can all suck comfortably as they ride along. I might take a patent for it, I fancy, if I chose.'

'But, Richard, to go back to the subject'—

He interrupted her hastily. 'I'm going to engage a boy; and when we come to a hill, he'll walk round the van, and if any of the calves, which are as weak in their intellects as babies, let the nipples out of their mouths, which they may do through the joggling of the van when the roads are fresh stoned, or they may do it out of sheer stupidity—then, I say, the boy will put them back in their mouths again, and fill up the bottles with skim-milk at our halting-places. I've always found the calves get very much pulled down by a journey, and now, with this contrivance, I reckon they will be very much pulled up.'

'But about the girls?'

'I'm going to work on a grander scale altogether, and have a set of vans. I'm quite sure I can carry on the business wholesale, and with this idea of the calves' sucking-bottles carried out into execution, I must succeed.'

There was no getting anything more out of him relative to the education of the children. He was apparently now engrossed in the perfecting of his arrangements for feeding the calves out of bottles.

'It is wearing and exhausting to the hand,' he said. 'It gets like that of a washerwoman who uses soda—all cockled and soft, what with being in the milk and in the calves' mouths. I've tried the butt-end of the driving-whip, but it don't draw up milk, and the calves don't like the taste of the brass mount; so I've had to come back to the hand again. It is possible they may object to the vulcanised india-rubber at first, whilst it is fresh.' Then, abruptly he reverted to what he had spoken of before. 'Don't let her think that there's any favour shown in letting her have the cottage. It is done to suit my convenience. Last night, as I sat in my summer-house, I could see down into the village; and, I suppose, to annoy me, she had her lamp burning till late, and there is not a wall or a tree between the post-office and my garden, so that the light of her lamp shone right up in at my door, and sit how I would, I could not get away from it. It aggravated me, and I know I shall get no pleasure out of my summer-house like that. By day, she'll do something to annoy me if she has that window, perhaps put red geraniums in it.'

'But Richard—it is a mile away.'

'I don't know what the distance is; it aggravates and provokes me past endurance. I shan't be able to sit there of a day, because of the pelargoniums; nor at night, because of her lamp. I shall have to move the summer-house, and the

expense and trouble of that—the having masons and carpenters and painters about the place again, will be so vexing, that I'd rather she went into our old cottage. It would be best for me, and she'd save money herself, for I don't mind the rent, as it is an accommodation to me. I couldn't move the summer-house under ten pounds.'

'And with regard to the matter of the children'—

'There is no favour there either,' interrupted Richard; 'and I beg you will let her understand that. I want them instructed, and there is no one here but the young ladies at the parsonage and herself fit to teach them; and you can ask the former to undertake the task; if they refuse, then you can offer it to the other one; she gets the job only because there is no one else available. Let her understand that. And mind, tell her, if I send a piano there—I mean, to the cottage—it is not that I give it her or lend it her; it is for my daughters to practise on; but I don't object to her playing on it at any other time, because I've always heard that a piano ought to be played on continually to keep it in tune. It would go badly out of tune if it were only used for the children's schooling, and that would spoil their ear.—Also,' continued Cable, 'there are some sticks of furniture, and some bedding and other stuff, and some crockery down there, which must be used to keep the damp out of them and the moth and the wood-worm. There's no room up here for all these things, and they don't suit this new house; they are left down there to accommodate me; and if she does not pay rent, it is because we find it convenient to put some one in to keep the cottage dry, the mildew out of the furniture, and the moths from the bedding, and to keep the crockery from being chipped. Make her understand that; and if she spoils things, she'll have to pay damages. I do not know that I shan't put some more things into the cottage just to run the chance of their being injured by her, and so deduct the cost of the things spoiled from her wages.' Then, without looking at his mother to see what she thought of his ideas, whether relating to the feeding-bottles for his calves or the education of his children, he went down into the valley to his old cob cottage.

He had put the key in a secret place—a hole in the thatch, that none but he knew of. He opened the door and went in and locked himself in. The cottage was in the same condition in which it had been left. The stools were round the poor little table, the armchair by the fire, and the ashes of the peat white on the hearth. Then he took off his coat, and went into the back kitchen and fetched a broom and a pail and a pan, and set to work to clean the house. He did not return to Red Windows all day. He was busy at the cottage. He scrubbed the floors and the little stairs; he brushed down the walls; then he got whitening at the grocer's and whitewashed ceiling and walls. He cleaned up the hearth and laid fresh kindling-wood on it, and hung a kettle to the crook over it. He paid repeated visits to the shop that day, and bought glazed calico and tacks and chintz and muslin; and he nailed up curtains to the windows and put blinds where there were none—'lest,' as he said to himself, 'the lamp should shine out

of those windows and torment me.' Afterwards, he got a spade and dug up and tidied the garden. He did not desist from his self-imposed task till late at night, not till everything was done to his satisfaction. He was a man who loved tidiness. Next morning early, he left St Kerian. This time he went to Bewdley, where he had to bestow some cattle he had contracted to bring to the farmer on the home-farm of the manor.

When he came to the inn, he found Mr Polkinghorn there, who sprang up and saluted him with urbanity. 'How are we?' asked the footman; 'bobbish or not? And how is the missus?'

'I am well,' answered Cable gravely. He passed over the second query.

'You haven't come in your travels yet on the manor of Polkinghorn, have you?' inquired the flunky. 'Because, if we could hit on that, there'd be some chance of our recovering the title-deeds, and being reinstated in our manorial rights. But—you see—till we know where it is, the Polkinghorns can take no step.'

'How go matters with you?' asked Cable.

'Well, queerish,' answered the footman. 'You've heard the news, of course?'

'News? I've heard nothing.'

'Not of our appointment to a bishopric?'

'You. No, certainly.'

'Yes, we are.'

'What? The old lady?'

'Not exactly; but her brother-in-law, old Sellwood. I know him well; he's a nice old shaver. He's going to be a bishop down your way, at Bodmin. That is in Cornwall, is it not?'

'Yes.—He to be bishop! I do not look at the papers.'

'Yes; he'll be bishop. I don't know that we care much about it. You see, the families of Sellwood and Otterbourne don't need it. They've lots of money, and a twopenny-ha'penny bishopric ain't much to them; especially a new affair, such as this. Why, I don't believe there's even a cathedral there, not a dean and chapter; and—I wouldn't take a bishopric myself where there wasn't a dean and chapter to sit upon. If you don't sit upon somebody, you're nobody. It isn't a man's headpiece that gives him estimation; it is his capacity elsewhere for sitting upon people.—What is it that makes Mr Vickary so much respected in our place? It is, that he sits upon us all. If he only sat on the button-boy, would he be held in such high honour? I put it to you, as a man of the world.'

Cable made no reply.

'I think if I may volunteer a suggestion,' said Polkinghorn, 'that I could give you one to improve your business.'

'Indeed?'

'I suppose you've curates down your way?'

'O yes, there are some.'

'When the bishop comes into quarters, there will be a demand for more—for lots.'

'You think so?'

'I'm sure of it,' said the flunky. 'Now, add to your van of calves another of curates, and dispose of them down in Cornwall.—You'll excuse me; I am accounted a joker.' Then looking round, and seeing that Mrs Stokes was not in the room, he said in a low tone: 'There

is worse behind. We're about to have a regular revolution.'

'Of what sort?'

'You'd never guess; and you're somehow mixed up in it.'

'How is that?'

'About that affair of—your wife.'

'What about her?'—sharply.

'It seems she has a stylish sort of a father, called Cornellis.'

'Yes; what then?'

'He came here after you took her away. He didn't appear whilst she was in our place. He's a gentleman, you know, and I suppose disapproved of her being in a situation; though, for the matter of that, I'm a Polkinghorn, and I'm in a situation. What a Polkinghorn can do, a Cable may.'

'Never mind about that; go on.'

'Some folks have vulgar objections to situations. If they do object to them, they're not gentlemen; as I take it, it is low.'

'What has Mr Cornellis done?'

'Done! You should ask, what is he going to do?'

'Then I do ask that. He has not been to see his daughter where she is now.'

'Oh, I don't fancy he's particularly interested about her. I fancy she was made the excuse for his first coming here, and making our old girl's acquaintance. He's been here off and on a good deal since—a great deal too much for the liking of some of us; and if Miss Otterbourne had taken our opinion, she'd have sent him about his business long ago.—I beg pardon, if I offend. He is your father-in-law.'

'You do not offend at all.'

'It was a bit of a come-down his girl marrying you, no doubt, and he cut her off and disowned her for it; but he seemed mighty interested about her after she was gone.'

'He had not sufficient interest to pursue her, and see that she was well and comfortable and in good hands.'

'In good hands! She was in yours, I suppose, comfortable! It seems to me you're not badly off. Besides, as you married her, she was your charge, not his.'

'What further has Mr Cornellis done?'

'He has made himself a great favourite with the old lady; he humours her, and— But here comes Mrs Stokes, and I don't like to talk state secrets before her. I'll tell you later.—We were speaking of the bishop. Do you know Sellwood?'

'I have spoken to our rector at Hanford.'

'I can't say I'm intimate with him,' said Mr Polkinghorn. 'There are some people one can't be intimate with; though one may put out as many feelers as an octopus, there is no laying hold of them. I've taken his shaving-water to him, too.'

This did not seem to interest Cable; he was anxious to hear the rest about Josephine's father. Presently, Mrs Stokes left the room, and then Mr Polkinghorn resumed the subject.

'He's an insinuating man is your father-in-law; and when he found that the old woman was keen on the lost Tribes, bless you, he led her such a tally-ho! after them, it was just like as you play with a kitten, drawing a ball, or a

cork along the floor, and whisk and away went the old creature purring and frisking and snapping and clawing. It was quite pretty to see her. And I do believe that he persuaded her that he was the concentration of the Ten Tribes in himself, a sort of a mixed pickle-bottle of capsicum and gherkin, and cauliflower and onion—only put Benjamin and Menasses, and Gad and the rest of 'em, for the vegetables, and a general Judaic flavour for the vinegar.'

'Go on. What next?'

'I should like to know what are the circumstances of your father-in-law? Is he a man of substance or a soap-bubble—which?'

'I cannot say; I suspect the latter.'

'So do I; and I fancy he will take care to make himself a comfortable nest somewhere. There was a goose and a gander on intimate terms, that I knew, and the latter set to ripping the down off the breast of the goose to line a nest. He persuaded her to it, and the fond creature helped to strip her own breast; and the two birds smoothed the down into a very snug sort of nest. Well, will you believe me?—there came a late fall of snow and some very sharp weather, and through it all, the gander sat in the downy nest, and let the goose walk about and shiver in the snow, with her plucked breast quite bare.'

'What do you mean by this?'

'Oh, I'm a wag, and I mean more than I put in plain words. There are parables to be read, and the moral is easy understood by them as has brains. I don't feel sure that your father-in-law has not the nature of that gander, and I'm pretty sure our old woman has that of the goose that helped to pluck herself.'

'Do you mean to say that he is helping himself to her money?'

'I won't say that. But I believe before long he'll persuade her to pay for a marriage license, and then he'll take up his quarters in Bewdley and begin the plucking process. We won't stand it—none of us. We will go.'

'But—she is old enough to be his mother.'

'There is no fool like an old fool.'

(To be concluded next month.)

FOPS AND FOPPERY.

ALCIBIADES, whose powers of pleasing were such that, according to Plutarch, 'no man was so sullen but he would make him merry, or so churlish but he would make him gentle,' was the earliest dandy of whom history informs us; and Beau Nash and George Brummell have been classed amongst the latest. But foppery is not dead yet, nor will it be until the end of time. We can, however, console ourselves with the fact that the foppery of to-day is of a much milder type than that which prevailed in the days of Lucullus, who, according to Horace, had five thousand rich purple robes in his house.

The earliest English dandies were, it appears, known as 'Fopdoddles.' Butler mentions them in his *Hudibras*. 'You have been roaming,' he says,

'Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fopdoddle.'

Coming to the time of the English Revolution, we find that the designation by which fops were known had changed several times. 'It was a favourite amusement of dissolute young gentlemen,' says Macaulay, 'to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet men, and offering rude carresses to pretty women. Several dynasties of these tyrants had, since the Restoration, domineered over the streets. The Muns and Tityre Tus had given place to the Hectors, and the Hectors had been recently succeeded by the Scourers. At a later period arose the Nicker, the Haucubite, and the yet more dreaded name of Mohawk.'

A little later on the Fop appeared. Swift thus characteristically refers to the partiality of women for the society of fops:

In a dull stream which, moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow,
When a small breeze obstructs the course,
It whirls about for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straw, and feathers.
The current of a female mind
Stops thus and turns with every wind,
Thus whirling round, together draws
Fobbs, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.

In the time of Dr Johnson, the Sparks were in great force; while the Beau also flourished in the last century. He seems to have been something like Lord Foppington in Sheridan's *A Trip to Scarborough*—very choice in the matter of oaths, especially dainty in shoe-buckles—which were as large as the shoe could possibly support—ablaze with jewelry, and extremely fond of powder and patches; altogether, one of the most ridiculous caricatures of a *man* one can easily conceive.

Next we come to the Macaronies, who were so called because they introduced Italian macaroni at Almack's subscription table. Addison gives the following derivation. 'There is,' he says, 'a set of merry dolls whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well that they could eat them, according to the old proverb; I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland, they are termed "Pickled Herrings;" in France, "Jean Potages;" in Italy, "Macaronies;" and in Great Britain, "Jack Puddings." The transference of the word from fools and clowns to men of fantastic refinement and exaggerated elegance is, as has been well observed, a singular circumstance, of which philologists have not as yet given a satisfactory explanation. It will be remembered that Sir Benjamin Backbite in *The School for Scandal* applies the word 'Macaroni' to horses of a good breed:

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
All others are clowns, but these Macaronies:
And to give them this merit, I'm sure is not wrong.
Their manes are so smooth, and their tails are so long.

The human Macaronies were, it seems, the most exquisite fops that ever disgraced the name of man, yet we are indebted to them for the introduction of the well-known dish so named.

Dandyism brings to mind the Dandies, who were probably in their prime in the 'palmy days' of the Regency. 'I like the dandies,' says Lord

Byron—'they were always very civil to me; though in general they disliked literary people, and persecuted and mystified Madame de Stael, Lewis, Horace Twiss, and the like. The truth is that, though I gave up the business early, I had a tinge of dandyism in my minority, and probably retained enough of it to conciliate the great ones at four-and-twenty.' The Dandies, however, received a severe handling from Carlyle some years later. 'Touching dandies,' says he, in *Sartor Resartus*, 'let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a dandy specially is. A dandy is a clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office, and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse, and person is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes wisely and well; so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress. The all-importance of clothes has sprung up in the intellect of the dandy without effort, like an instinct of genius: he is inspired with cloth, a poet of cloth. A divine idea of cloth is born with him.'

After the Dandies came the Exquisites and the Loungers, who did everything in a style of their own, and whose motto was, 'Look and die.' These fools fancied themselves great lady-killers. The Exquisites and the Loungers were succeeded by the Corinthians, who were fops of a more adventurous and rough-and-ready kind. The word is derived from Corinth, whose immorality was proverbial both in Greece and Rome. A Corinthian, according to Dr Brewer, was the 'fast man' of Shakspeare's period also, hence the reference in *Henry IV.*: 'I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy.' 'Snobs' was the designation by which the fops of the next generation were known. Thackeray, who has made us familiar with the word, gives the etymology of it as *pseudo-nobs*—that is, false or Brummagem nobles.

Two or three years ago, the *Daily News*, in a notice of *Punch's Almanac*, observed: 'Those who are curious in the matter of "neology" should note that in this number the word "masher" has finally usurped the place of "swell," just as "swell" superseded "dandy," which itself was the successor of buck, blood, Corinthian, exquisite, macaroni, beau, and numerous other kindred designations.' Partly in consequence of this and similar paragraphs in other periodicals, the origin of the word 'masher'—the term by which another generation of fops were known—was attributed to our old friend *Punch*. But Dr Charles Mackay says the word, which came to us from the United States, is of Gaelic origin, and was introduced into the country by the Irish immigration. It is derived from the Gaelic *maise*—pronounced 'masher'—and signifies fine, elegant, handsome, and was originally applied in derision to a dandy. This derivation cannot, however, be regarded as final, as the French *marcheur*, and other words, have been claimed as the origin of masher.

'Dude' and 'Chappie' seem to be the latest synonyms for fop, but the words do not appear likely to come into general use.

The foppery of great men has always been a source of amusement—sometimes of disgust—to their contemporaries. The curled and scented ringlets of Disraeli were laughed at by his political friends; and it is very probable that Julius

Cæsar was also laughed at because he set the fashion of wearing earrings, which before that had been confined to women and slaves. Disraeli's letters, however, prove that he could laugh at his own foibles in dress. Like Byron, the great Duke of Marlborough was a dandy when young, but he lived to see the folly of his ways.

Whether the present generation is wiser than its ancestors is perhaps open to question; but there can be no doubt that foppery as an institution is dying out, although mild specimens of the genus may probably exist until the end of time.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY PENGELLY'S interview with Matthew Roding was not yet over, when a little, prim-looking, elderly man walked slowly up the road of which Chesterfield Villa formed such a pretentious feature, scanning the name of each house he came to, and evidently at a loss where to look for the particular one he was in search of. He had the timid and furtive air of a man who wishes to escape observation. In one hand he carried with evident care a small package, wrapped round with thin white paper. His face brightened somewhat when he came to Chesterfield Villa and read the name painted on the gatepost. The villa had two entrances in front—one for visitors, the other for tradespeople and servants. It was to this latter entrance that the stranger made his way, and, after a last glance round, ventured to give a timid tug at the bell-pull. His summons was answered by a supercilious youth in buttons, who, after eyeing the little man from head to foot, condescended to say: 'Well, and what may your business be?'

'This is Mr Abel Roding's house, is it not?'

'No; it ain't. This is Mr Matthew Roding's house.'

'But Mr Abel Roding lives here?'

'He do.'

'Will you please tell him that Peter Bunker would like to see him for a few minutes on particular business?'

'Peter who?' queried the youth loftily.

After the name had been repeated, he turned on his heel and went off at a leisurely pace, leaving the old clerk standing outside. Not long had he to wait, however. Presently, Abel came hurrying along the passage, and seizing him by the hand and shaking it heartily, drew him in-doors. 'Why, Peter, old friend, what has brought you this morning?—But not a word here,' he added in a lower tone. 'Follow me to my room.'

When they had reached Abel's room and the door was shut, Peter said: 'You must excuse the liberty I have taken, sir, in coming here this morning; but I couldn't rest till I had seen you. But first of all, sir, allow me respectfully, but with all sincerity, to wish you m.ny—very many—happy returns of the day. I had not forgotten it, sir—not by any means. And here are a few flowers, sir, simple things, gathered fresh this morning out of my little garden at Peckham, of which I will venture to ask your

acceptance.' Speaking thus, Peter stripped off the paper and displayed his modest offering.

Grandad took the flowers and buried his nose among them. 'Thanks, old friend, many thanks both for the good wishes and the posy,' he said. 'I know both of them are from the heart, and that is everything. The scent of these gillivvers carries me back sixty years. We had great bushes of them at home in the south croft. To smell them again brings back, sharp and clear, scenes and pictures I had all but forgotten.' There was a far-away look in his eyes as he spoke; then, having smelled at the flowers again, he crossed to the chimney-piece and placed them in a vase there, which he filled with water from a jug on the sideboard.—'And now, Peter, you have something more to tell me,' he said as he went back and resumed his seat. 'You look troubled this morning.'

'I am troubled, sir, deeply troubled. Mr Matthew—not that I wish to say a word against him—has given me notice that he is going to pension me off. He says that I am slow and out of date and too old for my work. He wants a younger man—a man with more dash and "go" in him, he says. Slow I may be, Mr Roding; but I'm sure, sir, very sure. I've been over forty years with the firm, and I hoped to die in harness. It would break my heart to be turned adrift.' The little man's speech ended in a quaver that was not far removed from tears.

Grandad's brow had darkened ominously at Peter's recital. 'Too old, eh, Bunker?' he said. 'That's all stuff and nonsense. Why, you're not sixty yet. Just in your prime—just in your prime!'

'A hint has reached me, Mr Roding,' resumed Peter, 'which I think it only right you should be made acquainted with. It came to me through Twamley, our junior clerk, who is a particular friend of Grigson, Mr Matthew's clerk at his Throgmorton Street office. What Grigson gave Twamley to understand was, that Mr Matthew wants the business—*our* business, sir—specially worked up for a couple of years or so, with the view of finding a customer for it at the end of that time, his new business being so much more profitable and requiring all his time and attention.'

'Oho! so that's the game, is it?' exclaimed Grandad. 'I had an idea there was something of that sort in the wind. What is it Shylock says in the play?—"Tis not in the bond." No; certainly that little item is not in the bond.' He rose and began to pace the room slowly, his hands behind his back, and his chin nearly touching his breast. After a time he came to a halt behind Mr Bunker's chair, and gripping the little man hard by the shoulder, he said: 'Make your mind easy, old friend; whatever else may happen, you shall not be turned adrift. That I promise you.'

Peter started to his feet and faced Grandad's tall, gaunt figure. 'O Mr Roding, sir!' he gasped. Not another word could he utter at the moment, so full was his heart.

'Now that I've got you here,' went on Abel presently, 'I don't mean to let you go in a hurry. You must stay and dine with me; and we'll crack a bottle of wine together and have a palaver

about old times. One doesn't have a birthday every week.'

Mr Bunker looked frightened. 'O Mr Roding, sir, thank you—thank you very much indeed! But what would Mr Matthew say at my taking French-leave in that way? He would be sure to hear of it. And then there's yesterday's work to post up in the ledger, and'—

'Tut, tut! let the ledger go unposted for once; and as for Matthew—never fear. The cook and I are famous friends, and she's promised me a splendid plum-pudding in honour of the occasion. There will only be us two, Bunker—only us two. You wouldn't leave me to dine alone on my birthday, would you?' There was a ring of sadness in the old man's voice as he put this question.

'I shall feel most honoured, I am sure, sir, if you think it will be all right at the office.'

But Grandad did not seem to hear him. 'I was hoping Ruff would have come to-day,' he muttered, half to himself. 'But the boy's forbidden the house, and I suppose his pride won't let him come near it. Still, I wish— Well, well!'

Bunker's ears had caught the name. He had met the young painter two or three times at Islington, and had conceived a great admiration for him. 'And how is Mr Ruff, sir, if I may make bold to ask?' he said. 'Quite well, I trust; and no doubt as full of fun as ever. He always used to keep us alive; didn't he, sir? But what a pity—what a great pity he did not enter the counting-house! I would have put him through double-entry and everything. I would have'—

'Bunker, you're an ass!' said Abel, turning quickly on him. 'Any idiot is good enough for a counting-house; but just you try to paint a tree, or a wall with a bit of ivy trailing over it, or my withered old pliz, and then see where you'd be! It's only genius can do that, sir—genius! I wish with all my heart the boy had been coming to-day.'

For a little while Mr Bunker ventured on no further remark. Presently, as if to make amends for his curtness, Grandad crossed to the sideboard, and opening it, produced therefrom a bottle of wine and a couple of glasses. 'I know you like a drop of good old port, Bunker, and so do I—so do I. It's a sensible taste. I think you'll find this as prime as anything they've got at Bilbo's. It will warm the cockles of your heart, old friend!'

Before putting the wine to his lips, the little man did not fail for the second time to wish his former employer many happy returns of the day. Abel made him empty the glass, and the generous fluid helped to unloosen his tongue. 'This is very like your old room at Islington, sir,' he said presently, as his eyes wandered from one article of furniture to another. 'Puts me quite in mind of it, only of course the windows have a different lookout.'

'Yes; it was my daughter-in-law's idea to make it as like the old spot as possible,' answered Abel dryly. 'Very kind and thoughtful of her, was it not?'

'But you don't mean to say, sir, that you live in this room! I thought'— Then he, stopped in some confusion.

'You thought my home was in those fine rooms

on the other side of that green baize door, with their big mirrors, and their gilding, and their velvet couches and gimcracks? No, no; my daughter-in-law understands my simple tastes better than you, Bunker. This is my sitting-room, and there beyond is my bedroom, and I have them all to myself! Think of that! Oughtn't I to be a happy man?' There was a bitterness in his tone which struck dismay to the old clerk's heart.

'And all the grand furniture and everything in the house bought with your money, sir!' he could not help saying; but Grandad did not seem to hear the remark.

There was a long-stemmed, cherry-wood pipe resting against the corner of the chimney-piece; pointing to it, Peter said: 'I am glad to see, sir, that you still enjoy your tobacco.'

A faint flush mounted to Grandad's wrinkled cheek. 'And you, yours, I'll be bound, Bunker. I remember that you always were fond of your 'baccy. If I had known you were coming, I would have ordered in some of your favourite cut Cavendish. There's a nice summer-house in the garden, and we'll have a pipe together presently.'

'All among the earwigs and caterpillars, eh, sir? But you don't always smoke in the summer-house, do you, sir?' It was an innocent question, and asked more for the sake of saying something than for any other reason.

Grandad coughed and fidgeted a little before answering. 'Well, you see, Bunker, this is how it is. My daughter-in-law doesn't like smoking—thinks it's vulgar, and all that, which of course is nonsense. Then, if I smoke indoors, even with the green baize doors shut, she says she can smell it all over the house. You see, she's got a very sensitive nose, which may be a blessing or may not, as people think. So, for the sake of peace and quietness, Bunker—only for peace and quietness, mind you—I now do all my smoking out of doors.'

'O Mr Roding, sir, that I should live to see the day when you would be frightened at a woman—you who used to be your own master and everybody else's!' The wine had evidently imparted to the little man a degree of courage which he ordinarily lacked.

Grandad stared at him for a moment, then he said, but not roughly: 'Bunker, either you are an old fool or I am. Which is it?—But let us get out into the garden.'

Five minutes later, Bunker being a little distance away, trying to fathom the mysteries of a sundial, Grandad felt a light touch on his sleeve, and on turning, found himself confronted by Mary Nunnely's smiling face.

'Just a word,' she said hurriedly in a voice that was scarcely raised above a whisper. 'When I was down the road half an hour ago I met Ruff—quite by accident of course. He is coming to dine with you to-day because it's your birthday; but he doesn't want to create any unpleasantness with Mrs Roding. He will be outside the gate that opens into the lane at twelve o'clock, and he wants you to let him in when the coast is clear. It's terribly audacious of him, I know. Mr Roding has been gone about twenty minutes, and Mrs Roding has ordered the carriage to go shopping in. She will be away a couple of hours

at the least, and, for a wonder, she is going to take Freddy with her. But I dare not stay another moment now.'

Grandad had not been able to put in a word, and all he could now do was to stand and stare after the girl's retreating figure till it was lost to view. Then he turned, and as he did so, he muttered half aloud: 'So the boy's coming. He has not forgotten the old man, after all. Somehow, the sunshine seems to have grown brighter, and the air does not feel so chilly as it did a while ago. Well, well!—Now, I do hope that plum-pudding will beat every plum-pudding that was ever concocted before.'

At five minutes past twelve, the garden gate was opened by Grandad with the key he always carried, for that was his usual mode of egress and ingress, and Master Ruff was smuggled into the forbidden territory. Over the greetings between the old man and the young one we need not linger. That they were affectionate and sincere on both sides may be taken for granted. Bunker and Ruff met as old acquaintances. Scarcely were the greetings over, when a servant brought in a small hamper containing the game-pie, together with certain other articles which had just arrived. Ruff made-believe to know nothing whatever about the hamper and its contents; but Grandad was not to be so easily imposed upon. In a little while Ruff began to grow fidgety and to look as if something were wanting to complete his contentment. Grandad, who was keen-sighted enough on occasion, divined at once what was amiss, and presently left the room without a word to either of the others.

No sooner had he gone than Ruff brought forth his painting of the water-mill, which till now had been sheeted in brown paper. He had not forgotten to bring some cord and a brass-headed nail; and in three minutes the picture had found a place on the wall, there to greet Grandad as a pleasant surprise on his return.

When the victoria had driven off Londonwards, with Mrs Roding and Freddy sitting in state therein, Mary went at once to the little morning-room in which she and the child spent the greater part of each day. She took up her sewing, feeling that she must occupy herself in some way; but swiftly as her needle moved, her thoughts flew to and fro a thousand times more swiftly. Her heart was in a flutter; in her cheeks the wild-rose tints came and went fitfully. Ruff had sold his picture, and had got a commission for another; that was indeed, as he had said, great news—glorious news! And then he had told her that he meant to make her his wife in six months from now. What news could sound sweeter than that in the ears of a girl who loved as she loved? And yet within the rose there lurked the inevitable canker-worm. What happiness it would be to be Ruff's wife, if only his father were reconciled to him and would consent to their marriage! But there was the rub. In time, the breach between Mr Roding and his son would doubtless be made up, especially now that Ruff was on the high-road to fame and fortune—for so, in happy ignorance of the thousand-and-one obstacles still to be surmounted, she believed him to be—but would such reconciliation ever come to pass should Ruff madly, foolishly affront his father's pride and ruin his own prospects

in life by marrying her, a penniless dependent on his mother's bounty? Mr Roding was not the kind of man to forgive such a *mésalliance*, as he would undoubtedly deem it to be. Wealth seemed to be flowing in upon him, bringing with it, as she divined already, ambitious dreams of many kinds, in some of which his son doubtless played a conspicuous part. For her to wed Ruff would be to drag him down from the golden future which shone so close before him; and then, perhaps, in years to come—who could tell?—he might tire of her, and regret the sacrifice he had made. No, never—never could she become his wife!

At this thought, two burning tears welled slowly from under her eyelashes. She stopped her needle for a moment, and as she raised her hand to brush them away, she saw Grandad standing in the doorway, regarding her with curious questioning eyes. The soft pile of the carpet had deadened the sound of his footsteps. With a little cry, Mary dropped her work and sprang to her feet as the old man came quickly forward. Then he drew her to him and kissed her softly on the brow. 'Come, come,' he said cheerily; 'of all days in the year, tears will never do to-day. The scapegrace has arrived; but he's got such a dreadful fit of the fidgets coming on, that I want you to come and try whether you can't soothe him back into gentleness. Why, the boy has sold his picture—as I knew all along he would—and he's been asked to paint another; and I hear, as plainly as ever I heard anything, the sound of wedding-bells in the distance, and—Why, what's this? The young baggage is actually crying, when she ought to be as bright and full of happiness as a morning in May!'

Still holding her round the waist, and stroking her hair fondly with one hand, he let her overcharged heart relieve itself silently for a few moments; then he said: 'What is it that troubles you, my pretty? Tell me—tell Grandad. Sometimes we old folk are like wizards, and can weave spells and bring things to pass by the power of our magic in a way you youngsters never dream of. Tell me what troubles you.'

'O Mr Roding, Ruff and I can never, never get married,' quavered Mary as she drew herself away and wiped the tears from her eyes.

'O ho! that's news indeed. And why not, pray?—why not?'

'Because Ruff is going to be rich and famous now, and his father would never forgive him, or be reconciled to him, if he were to marry a dependent, penniless girl like me.'

'Is that all that troubles you?' asked Grandad with a sort of contemptuous snort.

Mary did not answer, but her silence seemed to ask reproachfully: 'Is it not trouble enough for a girl who loves as I love?'

'Now, listen to me,' went on Grandad impressively; 'and then dry your eyes and try to put on your prettiest smiles. Before the year we are now in is dead and buried, Ruff Roding and his father will be reconciled; and, what's more, the latter will have given his consent to your marriage with his son. That which I promise I can perform, for I am one of those wizards I told you of just now.'

When Mr Grigson got back to the villa after

despatching the telegram which had so greatly puzzled him, he found the breakfast-room empty. Matthew Roding was still closeted with Lady Pengelly. Having the room to himself, Mr Grigson took up and glanced rapidly over such letters as his employer had already opened. There seemed nothing in them, however, that interested him. He was still ferreting among the papers, when he gave a great start and glanced quickly round. There before him lay a polished steel key of peculiar workmanship. Matthew Roding had laid it beside his breakfast tray when he came down, and had forgotten to put it into his pocket when summoned to meet Lady Pengelly.

'The key of the private safe, by Jove!' exclaimed Grigson in a whisper. 'Never knew the governor to let it out of his possession before. I've been waiting for this chance for four long months, and now it's come.—What a slice of luck!'

After another glance round and a moment of anxious listening, he produced from an inner pocket a flat tin box not quite so large as the palm of his hand. When the lid of this was removed, a cake of prepared wax was disclosed, on the yielding surface of which, a quarter of a minute later, his dexterous fingers had impressed a facsimile of the key, with all its intricate network of wards minutely and sharply defined. After this, it was the work of a moment to replace the lid and put back the box in its hiding-place. Then with his handkerchief he carefully wiped the key and put it back among the papers where he had found it. 'This may prove useful some day, or it may not,' he muttered. 'In any case, I now command the situation. You fly your kite very high, my dear Mr Roding, very high indeed. I admire your audacity, but sometimes tremble for the result. It is quite in the chapter of accidents that one day the string may break and your kite come down with a run. Ergo, the man who is wise prepares himself betimes for eventualities.'

When Matthew Roding went back after conducting Lady Pengelly to her carriage, he found his confidential clerk quietly gnawing one end of his moustache and, to all appearance, deeply immersed in the *Times*.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE ITINERANT OLD-BOOKSELLER.

THE itinerant vendor of old books going about with his humble stock-in-trade from town to village and from village to town, is a character whom one now seldom encounters. The fairs and markets at which he used invariably to appear being themselves to a great extent now obsolete, the individuals of the species who remain to the present day have ceased to move in regular orbits. But they do still make their appearance at odd times, after long intervals, their stock being usually laid out and disposed of after nightfall by the light of a flaring paraffin lamp. And what a stock! Were any intelligent person to linger over it a few moments, out of curiosity, he would wonder how any human being would travel about with such a heap of trash. But doubtless a livelihood can be eked

out in this as well as other lowly pursuits; and certainly a sale carried on in the open air under like conditions would not produce remunerative prices for books of a superior description. At anyrate, the trade in these is in the hands of a very different class of people, out of whose fullness it was that this motley collection was formed; for when the itinerant old-bookman desires to make up a stock, he calls upon the respectable members of the trade, and inquires in quite undisguised language whether they have any rubbish to sell him. They do usually have plenty; but if it is not yet separated from the valuable stock, preparatory to being sold for waste paper, then it is not worth while for the shop or stall keeper to leave his customers and business to attend to the wishes of his humble compeer. But occasionally the latter does bag a heap of odd and tattered volumes for less than the lot would have realised if the seller had stuck to his first intentions regarding it, because in this case fellow-feeling steps in and modifies the bargain.

The kind and quality of the stock-in-trade gathered together in this way may be judged of. The items which it comprises must after all, sooner or later, come into the hands of the waste-paper merchant, and the intervening transaction, instead of changing their destiny, only postpones it. By the light of the blazing, sputtering lamp they are now once more to be dispersed; and as it would be difficult to dispose of the various volumes on their own merits, fascinating and wholly fictitious ideas of their contents are communicated to the bystanders. The man into whose temporary possession they have passed is usually a coarse-featured individual, sometimes with but one eye, sometimes squint-eyed, sometimes afflicted with a defective articulation; but almost always he wears on his face a look of roguish cunning, suggestive of a fund of Hibernian humour which very soon shows itself in the reckless descriptions about to be given of his literary wares. Taking up a moderate-sized book, which might be, so far as his very mixed audience can judge, either a volume of travels, a treatise on trigonometry, or a last-century novel, he begins as follows: 'Now, gentlemen, here is a book you can all read. Here is a volume that will keep you laughing while you are reading it. How much for this book, full of valuable knowledge and amusing entertainment? I won't ask ten shillings for this volume, nine shillings, six, five, half-a-crown—here, I'll take a shilling for this lot—one shilling, a sixpence, threepence—here, I'll take twopence for it.'

At this too early stage in the downward scale of price, the book is bought by a ploughman, and turns out to be a catalogue of the books in some library or another. Ashamed of having been done, the purchaser slinks away out of the crowd amidst the jeers of those nearest him; while with complacent leer and an audible chuckle, the seller pockets the price and reaches down for another lot.

The next volume happens to be, say, an old *Parliament House Book*, an annual statistical work of use only to the legal profession in Scotland, in

relation to whom it stands in much the same position as *Oliver and Boyd's Edinburgh Almanac* does to the Scottish community at large. This volume, which was never of use or even intelligible to any human being except a lawyer, is disposed of thus: 'Now, gentlemen, I have to bring before you a really superior lot of goods. If any gentleman wants a bargain, now is the time. The *Parliament House Book*, containing the lives of eminent statesmen. Who bids for this superior work? I don't ask twelve shillings and sixpence for this really valuable book, ten shillings, five shillings—here, I'll take one shilling for this work. One shilling. Are you all done? Here—six, five, four, I'll take threepence for the *Parliament House Book*, containing the lives of eminent statesmen.—Are you all done? Here—I'll take a penny for it.—Sold again!'

A soldier is the buyer in this instance, and he gets a bargain, though he only uses the leaves for lighting his pipe, for there must be three hundred of them at least.

Grammars, English and Latin, Euclids, arithmetic-books, and all kinds of old educational works, always form a conspicuous feature in the pack, and find purchasers. Odd volumes of some well-known historical work are also readily disposed of, especially if they contain one or two engravings. Let an odd volume of Hume's *History of England*, having a picture of Queen Mary's execution for a frontispiece, be held up, and a dozen people will shout for it as soon as the minimum price has been named. This the seller of old books knows, and he supplies the demand by producing 'Another of the same lot, gentlemen;' 'Here's another left;' 'One more, gentlemen;' 'One more;' 'One more left, gentlemen'—until the lot is cleared away with breathless rapidity. Sermons are numerous, but are quite neglected. Books of Tales and Adventures are readily sold; but, as a rule, they are in a sadly defective and tattered condition. Over the drier volumes, a glamour derived from the realm of fiction is thrown to make them go off. One of the fraternity, who was in the habit, till within quite recent years, of visiting a certain northern city, used to wind up his summary of the contents of every volume, no matter what it was, with this sentence, which he rolled in his mouth with peculiar unction: 'And Nero's Golden Palace—a full account of Nero's Golden Palace and all the Roman emperors.'

Probably not the very maddest bibliophile would dream of stopping a little while within the precincts of the paraffin lamp, in the dim hope of securing a prize. In his estimation, the books which the mongrel-looking specimen of humanity is actively dispersing, in exchange for the coppers that shall provide him with supper and a bed, are mere rubbish; and doubtless, from his point of view, they are so. But biography compels us to admit that haply one or two of these odd volumes may find their way into the hands of some poor creature, young in years as yet, and neglected by all around, but whose soul withal is athirst for knowledge. By such a one they will be welcomed as rays of light coming from that distant world to which his heart aspires with indefinite longing, yea, with painful aching; and so the sputtering and flickering paraffin lamp suddenly becomes

metamorphosed in our eyes, not all improperly, let us hope, into a real though humble representative of the great, ever-burning, inextinguishable 'Lamp of Learning.'

RED-INDIAN METHODS OF DEER-CAPTURE.

DEER-HUNTING, as is well known, forms one of the chief employments of the numerous tribes of Indians who roam over the vast territory of North America. It is equally well known that the flesh and skin of these animals constitute the staple articles of Indian food and clothing respectively. Although the wants of the Indians in these two particulars are identical, the means adopted to supply them are not so, but often vary considerably. To secure the valuable prey by shooting, either with gun or bow, is common to all the tribes. In hunting the moose, the Eskimo and the Montagnais depend mainly upon their fleetness of foot and their skill in throwing a sort of elongated harpoon; and when once upon the track of the deer, they rarely fail to encompass its death. The writer knew two young men of the Montagnais tribe who left their wigwam in the morning, travelled a distance of forty miles into the interior, discovered and captured a deer whose carcase weighed nearly two hundred pounds, and returned with their spoil in the space of about twenty hours. An effective but cruel device which is much used, particularly by the Indians who live on the confines of the pale-face territory, and also by the white settlers themselves, is to place a large noose, usually of stout rope, in rabbit-snare fashion, between two trees on each side of the deer-track at the same distance from the ground at which the animal carries its head, which, when proceeding through the forest, is thrown back upon the shoulders.

The Co-Yukon Indians of Alaska kill the moose in large numbers while swimming across the Yukon river during their periodical migrations, 'manœuvring round in their birch-bark canoes till the animal is fatigued, and then stealthily approach and stab it in the heart or loins.' Another and more ingenious mode of capturing deer adopted by these Indians is thus described by Mr Whymper in his *Travels in Alaska*: 'A kind of corral or enclosure, elliptical in form, and open at one end, is made on a deer-trail, generally near the outlet of a wood. The further end of the enclosed space is barricaded; the sides are built of stakes, with slip-nooses or loops between them. Herds of deer are driven in from the woods, and trying to break from the trap, generally run their heads into the nooses, tighten them, and so get caught, or are shot whilst still bewildered and running from side to side. Near the opening, it is common to erect piles of snow with "portholes," through which natives, hidden, shoot at the passing deer.'

We will notice lastly the 'deer-fences' of the once numerous and powerful but now extinct Beothic nation, the aboriginal inhabitants of Newfoundland. They are thus described by Mr Harvey in a recent interesting book on Newfoundland: 'The deer-fences were made by felling the trees along the ridge of the river's bank without chopping the trunks quite asunder, taking care that they fell parallel with the river,

each tree having been guided so as to coincide with and fall upon the last. Gaps were filled up by driving in stakes and interweaving the branches and limbs of other trees. They were raised to the height of six, seven, or ten feet, as the place required, and were not to be forced or leaped by the largest deer.' It is interesting to notice that large portions of these deer-fences still remain in some parts of the interior of Newfoundland, principally, however, in those lying to the north-east and north-west, the usual headquarters of the Beoths. The intrepid Cormack, when travelling in Newfoundland, saw those which lie on the bank of the river Exploits, and in the narrative of his expedition he thus refers to them: 'What arrests the attention most while gliding down the stream is the extent of the Indian fences to entrap the deer. They extend from the lake downwards continuously, on the banks of the river at least thirty miles. There are openings left here and there in them, for the animals to go through and swim across the river; and at these places the Indians were stationed, to kill them in the water with spears, out of their canoes, as at the lake. Here, then, connecting these fences with those on the north-west side of the lake, are at least forty miles of country, easterly and westerly, prepared to intercept all the deer that pass that way in their periodical migrations. It was melancholy to contemplate the gigantic yet feeble efforts of a whole primitive nation, in their anxiety to provide subsistence, forsaken and going to decay. There must have been hundreds of the Red Indians, and that not many years ago, to have kept up these fences and pounds.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN American scientist, Professor Leeds, during an investigation into an outbreak of typhoid fever, is said to have discovered a peculiar property in alum. Upon examining the water-supply in the district in which this epidemic occurred, he found that it was swarming with bacteria, a few drops containing many thousands of living germs. To this water he added a small amount of alum, the proportion being only half a grain per gallon, a quantity which we need hardly say would be tasteless. He found that not only did this minute addition cause a precipitation of all foreign matter, but that the germs were reduced to a few specimens which were all of a large form. By filtration, this alum-treated water was rendered perfectly clear of bacteria. The experiment is one of great importance; and if the results obtained are found, upon repetition, to be certain, a great discovery has been made. Of course, we cannot say that the disease in question was actually caused by the presence of these germs in the water, but it is certain that such germs are always plentiful when disease is common.

The Natural History Museum at South Kensington is, as far as its contents are concerned, rapidly approaching completion. It has just been enriched by two very fine ornithological collections, perhaps the finest which have ever been made—namely, that of the late Marquis of Tweeddale, and that belonging to his nephew Captain Ramsay.

Captain Ramsay's own collection has been made during an extended military career in Eastern lands, and it includes specimens of birds from Afghanistan, the Indian peninsula, the Andaman Islands, Burmah, &c. By these additions, this fine Museum will receive specimens of birds which before were only conspicuous by their absence. In addition to the birds, there is a large library attached to the Marquis of Tweeddale's Collection; and the value of this and the specimens together is estimated at fifteen thousand pounds; but of course their real value to the country from an educational point of view cannot be priced.

The Pneumatic Dynamite Gun, which has been noticed before in our columns, has lately been subjected to some very exhaustive trials at Fort Lafayette, New York. The Secretary of the United States navy had placed at the disposal of the Company which has been formed for dealing with this weapon, an old schooner, which was moored at about two thousand yards from the fort. After two shots of blank shells had been fired, in order to find the range, the gun was loaded with a charged missile containing fifty-five pounds of explosive gelatine. The result of this shot was to give the old vessel a terrible shaking, and, as was discovered by those who boarded her immediately after the explosion, to injure her severely and cause serious leaks. With succeeding shots the vessel was broken up into matchwood. A photograph taken instantaneously, just as one of these explosions occurred, shows the vessel with the hull raised up several feet above its normal position. This picture thus exhibits in a curious manner the peculiar lifting-power of the explosive employed. A writer in one of our service journals maintains that some kind of international agreement will have to be come to 'for the prompt execution of the inventors of new weapons;' otherwise, he urges that the whole naval question will be once more upset, and millions must be spent in a new direction. This reminds us that 'there are many true words spoken in jest.'

The Zoological Gardens, London, have just received an addition to their magnificent collection of an animal which has not yet been seen there. This is a young gorilla, its exact age not being known. When first exhibited, it is said to have shown great shyness before the visitors and refused to eat; but it seems now to have got over its disinclination for food, and eats nearly any kind of fruit which is offered to it, but more especially seems to be fond of pomegranates. It may be remembered by some of our readers that a baby gorilla was some years ago exhibited in London; but it speedily succumbed to the rigours of our climate. It is to be hoped that this new and interesting acquisition at the Zoological Gardens may be more fortunate, although it has come to us at a time of year which is rather risky to an inhabitant of tropical Africa.

The importance which attaches in the present day to the art of photography may be gauged to a certain extent by the fact that a column and a half of the *Times* newspaper has lately been devoted to a description of the Photographic Society's annual Exhibition in London. While there was nothing very novel or of a startling character in this Exhibition, yet the visitor could not

help making one or two observations which seem to point to certain advances in the art. In the first place, the old method of printing photographs in silver seems to be on the wane; and this is not a subject for regret, for it is well known that such prints are subject to discoloration and fading. In the present Exhibition, photographs printed in salts of platinum—which give permanent results—largely predominate. Another thing which is noteworthy is the amount of wall-space taken up in this Exhibition by pictures produced by processes which adapt photographs to book and newspaper illustration.

The manager of the Brighton Aquarium states that the octopus has become so rare on the neighbouring coasts that his collection is now reduced to one specimen of this interesting creature. But, according to Mr A. W. Tuer, both varieties of the octopus or cuttle-fish are plentiful just now outside Falmouth harbour, where, a short time ago, this gentleman caught a large number. In this country, the octopus, possibly on account of its repulsive appearance, is not used for food; although foreign seamen, especially Spaniards, look upon it as a delicacy. Mr Tuer was venturesome enough to try for himself whether the octopus was palatable or not. He says that he had one curried, and found it excellent, and that it was not unlike tender tripe. English fishermen value the creature only as a bait for other fish.

When the present systems of electric illumination were in their infancy, one great difficulty which inventors found in adapting the light to domestic uses was the necessity for finding some instrument by which the amount of current utilised could be measured, in the same manner as gas is registered by the gas meter. Several electric meters have been devised, but they are generally of rather complicated construction. Professor George Forbes has recently contrived one which is both simple in construction and efficient. Its principal part is a spiral wire of the shape of a large watch-spring, the two ends of which are connected with binding screws, so that the apparatus can readily be attached to any source of electric supply. The electric current in traversing this wire causes it to become heated, and has the effect of causing the air-currents in its neighbourhood to be heated as well. By this means, a system of ascending air-currents is established. These ascending currents are made to act upon a small and delicate horizontal windmill, which is in connection with a train of toothed wheels which move the hands on a couple of dials. These hands indicate the number of revolutions of the windmill, which are proportional to the amount of electricity which causes the iron spring to become hot. The meter will be exhibited at the Electrical Exhibition which is now being arranged for by the Electrical Society in New York.

It is not long ago since there was exhibited in London a so-called electrical lady. Upon touching her hand, arm, or face, the visitor received a distinct electric shock, which shock continued so long as his hand was in contact with the lady's skin. According to the showman who exhibited this curiosity, the lady was deaf and dumb, and therefore she was not in a position to hear or answer any questions. Many doctors visited her and signed testimonials as to what they considered

a genuine natural phenomenon. Some light, however, is thrown upon the matter by the confession of a boy who was lately in the same business as the electrical lady, and who is now said to be in New York acting in the more prosaic character of a compositor in a printing-office. This boy has lately explained how it was all done. He says that strips of zinc were laid under the cocoa-nut matting which served as a carpet for the visitors, and also under the carpet upon which he stood. The matting above the zinc was kept constantly wet, a circumstance not likely to be detected by the visitors. By the help of an electric battery and an induction coil, a circuit was completed when any of the visitors touched the boy. The effect of this constant current was too much for the nerves of this youthful prodigy, and after a time he was obliged to retire.

It is not often that the real cause of an explosion in a powder-mill comes to light, for the very good reason that those who could best explain how it occurred have been the first victims. This, however, is not the case with the explosion which took place in September last at the Lowwood Gunpowder Works, Lancashire. Two men on that occasion unfortunately lost their lives. It seems that one of them was in the act of using a sledge-hammer upon an iron key or wedge, and that one of his blows struck a spark which inflamed some explosive dust. The catastrophe may be described as a deflagration rather than an explosion, and no injury would have resulted if the two men had not been cramped up in a small space, from which they could not readily escape. They died within twenty-four hours of the explosion, but not before they were able to give an exact account of what occurred. It seems that a large amount of this explosive dust had accumulated in the upper portion of the building, which had not been periodically washed out, as it should have been. The dust formed in the manufacture of the gunpowder had settled on all places where a settlement was possible, and had formed incrustations which took fire in the way explained.

It is said that four hundred thousand tons of Thomas slag are annually ground into fine powder for use in German agriculture. This slag forms a valuable fertilising agent, from the fact that it contains a large amount of phosphate of lime. The process, of which it is a by-product—that of Messrs Gilchrist and Thomas—consists in the elimination of phosphorus from crude iron before the conversion of that metal into steel. From experiments which have lately been made by Professor Wagner of Darmstadt, it would seem that this fertilising agent is of far more value than those in common use. But its efficacy depends on the degree of fineness to which it is reduced, and the experimenter named urges that it cannot be ground too finely. In this form, it is very easily decomposable, is much more easily taken up by the roots of plants, and is more easily dissolved than if it is supplied to the ground in a coarse condition. The slag contains a certain proportion of iron; but this has no prejudicial influence. In using this fertiliser, it should be ploughed in deeply, in which case its beneficial effect will be felt for a number of years.

From a recent Report by the consul of the United States at Copenhagen, a good deal can be gleaned concerning Danish butter. Complaints

have for some time been made that Danish butter—once considered the finest in the world—has gradually deteriorated, exporters affirming that only about one-fifth of the butter made is as good as it used to be. In the Report referred to, the decline in quality is admitted; and the two main causes of the falling-off in the quality of the butter are given as follows: In the first place, the fodder of the cows is different from what it used to be; the swedes and turnips—which were always before avoided, as giving a pervading taste to butter—are now commonly used, together with bran, cotton-seed cakes, &c. The other cause of the deterioration is said to be the want of that care and attention which are so essential in all dairy operations. In past times, it was common for travelling instructors to go from farm to farm in Denmark in order to teach the people the best way of doing their work. This system has long been given up, and the dairykeepers, like a great many other people, think they are sufficiently skilled, and require no further education. Another cause given for the falling quality of the butter is the prevalence of large dairies, which in recent years have been established all over the country, and in which individual care and interest are not too prominent.

The *British Medical Journal* calls attention to a new form of milk adulteration in our own country. It is pointed out that trade journals contain numerous advertisements of preservatives for milk which will prevent that fluid from turning sour, and by which means it can be kept from day to day without loss. These nostrums are generally compounds of boracic or salicylic acids, and sometimes of bicarbonate of soda. Although these preparations are not actually poisonous, their constant absorption in small doses cannot but be prejudicial to health. Another form of adulteration is indicated in the use of colouring matter, the basis of which is annatto. The advantage to the dealer in using these colouring agents is, that milk which has been thinned by being deprived of its cream has the semblance of richness given to it by the addition of the colour. We are reminded that natural milk is white rather than yellow, except in the case of a few breeds of cows, such as the pure Alderney. But as long as the general public demand a product which is yellow, the trade is sure to comply with their wishes. The same remarks will hold good with regard to butter, which in its pure state is generally white, rather than yellow.

The incandescent gaslight, to which we devote some little attention a few months back, seems to be making steady and satisfactory progress in the country. It has already been adopted at two London theatres, and at the Instrument Room at the General Post-office. It is also in use at Madame Tussaud's Waxwork Exhibition and at Willis's Concert Rooms, London. Its adoption at the Bank of England is contemplated. We are indebted for this information to the *Gas and Water Review*.

Another form of gas-lamp which is growing in favour is that which embodies what is known as the 'regenerative principle.' In these lamps, of which there are two or three varieties in the market, the products of combustion are consumed, and the burner is constantly fed with a stream of

heated air produced by the action of the lamp itself. In this way, a much higher degree of efficiency is obtained from the gas used; while at the same time there are no unburnt particles of carbon escaping to blacken ceilings or to work destruction upon books and furniture. The latest pattern of this form of burner is known as 'Thomas's Patent Regenerative Lamp.' Its general form is that of a small sunlight enclosed in a glass globe. Its air-supply is so broken up into thin streams by the peculiar construction of its parts, that the oxygen is supplied to it to the best advantage. Further particulars can be obtained from the Patentees, 55 and 56 Minories, London, E.C.

Mr Ellis Lever, who is ever active in the interest of our coalminers, has again called attention to the number of mining disasters which occur annually in this country. He tells us that the number of deaths from colliery accidents average twelve hundred a year, a large proportion of which are due to explosions of firedamp. There is every reason to believe that in the near future Mr Lever will have no occasion to deplore this great loss of life, for electric safety lamps for miners' use are now almost within reach.

The Secretary and Manager of the Edison and Swan Electric Light Company has recently published some information on this subject. In April last, this Company placed a number of their portable electric lamps on trial in certain mines in South Wales, where they were submitted to regular and daily testing. The miners were so delighted with these new lamps, that they declared that if the authorities did not provide them, they would pay for them themselves. In the end the owners of these very mines (Watts, Wood, & Co.) have ordered two thousand four hundred electric safety lamps to be manufactured, and there is no doubt that the force of public opinion will cause all other mine-owners to follow this noble example. The Edison Company claim the prize of five hundred pounds which was so generously offered by Mr Ellis Lever for the best and safest miners' electric lamp.

Those who are engaged in the management of dynamos and other electrical machines know to their cost that their watches get magnetised by these machines, and are soon rendered bad time-keepers, if not altogether useless. Various methods have been from time to time suggested for either preventing this magnetisation of the steel parts of watches or of demagnetising them after the injury has occurred. A watchmaker of Geneva has now succeeded in discovering an alloy of a metal which is quite unaffected by magnetism or corrosion, and which will at the same time answer the purpose of steel for watchwork. This metal is one of the platinum group called Palladium, and so far as we know, it has not been utilised before in any practical way, except perhaps in photography, possibly on account of its rarity and consequent cost. Balances and balance springs made of this alloy are said to have the necessary hardness, and in other ways are fitted for use in chronometers and watches. The invention is one of great importance.

As we have before indicated, the cheapening of the metal aluminium by modern methods of production has caused it to be extensively used in

manufactures from which it was previously excluded by its cost. Among the purposes to which it has recently been applied is the manufacture of plates for dental uses. It is said that when these plates are made from the pure metal they give better results than ones of rubber, and are of course far less in cost than those of gold. The metal is perfectly tasteless, and is at the same time extremely light and strong.

AN OLD FORTH TUNNEL SCHEME.

SUBMARINE tunnels are now an established fact. They have been successfully constructed under the Thames, the Severn, the Mersey, and elsewhere, and the practicability of such a means of communication beneath the bed of the English Channel is no longer matter of dispute. If Scotland is not yet possessed of one of these monuments to modern engineering skill, it is not because the idea is a new one to Scotsmen. So early as the beginning of the present century—in 1806—it was proposed that a subterranean roadway should be formed under the Firth of Forth; and if the project had been carried out, it would have been the first of the kind in the history of the world, at least since Semiramis is said to have diverted the course of the Euphrates until she had constructed an arched way over the bed of that river.

The Forth Tunnel was to afford an easy and agreeable way whereby the farmer north of the firth could drive his grain in his own cart to the Edinburgh market, the Highlander find a short cut with his cattle to the Lowland fairs, and the traveller escape the horrors of the *mal de mer* and other inconveniences. The principal ferries on the Forth were between North and South Queensferry, and between Leith and Kinghorn, or rather Pettycur, at the western end of Kinghorn; but powers had also been taken to make ferry-ports of Burntisland and Newhaven. Necessarily, the labour of loading and unloading merchandise, and of embarking and disembarking cattle for so short a voyage, was great, while it tended to the detriment of the goods and increased expense to the shipper. The tedium of awaiting tides, traffic, and weather was no less irritating to the traveller. All this was to be obviated by the proposed tunnel.

The chief promoters of the scheme were James Miller, M.D., and Mr Vazie. No difficulty was anticipated in carrying out the design, as the geological features of the coast gave indication of a satisfactory medium under water. Immunity from inundation was insured by the fact, that already the bed of the firth was extensively tunnelled from both sides in coal-mining operations without incurring the inroads of the sea. The place chosen for the enterprise was not, as one would naturally expect, the narrow strait between North and South Queensferry where the Forth Bridge is now being constructed; the water was there too deep, and the underlying bed of whinstone too hard for cutting. This whinstone rock extended as far west as the Bimar Rock. Rather more than a mile farther up the firth, the bed was of limestone, out of

which formation rises the Dove Craig, or the Du Craig as it is called in the ordnance maps. But neither was this rock suitable for tunnelling purposes. Between these two beds of whinstone and limestone, however, there was supposed to lie a fine bed of freestone, similar to that contained in Rosyth Quarry, out of which the materials for constructing the docks at Leith were taken. Here, then, it was proposed to locate the tunnel, which, starting from the neighbourhood of Rosyth Castle, would trend shorewise until a depth of about seven fathoms below the shore was reached; then passing beneath the firth, would still descend to a depth of between twenty and thirty fathoms at the centre, as at this part of the firth the depth of the water did not exceed ten fathoms. The exit from the tunnel on the south side of the firth was to be a little way west of the Lintmill Burn, about half-way between South Queensferry and Hopetoun House.

The tunnel, if it had been constructed, would have been about two miles in length, and throughout fifteen feet broad and fifteen feet high, with an arched roof. Footpaths three feet broad were to be constructed on both sides, the remaining nine feet to be the carriage-way. The tunnel was to be lit either with oil lamps, or preferably, if it could be done, with 'hydrogen gas or inflammable air from pit-coal.' To expedite the traffic, twin-tunnels were suggested—one for coming, the other for going. The cost of the whole, including engines and pumps for keeping the tunnels dry, was estimated at one hundred and sixty or seventy thousand pounds, which it was proposed to raise by the floating of a Company with a capital of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

But would it have paid? The promoters thought there was no doubt about that. The exact amount of the revenue from the ferry at Queensferry was not ascertainable, but was set down by some at three thousand pounds a year; while others placed the amount at six thousand pounds. An estimate of the proceeds from the tunnel is furnished in the following: 5200 carriages, at 5s. each, £1300; 12,000 horses, at 1s. each, £600; 13,000 carts, at 2s. 6d. each, £1625; 20,000 cattle, at 9d. each, £750; 12,000 sheep, at 3d. each, £150; 80,000 foot-passengers, at 2d. each, £666, 13s. 4d.; allowance from government for mails and the passage of soldiers, £1000. Total, £6091, 13s. 4d. Besides this, the promoters thought they would draw off much of the traffic from the other ferries, as well as from such centres of industry as Dunfermline, Kirkcaldy, Dundee, Montrose, with the return traffic from Glasgow and the west. Altogether, a revenue of sixteen thousand pounds was considered safe for the first year, which would pay a dividend of nearly ten per cent.; while experience in cases where bridges had taken the place of ferries showed the certainty of a great increase of traffic, and consequently of profits.

The scheme was influentially supported at the time. But nothing came of it. Why it fell through, history, so far as we know, records not. But if Scotland missed the honour of being the first to present to the world the practical achievement of a sub-aqueous tunnel under the Firth of Forth, she is now being

honoured in the connection of the opposite shores of that firth by the grandest and most stupendous engineering operation even of modern times—the Forth Bridge.

A VOICE FROM THE WOODS.

I WANDER through the Autumn woods,
And watch the slowly waning year
Die out in splendour, far and near,
Amid the chill November floods.

Ripe acorns drop, leaves gently fall,
The earth with dim decay is rife;
Yet in decay lurks hidden life—
Life that shall burst grim Winter's thrall,

And throb and glow through Nature's heart;
Thrill with new joy each leafy brake,
And all the wood to rapture wake
In which each living thing hath part.

The broad oak springs where acorns die;
Far down beneath the wintry snow
A pulse of life—or swift or slow—
Beats evermore, unceasingly.

As one keen shaft of arrowy light,
Shot o'er the hills at rosy dawn,
With fiery splendour crowns the lawn
That lay but now in cloudy night;

So, 'mid our brightest hopes' decay,
When storm-clouds darken all the sky,
Some gleam of immortality
Shines in from far eternal day.

Winter but tells of coming bloom;
And Spring of lusty Summer sings,
Of Bird and Bee on happy wings,
Of starry nights, of flowers' perfume.

And now, where mellow silence broods,
I hear a voice far off, yet clear,
Echo repeats it: 'She is here!'—
Among the lonely, waning woods.

I pace in joy the leaf-strown glade,
And She walks with me, hand in hand,
A dweller in that unseen land
Where Time is not, nor sun, nor shade.

B. G. J.

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THE FELLOWS GO HOME.

As the time for the Christmas holidays draws near, who, remembering his youth, will have the effrontery to maintain that it is worth while to grow up? How gladly would many men—men of substance, with limitless pocket-money and endless opportunities for amusing themselves—grow down again into their former discarded selves, just for the sake of being able once more to look forward with the old uproarious delight to the near and nearer approach of that most blessed of oases in the dull monotony of school-life, the Christmas holidays. It would be doing an invidious and ungracious thing to contrast against them the other holidays of the scholastic year; still, in all frankness, we must confess to a particular kindness for the December vacation, regarding it, that is, from the schoolboy's point of view. Easter is all very well; summer, with its seaside delights, its wholesomeness and length of radiant days, is not by any means to be dismissed unthankfully, or remembered without the satisfaction that comes of satiety; but winter—why, it is the paragon of holiday-times, the first and foremost of festivals.

We are very far from indulging in the sentimental longing of certain elderly gentlemen, who, recalling in after-life a few of the salient and isolated pleasures of boyhood, forgetful of its tedium and the unappreciativeness which comes of immaturity, look back with regret to their knickerbocker days, and sigh to be once more in a turn-down collar. There are, when all is said and done, just as many thorns in an average school-boy's existence as in an average business man's, and they prick him just as sharply; and yet they both ignore the other's troubles; and while the boy longs to grow up, fondly anticipating the time when the Doctor's cane and frown will have no terror for him, and he shall be old enough to encounter *Æschylus* and Bully Smith on more equal terms, and floor them both, the man reverts regretfully to his one-sided recollections of boyhood, and would gladly barter his

manly privileges of pipe and tailcoat to be a boy again.

From months it has fallen to weeks, and from weeks at length to days, and not so many of them now before the jail door is flung open and the 'fellows' are on their way home. To be sure, 'jail door' is not what you might call a complimentary figure of speech, and one feels in using it that some sort of apology is owing to the worthy Doctor for casting a slur on the unimpeachable respectability of his establishment; but none the less the fellows are prone to regard themselves in the light of scholastic jail-birds, for, like *Sterne's* starling, they 'can't get out' while the term lasts, unless, indeed, as it sometimes happens to the more fortunate, they have the signal good luck to be taken sick of a fever or a smallpox. But now, as the year turns the corner into the month of December, the jail-birds begin to look forward hopefully to the prospect of immediate liberation on a scholastic ticket-of-leave. The lower forms make haste to throw off allegiance to their books, and under the elevating influence of the approaching enfranchisement, are inclined to be rebelliously jolly even in the awful presence of the Doctor himself. Exercises are prepared anyhow, or, with that wonderful reliance on a beneficent and resourceful providence which is among the most prominent and beautiful characteristics of boyhood, the fellows shelve them altogether, and trust to inspiration for some plausible excuse.

'Not prepared your work, Brown?' demands the third master, with an ominous calm. 'How's that?'

Brown Minor looks about him on the floor for an excuse; not finding one, he assumes a much-injured expression and mutters sulkily: 'Don't know, sir.'

'But you *must* know, sir!' retorts the third master sternly. 'Come, why didn't you prepare that exercise?'

After another gloomy pause, Brown suddenly breaks out into a smile, and, with genial audacity, explains that he thought it hardly worth while, you see, as the holidays were so near. Perhaps

the third master, who, you may be sure, is hungering like any lad for the winter holidays, has still a fresh recollection of his own young days, in which happy case he checks himself in a grim smile, and lets off Brown Minor, for this once, with a reprimand and a warning. Perhaps, however, he is not of such stuff as youth is made of, and has endured too much torment at the hands of boydom to be any longer tolerant of their foibles and faults; and then there is nothing for it but a short and agonising interview with the Doctor in his study after school-hours, from which the delinquent Brown returns scowling, with disordered toilet. The upper forms, more mindful of their dignity the more intimate their relations with the Doctor, still retain a semblance of discipline, and pretend not to be every bit as glad at the approach of the vacation as the younger fry, who go about bellowing that popular doggerel:

This time ten days, where shall I be?
Not in *this* Academe—
Hooray!

Brown Major, whose exalted position in life as a sixth-form boy will not, of course, allow him to hold much intercourse with his brother the Minor, is softened at the thought of holidays and home; and after school, is found engaged in affable and condescending chat with his brother on the prospect of the good times they may expect to be enjoying very shortly. Brown Minor grows loquacious over the joys of skating, and adds, as a brilliant after-thought, to the catalogue of anticipated amusements, 'Pantomimes!' Big Brown assents cordially to the skating, but hesitates dubiously on the subject of pantomimes, feeling more than doubtful as to whether the enjoyment of such puerile shows altogether consorts with his high destiny as a sixth-form fellow.

Even the advanced Latin and Greek class, which condescends to occupy itself only with the selectest and most incomprehensible of the classics, under the immediate tuition of the Doctor himself, and habitually wears tailcoats, and is vaguely reported to be able to turn anything into Greek without the aid of a dictionary—even this cream of the top form hails with satisfaction, and perhaps a rhyming Latin ode or two—its approaching emancipation from the long-winded orations of that most specious of advocates, Tully Cicero, and the idiomatic scurrilities of Aristophanes. They are heartily sick of the maligned Murena and that atrocious scoundrel Verres, and in the depths of their sixth-form souls, they long to exchange the sonorous Æschylean verse for the frivolous prattle of that other fellow's pretty sister whom they met at tennis in the summer.

From reckoning up the days, it has come now to counting the remaining hours of scholastic servitude. The fellows are seized with a wild craving for packing up. Such books as they are doomed to take home for study during vacation are buried deep at the bottom of their trunks, where it is not improbable they will lie, if not in clover at anyrate in clothes, till boys and boxes once more return into captivity. Trade revives spasmodically, and the prices of coveted commodities suddenly attain a premium. Those fellows who are luckily possessed of funds, taste the joys of the capitalist, and compete successfully with emptier pockets for the possession of

the white mice, railway keys, watchcases, police whistles, paint-boxes and jack-knives, which form the bulk of the merchandise of schoolboydom. At last the glorious day itself arrives when the mountains of luggage are piled up in the hall, and the fellows in their greatcoats crowd forward with ill-concealed joy to shake a farewell hand with Mrs and Miss Doctor. One or two only, of the higher Greek class, who have fallen docile victims to the yellow hair and charms of the Doctor's daughter, wear dejected faces, and flush with embarrassment when their turn comes to bid adieu to the Adored One. Tomson Major has even gone to the extreme length of wheedling one of the maids to smuggle an unsigned Latin ode *Ad Flaviam*, of his own manufacture, charged with high sentiment and false quantities, into the work-basket of his innamorata. But even Tomson Major forgets all about his unrequited love in the excitement of the journey to the station in the imposing file of cabs. As the procession moves off, the 'slaveys' wave valedictory sheets from the windows of the deserted bedrooms, and the smaller boys cheer shrilly in reply. When the train steams up, there is a stampede for the reserved compartments, those being most affected in which no master travels to preserve order. It is bitterly cold—but what of that? Who ever heard of a fellow grumbling at the cold on the way home for the holidays? If it is snowing hard, so much the merrier, for some of the more mischievous fellows consider it a joke of the first water to let a platelayer on the line have a snowball full in his eye from the window of a flying train, and to watch his impotent indignation rapidly dwindling in the distance. At the intermediate stations where any of the fellows alight, there is cheering and to spare, especially if a pretty sister or a swell 'turn-out' meets one of the boys. And when the Captain of the school cricket club or football team quits the train, what a storm of cheering greets him from the throng of familiar faces crowding at the windows! Gradually, the train is lightened of its noisy freight, and the fellows grow quieter as their number diminishes and the tedium tells on their spirits. Swathed in rugs, the Doctor dozes fitfully under his newspaper. Tomson Major turns up his coat-collar and tries manfully to warm himself with thoughts of love. Brown Major falls asleep in spite of his tall starched collar, and dreams that he is Verres and has got Cicero down and is kicking that illustrious classic in the stomach. The train stops at its terminus. The Doctor wakes up, shakes hands with his small remaining band of scholars, who are hastening away in cabs, and takes the next train back again, alone. The fellows have all gone home.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER LV.—TO THE GALLOPERS.

CAPTAIN EDWARD G., my paternal great-great-uncle, was a notable horseman in his day. Astley, the founder of the equestrian theatre that was the delight of boys in my youth, but which has

passed away with Sadler's Wells, Vauxhall, and the Colosseum, Regent's Park, was in his troop, and from him acquired his skill in horsemanship. Among Captain Edward's feats was one in which the pupil never equalled his master. He threw down the several gold links of a chain at irregular intervals along a high-road; and then, striking spurs into his horse, galloped over the course, and as he came to a link, swung himself down, picked it off the ground, recovered his position in the saddle, and so along the whole road, till he had collected in his left hand without exception all the scattered links.

The modern novel-reader emulates the achievements of Captain G., and the novel-writer is expected to distribute the several links of connection of his story along the ground at such regular intervals and in such conspicuous places as shall facilitate the reader's picking them up. The author must, moreover, well water and roll the way, and make it very straight, and be content if the gallopers over his course succeed in picking up some, though not all, of his story-links. The reader is essentially a Galloper. He, or, more generally, she, goes at the novel with dug-in spur and slashing whip and jerk of rein. The words are flown over as blades of grass, the chapter heads are passed as telegraph poles; away goes the galloper through page after page, faster, ever faster; there is no time for breathing or looking about; the descriptions are splashed through, the conversations skimmed, the moralisings skipped, the less important incidents are jumped; nothing is considered but how to reach the end as fast as possible, with a fair sample of links in the hand.

Now, consider! The writer has to write for these Gallopers. Is not the thought sufficient to take all heart out of him? An experienced writer who for a lifetime has catered for the reading public, and knows their proclivities as Sir John Lubbock knows earthworms, and Miss Ormerod knows blight, said to me: 'You will never become a popular novelist until you alter your style. You set before the novel-reader moral problems hard to unravel, and make your terminations sad. The novel-reader wants *neither to be made to think nor to be made to feel*.' In a word, I must lay myself out for the Gallopers. Lay myself out for the Gallopers! Is there a form of degradation deeper to which a literary man can descend? I must let myself be watered and rolled as a tennis-ground, to be raced over by the hundred thousand with voided brains, vapid hearts, mule-witted, caprice-led, the purposeless, pulseless, nerveless, characterless, without a noble aim or a high ambition, without having felt the needle-point, and had an arc begun about their sheep-heads of the golden nimbus of self-allegation.

No; I will not lay myself out to be trampled by the idle feet of the ignoble herd of Gallopers. Let them turn aside when they note my ruggedness. I will throw up ridges and sink pitfalls, and be 'humpy and lumpy.' Let them take the profanation of their tread off earnest work.

It is not the thoughtful and those with pursuits in life who are the novel-readers; it is the vast multitude of the do-nothing, whose whole aim is distraction, who read to kill thought, to kill healthy feeling, serious purpose, good resolu-

tion, generous impulse—to kill God's precious gift of Time. Shall I lay myself out for such as they? I can understand Faust selling his soul to the devil for youth; or the architect of Cologne Minster for fame, or many another for wealth. But there is an infamy worse than that, and that is the sale to the Galloping novel-reader. Asmodeus, Mephistopheles, Satan, call him what you will, is an *Intelligence*; but the modern novel-reader, Gwendoline or Edith, or Mabel or Florence, whatever her name be, is a soap-bubble, void of everything but an evanescent exterior iridescence. Lay myself out as a rolling-ground for these bubbles, blown along by the wind! God forbid! I would tear myself to pieces with my own hands rather than stoop to such baseness.

So—if I choose to force uncomfortable thoughts on my readers' minds—I will. If I choose to end my story unhappily—I will. I consider my own standards, and measure my work by these.

In the *Compère Mathieu*, a French story of last century, the penultimate chapter shows us the hero in prison, brought there by a logical sequence of events, chained hand and foot, with the gallows preparing for him outside the jail. In the final chapter we are abruptly introduced to the *compère* at large, esteemed, and wealthy. The reader asks naturally, 'But how has this sudden transformation come about?' The author answers: 'I know no more than you do. My publisher told me that readers desire a novel to end happily, so I have ended mine happily. If the termination does not fit on to the events that go before, that is your affair, not mine.'

I will not say that my publishers and my readers are so exacting as to force me to do this; but they hit me very hard on another point. Both insist on a story being three volumes in length. Now, when Richardson wrote, he was allowed to occupy seven volumes with the affairs of Sir Charles Grandison, and of Clarissa Harlowe, and so leisurely to unfold his story and develop his characters. We authors now have not this liberty, and we are forced to crush our story into less than half that length. To do this, we are obliged to do our work imperfectly; we cannot follow the thread of the story evenly to the end, and show every stage in the history of our heroes and heroines. As characters are moulded and grow, we want time and leisure to exhibit the growth and indicate the process of modelling; but we have our hands tied by the inexorable system of three volumes. My readers—I am not addressing the Gallopers, whom I have scared away, and who are careering wildly, purposelessly elsewhere, kicking up their heels at me, as the ass at the sick lion—my readers—my few left, who are also my special friends—must excuse me if I am forced to carry them hastily over a twelvemonth, or to put into their hands some of the links of the chain, without many words.

Mr Sellwood has been consecrated Bishop of Bodmin; and Mr Cornellis has married the old lady, Miss Otterbourne, and is engaged plucking his goose, and lining his nest with her feathers. Mary Cable is growing up into a tall, beautiful girl, with eyes so blue and full of sun, that when she looks into the face of a man, he is dazzled, as if looking into the summer sky. The children are all grown, and they are all, moreover, vastly

improved by the teaching they have received at the cottage from Josephine. But as to any approximation between their father and Josephine, there was none apparent; in that particular all was where it was.

Mary was the pride and joy of her father's heart. He loved all his children, but he was most proud of Mary, and justly; her equal was not to be found thereabouts. That the young men looked after her and admired her, was right; it was her due, but, thought Richard, she shall be given to none of them. Not one of them deserves such a treasure. Cable continued at his business. With seven girls to provide for, he must make a good deal of money; and all the money he made, he put away in the Duchy Bank, paying off in instalments his debt on the house. His improved position brought him more in contact with the people of St Kerian than before, when he was a poor stone-breaker on the roadside. His sourness disappeared, but in its place came pride. He spoke with the farmers and tradesmen, and they respected him, his talents, his practical good sense; but the barrier between them was not wholly broken down. He had no intention that it should be. Towards his own children, he had always been kind, and indeed indulgent; but the change in his temper, his hardness, sternness, bitterness towards those without, had gradually and imperceptibly affected his conduct towards his own within his household. He was kind, indeed, and indulgent still; but he lacked now what he had possessed of old, when he had had a childlike spirit, that perception of the requirements of joyous children's souls, full of exuberant life, which is that which endears elders to their children. If he would have made his daughters happy in his society, he should have sought happiness in himself, laid up there a store of it, from which to distribute to all who sought it at his hands. But instead, in the granary of his heart was a harvest of much ill seed.

One day, Mrs Cable said to him when he was alone: 'I don't know what you think about it, Richard, but it is right that you should know that young Walter Penrose is mightily taken up with Mary. He's a fine fellow, and nobody can say a bad word of him. He has been some few years in Launceston, and now he is home again, and is likely to follow in his father's shop, after the old blacksmith gives up. As children, they have always had a liking to each other, and now he is here, I see he is after Mary. In church, it seems as though he could not keep his eyes off her; and whenever she goes into the village, he is sure to be in front of the blacksmith's shop to have a talk with her. She is very young yet, only seventeen; but—she must marry some day; and if you see no reasons against it, they might come to an understanding, and wait a twelve-month.'

Then Cable's wrath foamed up. 'I do see reasons against it,' he said. 'I see what this means. Because I have worked and made money, and the St Kerian people can't break into the bank and rob me of my money there, they set their sons on to follow my girls. I suppose the saddler's son, and the cobbler's boy, and the miller's, and the chimney-sweep's, if there were one, would all be looking for a seventh of my earnings, by snapping up one of my daughters,

and so I should have moiled and toiled for St Kerian folk, that they might spend.'

'But if the girls should like the lads. There is nothing against Walter Penrose; and I believe that Mary,'

'It is enough that I will not have it,' said Cable impatiently. 'She likes what I like, and has no desire beyond my will.'

One Sunday afternoon, after church service, old Penrose the blacksmith came out through the graveyard alongside of Cable. The girls walked behind, Mary with Martha; then the twins Effie and Jane, who were inseparable; and then the rest. The blacksmith was a fine man, broad-shouldered, big-handed, with very black eyes, but soft as velvet, and black hair the colour of the culm in his smithy—now, however, dusted with gray, as though ash had got among it. Instead of turning away at the gate to go to his home, he walked on with Cable. He did not live adjoining his smithy. The shop was on the road to Red Windows. Penrose talked a good deal; Cable answered, but was not a great speaker. All the better company—he was a good listener. Penrose talked about this and about that, and Cable nodded. He was wondering why the blacksmith accompanied him beyond his own house.

Presently Penrose said: 'Well, Mr Cable, I reckon we're getting on in life, and want to see the young people settled. I know my missus be mad set on it, and I should be glad to have my son fixed here. He knows his trade, and there's plenty of work to keep both him and me.'

Cable jerked his head impatiently.

'My Walter is a proper lad; though I'm his father, I say it. You may look round St Kerian and you'll hardly find a better; and the maiden he fancies'

Then Cable stood still and turned, and looked down the road; he saw the little group that followed had been invaded. Young Walter Penrose was there, between Martha and Mary; but his eyes and his words were directed only to Mary. All the blood in Cable's body spurted to his face, and his eyes glared like the blacksmith's forge when the bellows were in full blast. 'What do you mean?' he asked hoarsely.

'I mean this,' answered Penrose, 'that my Walter has set his heart on your Mary, and I reckon the maiden is not contrary. I'm agreeable.'

The colour went out of Cable's face; his lips assumed a livid and bitter appearance. 'Indeed,' he said, 'you are agreeable, are you? I'm not.' He turned; he had reached the gate to his garden; and he beckoned the girls to come on. He saw the blacksmith shake his head as he met his son; then he saw the colour disappear from Mary's cheek, and when she came to the gate her head was drooping, and, if he could have seen her eyes, he would have seen them full of tears.

After that, it seemed as though a bar of ice had formed between him and his eldest daughter—a bar which no sun-ray of love could melt. The gentle Mary said not a word. She was meek, obedient, docile as ever; but she did not meet her father's eye with her former frank smile, nor seek his society unsolicited.

Martha became petulant, pouted, and seemed

to harbour a wrong, and resent it. Effie and Jane, the twins, looked on him with shyness, and when he came upon them laughing and talking, they became silent, and answered his questions with manifest timidity. Had his children ceased to love him? No; but they had begun to think of him as one who might stand between them and perfect happiness, one who might spoil their brightest schemes.

Cable became more morose. He watched Mary. He saw that she was unhappy; that she was becoming pale and thin; the joy of her life seemed withered, her eyes had lost their sparkle, and the dimple rarely formed now about her lips. 'I see what it is,' said Cable to himself. 'She will not forget that young Penrose, till she has found some one else to regard. I'll talk to Jacob Corye.' So he rode over to the *Maggie* at Pentargon.

Mr Corye was a prosperous man. Cable, who had had such close dealings with him, knew that he had put by a good deal of money. Moreover, Cable could not forget the debt he owed to Corye for having put him on the road to make his fortune. Corye owned a very considerable farm, as well as the *Maggie* inn. Of late, he had purchased a second farm, and helped by Cable, he was fast becoming the most prosperous yeoman of his district. He kept on the inn more out of habit than for necessity. Shortly after this visit to the *Maggie*, Jacob Corye and his son Joshua were invited to supper at Red Windows, and then Cable and his two elder daughters were invited to spend an evening at Pentargon. Little Bessie had been failing of late, complaining of her back, looking pinched in face, white and frail.

'I have asked Mr and Mrs Corye,' said Richard Cable, 'to let Bessie go to them for a bit. Do you not think, mother, that the sea-air may brace her up? You see, here we have our backs to the winds that blow over the Atlantic; but at Pentargon, she will draw them into her lungs, fresh off the water.'

'No doubt it will do her good,' answered Mrs Cable. 'But who is to be there with her?'

'Mary or Martha.'

'But Mary or Martha cannot stay there long; and I think you should give Bessie six weeks, or, better, a couple of months by the sea, before the winter sets in.'

'Mary cannot remain at Pentargon above a fortnight.'

'Then,' said Mrs Cable, and looked her son hard in the eyes, 'let her go with the child. She will care for her—as a mother; and it will do her good also. She is looking weak and frail, as if she were wasting away. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and the body breaks down under a sick heart.'

'Make what arrangements you will, but do not consult me,' said Richard. 'Jacob and I have a fine scheme on hand. It was his notion, but he did not see his way to getting it clearly worked out till I helped him. It is to build a large hotel on the cliffs, and to advertise it well; and then there will be streams of people come there all the summer and autumn for the splendid air and scenery. There is to be a flight of steps cut in the rock down to the bay, where there will then be a first-class bathing-place. Jacob will

make many thousand pounds by the speculation, see if he does not, and I shall venture my savings in the same. It is sure to answer.'

'You think of nothing save making money,' sighed Mrs Cable.

Now, occasionally, on Sundays, young Joshua Corye came over to church at St Kerian, and walked back with the Cable girls as far as the gate, when Richard asked him to step in and have tea with the party before riding home to the *Maggie*. Joshua came over ostensibly to bring Richard tidings of his little Bessie, who was at Pentargon, and to beg she might stay on there. The child was not well, weak, but ceased to complain, and enjoyed the fresh air. The young person who was with her was most attentive and gentle with the feeble child.

'I don't want to hear about her,' said Cable. 'Tell me about Bessie; and what your father has done further about the hotel. I've a notion, tell him, that it must be called *Champagne Air Hotel*, because the air you breathe on those cliffs goes sparkling and effervescing down your throat into your lungs. And, I fancy, the name would draw.'

Young Joshua Corye was a steady, decent young man, with a very fresh-coloured round face, and small brown eyes. So fresh-coloured were his cheeks that if they had been skinned, they could not have been redder. He was a dull young man; he could talk of harriers and badger-hunting, and rat-catching and rabbit-shooting, and boating, but of nothing else. He always wore very tight half-trousers, half-breech, buttoned over the calf from the knee to the ankle.

Cable was very keen on the idea of the *Champagne Air Hotel*, and he had pitched on Joshua Corye for Mary, because he was quite sure the hotel would prove a vast success. Old Jacob would pocket a great deal of money, and the fortunes of the young people would be made. Of late, batches of knapsacked young men and gangs of athletic old maids had taken to walking along the north-west coast of Devon and Cornwall, and the accommodation was scant for visitors. Cable schemed a coach in connection with the Exeter and Launceston coach, which would carry passengers right on to *Champagne Air Hotel*. It might be made a sanatorium, a great bathing establishment. The possibilities of making money out of it were numerous. Jacob Corye had his own farms, and could supply his hotel from his farms, and so create a market in his midst.

Now that Bessie was at the *Maggie*, Richard did not go over and see her; but he was eager to hear tidings of her. Before she went there, he frequently rode over; now, not at all.

Cable was sitting in his summer-house one warm day, when he observed young Walter Penrose coming up the hill with some iron staples he had been lengthening for a farmer beyond Red Windows. At the same time, Mary was coming down the road with a pitcher for water to a spring where the water was softer than that of the well and better suited for her flowers. Richard Cable watched them with some curiosity. They were both unaware that his eye was on them. They passed each other very close to him. He could see Walter's dark eyes full of entreaty, fixed on Mary, and that he let fall some of the staples. Mary hung her head; she did not speak,

she did not look at him ; but she went on to the spring. A moment after, when Walter had turned the corner and was out of sight, Cable heard her sink upon the step of his summer-house and burst into sobs. She had laid her head against the doorpost with her hands over her eyes, and she wept there for a quarter of an hour ; her father listening, agitated within, unwilling to come forth and reveal that he had witnessed her sorrow.

He was troubled for some days after that ; he was half-tempted to relent, but his pride stood in the way. He would not go to old Penrose, cap in hand, and ask him to accept Mary as his daughter-in-law. Besides, he and old Corye had settled between them that Joshua and Mary were to be installed together in *Champagne Air Hotel*.

'Mother,' he said, 'there's going to be a confirmation in St Kerian's church, and the bishop—our old parson at Hanford—is coming. There is not one of my girls as yet confirmed ; they shall be confirmed together, all seven.—Don't tell me that Mary is too old or Bessie too young. It is my wish. And, mind you send to that person who does the needlework, and tell her to get ready seven white dresses for the seven girls before the bishop comes. I don't know, but perhaps he'll be pleased to confirm the seven little maids, all of whom he baptised at Hanford ; and I'm not sure but I shall be pleased to see him—if he's not forgotten me.'

'Richard,' said Bessie Cable, 'there is a white silk dress that *she* wore at her wedding. She gave it to me to do what I wished with, to cut it up for the children if I liked. Shall I use that for one of them ?'

Then Richard Cable's face became red as blood. 'No !' he said. 'Do not touch it. Seven white robes, and this—an eighth.'

A VISIT TO VIZAGAPATAM.

IMAGINE yourself on India's coral strand, embodying all one's boyhood's dream of an Eastern seashore, with palms, bananas, and every sort of luxurious vegetation. Native huts, conical in shape, roofed with palm-leaves, and walls of the same, scattered irregularly along the beach. Large boats, twenty to thirty feet long, in shape like the paper boats we made when children, drawn up high on the sandy beach ; dusky natives lolling about in the boats, or lying asleep under their shade in the sand ; dark children screaming, quarrelling, chattering, racing. This is the boatmen's quarter. When the steamer brings you into the port, who are the first to greet you ?—who paddle gaily alongside, chattering, and singing ?—who crowd the sides of the ship, and actually venture to come on deck, eluding the vigilance of the quartermaster at the gangway ? None other than our lazy, idle-looking, dusky friends ; now that work is to be obtained and money to be gained, transformed into lithe, muscular, and daring boatmen.

Well, you stand on the steamer's deck, and watch what appears to be a canoe coming out from shore, two or three natives paddling for dear life. How it shoots along—how the spray

is dashed aside ; now it seems half under water, then half out. In a few minutes you find the canoe is nothing but two or three logs of wood fastened together, every wave dashing over this rude structure. This is the catamaran. One requires to be a good swimmer to use such a craft. I have known of one or two Indian officers who have managed this sort of boat. Suddenly, one man on nearing the vessel takes a letter from the cloth round his head, and soon brings it on board. This letter is for you, from some dear old friend of years gone by ; for one does not often meet in India, as one's people in England imagine. What emotions are stirred in your breast—what scenes called up ! Buried in reflection, you descend to your cabin, and taking a few things with you, go on the quarter-deck to the gangway, and enter the first large boat you find unoccupied, unless your friend sends the Master Attendant's boat for you. Be careful in getting in if the weather is at all rough, as the boats are very buoyant. However, now you are in the boat, the boatmen ply their oars, which are fastened to an upright spar on the gunwale. They commence a monotonous solo with a chorus, and all goes well for a few minutes ; then comes the tug of war, as you may say, with our furious element the sea. You reach the bar, think of Barnet's 'Ancient Mariner,' and sing the first chorus to yourself. In no time you dash over the furious surf, and are in calm water, lined with rocks, below the cliff called the Dolphin's Nose. You are in the mouth of a river unperceived before, and soon draw up alongside a low jetty. Here are the British India Steam Navigation Company's offices, and the Master Attendant's house. Should you be a stranger, the Master Attendant, though an 'ancient mariner,' will not treat you like the wedding guest, and cause you 'to beat your breast ;' nor need you call him 'a graybeard loon.' Nay ; rather he will treat you sumptuously every day. Be sure you ask him how he fired a salute in the Peiho River. Master Attendants are old seadogs in all Indian ports, and finer fellows, heartier companions, you will nowhere find.

Now you are on shore, you must look about you. Few people know Vizagapatam. Why ? Because steamers remain here but a short time, and as a passenger, you have no time to land ; and when it is at all rough, the bar and the surf counterbalance on the wrong side a few hours on shore here, unless you are an observant man, and take an interest in the native and his habits. These natives are different from any you will probably meet anywhere in India. When you do meet him, you will scarcely recognise him, as his originality and his primitiveness are worn off by civilising agents.

Face the sea, and look to the right ; here is the Dolphin's Nose, a near likeness to your grand old Shakespeare Cliff at Dover, but of hard stone instead of chalk. Go to the top of it, and look down the coast, you may fancy the Isle of Wight. Look inland a few miles off—a range of hills. Now, north along the coast, you might imagine yourself in a combination of Plymouth, Eastbourne, Hastings, &c. Fine scenery. The sea, with lights and shades such as you may see at any time on the seacoast of dear old England.

Your heart greets the country, and glows with charitableness to the inhabitants, whom you will find worthy of it.

Go down to the shore again and climb the heights, keeping Shorncliffe Camp in mind; you come to a flagstaff, a parade ground, a few barracks, some larger buildings, which are Court Houses. This place reminds you now of Deal. In these barracks are a few old veterans with their families—old veterans who have been through the Indian campaigns, and have been pensioners here for twenty years back, to my recollection; for it was then I paid my first visit to Vizagapatam as a passenger in a passing steamer, and I had no time to go farther than this spot. On my second visit I did not land. On this my third visit, business has delayed me some days, and given me an opportunity of seeing what I now describe. Three visits in twenty years is as much as many of us in India can acknowledge to; and nowadays, very few people know the place at all. Its glories have departed—to return, I hope. Its glories consisted in a large military cantonment, with a general. Three miles off is the old cantonment of Waltair. It then had several regiments, a large society of nice people, bands to play at Scandal Point, amusements of every description, such as you will find in any military station in India. In short, Waltair was a gay, lively place, and worth living in. The houses were good, gardens fair, roads passable. All was fair.

Turn now to the present time—no soldiers, no bands, a deserted and forlorn appearance, and, comparatively, a 'Sleepy Hollow.' I say comparatively, for there are military and civil officers at Waltair still, as good as in the old days, hospitable, kind, and agreeable to strangers. These officers have offices in Vizagapatam, three miles off, rather far for business. I would recommend them to urge the construction of the railway to Vizagapatam. And let the residents of Bimlapatam, which is ten miles or so north on the coast here, also back up the proposition of the rail to Vizagapatam, and not fight to have it at Bimlapatam. So far, between the quarrels of Vizagapatam and Bimlapatam, the railway has fallen through, and the funds which government would have guaranteed, have been devoted to other railways.

Now for a return of the glories of Vizagapatam and of Waltair. Let the railway be opened via Jeypore to Vizagapatam. Hey, presto! the scene changes. Vizagapatam becomes the Madras of this coast. Who knows what would happen next? I am not an engineer or a nautical wiseacre; I will not dilate on chimeras.

Take your stand at the flagstaff; see how the cargo-boats ply to the steamer, to and from shore like ants, the paddles moving like their legs. These boatmen make about four rupees (eight shillings) a month—barely a subsistence for their families. If it were not for the steamers which call here, they would get but little to live on. There are about five hundred boatmen and one hundred and sixty boats at this place. The boats are used in relays. Nothing but native rope is used to keep the timbers of these boats together, which is soon rotted by the salt water; hence the necessity for so many boats to take the place

of those under repair. The trade here consists of hides, oil-seeds of various kinds, *gingeli*, &c., and jaggery, made principally from the sugar-cane, which the natives of late years find will grow favourably here. Some jaggery is also made from the Palmyra palm. The rice here is generally at a moderate price, and little, if any, is exported. At certain seasons of the year, a brisk trade with Europe direct is carried on with vessels both sailing and steam. This port also supplies a great deal of the labour in Burmah and the Straits of Singapore. The labouring men come from the districts surrounding Vizagapatam; many of them prosper in Burmah; but sad cases of poverty and broken-down health return. The population is strong and robust, though the districts here are noted for bad fevers, which especially attack Europeans.

Leaving the flagstaff, you can now pass by the Post and Telegraph Offices, and take a turn in the town. What has been seen or written of any bazaar in India, and is so familiar to all residents in India, will be seen also here: numbers of shops with fruit—custard-apple and plantains being good; clothes-shops for natives only; grain; earthen pots; iron, brass, &c. Fancy-baskets, boxes, paper-cutters, and such-like, are also made here, and can be obtained on board ship as the natives bring them. The prices are ridiculously high, and of late years the natives have palmed off inferior work. The articles are made up of horn, ivory, sandalwood, and porcupine quill. There is also lackered ware. I would recommend sandalwood articles to be purchased at Bombay. You pass through the bazaar, and you can then drive on to Waltair. Some of the houses and gardens at the latter place are on well-selected sites; but the whole appearance of the town, though a pretty place enough, lacks the neatness of an Indian cantonment. The soil is much broken and rocky. After driving round the place, take the beach-road. A beautiful view is here open to you; but as you go along, it is spoiled by the fishermen's quarter. These huts should be removed to a more convenient site; the latrines, which appear to be seldom used, are alongside the road on the sand. If the huts were removed to leeward of the town, the health of the population would be improved. The ground should also be kept by the municipality of Vizagapatam for the future palmy days of the railway. May they soon come, is the wish of all! The rail will certainly tap the whole district of labour, and prevent emigration. All the steamers calling here belong to the British India Steam Navigation Company. Until lately, they used to run weekly between Calcutta and Bombay via Madras, carrying the mails; but the government contract with this Company having ceased at the time we write, the visits of the weekly boats are irregular, and not to be depended upon, causing a great deal of inconvenience to the mercantile community and to the public generally. Fortnightly steamers, which are still under contract with government, call here for trade with Burmah, carrying mails. The steamers of this Company have the monopoly of the coasting-trade, which is very much to be regretted, because it has a tendency to hamper the general trade of the various parts, which a wholesome competition

would remove. An occasional steamer of the Asiatic Company calls here; but these visits are so seldom, that little benefit is derived therefrom. There is nothing to be said against the boats of the British India Steam Navigation Company, for they are certainly everything that is desirable for the comfort of passengers and the trade for which they are built. They are officered and navigated by a very fine class of commanders and officers, who combine the qualities of seamen and gentlemen, and who do everything they can for the comfort of their passengers. At the same time, one may be sure that a monopoly of this kind is prejudicial, and the general resources of the district can never be fully developed while it exists.

THE OLD SECRETAIRE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY FRED. M. WHITE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THERE had been a Secretan at Woodside Manor for three hundred years, from the time of Norman Secretan the Catholic, down to that of Myles Secretan, the present representative of the race, who thought as a man of the world of the family dignity, and scoffed openly at the family ghost. A wing of the great house, now fallen partly into disuse, contained the Haunted Chamber, a wing which Myles Secretan vowed to have restored to its pristine glory some day when the fortunes of Woodside should mend; for, three generations of wild Secretans—Walter, with a taste for gambling; Arundel, friend and boon-companion of Edgar Warren of Normanton Grange, a neighbouring great house, for the Warrens and Secretans had ever been closest of friends; and lastly, Clive, who had been one of the Pavilion intimates, and a prime favourite with 'the first gentleman in Europe'—had brought the resources of Woodside to a very low ebb indeed. The favour of kings is proverbially a fickle thing, unless one happens to be a Brummell, as Clive Secretan had found to his cost; and thus it was that the west wing remained in its half-dismantled state, and the ghost walked o' nights, to the awe and terror of the neighbourhood.

It was not such a very old story, or a very ancient spectre either, as it only dated back as far as the present possessor's grandfather. There was one old servant in the house—a dreadful man, nearly ninety years of age, with white bushy eyebrows and keen black eyes—who remembered the tragedy—Silas Brookes, the unfortunate Arundel Secretan's valet. But even he never spoke about it, and only listened when the story was mentioned with suspicion and hatred glowering out of his evil dark eyes. The servants said he was mad—that the recollection had turned his brain. Once, years ago, he had told the story, and was never heard to mention it again.

He was perhaps the wildest of them all, this friend of Edgar Warren's, with his handsome face and soft effeminate manner; his carefully paraded vices, and mad love of gambling. For a time,

Walter Secretan, the father, had been proud to hear of his son's social success, of his conquests and his gaming exploits in connection with the most famous men in Europe; of the tales which came down to the world-worn old roué in the peaceful Kentish village, and reflected, as it were, a lustre upon himself. There was some one else, too, who heard these tales, and wept over them in secret—pretty Mistress Alice Mayford, the vicar's daughter, who wore on her finger a rose diamond in a quaint setting, and something warmer in her heart. She heard all these things, watching and praying for the time when such vicious pleasures should pall and 'the king come home again,' which he did at length; and the stalled ox was killed, and presently there was a quiet wedding at the little church under the hill.

But Arundel Secretan had too much of the swashbuckler in his blood to settle down at twenty-six, even with a beautiful wife to bear him company, and a doting father at his beck and call. For hardly had the cherry orchards bloomed again, ere Warren, fresh from a continental tour, was in town, hunting high and low for his *fidus Achates*, and at last found him out. There was a new actress to see, he wrote, a score of new amusements; for the sake of old times, a week, only a short week, and then he might return to his peaches and Ashford ale for ever. Arundel hesitated, and finally fell. For three whole years they saw nothing of him, but they heard much—tales from the Levant came, filtered through gossips from town; sad stories from Rome, and Venice, and Florence, yet nothing from the wanderer save the constant cry for money. Old Walter Secretan grew grayer and grimmer; he was harsh and hard to all save Alice, and what they suffered together, no one ever knew. The master of Woodside wrote at length refusing to send further funds; and then the heir came home—home one night when they least expected him, clanking with whip and spur into the great dining-hall, where injured father and outraged wife were seated, as if his absence had only been for an hour. Oh, but he was changed—three years of vice and unbridled license had set their mark upon his face, had clouded the open forehead and bleared the eye. His wife, poor child, would have risen and fallen at his feet for very joy, but that Walter Secretan motioned her back, and called for another cover with a coolness that astonished the trembling old seneschal, and struck him with a presentiment of coming evil. It was a strange meal, with no word spoken on either side.

'On my honour, your modern husband has but a strange fashion of showing love and devotion to his bride,' said Walter Secretan, when the cloth had been drawn, and the wine set in great coolers, and Mistress Alice had gone tremblingly to her chamber. 'Odds-fish, but you take the matter coolly. In my time I would have gone hard if'—

'In your time,' Secretan the younger answered languidly, as he brushed a crumb from his velvet skirts. 'You kept your vices closer at home. With our greater regard for the proprieties, we take them abroad—not quite so dutiful, perhaps, but a great deal more wholesome—for Woodside.'

'And now, forsooth, that my patience is exhausted, the supplies have stopped, you come home to "eschew sack and live cleanly?"'

'We both seem to be labouring under a mistake, sir; and I will be perfectly candid with you. I have no intention of assuming the part of the prodigal son—a character which, pardon me, would as ill become your unworthy servant as the other character would befit you.'

'Fore George, your elegant tropes go clean over my head,' the father said with some show of anger. 'Leave your fine phrases where you seem to have left your heart and your manhood. You come down here neither to seek forgiveness nor to be forgiven. Why do you come at all?'

Arundel helped himself to another glass of claret, and crossed his elegant legs in an attitude of utter nonchalance. 'Most honoured sir, what is the one thing that should bring me from the sweet shady side of Pall Mall to such an *inferno* as Woodside?'

'And that one thing? omitting such trifling circumstances as love and duty, for which I humbly ask your pardon for recalling to your mind,' said Walter Secretan sardonically. 'I am all ears.'

'Need I say that I am alluding to money?'

For the first time during the interview, a smile broke out upon the listener's dark handsome features. 'I am heartily glad to hear it,' he returned; 'and all the more so that you will not get it. No, if you go down on your knees to me and swear reformation by all the saints in the calendar, not another guinea do you get from me; no, not even if it would save you from starvation. If my son is a heartless profligate, I will take care that yours does not suffer for his father's sins.'

For the first time the younger man showed signs of agitation and alarm. 'There is more than one way of suffering for a father's sins,' he said.

'I know it—who better?—as well as I know by your manner that you have brought dishonour on the house. And so yonder innocent lad's patrimony is to be the price of your absolution. Why not go to your fine friends for money? Is it a greater sin to rob them than rob an indulgent father? Go to your faithful friend from Normanton yonder, the immaculate Edgar, who would prate of love and honour, whilst the doors of all honest men are shut in his face—ask *him* for the money.'

'This is vulgar prejudice,' Arundel exclaimed, stung into retort by these bitter words. 'If the man you speak of was in England, I should not be here to ask this favour of you now.'

'I believe that,' said Secretan. 'You would not come unless you were forced to do so.'

'Edgar would help me cheerfully enough, only he is away, no one knows where, upon one of his mad expeditions. It is a matter of life and death with me—a debt of honour to be met—a debt so large that I have arranged for three months in which to raise the money.'

'On my honour, you have been sustaining the family reputation! And who is the fortunate individual who has been astute enough to get the better of so accomplished a dicer and card-player as Arundel Secretan?'

'Lord St Devereux—a name, I believe, known to you.'

'Known to me in years gone by as a disgraced

blackleg and notorious rascal. By the blood of my ancestors, but you have been figuring in noble company!—And the amount?'

'Nearly thirty thousand pounds, so far as I can recollect.'

'And which the immaculate St Devereux will never get,' returned Secretan with the same grim quietness. 'I have done enough, and more than enough. St Devereux and a son of *mine* together! Borrow this money—beg it—steal it if you like, but never mention it to me again, or I shall forget our ties of blood and strike you where you stand.'

The younger man rose quietly, a ghastly pallor on his cheeks. He hesitated for a moment ere he spoke again. 'You will not deny me a night's shelter?' he said.

'No; Woodside will hold us both. Stay here while you may; come and go at your pleasure. My penance will be the contemplation of my own handiwork. Your penance has yet to come.'

Arundel Secretan walked up the open staircase, past the frowning ancestors he had dishonoured, with white set face and glittering eyes; past his wife's room, to the apartment they had prepared for him. His social excommunication had come—he had read the death-warrant in his sire's determined aspect. For more than an hour he sat in silent thought. There were pens, ink, and paper on the table, and as his troubled gaze fell upon them, his brow cleared a little and he began to write. The writing lasted till nearly midnight, till at length the broad sheets were folded and addressed to the friend whom his father had just maligned so bitterly. Then the writer rang his bell, and told the servant to send his man, Silas Brookes, to him. He came, silent and lynx-eyed, listening respectfully to his instructions. He was to start on the morrow for Italy; walk, ride, fly, or crawl, anything so long as the precious packet was delivered into Edgar Warren's hands without an hour's unnecessary delay. Silas Brookes took the packet and the accompanying purse of gold without a word, and saddling a horse in the stable, rode out into the night upon his errand.

So this rarely faithful servant turned his face eastward, and nothing was heard of him for many days. Arundel Secretan meanwhile lived a quiet retired life, rarely appearing at meals, and when he did so, the set frown was on his brow, the haunting anxiety in his eyes. He seemed to shun society, even that of his wife and child, though Alice's love was not of the kind to be killed by any coldness or neglect; but he had so strangely changed, so hard and cynical, that her gentle nature turned from the politely sarcastic phrase as from a blow. Two months went by; the leaves had fallen from the trees, the earth was bound in iron bonds, a thick sheet of snow lay in the forest drives and over the desolate lawns. The Yule-log was trimmed and placed outside the great hall door; the red holly-berries and sickly white mistletoe hung on picture and spear and armour. There was a sound of joyous revelry in the servants' hall, echoing faintly in the great dining-room, where the silent two sat over their weary repast—a Christmas Eve without love or harmony, but a moody silence, till the sharp ring of a horse's hoofs outside roused a little languid attention. Arundel Secretan heard the sound, and rose to his feet, a great shout bursting from his lips.

Silas Brookes stood in the hall, a fine white powder upon the cape of his riding-coat, and sternly silent, as if his absence had only been for an hour. He bowed his head to his master's glance of interrogation, and signified that the latter should lead the way. Once up-stairs in Secretan's chamber, his natural reserve gave way.

'I saw Mr Warren,' he said, still standing, and speaking mechanically, as if repeating a lesson. 'He has been, nay, he is very ill, sir; but he was pleased to hear from you, the more that he has a presentiment you will never meet again. And then he read your letter.'

The listener laid his hand upon his heart, as if to check the violence of its beating—there seemed to be a band of iron round his forehead, crushing into the heated brain. 'Get to the point!' he exclaimed. 'The answer—the answer!'

'I saw him read every line, and smiling in the way he used to smile when anything amused him. "Give my compliments to your master," he said, "and tell him that even I cannot make bricks without straw. It is a lesson I have been trying to learn from the Jews without much advantage to me, but considerable profit to them."'

'And that was all he said?' asked Secretan calmly, though the reply was so like the man, he knew it must be so. 'Nothing more?'

'Nothing more, sir—not a word.'

'And that man was my friend and my debtor!' These were the last words Arundel Secretan ever spoke. Without further hesitation, he drew his rapier from its sheath, and turning the point towards his heart, threw himself full upon it. And there they found him in the morning—dead, with a great pool of blood upon the floor; and in due course he was buried with his fathers. But every Christmas Eve a light is seen in the dormer window in the west wing, and a shadowy form paces the passages with a stain upon its breast. This was the tale Silas Brookes had to tell, only once, with a strange agitation and restlessness, for he had loved his master in his own strange method, and grieved for him to this day. And so, year after year, the ghost walked on Christmas Eve, though Myles Secretan would have none of it, vowing that Arundel, his ancestor, disliked home too much to make a permanent habitation of the half-ruined west wing.

GUNPOWDER EXPLOSIONS.

SOME few miles to the north of Agra, between the rivers Ganges and Jumna, stood, in the early part of this century, the town and fort of Hatrass. The town was the centre of the dominions of an independent rajah, and was separated from the fort by a distance of less than half a mile. The town was one of great strength, and the fort was not less strong in its defences. The walls were thick and high, strengthened by several immense bastions; while ditches thirty yards wide and twenty-five deep, with five feet of water, surrounded both the town and the fort. The conduct of the rajah, Dyaram Jacoor, had given cause of apprehension to the East India government as to his designs against some of their possessions. Accordingly, in 1817 he was summoned by the Marquis of Hastings to dismantle his fortifications and disband his troops. At first he made pretence

of complying, but afterwards refused the demand. A considerable force was therefore despatched against him, under the command of Major-general Marshall. The town was first attacked. The batteries poured into it an incessant shower of bombs, shrapnell shells, and Congreve rockets. The courage of the defenders was far inferior to the strength of the fortifications, or the besiegers would have found their undertaking very difficult, if not impossible. As it was, in three or four days, before any important breach had been made, the garrison evacuated the town and took refuge in the fort. On entering the town, which they could do only by means of scaling ladders, the besiegers found the gates barricaded with stones and immense bales of cotton.

The full force of the cannonade was now directed upon the fort, the defenders returning the fire with much energy. They seemed determined to resist to the last. The British general nobly offered to guarantee the preservation of their property, if they would send their wives and children to be guarded out of the rajah's dominions. They were deaf to all his entreaties, and were resolved to face the worst. The worst soon came. A dire and unexpected calamity saved them the horrors and sufferings of a protracted siege. A large shell from one of the British mortars penetrated the great powder-magazine of the fort; a tremendous explosion was the result. The store of powder in the magazine was immense, the accumulation of many years, amounting to at least four thousand *maunds*, of eighty pounds each, or three hundred and twenty thousand pounds avoirdupois. The magazine consisted largely of stone vaults, extending far under ground. This will account for some of the phenomena, and for the distance to which the agitation of the ground extended. It is supposed that many of the garrison, with the major part of the women and children, had sought refuge in these vaults from the British shells, which were very destructive, and that many of these were entombed beneath the ruins of the building.

The English guns suddenly ceased firing, few knowing why, until the dreadful explosion almost paralysed every observer. From the narrative of an officer, we cite a few interesting particulars: 'I was on a working-party with one hundred men, and had just arrived in the tool-yard, about three hundred yards from the left of the trenches, when I was thrown flat on my face by some violent shock of the earth. Before the general shock, the earth seemed in violent convulsions. The walls surrounding the tool-yard were propelled forward from the fort and fell to the ground. Stones, bricks, pieces of wood, and, nearer the fort, bodies and limbs, were to be seen soaring in the air in all directions. For the moment, consternation and dismay were depicted in every face. When I arose, I felt much alarmed; the earth seemed still to move under me; and at first I thought something had happened to me alone; but, on looking round, I found my men, some in the attitude of prayer, and others lying down, hiding their faces with fear. Having recovered my senses, I looked towards the fort, and saw it enveloped in one dense cloud of smoke or dust, and now and then streaks of fire issuing from its battlements. In the midst of this momen-

tary alarm, there was an indistinct buzzing that the grand magazine of the enemy had been blown up. This report having reached my ears, I ran, or rather rolled, along the trenches, and was informed that their grand magazine had really been blown up by one of our shells. Again looking towards the tomb of destruction, what a sight met the eye! The smoke which arose from the ruins seemed to be a solid and substantial structure, gradually and majestically ascending to the skies, bearing on its top variegated volumes of vapour, that seemed to ride upon it. From this ascending mountain were ever and anon vomited forth sheets of vivid fire, and glittering sand fell in showers upon the spot. Through this dense but really unsubstantial mass, was to be seen the setting sun, spreading his luminous beams through the gigantic phenomenon; and the beauty of the sight was beyond human fancy to imagine. This tremendous volume of smoke seemed to rise almost perpendicularly, bearing off a little with the wind, which scarcely breathed. When it had ascended so that the sun was visible under it, the mass above changed colour, and you might trace on it the most brilliant rays of the rainbow. This continued ascending in various forms, until at last it was lost in the distance; after which every eye was directed to the destruction below; and the sight was frightful indeed. Heads, bodies, legs, arms, hands, spears, guns, muskets, planks, and colours, lay indiscriminately among the piles of ruins.'

The shock was so terrible that it was distinctly felt at Meerut, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The interior of the fort, some four or five hundred persons, horses, and cattle of all descriptions, were destroyed; but the defences of the fort were very little injured, so that the firing on the part of the besieged was soon renewed, and kept up the remainder of the day with even greater spirit. This was a ruse, however, to cover the intended evacuation of the fort, which took place the same night. Many of the fugitives were cut down by the British; but many made good their escape, among whom was the rajah himself. The fort and the town were afterwards completely dismantled.

Many of the cities and towns on the European continent have passed through great vicissitudes. The ravages of war, pestilence, floods, and fires, have all by turns wrought great miseries, and produced untold suffering in not a few of them. The history of some has been written in blood and fire, of which in some instances traces yet remain. No one of them has suffered more, however, than the fine old city of Leyden. The sieges it had endured, the plagues which had visited it, the fires which had ravaged it, had left their scars; but the most terrible calamity which has befallen it, at least so far as its suddenness and destructive forces are concerned, is an explosion which took place on January 12, 1807. An explosion had taken place some three centuries or more before, but it was not nearly so destructive in its character as this more recent one. On the above-mentioned day, a vessel, containing two hundred and fifty barrels of gunpowder, was proceeding from Delft to Utrecht, and stopped for a while at Leyden. It was moored to a tree in the Rappenburg Canal, which passes through one of the finest streets in the city. Near it were

trading-vessels and pleasure-yachts, the crews of which were all unconscious of the deadly freight of the vessel lying near them. Just as the sun was setting, by some means which have never been determined, the entire cargo of powder exploded. A student who was passing along a street in full view of the canal witnessed the terrible catastrophe, and he was the only one who saw it and lived to relate the circumstances. 'I saw the vessel,' says he, 'torn from its moorings; a stream of fire burst from it in all directions; a thick black cloud enveloped all the surrounding parts and darkened the heavens, when a burst (explosion) louder and more dreadful than the loudest thunder instantly followed, and vibrated through the air to a great distance, burying houses and churches in one common ruin. For some moments, horror and consternation deprived every one of his recollection, but a universal exclamation followed of "O God! what is it?" Hundreds of people might have been seen rushing out of their falling houses and running along the streets, not knowing what direction to take, many falling down on their knees in the streets, persuaded that the last day was come; others supposed that they had been struck by lightning; and but few seemed to conjecture the real cause. At last, when the thick black cloud which had enveloped the city had cleared away a little, the awful truth was revealed.'

Then followed a scene of the greatest consternation and distress. Such of the inhabitants as were not seriously hurt hurried to seek their friends and assist the sufferers, while sounds of distress and sights of horror rose on every side. The destruction was terrible. Within a circle of fifteen hundred yards, or a little under a mile—that is, two hundred and fifty yards on every side from the focus of the explosion—every building was levelled, with the exception of a church spire and a large house; the latter, however, threatening every moment to fall. At a little distance beyond this line, houses were seen in every stage of demolition, some completely unroofed, some half demolished, and some wholly destroyed. Still farther from the centre, windows, shutters, and doors were demolished, and the slates and tiles were stripped from the roofs, marking the severe but diminished force of the shock. At the extreme limit of the destructive influence, the damage was mostly confined to the windows, the glass of which was uniformly shattered into fragments, which were scattered about in all directions.

Amidst this dreadful chaos of material things, there were to be seen men and women in the bitterest anguish, wringing their hands, as they sought among the blackened and mutilated corpses their partners in life or their beloved offspring; while, mingling with the cries of the bereaved rose the wails, the groans, and the appeals of the wounded, the half-buried, and the dying. The occasional fall of ruined houses and other buildings varied the catalogue of horrors and the awful chorus of misery. Children suffered very severely. In the street along which the canal runs in which the disaster occurred, were five large schools; at the time of the explosion these were crowded with scholars. To these places parents rushed to seek for absent children. Numbers of these were dug out of the ruins; some seriously injured, some

only slightly, some crushed and mangled so that it was hard to recognise them. It was a heart-rending sight to see parents digging among the ruins for their missing children, often spending their efforts for naught, or to recover a body blackened and dismembered and recognisable only by the clothes. Some of the children, as is not seldom the case in such calamities, were almost miraculously preserved. Very many of them, however, perished.

To add to the direness of the calamity, a fire broke out among the ruins, and raged so fiercely that the remaining part of the city was threatened with destruction. Happily, help was not wanting, as numbers of the inhabitants came to attempt to rescue the buried and suppress the fire. Shortly afterwards, too, people began to arrive from the country around, as the explosion had been heard at a distance of fifty miles.

As night set in, the horrors of the scene were increased. The wind rose, and the weather was tempestuous. Added to the falling of houses, the shrieks and groans of the injured, the blackness of the smoke, the roaring of the wind, and the raging of the flames, were the lamentations of those who had lost husband, or wife, or children, or friends by the explosion. Some were paralysed with astonishment and fear; others were so excited that they knew not what to do or how to act; but the majority retained their presence of mind and worked away with a will.

The Hague is not many miles from Leyden. Louis Napoleon was then king of Holland, and he was at the former place when the explosion occurred. The city was shaken as by an earthquake; and the stupendous column of flame, which rose to a great height for about thirty seconds, and was succeeded by the lurid blaze of the fire, convinced the people that something dreadful had happened. The king despatched an aide-de-camp to make inquiries. On the return of the messenger, he himself hastened to the doomed and terror-stricken city, ordering all the soldiers in the nearest garrisons to attend without arms. First setting the soldiers to work to suppress the flames and extricate the wounded, offering a reward of ten ducats for each one rescued, he next made arrangements for the reception and treatment of the injured in the neighbouring towns and in the palace, erected in a wood outside the city, which was thrown open as an asylum for the homeless. By means of fire-engines, the flames were at length suppressed; and the king returned to the Hague, to collect money to relieve the distress of the sufferers and secure their subsistence.

Order was soon restored. The inhabitants and their many helpers were divided into classes, irrespective of rank, and told off to different departments of work; and the ruins were soon removed outside the boundary of the city. The keel of the vessel which had conveyed the destructive material was found imbedded in the earth, far from the canal; the anchor was found in a field outside the city; and a large piece of lead had been projected into a distant street.

The explosion overthrew more than two hundred houses and other buildings, and seriously damaged six hundred more. Three hundred people were killed, and two thousand more wounded. Among the former were two professors at the university; and among the latter

one professor, who afterwards died from the injuries he had received.

Contributions for the relief of the sufferers poured in from all parts of Holland; and though the English were at war with the Dutch, a subscription list was opened in London for the assistance of the Leydeners, which realised several thousand pounds. They were efficiently helped, also, in other ways.

The Dutch government undertook the city debts, exempted the citizens from the payment of certain taxes for a number of years, and extended the privileges and honours of the university. Thus encouraged, the Leydeners soon rebuilt their city; and it was not long before prosperity rewarded their endeavours, and helped to efface the marks of their suffering and loss.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

Six months had come and gone since Grandad's birthday, during which time a startling change had come over the spirit of Matthew Roding's dream. How this change, which affected not him alone but thousands of others, first began to make itself felt, no one seemed to know. Little fitful puffs of air that came and went quickly, seeming to emanate now from one point of the compass and now from another, but which, to the eyes of experienced mariners, betokened worse to follow, began to ruffle and flutter the sunny waters of speculation. Then the sky became slowly overcast and the wind of rumour began to blow, moaning and whispering ominously among the rigging of the hundreds of fair argosies which not long ago had left port laden with golden hopes. Of these, some took alarm at once, and ran for the nearest shelter; while others, confident in their seaworthiness, only clapped on more sail and stood boldly on their course.

Then, one morning, came a thunderclap that startled everybody. One of the most widely known firms in the City—a house which had withstood many a storm in years gone by, and against whose stability not a word had ever been whispered—had failed suddenly and without warning, with liabilities estimated at upwards of a million of pounds, and—which seems an almost inevitable corollary in such cases—had brought down several lesser houses in its fall. Then, indeed, the tornado burst in all its fury. One of those periods of wild and unreasoning panic set in, when men walk about as if afraid of their own shadows, and each one regards his fellows with an eye of suspicion. It was a time of disaster and ruin to thousands, to be talked of with bated breath in years to come.

It was scarcely to be expected that Matthew Roding's shallow bark, steered though it was with consummate skill, should escape unscathed when so many nobler craft had foundered in open sea.

It had indeed been sorely buffeted, and although nearly everything had 'gone by the board,' it still contrived to keep afloat, and Matthew stuck manfully to the helm. There were times when he was not without hopes of ultimately weathering the storm; but there were other times when despair weighed heavily on his heart, and he felt like a man waging a hopeless fight against destiny.

The ten thousand pounds with which he had made a second start in life less than three years ago, which was to have been merely the foundation of the colossal fortune he intended to build up, had, together with a few other thousands, the result of some of his earlier and more cautious ventures, been gradually but surely swallowed up by the insatiable quicksands among whose fatal mazes, in the mad race for gold, he had rashly ventured. For, if Matthew Roding had been the means of other people losing their money, he had lost his own as well; if, through his representations, they had pinned their faith to certain speculations which in the end had turned out to be little better than gigantic swindles, he had pinned his own faith in the same place for every one to see. He had, in fact, been outwitted, and made a cat's-paw of, by men far keener and more unscrupulous than himself—men who, in the wild scramble for wealth, had everything to hope for, and neither fortune nor reputation to lose.

At Chesterfield Villa, meanwhile, everything, to all outward appearance, was going as merrily as a marriage bell. True it is that there was a great scarcity of ready-money in the establishment, and that the tradespeople were on the eve of revolt; but of that the guests who ate Matthew Roding's excellent dinners or crowded his wife's drawing-room knew nothing. Indeed, if they had been aware of the fact, they would not have cared one iota so long as the hospitable doors remained open to them; and it may be that more than one of them were in a like predicament themselves.

For some time past, Mrs Roding had not been without her suspicions that all was not so well with regard to her husband's affairs as appeared on the surface, and, to do her justice, she had more than once hinted, in terms as strong as she dared use to him, that she would willingly retrench her expenditure if he wished her to do so. But of this Matthew would not hear. He pooh-poohed her half-implied fears, and told her that if she would only attend to the matters which concerned her, he knew how to attend to those which concerned him. The truth was that he could not afford to make a less show in the eyes of the world than he had hitherto done. It would never do to let people suspect on what a sandy foundation his prosperity was built; confidence must be maintained at any and every cost. He was like a runner who has entered himself for a race in which he has staked all he holds in the world. Come what may, the pace must be kept up, even though he should drop dead at the winning-post.

Whether Mrs Roding were convinced or not, she made-believe to be so, and plunged more deeply still into that whirlpool of so-called 'pleasure' in which so many people contrive to drown

their cares by day, only to have the ghosts of them, in yet more fearful guise, haunt their pillows by night.

Through the influence of Lady Pengelly, Mrs Roding had been 'taken up' by certain fashionable or semi-fashionable people at the West End; but the experience had not proved altogether such a blissful one as she had anticipated. At Tulse Hill she was a personage of some importance, whereas in the drawing-rooms of Belgravia she found herself to be little better than a nonentity. Now, Mrs Roding was of that frame of mind which does not like to be looked upon as a nonentity anywhere, and, after several mortifying experiences, she came to the conclusion that it is better to reign among your own tribe, however insignificant that tribe may be in the estimation of the world in general, than to live at Rome and be a nobody. One advantage, of which we may be sure she duly availed herself, had accrued to Mrs Roding from her brief contact with the *fine fleur* of Society: she was in a position to excite the envy—not to speak of feelings still more uncharitable—of all her 'dear' friends and acquaintances by favouring them with a full, true, and particular account of her adventures in fairyland—how Lord Pengelly took her in to dinner on two occasions; how she had driven in the Row with her Ladyship, and had had all the celebrities of the day pointed out to her; how she had been to the Countess of Clandon's garden-party, and what a sweet, amiable creature her daughter, the Lady Grace, was. And so on—and so on; with an ever-present undercurrent of wonder that people of rank and fashion should dress so plainly, and talk so informally, and be altogether so little different from the 'common herd.' Like the conjurer's famous bottle, the topic seemed an inexhaustible one, and it was inexpressibly soothing to her feelings to be able to dilate on it to her heart's content.

Grandad was as hale and hearty as ever, leading his customary quiet and uneventful life, to all appearance heeding nobody, and heeded by none—Mary and Freddy always excepted. He read his newspaper, and played on his fiddle, and smoked countless meditative pipes in the garden, and had surreptitious interviews with Bunker two or three times a month, the latter having been duly reinstated in his former position with the firm. Now and again, he penetrated as far north as Bloomsbury, and looked in for an hour or two at his grandson's studio, where he enjoyed the society of the young fellows who were in the habit of dropping in there of an afternoon. Of his son, he nowadays saw less and less. It almost seemed as if Matthew avoided him of set purpose, but of this Grandad spoke no word to any one. When Matthew and he were together, their conversation, as if by mutual consent, was confined to outside topics; but whether one week or three had elapsed since they saw each other last, Grandad seemed never to call to mind.

Mrs Roding's scheme for banishing Grandad from his son's roof had for the present fallen into abeyance. For one thing, her recent raid into fashionable life had occupied so much of her time and thoughts, that many minor matters—of which this was one—had of necessity been laid aside for the time being; but she had by no

means abandoned her project or given it up as hopeless.

The breach between Ruff and his father stood just the same as it had done for so long a time past. For any mention Matthew ever made of his son, there might have been no such person as the latter in existence. In the eyes of the father, the son had, if not exactly disgraced himself, proved himself unworthy of further recognition or consideration by the mode of life he had deliberately adopted; for in all matters connected with art, in whatever form it might find its outcome, Matthew Roding was a thorough-going Philistine. He would buy pictures to hang on his walls because it was the correct thing to do; but for the man who painted them he had only a sort of pitying contempt; and that a son of his should sink so low as to choose of his own free-will to earn a living by daubing canvases, seemed to him nothing less than monstrous.

Ruff Roding had told Mary Nunnely, in his impetuous way, that, now he felt his feet firmly planted on the ladder he meant to climb, he had made up his mind they should be married in six months' time; and he would have carried out his intention, despite his father and every one, had not Grandad, when spoken to on the subject, dumfounded him by saying: 'If I were you, lad, I wouldn't do anything rashly. You've plenty of time before you; better bide awhile.'

This rebuff, coming from a quarter whence he least expected it—for Grandad had been in the confidence of Mary and himself all along—took the young painter considerably aback.

'But why wait, Grandad?' he queried, a little hotly. 'I've put away a bit of money, as you know; and as soon as the picture I'm now at work on is finished, there will be a lump more to add to it. Mary and I only intend to begin housekeeping in a very humble way. Dear girl! I believe she would be happy with any one she cared for in a cottage at ten pounds a year. And then, when I have the responsibility of a wife and a home resting on my shoulders, it will nerve me on to work still harder than I do now; and I've often heard you say what a fine thing plenty of hard work is for a young fellow. Then there's another point which, now that we are on the subject, I may as well mention—although Mary and I agreed to keep it a secret till the wedding came off—and that is this: when Mary and I are man and wife, we want our dear old Grandad to come and live with us. Although he never says a word about it, we know that he can't be happy where he is now, and we have the audacity to think he would be so with us. At anyrate, it wouldn't be the fault of the two people in the world who love him best, if he were not. So now, Grandad, why should we bide awhile? Why not get married "right away," as the Americans say, and have done with it?'

Grandad's face worked strangely for a moment or two before he answered. 'You young folk are always in such a desperate hurry about everything,' he said; 'but when you are in love, as you call it, I suppose allowances must be made. Tell me, now, has Mary said anything to you about a certain promise I made her six months ago?'

'Not a word. I never knew you had made

her a promise of any kind,' said Ruff, with wide-open eyes.

'I hardly supposed she would tell you, but one can never be sure what these kittenish creatures will or won't do. However, now that I have mentioned it, I suppose you will give the girl no peace till you have wormed it out of her, unless I tell you first. What I promised was this: that before, or by the end of this year you should be reconciled to your father, and that he should give his consent to your marriage with Mary. Was I wrong, then, in asking you to have patience and wait awhile?'

Ruff sat staring at Grandad for a little time, as if bereft of the power of speech: then he drew a long breath, and said: 'And you promised all that! Is the age of miracles, then, not yet over?'

The old man's only answer was a sort of inward chuckle. Then the two charged and lighted their pipes with as much solemnity as though engaged in some sacrificial rite, and puffed away in silence for some minutes.

Ruff was on the tenter-hooks of curiosity; but he knew something of Grandad's peculiarities, and that he was not a man who cared to be closely questioned.

In a little while Grandad knocked the ashes out of his pipe and rose to go. Then, laying a hand on his grandson's shoulder and looking him straight in the eyes, he said, in almost the very words he had used to Mary: 'Have no fear. That which I promise I can perform.' And that was the only satisfaction the young man could obtain.

On a certain October evening, Matthew Roding reached home in a hansom cab somewhere between nine and ten o'clock. It was one of those evenings on which his wife held one of her 'small and early' gatherings. Mrs Roding's parties were very popular, and were always numerously attended. Lights shone in nearly every window, and a lady, with a very shrill soprano voice, was tearing the last popular ballad to tatters, to the accompaniment of a violin and piano, as Matthew's cab drew up at the door. Gaiety of any kind, or even the mere semblance of it, was as far from his mood this evening as light is from darkness. He had spent an extremely harassing day in the City, and his sole desire just now was to escape unnoticed to his own room and there shut himself up from every one. On his way home, he had been revolving in his mind a certain train of circumstances which had occupied much of his thoughts during the last few weeks. What Bunker had told Grandad on the latter's birthday respecting certain information which had come to his ears of Matthew's intention to dispose of the business at Bankside, had proved to be founded on fact. The business had fallen off fully one-third since it had come into Matthew's hands, and his intention had been to work it up afresh as far as possible, and then to dispose of it to the highest bidder. But the Fates had proved unkind. Affairs of late had gone so much awry with him, that, in order to enable him to meet certain pressing liabilities, he had found himself compelled to put the Bankside business into the market without delay. The firm was one of long standing, and the business, or as much of it

as was left, being found to be sound at core, a customer soon presented himself. Everything went on satisfactorily, and the negotiations were all but completed, when suddenly the customer that was to have been, drew back, and refused to proceed a step further in the matter; in addition to which, he absolutely declined to assign any reason for his sudden and unaccountable change of front. There was nothing for it but to put up the business a second time, which was accordingly done, and before long a second would-be customer presented himself. But again at the last moment the affair fell through, precisely as the first one had done; nor in this case, any more than the other, was any explanation forthcoming. Matthew Roding was confounded; he felt as if he were being made the sport of some malignant sprite, who was slowly but surely hounding him onward to his doom. It may be that Grandad might have been able to furnish him with a solution of the mystery, had Matthew taken him into his confidence, but that was the last thing he thought of doing. The money he had looked forward to obtaining from the sale was of the utmost importance to him; he had counted upon it as a certainty; the lack of it would increase his difficulties tenfold. Ruin, and not merely ruin, but disgrace, loomed imminently before him. The iron courage which had hitherto sustained him was beginning to give way at last.

After letting himself into the house by means of his latchkey, he beckoned to the page who was standing in the hall. 'Don't let any one know that I am at home,' he said; 'I have letters to write, and must not be disturbed.'

There was a back staircase for the servants' use leading to the upper floors, and of this Matthew now availed himself. The music came to him in fitful bursts when some distant door was opened for a moment. What a ghastly mockery it sounded to him, knowing how close he stood to the brink of ruin! Were all his toilings and striving, if they had proved successful, to have had for their end and aim no other object than this?—that his wife should be able to array herself like a peacock, and to 'entertain' with a degree of lavish profusion which would cause every one there to envy her, a number of people for whom she cared nothing, and who cared nothing for her in return. 'A noble ambition, truly!' muttered Matthew to himself with a sneer. And yet he could count as many men as he had fingers, all known to him, whose ambition seemed never to soar any higher than that.

On his way to his 'den,' he had to pass his child's bedroom. The door was half open, and seeing a light and hearing voices, he looked in. Mary and Freddy were its sole occupants, the latter robed in his nightgown, just ready to be popped into bed. It was past his usual hour, but he had been to a children's party and had not long reached home.

'Papa, papa!' he cried, clapping his hands gleefully as soon as his father's head was protruded through the doorway, 'do tum in and hear me say my pwayers. Mamma never will hear me; she's always so vewy, vewy busy; but you'll hear me to-night, won't you? I never forget to say "God bwess papa."—Do I, Mawy?'

He ran to his father, his little white feet gleaming like marble on the dark carpet, and drew

him into the room. Matthew sat down, controlled thereto by some impulse, which he was powerless to resist. Then the child knelt beside him, and placed his little palms together and said his simple prayers. The hard, worldly man was moved as he had not been moved for years. When the child had said his last 'Amen,' he snatched him up in his arms, imprinted half-a-dozen kisses on his eyes, his cheeks, and his lips, and then setting him down, left the room quickly without a word.

The strains of a waltz floated to his ears as he passed on to his room; the dancers below were footing it merrily; an icy wind seemed to chill him to the marrow as he paused for a moment at the head of the stairs, unknowing what he did, to listen.

HOUSEWIVES' WISDOM.

NOT very long ago, the present writer was visiting a friend at his suburban residence, and while sitting in the open air on a kind of balcony which ran behind the house at the head of the garden, his attention was called to the great number of smuts—or, as they are called in London, 'blacks'—which rolled about in flocks upon the stone floor of the balcony with every breath of wind. To compare small things with great, they resembled a vast herd of buffaloes dotting the extensive plain of the floor, and wandering in droves and herds upon its even surface. To my friend's housekeeper, their appearance suggested an idea of a different sort. 'I think we shall have a storm,' she said, 'there are so many smuts about.'

'Very likely,' thought the writer, 'though I do not see the connection.'

The day, however, was sultry and close; a gray yellowish haze obscured the sky, and there was very little breeze stirring. It looked, in short, as if we were about to have a thunderstorm; the heavens were ominous of it; and one seemed to feel the oppressiveness of an atmosphere overcharged with electricity.

On thinking the matter over, an explanation of the housewife's remark suggested itself. The recent experiments of Dr Oliver J. Lodge have shown that smoke is rapidly condensed in air which is highly charged with electricity, and this fact might very well account for the falling soot. Dr Lodge fills a bell jar full of dense fumes from burning turpentine, and in a few minutes causes it to deposit in flakes of soot upon the sides and bottom of the jar by simply passing the discharge from an electrical machine through it. The method has been practically applied to the condensation of lead-fumes in Wales; and the explanation of its efficacy is, that the particles of smoke becoming electrified, accumulate upon the sides of the vessel. The same action may take place on a larger scale in the atmosphere when charged with electricity; and hence the unusual falling of 'blacks' when 'thunder is in the air.'

There are probably many sayings and practices of common life which can in this way be traced to a scientific source; and an interesting chapter on old wives' wisdom might perhaps be written. On this occasion, however, we shall only refer to one or two other instances which come to mind. The first of these is also of an electrical nature, and concerns the curious custom of drawing the blinds of a room down on the approach of a thunderstorm, and removing the looking-glass from its place on the toilet-table before the window, to place it face downwards on the bed. This is a very old practice, done by rote, and usually without any understanding of the reasons for it on the part of those who do it. The object, of course, is to guard against being struck by lightning; and the hidden reasons are in all probability the following: The blind is drawn down to keep out the flash, which is at least of a startling character, and may even be so powerful as to injure the eyesight; the looking-glass being coated with a metallic amalgam of mercury, exposing a conductor in the path of the electric discharge to the 'earth,' is calculated to draw the lightning. When it is taken from the window and placed face downwards on the bed, it is, in fact, very well insulated; for the thick layer of woollen blankets on which it is laid, and the glass face, tend to isolate it electrically from the floor or the walls, which may be regarded as parts of the 'earth.' The prone position of the metallic surface is also less likely to draw the lightning discharge downwards than when the mirror is placed vertically, because there is then a shorter length of conductor in a vertical direction.

Another superstition of the household, if it can be called such, is to place the poker in front of a fire which is burning low, in order to quicken and make it burn up. The poker is leaned against the ribs with its head on the hearth, and its point inclined over the top bar of the grate. In spite of much scientific scepticism, housewives as a rule believe in the efficacy of this device for making the fire 'draw;' and we think they are very likely right, as we shall attempt to show. The poker, passing as it does in front of the grate and leaning against the bars, gets warmed up, and conducts heat from the front of the grate to its point, which is situated in the air above the fire. Now, the warm point of the poker must rarefy this air to some extent, thereby causing a greater draught from below and up the chimney. The increased draught causes the fire to burn more briskly, the poker gets warmer and the draught intensified until the fire is blazing brightly.

The habit of covering the front of a fire with a sheet of paper in order to kindle it up, is also traceable to the increased draught caused through the fire itself from below; but it is neither so puzzling nor so scientific as the artifice of the poker.

Talking of fires, one often hears it said that the 'sun has put the fire out,' and verily the blackened coals and gray ashes often seem to testify to the assertion. But why should the sun's rays extinguish a fire, as if the solar orb were jealous of the lesser luminary? For this reason, perhaps, that the sunbeams warm and rarefy the air around the fire, thereby producing conditions unfavourable to the energetic combustion of the coal. The oxidation of the carbon by the carbon is dimin-

ished in the rarer atmosphere and the feebler draught. The fire, therefore, gradually languishes and goes out.

THE CURSE OF GOLD.

There is a singular superstition in the mining districts of America that the discoverers of hidden treasures in the bowels of the earth are sure to meet with a violent end. Many instances are from time to time adduced in support of the statement, and go far to show that numbers of adventurers literally die in their shoes. The original proprietors of close on forty successful mines have been accounted for in this way. Twelve were shot, three were engulfed, while the rest disappeared in the cities of Dakota and New Mexico, and were never heard of afterwards. George H. Fryer, from whom the Fryer Hill Mine had its name, committed suicide in Denver. Two years before his death, he possessed one million dollars; the expenses of his funeral had to be paid by the authorities. The discoverer of the Standard Mine in California was swallowed up by an avalanche. Colonel Storey, another wealthy miner, was killed by the Pyramid Indians. William Fairweather, who brought to light the hidden treasures of Alder Gulch, came to his death by drinking and riotous living. A yet more terrible end had William Farrell in a hospital at San Francisco. He had discovered the rich mine at Meadow Lake; but hundreds of deceived gold-seekers surrounded his bed, 'gnashing and grinning so horribly that he could not die.' The owner of the Homestake Mine became a highwayman; one day he attacked a mailcoach, but the attendants shot him dead. John Homer of the Homer Mine spent his last cent, and then put a bullet through his brain. 'Doughnut Bill,' 'Old Eureka,' 'Ninemile (Clarke),' died literally in their shoes, being killed in saloon scuffles. Montana Plummer, who discovered one of the richest mines in the world, and was sheriff for a time, died on the gallows.

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THIS MORTAL COIL.

By GRANT ALLEN, Author of 'In All Shades,' &c.

'HOPE.'

A SONNET ON THE PICTURE BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Thou sittest blindfold on a world of woe;
Around, the powers of darkness still hold sway;
Yet thy pale cheek is lit by one soft ray,
And from thy broken lyre sweet echoes flow.
Thy head is bowed with disappointment, so
Thou canst not chase the shadows quite away;
But o'er thy head there breaks God's glorious day,
How bright, thy darkened eyes can never know.
Around thee, chaos; and beneath, despair,
Whose surging waters leap up to thy feet.
They cannot overwhelm thee, howsoever they beat.
Patient and calmly still thou sittest there;
Thy smile has power to cheer a world's distress;
Thou art immortal in thy loveliness!

WILLIAM C. HALL.

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THE POUND STERLING.

SINCE we endeavoured to show what is Bimetallism, the great Silver Question has continued to be discussed by some few who understand it, and by a great many who do not. A Royal Commission has been appointed, and is still pursuing its investigations, but has yet made no Report, while the volume of evidence it has so far published does not throw much additional light upon the subject. The problem to be solved is, how far has the depreciation of silver affected the purchasing power of gold and thus depressed prices? How far has the appreciation of gold affected the depreciation of silver? And is the restoration of silver to the position of an alternative standard of value with gold practicable and desirable? We are not going to discuss any of the branches of the problem here; but it may help our readers to a better understanding of its conditions, if we present some facts in the history of the Pound Sterling.

Ricardo, the great political economist, said that 'commodities measure the value of money, as money measures the value of commodities.' But, as commonly understood, money is the vehicle employed by communities for exchanging values; that is to say, it is in use not for its intrinsic value, but as a standard of value. It may have an intrinsic value, as we have seen before in the case of gold, but the intrinsic value is not necessarily the result of its employment as money. Bank-notes and promissory-notes—in other words, paper currency—express value, and are used to exchange values, but are not in themselves intrinsically valuable. The monetary system of a nation exists for the purpose of maintaining an acknowledged standard of value, and hence it becomes a matter of State importance and control. According to the law of England, by statute enacted in 1816, gold is the sole legal standard of value in this country. The Pound Sterling is the unit of value, and the Pound Sterling means now the sovereign of 123·27447 grains troy. The Mint price of gold fixed by law is £3, 17s. 10½d. per

ounce. Silver and copper coins are only tokens; that is to say, they may not be legally used to discharge debts above a small amount.

Mints are said to have been in existence before the time of Athelstan. At anyrate, in his reign (928) regulations were issued for the government of the Mint in London and of several provincial mints under its control. In the time of Edward I., the Mint was managed by Italians, as Englishmen do not seem to have then acquired the art of coining; and in the reign of Edward III., the operators were formed into a corporation by royal charter. It was in this reign that gold was first taken to the Mint for coinage; but of course gold coin was in use long before that. The Romans had gold coins two centuries before the Christian era; and it is possible that the Macedonians, three centuries earlier, also used gold. The Anglo-Saxons, however, only coined silver; and the first record of gold coins struck in England occurs in 1257.

Sovereigns were first minted in 1489, and guineas in 1663. The name of the latter coin was given because the gold from which it was made was brought by some African merchants from the coast of Guinea. When first struck, the guinea was value for twenty shillings; but by 1695 it had become value for thirty shillings. After that, it was reduced at different times, until, in 1717, it became as now understood, equivalent to twenty-one shillings. It is interesting to note that the first guineas bore the impression of an elephant, in token, doubtless, of their African origin. These coins, as they became scarce, rose again in nominal value—so much so, that in 1811 an Act was passed prohibiting their exportation, and also their sale at a higher price than twenty-one shillings. In 1817, sovereigns were again coined, and the issue of guineas was discontinued, and has never been resumed.

It is asserted by economists that the purchasing value of the sovereign increased about twenty-five per cent. between 1875 and 1885—that is to say, that in the latter year it was able to purchase as much as was obtainable for twenty-five shillings

in the former year. Other calculations show that within the last fifteen years the purchasing power of the sovereign has increased from twenty shillings to thirty shillings. This is what is meant by the 'appreciation of gold,' taking money in Ricardo's sense as the measure of value of commodities, and itself measured by commodities. The depreciation of prices and the appreciation of gold as the standard of value thus mean the same thing.

Now, the origin of the Pound Sterling was in this way. In the days of William the Conqueror, the management of the currency was in the hands of the Jews, who thoroughly understood the principles of money. They took a certain quantity of silver, of a weight known as the 'Tower pound,' which was something between a Roman pound and a pound troy. This was the standard of measurement, the unit of value. Out of this pound of silver were cut twenty separate coins, called shillings. Out of a shilling were then cut twelve separate coins, called pennies. The weight of the silver penny was a pennyweight—the two hundred and fortieth part of a 'Tower pound,' and this was the actual coin in circulation, for shillings were only nominally coined. These silver pennies weighed each one-twentieth part of an ounce, and in modern money would be worth about twopence-halfpenny each.

Previous to 1216, rents were paid mostly in kind, and in fact money was not to be found among the masses of the people at all. But in that year coin was made 'Sterling'—a word supposed by some to be derived from 'Easterling,' the name given to German traders in England noted for the pure quality of their money. Camden says: 'In the time of King Richard I., monie coined in the east parts of Germanie began to be of especial request in England for puritie thereof, and was called *Easterling* monie, as all the inhabitants of those parts were called *Easterlings*; and shortly after, some of the countrie skillfull in mint matters and alloys were sent into this realme to bring the coin to perfection; which since that time was called of them *Sterling*, for *Easterling*.' In Holinshed, we read that 'certain merchants of Norwaie, Denmarke, and of others those parties, called Ostomanni, or, as in our vulgar language we terme them, *Easterlings*, because they lie east in respect of us.'

The term Sterling was applied to what was called the 'money of account'—that is to say, to the pound computed as equivalent to twenty shillings, and the shilling as equivalent to twelve pence. Practically, the word 'Sterling' meant genuine and lawful, or, more properly speaking, legalised money.

The system thus introduced by the German Jews was in vogue down to the reign of Edward I., who banished the Jews from England. Their place as money merchants was taken by Italians; and Italians, as we have seen, were in charge of the coining operations at the Mint. The change is held by many not to have been one to our

advantage; at anyrate, the Italians are blamed for disordering and debasing the currency.

So far it will be seen that English Sterling money—the standard of value—was silver, and that the unit was the Tower pound-weight of that metal. A shilling was the twentieth, and a penny the two hundred and fortieth, part of the unit—and the nominal value of the coins corresponded with the real value. The Italians introduced gold for coinage purposes, and the whole system had to be altered. In or about 1300, the Pound Sterling ceased to be a pound-weight of silver; for the Tower pound, instead of being divided into twenty parts, called shillings, or two hundred and forty parts, called pennies, was divided into thirty or forty parts, still called shillings, although twenty shillings was still called a Pound Sterling. After this, money was measured by *tale*—that is, by the number of pieces—and not by weight. A Pound Sterling was no longer a pound-weight of sterling silver; and in subsequent reigns the metal itself was debased by the mixture of alloys, so as to increase the circulating medium at the expense of the people.

There was, of course, at first no standard for the new gold coinage introduced by the Italians, and gold coins had to be estimated in silver. The ratio was constantly changing; and it was not until 1717 that it was fixed by law. Then, by the advice of Sir Isaac Newton, the guinea was decreed to be equivalent to twenty-one silver shillings, on the assumption that in the open market the gold in a guinea would exchange for the silver in twenty-one shillings. Silver, however, was still the standard of value; and gold, as it will be seen, had to take its valuation from the quantity of silver it would purchase. In time, the position was reversed, and gold became the standard by which everything, including silver, was measured. A Pound Sterling is now the sovereign, weighing, as we have said, 123.27447 grains troy of gold of a certain 'standard fineness'—which means twenty-two parts of pure gold to two of alloy.

The fixing of the guinea as a twenty-one shilling piece has given rise to a great deal of controversy, especially in later times, when the currency question has been so hotly debated. It was expressly stated in the royal proclamation that it was because of the over-valuation of gold, which 'has been a great cause of carrying out and lessening the species of the silver coins, which is highly prejudicial to the trade of this kingdom.' But the silver pound may be said to have co-existed with the gold pound until about the beginning of the present century, when it was enacted that silver coins should not be legal tender for debts exceeding forty shillings. This was Lord Liverpool's scheme, and besides reducing the legal tender power of silver, it also established gold as the sole unit of value.

The Pound Sterling, which, as we have seen, was a pound-weight of pure silver, is now represented by a gold coin whose value is fixed by law at the rate of £3, 17s. 10½d. per ounce of gold bullion. A pound-note, which is the paper form of currency of the Pound Sterling, is founded not upon a pound-weight of silver or an equivalent weight in gold, but upon the gold sovereign, in which it is redeemable on demand. Stated

otherwise, it may be said that the Pound Sterling, which was formerly an actual tangible thing, is now a mere figure of speech. But none of us object to the unlimited repetition of its expression!

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER LVI.—A LAST TRIAL.

JOSEPHINE sat on a bench behind the *Magpie* with little Bessie in her arms, looking out seaward. There was a good deal of cloud in the sky, but torn, with intervals of sky, through which the sun poured a rain of white light over the water. Seen from the great height of the cliffs, the Atlantic looked like a silvery-gray, quivering sheet of satin, with folds of gray, and flashes and flakes and furls of brilliant white. About the headland of Pentargon, or King Arthur's Head, the breakers tossed, and the water was converted into milk. In the bay, under the cliffs, the gulls were noisy, and their voices, in laughter or objurgation, were re-echoed by the black precipices, multiplied and magnified, till, looking on, one wondered that so much and such strange sound should come from the flying flakes of white that glanced here and there. The wind was from the west; it had not brushed land since it left Labrador; but it had lost its chill and harshness in passing over these endless tracts of ocean; though it blew so strongly that it lifted and would have carried away an unsecured hat, there was a warmth and mellowness in it that divested it of all severity. It was like the reproof of a mother, charged with love and working betterment.

The horizon was full of change and mystery, now dark as a mourning-ribbon, now clear and white as that of a bride; now it was a broad belt, then a single thread; now melting into the sky, then sharp against it. Far away, it was blotted out by a blur of falling rain, or shadow from a cloud; and here again by a veil of sunlight that was let down between the clouds, hiding all behind.

The air was full of music—the roar of the sea, in varied pulsations, and the pipe and flute among the grass and seabent on the down, and the hiss of the sand-grains that were caught and turned over and rolled along in the bare patches. Near the extreme verge of the precipice, where the soil was crumbly, and a false step would plunge into destruction, the sheep were lying at ease, dozing, waking now and then, and approaching the sweet grass to nibble, then going back to the edge of the precipice to sleep again; for the sheep have ascertained that, with a wind on shore, the edge of the cliff is the most sheltered spot; the wind hurling itself against the crag, is beaten upwards and curls over, and falls farther inland, just as might a wave. Consequently, in a heavy gale, partial stillness of air is found at the cliff edge.

Josephine wore a dark-blue dress, and over her head was a handkerchief, pinned beneath her chin. Bessie lay, silent in her lap, with her head on Josephine's bosom, and her thin-drawn face looking seaward. Josephine also was silent; she also was looking seaward. Her face was

greatly changed since we first saw her on the lightship. Then she was girlish, with mischief and defiance in her splendid eyes, and life glowing in her veins, showing through her olive skin. Then, there was promise in her of a handsome woman, full of spirit and self-will; of a clever woman, who could keep a circle of men about her, charmed, yet wincing, at her wit and humour. But the Josephine who sat on the bench of the *Magpie* was not the same. The promise was unfulfilled. The girlishness was gone. The self-confidence had made way for timidity; the defiance in her great dark eyes was exchanged for appeal. There was no mischief more lurking anywhere, in the eyes, in the dimples of the cheek, in the curve of the lips; but there was an amount of nobleness, and mixed with gentleness, great resolution, marked in all the features. It was like the nature of that west wind that they inhaled—strong yet tender, direct yet infinitely soft, soothing, healing, loving, strengthening—and pure.

Josephine had gone through a long ordeal, to which she had subjected herself, and from which there seemed no issue. Spiritually, morally, it had done her good; but it had not advanced her towards that end which she sought—at least so it seemed to her. She was no nearer to Richard Cable than she had been. If he conferred on her a boon, it was in such a manner as to rob it of all the grace of a gift and of all the hope it might carry.

What a fascination there is in looking at the sea! Even the most vulgar soul is affected by it. On the sea-border we are on the frontier of the infinite. The sight of the ocean is like the sound of music calling forth the soul from the thoughts of to-day, from its cage-life to freedom, and an unutterable yearning after what is not—the Perfect. At the sight of the sea, all the aspirations long down-trodden, long forgotten, lift up their hands again, and stretch out of the dust of sordid life. All the sorrows of the past, scarred over, break out and bleed again, the blood running down drop by drop, warm, soothing, yet painful. All the generous thoughts that have been pared down and disfigured into mean acts, shake off their disguise, reassume their original dignity, and master us. All the unrealities, the affectations, which have bound us about, break away, and we stand forth fresh and natural and true. All the selfishness, the contraction of interest to one miserable point, discovers its unworthiness, and the heart swells with a charity that has no bounds.

I have seen those who have taken novels out on the downs to read, sit hour by hour looking seaward, with the novel unread on the lap. The sea was the great reality, the infinite truth waking up in their minds a thousand thoughts and emotions, drawing them out, withering the base, and bracing the true. It showed them in their own selves all the elements of the noblest romance; it revealed to them the true hero or heroine, in themselves, in the ideal, towards which they should ever strive, and in the pursuit of which work out the grandest of romances, which is not a romance, but a great reality.

So Josephine sat looking seaward, and thinking without knowing that she thought, and on her lap lay little Bessie thinking, as her eyes looked

seaward, and not knowing that she was thinking. In Goethe's ballad the Erl-king calls to the child, uttering promises; and the father who bears the child does not hear the voice, and shudders at the thought that his child may be lured away. The sea—the infinite sea, called to the child and to her who held the child with a voice that both heard—a voice full of promise, but full of mystery as to what it promised.

The bench on which Josephine sat was made of old wreck-timber, and at the sides stood the curved ribs of a ship or boat, meeting overhead, and boarded in, so as to form a rude arbour. The sides cut off the wind, when it did not blow directly on shore, and the seat was a meeting-place for the coastguard. As Josephine sat here, a man came round the corner of the house and approached the place where she sat. She did not see him because of the planks that framed in the seat. Five minutes after, another man appeared in like manner round the other angle of the house, and came towards her arbour, and he also was unseen as he drew nigh, for the same reason. The first who came was Richard Cable, and he came to see Bessie. As already said, he had not been to the *Maggie* since she had been there; but of late a great uneasiness had come over him. He remembered what his mother had said, as he moved to Red Windows—that he laid his foundations in his first-born, and set up the gates in his youngest. In his troubled mind the fancy rose that he had lost his first-born—her love, at least, by thwarting her, and ruined her happiness; and that he was about to lose his poor little Bessie in another way. He had struggled against this impression, against his desire to see her, how she was progressing, to assure himself that the fear that weighed on him was unfounded. At length he had ridden over; and having heard from Mrs Corye that Josephine was with the child on the bench, he went in search of her; very reluctant to meet Josephine, and very desirous to see his child. He stood screened by the side of the bench, gray wooden wreck-timber planks, carved over with initials, listening for Bessie's voice, waiting for her to run out on the down, when he would go after her, catch her up in his arms, and carry her off, without having to face Josephine.

At first he doubted whether those he sought were there; but there was a round knot-hole in one of the planks, and on looking through that, he saw Josephine, and the little girl leaning on her bosom. Josephine's profile was clean cut against the sky, noble, fine, and beautiful; but he could not see from that silhouette how changed the face was. As he thus stood, now looking through the hole at Josephine and Bessie, then, caught by the fascination of the sea, looking out seaward, losing himself in dreams full of trouble and pain and froth and brine, there passed a flicker of sunlight over the rolling ocean, like a skein of floss-silk of the purest white blown along the gray surface, and caught and spread by the inequalities, and then lifted and carried on again by the wind. He looked at this till it disappeared, and as he looked, his sense of time passed away, and he knew not how long he had been standing there, unable to muster courage to present himself before those who sat so near him and yet were parted from him. As he thus

stood, leaning back against the wall, another man came round the house, from the opposite side, and ensconced himself on the other side of the arbour. This was Mr Cornellis. He had driven up to the *Maggie* five minutes after the arrival of Cable, and had inquired for Josephine, not by name, but as 'the young person staying here with one of Cable's children.' He had been to St Kerian, and had there learned where she was and what she was doing; and had come on to the *Maggie* after her. But, as he had heard from Mrs Corye that Richard had himself gone in the same direction a few minutes before, he contented himself with slipping round the corner and planting himself beside the bench, screened by the side, where he thought he might stand unobserved and hear what took place before he showed himself.

So Josephine sat on the old bench with the ribs of a wreck arching over her, planked in on both sides, and the sick child on her lap, both silent, both lost in a day-dream; and on each side of her, unknown to her, stood a man with whom she was intimately allied, and yet from both of whom she was widely parted—her father and her husband. She knew nothing of their proximity; she had not heard their steps on the turf; and the wind that blew into the arbour, filled it and whirled about in it, and hummed and piped and broke out into song, and sank into sobs, and pulled at the timbers, making them creak, and sought out their rifts, to whistle through them, so that she could hear no slight sound outside that rude orchestral shell.

Mr Cornellis leaned back against the wall, with his hands behind him, as a protection to his coat, and looked out to sea; but on him, on him alone of the four, the fascination had no power. The same wondrous expanse, the same travelling glories and obscurities, the same mysterious depths and distances, and glimpses into further far-away, and screens veiling the far-off, the same call of the many-voiced ocean in one great harmonious song—passing over the mind of Mr Cornellis, not even as a breath over a mirror that leaves a momentary trace—it affected him not at all, for the faculty was dead in him, if it had ever existed—the faculty of responding to the hidden things of nature. One deep calleth to another deep, sang David, sitting on the hill-slope of Bethlehem, looking away west to the Mediterranean, as the sight of the sea woke in his soul a consciousness of the Divine, of the Eternal; and the deep sea still calls to the deep in every human soul that has depth; only to the shallow puddles does it call in vain.

Where the planks were joined on the side where stood Mr Cornellis, a little rift remained. The planks had not fitted originally, or had warped after having been nailed to the stanchions. Through this cleft he looked, and he could see his daughter. He could not see the face of the child on her bosom; but he saw the head over her arm, and the golden hair in dimpled waves flowing down upon Josephine's dark-blue dress, and the parting on the top of the head, and just a strip of white brow.

Then both men heard the clear, beautiful voice of Josephine raised in song:

O wie wogt es, wie wogt es, so schön auf der Fluth,

and looking in, saw her swaying the sick Bessie in her arms to the rhythm of the melody.

Cable saw more—he saw the delicate, transparent hand of his child raised, stroking the cheek of her nurse, and then—the song of the mermaid was interrupted as Josephine turned her lips and kissed the little hand.

Josephine did not continue the song, but said: 'Bessie, can you kneel on my lap, and let me tell you something?'

The child did not answer in words; she had become very silent of late—the closeness, the reserve of her father was showing itself as an inherited characteristic in her. But though she did not speak, she acted; she raised her head, put her hands on Josephine's shoulders, and knelt on her lap, opposite her, still resting a hand on each shoulder of her nurse. The wind blew in, took her golden hair, and swept it forward towards the face of Josephine; and Josephine was obliged to make her hold her head away, lest the hair should spread itself over her face and obscure her eyes and prevent her from speaking.

'My dear Bessie,' she said in a voice full of gentleness and sweetness, and with a tremble in it that now never left it, 'I must tell you something. I cannot let you coax me, and pat my cheek and kiss me, as you so often do, without your knowing to whom you show this love.'

Then Cable's brows knitted. Josephine was going to betray the trust imposed on her, to tell the child that she was her stepmother, and to implant in Bessie's mind the suspicion that her father had been unjust to one who was kind and good. He took a step forward to leave his hiding-place and prevent the disclosure; but he thought better of his resolution, and desisted. He must not provoke a scene which would agitate his child.

'Bessie,' said Josephine, 'I do not think your father would wish you to be so dear and sweet to me, to let me think you loved me, and remain in ignorance of what should be told.'

'She is false also,' thought Cable; 'she *knows* I do not wish it.'

'My darling,' continued Josephine, 'look me full in the face—look with your blue eyes straight into mine, whilst I tell you something, and I shall be able to read in your eyes what you think.' She paused, and drew a long breath. 'You know, my pretty pet,' said Josephine, 'how you suffer in your back, how that you have always—that is, since you can remember—been a sickly child; that you have not been able to play with your sisters like those who are strong; that you have had much pain to bear, and many sleepless nights. You know that now you are very weak and soon tired, and you do not care to talk much or take exercise, but to lie quiet on my breast and look at the sea. My dear, I also like to look at the sea; and the sea has been talking to me, and telling me to be true—always true, and deal openly, and never hide what should be known, and reap what has not been sown by me. That is why I want to tell you this thing now, which has been kept secret from you. Do you know why you are infirm and in pain, with a suffering life instead of a life joyous and painless?'

'I do not know,' said Bessie.

'No one has told you?'

The child shook her head, and as she did so, the

wind caught her yellow hair and wrapped it about her face, so that she was obliged to let go her hold of Josephine's shoulder with one hand, to thrust back her curls behind her ears.

'May I have your blue kerchief with the white spots,' asked Bessie, 'to tie over my head? The hair blows into my eyes, and I cannot see you.'

Then Josephine unknotted the kerchief from her own head—the knot was under her chin—and tied it over the golden head of little Bessie. How was it that, in some dim way, the sight of that blue, white-spotted kerchief was familiar to Richard? 'It is an old pocket-handkerchief of your father's,' said Josephine, 'and covers you best, as his love is spread over your head—not over mine.'

Then Richard remembered the handkerchief, and the mockery with which once Josephine had spoken of it.

'When your father left Hanford, where he once lived—that was when you were quite a baby, and you remember nothing about it—then he left this kerchief behind, and I have kept it ever since.'

'Were you there then?'

'Yes.'

'Why did papa leave that place for St Kerian?'

'Because, in the first place, the cottage at St Kerian came to him from your great-uncle; and in the next, he had very painful associations with Hanford.'

'You knew him there?'

'Yes—and it was there that the sad accident happened which has made you a sufferer.'

Cruel, cruel Josephine! always wounding! She was about now to tell his daughter how he had let her fall when he was drunk, and so to turn away the child's heart from him. Thus were his mother's words likely to come true; he had thrown away the heart of his eldest, and the heart of his youngest was to be plucked from him. He set his elbow against the wall, and his fingers he thrust through his hair, and he looked with eyes that gleamed with remorse and anger through the knot-hole at Josephine.

Then she went on, in her low voice, that quivered as sunlight on the surface of water: 'Look me well in the face, dear Bessie, and do not take your eyes off mine. You shall know the truth now, from my lips. The reason why you have a bad back and an unhappy life is this—that you were let fall on a hard stone floor, when you were a baby, and your bones soft and not full set. That is the secret that has not been told you. You were born sound and strong as Mary and Jane and Effie and Martha, and the rest; and now you would be able to run about like the rest, and be strong, and have no pain, but for that fall.—Well?' The great brown eyes of Josephine looked into the blue eyes of the child, inquiringly. 'Have you nothing to ask? Do you not want to know where the guilt lies of ruining all your sweet and precious life?'

Bessie shook her head, and her golden hair did not flutter, but the end of the blue, white-spotted kerchief, with R. C. marked on it, flapped in the wind.

The brow of Cable was drawn and corded like rope, and his knees shook under him with convulsive agitation. Should he now step forth at this supreme moment and arrest the word on the heartless, venomous woman's lips?

Then in the same low, quivering tones, but yet so clear that Richard lost not one word, Josephine went on: 'It was my doing, Bessie. I—and I alone am to blame for all your suffering; and that is also why your father left Hanford—to take you away from me.'

Not a wink, not a contraction of the iris in the child's blue orbs.

'Some one,' said Josephine, 'said to me that when you were told this, you would hate me, and raise your little fists and beat my eyes till they were blind with blood and tears.'

Then little Bessie let go her hold of Josephine's shoulders, and threw her arms about her neck, and platted the white fingers in her dark hair, and kissed her passionately on the eyes, and then laid her little head on one of Josephine's shoulders, and looked up into her eyes and said: 'But—I am glad it was you, and I love you a thousand times better.'

Out seaward was a long, hard-edged, black roller coming on to the shore, looking as black and hard as the iron rocks against which it was about to fling itself. But at one point the crest broke and turned into foam; at another point far away in the same wave-crest, another white foam-head appeared; and from each side the foam ran inward, and it seemed as if they must meet and turn the whole long wave into one white breaker. But no! There heaved up between the approaching lines of foam a yeasty heap of water, into which the advancing wave dissolved, and lost its continuity. Richard looked seaward at this roller. Little matters determine our actions in moments of indecision. Had the foam-lines met, he would have stepped forward, and an immediate reconciliation might have ensued. But the failure in the wave broke down the dawning desire for reunion, and he stole away back to the inn without a word.

As he left, Mr Cornellis stood forth, and saw him go, and in another moment confronted his daughter and Bessie. But Cable went into the *Maggie* and ordered his horse. Then said Mrs Corye to him: 'I suppose you can't carry a parcel? The young woman has done all the seven confirmation dresses, and they are tied up in a parcel, ready to be sent to St Kerian.'

'Give them to me,' said Cable; 'I will take them in front of my saddle.'

When Josephine caught sight of her father, she sprang up with a cry of pleasure and with a flushed face, placed Bessie on the seat and ran to him with outstretched arms. She was so poverty-stricken in love, that she hailed with delight the appearance of one to whom she was tied with the tenderest bands. 'O papa! how kind of you to come and see me! Oh! how is dear Aunt Judith? I have not seen her for so long, and I do love her so! O papa! this is a pleasure.' She held his hand in both hers and wrung it and kissed it, and wept with delight.

'I have come to fetch you home,' said Mr Cornellis. 'Your Aunt Judith is expecting you, and I want you.'

'Papa!' exclaimed Josephine suddenly, 'you are in mourning—deep mourning. What has happened?'

'My dear, I have lost my wife. You know that I married Miss Otterbourne, who was twenty years older than myself. She has not lived long.

The complete change in the modes of life, after she had settled into old-maidish ways, broke her up very quickly.'

'O papa, papa! And where are you now?'

'At Bewdley, my dear.'

'But that goes to Captain Sellwood.'

'Not at all. She had free disposal of her property, and she has left everything to me.'

'But—it is not fair.'

'I do not ask your opinion in this matter,' he said coldly; 'I have come to fetch you home. Judith is getting old and failing, and I want you to manage the house.'

'But—papa—I cannot leave.'

'Why not? Richard Cable will have nothing to say to you. Has he given you the least encouragement?'

She was silent.

'Do you know that he overheard all that passed between you and the child just now? Had he desired a reconciliation, he would have sought it. He did not. He never will. Give up this absurd and hopeless Don Quixote pursuit, and come with me. I am now very well off. You were at Bewdley as a servant; you come back as mistress. I have packed off the worthless crew of domestics and hangers-on who preyed on the old lady. Come back with me. You have done more than was necessary to satisfy that fellow Cable; and as he still rejects you, show him proper pride, and leave him to himself.'

'Papa!'—she breathed fast—'you are rich now?'

'Yes, very.'

'Then, oh, do repay the insurance.'

He gave her a look, so evil, so full of rage and malice, that she turned sharply about to see Bessie.

He did not speak again; he went away without another word or look, and left without a parting message through the hostess.

Not so Cable.

When Josephine came in, Mrs Corye pointed to the table, on which something was scrawled in chalk. 'Look there,' she said. 'He—I mean Cable—wrote that for you, and when you've read it, wipe it out.'

On the table was inscribed: 'Thursday—bring Bessie. Friday—confirmation.' That was all.

THE REVIVAL OF SMUGGLING.

BY A REVENUE OFFICER.

THE discoveries of private stills, and the detections of smuggling operations, which have of late years been the subject of frequent announcements in the newspapers, point to the revival of practices which it was considered had almost been abandoned by the inhabitants of these countries. In one district in Inverness-shire, nineteen illicit distilleries have been discovered within the last five years by the revenue officers; and numerous cases of the same kind have occurred elsewhere in Scotland and in Ireland. The revival of this form of smuggling is due in great measure to the facilities with which the materials used in the manufacture of spirits can be procured. Many persons who are well acquainted with the finished article in the shape of whisky, are not perhaps

aware that the grain from which British spirits are made must have gone through—either wholly or in part—an extended process of preparation called malting. This process consists in steeping the grain in water for about forty-eight hours; allowing it to remain in a heap until it germinates; spreading it out on a floor for seven or eight days, to regulate the growth of the rootlet; drying it on a kiln; and finally, grinding or crushing it in a mill.

The process of malting requires a variety of appliances and circumstances, which proved a serious obstacle in the way of the illicit distiller when the law prohibited the manufacture of malt except under the supervision of revenue officials. The smuggler sometimes effected the preliminary operation of steeping by depositing the sacks of grain in a bog or mountain morass, sometimes in concealed cisterns made for the purpose. A lonely 'bothy' or a loft in a dwelling-house was used for the germinating process; and where a friendly miller could not be resorted to for drying and grinding, secret kilns were constructed, and the grain crushed between a rude kind of rollers. But the presence of grain undergoing the malting process is easily known by its peculiar smell, and to prevent its detection by the practised nose of the 'gauger' was a matter which required caution and skill. The mills and kilns to which smugglers might resort for accomplishing the final stages in the preparation of grain for distillation, were frequently inspected by the revenue officers, and heavy penalties inflicted on the owners if malted grain was found on their premises.

As an instance of the difficulties connected with illicit malting, the following story is told on the authority of a Perthshire farmer, who in his early days practised this branch of smuggling. He had on one occasion a quantity of barley in the germinating stage on a loft in his house, when he learned that the excise officer and his men were in the neighbourhood, on the lookout for offenders like himself. Gathering all the hands available on the premises, he had the grain put in sacks and hastily conveyed to a neighbouring wood. As he anticipated, the officer paid his house a visit, but went away apparently satisfied that all was correct. As soon as it was considered that he was clear of the coast, all hands were summoned again, and the grain was brought back. Our friend retired to bed congratulating himself that he had eluded the minions of the law, but awoke to find his enemies at the gate, and in a short time saw them laying violent hands on his concealed property. For this offence he was sentenced to pay a fine. Resolved, however, to pay it at the expense of the revenue, he set about 'running' another floor of malt, was detected a second time, and committed to Perth jail for forty days—a mode of treatment which convinced him that honesty, if not, in his opinion, the best, was at anyrate the safest policy, and henceforth he eschewed all smuggling operations.

It will be seen that the preparation of the grain was a great obstacle in the way of the private distiller producing the finished article. This obstacle was removed by the abolition of the malt duty in 1880. The manufacture of malt, duty-free, for distillation was allowed before that year, but under the strictest surveillance. Malt intended for use in the manufacture of beer was

subject to a duty of two shillings and tenpence-halfpenny per bushel. By the Beer Act of 1880 this duty was transferred to the beer itself, and thereafter all malt could be made without official supervision of any kind. The consequence is that the smuggler can purchase or prepare the materials for distillation without let or hindrance. That advantage is taken of this is apparent from the frequent detections of private distilleries. Smuggling of this nature, however, possesses few of the exciting elements formerly connected with it. The illicit trader of the 'good old times' defended his property and 'plant' with courage and obstinacy, when discovered; and it sometimes happened that the excisemen had to retire vanquished even when supported by the military. The modern offender usually decamps when he is about to be detected, leaving the officers the somewhat barren triumph of seizing or destroying his apparatus. A few instances have occurred of late where a slight show of resistance was made to the invading force; but a successful attempt to defeat the law by force is out of the question nowadays. It sometimes happens, however, that the smuggler, if not altogether successful in baffling his persecutors, outwits them in a way that does credit to his ingenuity. An instance of this occurred a few years ago in a certain district in Scotland. A man had been engaged for a considerable time in illicit distillation. Aware, however, that detection would overtake him some time or other, satisfied with the luck he had experienced so long, and having all but worn out his distilling utensils, he went boldly to the supervisor of the district and offered, in exchange for a pecuniary consideration of greater value than his worn-out plant, to communicate the whereabouts of an illicit distillery. The bargain was struck; and the supervisor discovered, when it was too late—the informer having left the neighbourhood—that he had been sold by the smuggler!

The disposal of the spirits when made is a matter that requires the greatest care on the part of the illicit trader, and can only be done by the connivance of the people of the district. The depressed state of trade and agriculture in recent years has no doubt induced the small farmers and cottars of some districts to purchase whisky that can be supplied to them at one-third the price which the legal trader requires. In former times, the smuggler found ready customers in the remote country publicans; but not many of this class exist now, and of those that remain, few venture on the purchase of spirits which, from their bad quality, are acceptable only to the lowest class of drinkers, and the possession of which it is difficult to conceal from the officers of the revenue. The smuggler is consequently compelled to dispose of his stock in small quantities for direct consumption. Sooner or later, information of his proceedings leaks out; his business prospects are suddenly terminated by the capture of his premises and seizure of his property, while the persistent efforts of the excise officials to make his personal acquaintance render it necessary for him to seek a home elsewhere. It may be safely predicted, therefore, that—unless the revenue authorities remove their officers to too great a distance from the haunts of the smuggler—even the increased facilities which

he now possesses for obtaining his materials will not lead to the continuance of a practice attended with so many risks; and the revival of smuggling is probably only a prelude to its final abandonment.

THE OLD SECRETAIRE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER II.

MORE than half a century had passed since Arundel Secretan had been found with the rapier in his heart, and the west wing had still remained tenanted by the rats and mice and the shade of the unfortunate gambler. Again the Yule-log stood without the door; there was a pleasant sound of laughter in the great hall, for the snow was falling thickly on the bare oaks and pines and dashing against the casement. Inside, all was light and warmth, a huge fire burning on the tiled hearth, rugs and skin-mats scattered about with all kinds of comfortable lounges, from a settee, borrowed from the drawing-room, to the beehive straw-chair, purloined for the moment from the kitchen. Holly and mistle-toe gleaned everywhere, from ancient pictures and chain-mail, to the seventeenth-century clock ticking on the stairs. For some moments the merry party were silent, listening cosily to the snow beating on the lattice. Presently, Ada Secretan, sole daughter of the house, roused herself from the contemplation of the cheery blaze to give a fresh turn to the conversation.

'We are here for a whole fortnight,' she said. 'In my limited recollection, I distinctly remember being snow-bound here for fifteen days. Suppose this should happen again, my sisters, cousins, and aunts!'

A golden head shimmered in the light for a moment, and a low rapturous voice was heard to ejaculate the single monosyllable 'Jolly!' But the rest of the party became suddenly grave at the bare idea of such a calamity.

'Don't imagine it's slow,' came another mysterious voice out of the gloom, 'because it isn't. I was snowed up in Scotland for nearly a week, once. I never enjoyed myself so much in my life.'

'What did you do, Connie?' asked golden-head from her corner, sleepily.

'Heaps of things, my dear. First of all, we ransacked the place from top to bottom—such a deliciously quaint old house, with old cupboards in all sorts of queer places, and ghostly passages—oh! Then, of course, we had charades and theatricals.'

'We might have theatricals here, Ada,' suggested the girl addressed as Connie, though better known to the world of fashion as the Hon. Constance Lumley, 'if any of the gentlemen are equal to writing a farce.'

'I have been expecting this,' said a man's voice resignedly, apparently belonging to a pair of knickerbockers and homespun hose, half hidden in the beehive chair. 'Of course, you have all forgotten my existence utterly, and equally, of course, I am expected to volunteer my services as author and stage-manager.'

'Oh, Mr Warren, how delightful!' cried a grateful chorus. 'After writing for the London stage, it will be child's-play to make us a little play.'

'Amateurs are so easily satisfied!' continued the dramatist dryly, the hero of more than one successful comedy. 'All you have to do is to give them all leading parts, and there you are, you know!'

'And pretty dresses,' murmured golden-head, intensely interested.

'And pretty frocks, Miss Wynne.—What do you say to attempting something of the *Rivals* and *School for Scandal* type? It would save a vast amount of stagework; and surely, in a jolly old house like this, we might hunt up picturesque costumes enough.'

In spite of his affected cynicism, Frank Warren was by this time as much in love with his own scheme as the bevy of fair listeners. With a dexterity born of long practice, he sketched out rapidly the outline of a plot, which he submitted to his hearers, and which they accepted with fervent if subdued applause. Though the snow beat upon the casement, drifting higher round the laurel and barberry in the drive, there was no repining at the weather in the ancient hall, where the firelight fell fitfully upon a ring of fair flushed faces gathered round the oracle.

'Your brother is expected this evening, Miss Secretan?'—Ada nodded assent.—'And with myself, not forgetting our host and Colonel Lucas, will be enough. Of course, we shall not all be able to play in this piece; but those who don't, can take a part in the *tableaux vivants* afterwards.'

'*Tableaux vivants*, and a play afterwards!' exclaimed Miss Lumley, throwing herself back in a pretended ecstasy of admiration. 'Glorious!—Ada, my dear child, with all your picturesque ancestors and lovely ancestresses, you must have some splendid dresses somewhere.'

'Tradition says there are some in the west wing,' Ada Secretan replied; 'though, candidly, I have never had courage to go there and look for myself. The Haunted Chamber is there.'

'Do you boast a Haunted Chamber?' Warren asked with some curiosity.

As the outer shadows fell, the wind gathered strength in the pines; it grew dark inside in the early gloaming, till nothing but the firelight remained. It was the hour and season for a romantic legend, fresh to some of them, and they gathered closer round the ruddy blaze while Ada Secretan told the story. By the time she had finished, darkness had fallen, and the listeners were very silent. 'And all this happened,' concluded the narrator, 'not sixty years ago.'

'Was the west wing habitable then?' Warren asked presently. 'You can understand the interest I take in this pitiful story. For,' continued the speaker, in a higher key, 'Edgar Warren of the story is my ancestor. Indeed, I am the first Warren who has crossed this threshold since that fatal night.'

'The wing was falling into decay; but still it must have been a pleasant place in the summer-time; and in it were the suite of rooms set aside for the eldest son of the house from time immemorial. Since that night, I don't think any of us have set foot in the wing.'

'It seems a pity to let such lovely old rooms lie idle,' mused Miss Wynne. 'Though I can understand how little your great-grandfather cared for them.'

'He cared a great deal more than people thought,' Ada replied. 'In spite of his apparent harshness and severity, he was very fond of his son, and bitterly disappointed by his dishonourable conduct. He did not live very long afterwards, when Alice Secretan died; and before his decease, he had the entrance to the west wing nailed up; and not a soul has ever set foot in the building since his death.'

'Well, that's a strange way of showing grief,' Warren exclaimed irreverently. — 'And what about Clive, the young son and heir?'

'He was taken in good hands, and the estate carefully nursed during his long minority—a fortunate thing for us, as it turned out afterwards. He married at twenty-one that foreign-looking lady who hangs up over the staircase there; and broke his neck at twenty-three over some foolish wager, just in time to save everything from utter ruin; and,' concluded the fair narrator candidly, 'that is really the reason why the west wing has never been restored to its pristine glory.'

'In that case, Mr Secretan has no foolish—that is, no reverence for his ancestor's strange taste,' Warren remarked. 'If your grandfather had not been a friend of "the first gentleman in Europe," that part of Woodside would have been restored long ago! Would he mind some of us exploring it?'

The questioner, at some one's instigation, emptied a bucket of pine-knots on the sullen wood-ashes, and roused up a ruddy blaze, roaring and spluttering up the wide open chimney. Rugs and chairs were brought closer round, and a little gipsy table set in the midst. A solemn footman deposited a tray containing gleaming silver and fragile china on the wicker-stand, and vanished. For a time at least, the spell cast over them all by the legend was broken, and a babel of nimble tongues broke loose. Warren raised himself with a great show of reluctance from his shadowy retreat and stood waiting at Ada Secretan's right hand; for at these cosy afternoon teas they had voted the presence of servants a restraint, and the feeling in favour of self-help was unanimous and voluntary. Presently, when every fair one had been supplied according to her needs, the dramatist drew a chair closer to the youthful châteline's side, speaking in a low key. 'You don't know how your little romance has interested me,' said he, 'especially the recollection of my ancestor, Edgar Warren. Talk about having no poetry in real life, with a Haunted Chamber, and a mysterious mansion sealed and barred for nearly sixty years! Miss Secretan, I must have a ramble through these rooms, if I commit burglary to do it.'

'So far as that goes, I do not see why all of us should not go. It will certainly have the merit of being a novel Christmas amusement.'

'Then you really think Mr Secretan will consent?'

'Consent to what?' cried a voice behind, bringing with the owner a gust of cold moist air and a general sense of snow and discomfort.—

'What is, the last mad scheme I am to consent to, eh! puasy?'

Warren looked up with serio-comic disgust into Mr Secretan's face, or at least as much as could be seen of it under a shooting-cap with the flaps carefully tied under the ears, and a mackintosh from foot to collar. A little snow collected on his boots and gaiters melted in the warmer atmosphere, and trickled across the polished oak floor.

'You have been sitting over the fire, you lazy young people, till you are all of you half asleep. If you really won't have lamps, ring for some more wood, so that I can see where the mischievous ones are.'

Warren rang the bell, and politely offered to relieve his host of hat and coat; an offer declined at once, on the plea of more outdoor work to be done. As the latter still lingered, Warren hastened to press his request.

'Of course, if you like to run wild amongst the dust and black beetles, I have no objection,' said the cheery Squire. 'It will do the place no harm to have a little air let in. Only, don't get frightening any of my pretty visitors; I want nothing but Christmas roses here on Christmas morning.'

'The thing is done!' cried Warren theatrically, as the outer door banged behind the Squire. 'Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors, the mystic west wing is about to be reopened, after an interlude of sixty years'—

But any further declamation was checked by a violent ring at the hall bell; a throwing open of doors, and the entry of three people: one an elegant-looking girl, draped and shawled; the second, a tall military figure; and lastly, a young man in a rough tweed ulster—none other than Walter Secretan of Woodside Manor and Pump Court, Temple; and the before-mentioned Colonel Lucas, and Miss Edith Lucas, his daughter.

Warren stopped in the midst of his florid utterance, and would have come forward, but that he felt a hand laid upon his arm. Looking down, he saw an old man bearing some logs of wood, a bent decrepit man, with heavy overhanging brows, and dark, evil-looking eyes. Somewhat surprised, he would have asked the meaning of this strange conduct, save that the ancient servitor held up a warning hand, and said: 'Sixty years, you say—ay, sixty sorrowful, bitter years.—And you would come, another of your hated race, prying into family secrets.—Listen to me, sir; take an old man's advice, and keep away from yonder wing, or your life, perhaps more than that, will pay the forfeit.' And so saying, he was gone.

It was later in the evening before the astonished hearer found an opportunity of discovering the identity of his strange friend. Without disclosing what he had heard, he drew Walter Secretan out somewhat cautiously. That gentleman was tying his white cravat at the time, a matter just then of more importance to him than anything so mundane as a family servant. 'That? Oh, that old fellow was my great-grandfather's valet—Silas Brookes, who went on that mad excursion you have heard of. An excellent servant in his day, but getting a little imbecile, you understand.'

Warren did understand, and held his peace. But all the same he felt that the words he had

heard were the outcome of neither imbecility nor madness. Was he hiding some dark secret, or was it merely rancorous hatred of a Warren that dictated the outburst of bitter spleen?

'ON GUARD' AT THE OPERA.

SOME who visit Covent Garden during the Royal Italian Opera season may be surprised to notice that the theatre is under the protection of a military guard; for provincial theatre-goers at least are certainly unaccustomed to find their places of amusement surrounded by a cordon of sentinels. The occasional presence of an armed party at the opera-house, however, may be regarded as an instance of the survival of old customs in the metropolis. Just as a stealthy glance into a Whitehall sentry-box, where the words 'Tylt Guard' are inscribed on the suspended board of 'orders,' suggests the period when a veritable tilt-yard occupied part of the site of the present Horse Guards, so the sentries in the Covent Garden piazzas remind one of the times when playhouse tumults were not by any means exceptional occurrences.

Though the opera guard is now chiefly, perhaps, for ornamental purposes, it is not necessary to carry a retrospect beyond the beginning of the century to discover that its duties were originally no sinecure. For example, when the appearances of Macready were causing an extraordinary degree of popular excitement, the streets in the vicinity of Covent Garden became blocked by a vast crowd; and what contemporary accounts term a 'terrible catastrophe' was only averted by the intervention of a largely reinforced guard. Again, in 1813, the members of the guard and a disorderly audience came into actual collision—the struggle, curiously enough, taking place on the stage, and the result being that the guardsmen were disarmed, and their 'firelocks' thrown into the orchestra.

In those times, the guard was probably much more numerous than now, when it consists of a sergeant, corporal, drummer, and twelve private soldiers. The party only proceeds to the theatre on special occasions—when royal personages are to form a portion of the audience. Orders are sent to the regiment furnishing the 'public duties' to provide the 'opera;' and sometimes these instructions are very late in arriving, to the confusion of the company sergeants-in-waiting, whose men, if not 'warned' early in the day, are apt to be out of barracks on their own pleasure. Accordingly, on receipt of a late order of this kind, the sergeants-in-waiting may be seen rushing from one barrack-room to another, crying out, 'Best clothing for opera!' and 'warning' the first men they can find, quite irrespective of the duty-roster, which the circumstances render useless.

By seven o'clock the little party has 'formed up,' with the drummer-boy on the right, and two or three 'men in readiness' at some distance on the left. These men, as their designation implies, are 'in readiness' to replace any members of the guard who, from being improperly equipped, or other causes, may happen to be disqualified for going on duty. A staff-sergeant proceeds to inspect and 'prove' the guard. Having completed this important operation, he orders the men to 'stand at ease' for a few moments; and afterwards opens the ranks. At this juncture, two men,

wearing beards, may be observed to approach carrying between them a wooden coal-tray: this contains the ammunition, of which ten rounds, sowed up in coarse canvas, are supplied to each soldier with the exception of the drummer, who is merely armed with a short sword. When the ball-bags have been securely buttoned up, the pioneers with the coal-tray retire, the drummer swings his instrument on his back, and the guard is marched off.

When he has arrived with his 'command' at Covent Garden, the sergeant 'numbers off' the men. Then he proceeds to 'take over' the guardroom and its contents. There is no 'old guard' to relieve; for the opera guard only remains on duty till the conclusion of the performance in the theatre. The guardroom differs materially from most apartments of the kind, and, indeed, its furniture, though far from luxurious, presents an agreeable contrast to the ordinary guard-bed and trestle-tables which one expects to see in such places. In fact, were it not for the rifle-rack and the inevitable Board of Orders hanging over the fireplace, it would be difficult to guess to what purposes the room is devoted. Besides the above-mentioned essential articles, it is simply furnished with a table, an armchair for the commandant, and a number of what may be styled 'kitchen' chairs for the other members of the guard.

Having enjoined his men to divest themselves of the more cumbersome portion of their accoutrements, the sergeant 'falls in' the first relief; and his satellite, the corporal, straightway posts a 'double' sentry at the doorway by which the expected royal party will enter the theatre. Subsequently, he places two single sentinels in other positions. Then the corporal returns to the guardroom, puts his piece in the rack, and begins to make out the roll of the guard, using his bayonet by way of a ruler. While he is so employed, the men off sentry and sitting in the guardroom begin to look anxiously at the sergeant; they appear to be inclined to make some request, but no one is bold enough to take the initiative. The corporal, however, noticing the situation, musters up courage, and hints to his superior officer that he may as well go to 'draw the pay.' This reminds us to mention, in passing, that the opera guard receives extra pay from the theatrical authorities. Accordingly, the sergeant disappears for a few minutes, and returns bearing a small money-bag. Before he has time to inspect the contents of this, the hoarse call of 'Guard, turn out!' causes the men to seize their rifles, and the corporal to throw down his pen and fix his bayonet. Rushing out into the street, the soldiers make their way through a crowd to form up in proper array on the opposite side, where arms are hastily 'shouldered.' A close carriage drives up, arms are 'presented,' the royal party enter the theatre, and the guard 'turns in.'

The sergeant now empties the contents of the money-bag upon the table. Selecting three shillings, he places these in his pouch, already occupied by the ten rounds of ball-cartridge. Then he hands the corporal a florin, and to each of the other men he gives one-and-sixpence. The drummer-boy now asks the corporal for a slip of paper, and takes down what each man desires

for supper. While he has gone out in search of the constituents of this meal, the soldiers produce table-knives, which they have conveyed 'on guard' in a manner that might amuse a civilian observer. One man, for instance, takes off his bearskin cap: he has his knife fixed in the basket-work which supports the interior of this form of headdress. Another, opening his valise, finds a knife and fork inside a boot. A third, having been somewhat abruptly detailed for 'opera,' has thrust a knife amid the folds of his greatcoat. Before very long, the drummer enters the guardroom, having with him a basket of provisions, and a large vessel containing beer, of which each man on guard is entitled to two pints. When the supper has been discussed, the sergeant calls for 'two men for patrols,' and marches off to visit the sentries, whom he shortly afterwards relieves, giving each his eighteenpence as they arrive in the guardroom.

The sentries 'on opera' are provided with neither sentry-boxes, watchcoats, nor order-boards. Their 'orders' are of a general nature; and as they are all under cover, watchcoats, and especially sentry-boxes, would be superfluous. The 'double' sentry on what is considered the most important post has already been alluded to. One of the single men is placed under the piazzas; his instructions chiefly relate to keeping at a proper distance the gamin class of the neighbourhood, who are frequently disposed to be intrusive. But in this duty the soldier is ably seconded by the policeman, who inspires a considerably greater degree of fear than the armed representative of authority. The remaining sentry mounts duty within the theatre, marching up and down a kind of corridor in a 'smart and soldierlike manner.' His function may be regarded as being purely of an ornamental nature, unless, perhaps, in the event of fire, when he is instructed to 'alarm the guard.' As the guard only continues for three or four hours at the theatre, the amount of 'sentry-go' which falls to the lot of the men cannot be considered severe. Each soldier remains on sentry about an hour; and in addition to this, he may have to go once on 'patrols,' a duty occupying some five minutes.

As the time draws near for the conclusion of the performance, the sergeant reminds all concerned to be ready to turn-out at a moment's notice. The men place their rifles within easy reach, and pass the interval in stowing away their table-knives and adjusting their equipments to 'go off.' Soon the cry of 'Guard, turn out!' is heard. When arms have been presented to the royal party, the commander of the guard gives the order, 'On with your valises,' an order which is obeyed with great alacrity; and in a few minutes the party has commenced its homeward march.

When the opera guard has come pretty near the barracks, the drummer runs on in front, calling at the top of his voice, 'Gate!' After this has been repeated by the sentry of the barrack-guard, the corporal of that body appears with a large bunch of keys, and in a somewhat sleepy manner unlocks the gate. The 'opera' now marches to the spot where it was arrayed for duty in the evening, and is there halted. Two figures advance through the darkness, bearing a coal-tray, in which the soldiers place their ammunition. And

almost before the echo of the stentorian command, 'Dismiss!' has died away, the men of the opera guard have disappeared into their barrack-rooms.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a month later, one of those chill, drizzling November days when London, both urban and suburban, looks more dreary and soul-depressing than at any other time. Matters with Matthew Roding had gone on from bad to worse. At Chesterfield Villa, there were two men in possession—where an inventory of every article it contained had already been taken—one of whom made himself at home in the servants' offices; while the other sat in state in the gorgeous back drawing-room, turning over some of the gilt-edged volumes with languid interest, and refreshing himself copiously at frequent intervals from a can of beer at his elbow. The servants were scandalised, and would have resigned in a body had not their wages been so much in arrear. Horses and carriages had been sent back to the people from whom they had been bought, but not paid for, so as to enable the best to be made of a bad bargain. Mr Roding's balance at his banker's had dwindled to the smallest amount compatible with a balance at all; in ten days' time, acceptances to the tune of seven thousand pounds would fall due, which, so far, he saw no possibility of meeting.

At this time he had not left home for upwards of a week. A bad sore throat had laid him up for two or three days; but after he had got better, he evinced no desire to go near the City. 'What good can I do if I go? None,' he said a hundred times bitterly to himself. For the past three months his life had been one incessant slow torture, and now the time had come when he could bear it no longer. He looked fully ten years older than he had looked six months previously—a man gray, worn, haggard, and prematurely old. Grigson came and went between Throgmorton Street and the villa once a day always, sometimes twice. Bunker, meanwhile, had been transferred from the Bankside office to the City. It was necessary that some one should be on the spot to answer the numerous callers, friendly and unfriendly, but for the most part pertaining to the latter category, all of whom wanted to see Mr Roding in person. For these people, Peter had but one answer. Mr Roding, he told them, was away on the continent, engaged in negotiations of the utmost importance with an eminent foreign firm, and it was quite uncertain when he would be back. Peter believed implicitly what he thus stated to be a fact—Grigson had assured him that it was so; for no power on earth would have induced him wittingly to become the mouthpiece of a lie; and so evident was the old clerk's air of sincerity and good faith, that many people went away believing fully what he had told them; but others there were who laughed in his face, and asked him what he took them for, and muttered anathemas, not loud but deep, on the head of the man whose honeyed phrases and golden promises had led them on so pleasantly to their undoing.

Many women there are—more women than men, perhaps—who accept the inevitable, if not exactly with cheerfulness, yet with a quiet philosophy all their own; who, knowing that what can't be cured must be endured, yield themselves to the endurance part with the best grace possible under the circumstances. But of these women Mrs Roding was not one. Rather did she pertain to that numerous class who regard any misfortune which may befall themselves as a sort of personal affront on the part of providence, while quite ready to concede that their neighbours deserve whatever may fall to *their* lot out of the same doleful cornucopia. Travellers tell of certain tribes of aborigines who, when their prayers are not answered, or are answered backward, hack or otherwise maltreat the wooden fetich to which they have been offering their supplications only a little while before, in order to show their displeasure at being so scurvily treated. Had Mrs Roding belonged to any such tribe of idolaters, she would certainly have done as they did.

When the blow first fell, she wept till she could weep no more; after that, she passed nearly all her time in the little boudoir which had been fitted up for her special use. Here, with the room half-darkened, she lay on a couch hour after hour in a sort of sullen torpor, rarely speaking to any one, and so evidently desirous that no one should speak to her, that for the most part she was left to eat her heart out in silence and alone. She showed no interest or concern in whatever might be going on in the house. Now that all the pleasant things of life, or such as had been so to her, were slipping from her grasp, she felt as if there was nothing left worth living for. When her child ventured to go near her—for when he saw that she was in trouble, he remembered nothing except that she was his mother—she would weary of his presence in the course of a few minutes and dismiss him abruptly. Then would Freddy take his little troubles to Mary, and find comfort there.

Grandad could scarcely fail to be aware that matters at the villa were not altogether as they should be; but, whatever he might see or hear, he kept the knowledge to himself, and went to and fro in his usual cheery, unruffled way, like a man who has put aside life's cares and anxieties for ever. When he heard that his son was indisposed and obliged to remain indoors, he sought Mrs Roding, and told her that, should Matthew feel dull for want of company, he, Grandad, would willingly sit with him for an hour or two a day till he should be able to get about again. But Mrs Roding scouted the idea. What her husband needed, she told him, was absolute rest and quiet; and company, even the entertaining company of Mr Roding, senior—this with a little curl of the lip—would only tend to make him worse instead of better. Besides which, although he was at home, he still had his correspondence and other matters to attend to.

Grandad bowed his head in mild assent, and thereafter contented himself with an inquiry each morning as to the state of his son's health. On this November afternoon to which we have now come, Matthew Roding sat shut up alone in his room, an elbow resting on either arm of his chair, listening to the moaning of the wind in the chimney, and watching the raindrops

trickle one by one down the window. He heard the wind and he watched the raindrops, but without any conscious effort on his part; they had no share in his thoughts, but served merely as an appropriate setting or framework for them. All within him was dark and dreary; all without was the same; nature seemed to chime in with his mood. He experienced a vague sense of congruity without being definitely conscious thereof.

Now and then his eyes turned and glanced at the clock on the chimney-piece. There were letters he ought to have written, but he did not write them; there were papers he ought to have looked over, but he heeded them not; he could do nothing but wait, wait, wait till the fingers of the clock should point to the hour of four. After that, any moment might bring him the telegram which would announce to him either that he was hopelessly and irretrievably ruined, or else that there was still a final loophole of escape open to him. One last throw was left him in the desperate game he had been playing with Fortune for his opponent. Should the bill of the Burnside and Hilsden Extension Railway pass triumphantly through Committee this afternoon, as he had fair reason to hope it would, then on the morrow the shares would go up like wildfire, and he might even yet be saved. The bill in question was only a very little bill in itself, but a furious battle was being waged over it by two great Companies, and to that fact it owed its importance as a speculative medium in the share market.

The original Burnside and Hilsden Railway was a short local line some thirty miles in length, connecting the two places in question, both of which were fourth-rate country towns of little importance either commercially or otherwise. A short branch of five miles connected the Burnside end of the line with the main line of the South Northern Railway, and thus opened up the world at large to a district which till then had been secluded among wild fells and desolate moors. It had been an article of faith with the promoters of the little line, and for years after it was opened, that some day the South Northern would feel impelled to buy it up—of course at a guaranteed percentage of interest—and assimilate it into its own huge system, as it had assimilated so many petty local lines already. But, so far, the big line had turned a deaf ear to the blandishments of its small neighbour, which, in prosperous years, had never succeeded in paying its shareholders more than an infinitesimal dividend, and in bad years had paid them nothing. So matters had seemed destined to go on for ever.

But one morning there appeared in the *Times* and other papers a lengthy prospectus of the proposed 'Burnside and Hilsden Extension Railway.' The world—or rather that section of it which interests itself in such matters—was struck with surprise. So carefully had the secret been kept, that the day before the prospectus appeared, the Burnside shares had been quoted at forty-five below par, which was the figure round which they had fluctuated, with only slight degrees of variability, for several years past. Now, however, they went up with a bound, till, in the course of a few days, they stood at par. Of course many would-be buyers found to their disgust that

there was nothing left for them to buy, a great proportion of the stock having been bought up by a certain clique who had been in the secret all along. After standing at par or thereabouts for a short time, the Burnside shares began to decline, and several of the more cautious school of speculators, content with the profit they had already netted, took alarm, and became as eager to sell as a little while ago they had been to buy; for the great East Western line, the most formidable of opponents, had announced its intention of fighting the proposed bill tooth and nail, and of throwing all the weight of its vast influence into the scale, in order to have it defeated in Committee. At the same time, it was well known that the South Northern would do all that lay in its power to promote the passage of the bill. It was to be a contest of giants.

Well might the East Western buckle on its armour for the forthcoming fray. What the audacious Extension Bill proposed to do was nothing less than, by means of tunnel and cutting, to pierce the wastes of high-swelling moorland which stretched far and wide at the back of Hilsden, and so, by effecting a junction with the main line of the East Western at a point some score miles further north, and obtaining running powers over it for the remainder of the distance, secure access to the great and fast-increasing manufacturing town of Bellhampton, of the carrying-trade of which the East Western had till now had nearly the sole monopoly. By means of this extension, the hitherto stagnant little Burnside and Hilsden line would become an important link in a new through-route to London and the south, albeit the route in question would be somewhat of a roundabout one.

Matthew Roding had bought heavily when the shares stood a trifle below par, in the full belief that the bill could scarcely fail to pass, in which case the shares would go up again faster than quicksilver after a storm.

All week had the battle been raging before a Parliamentary Committee, and to-day it was expected that the all-important decision would be given; therefore was it that Matthew Roding glanced often at the clock.

One after another the slow minutes dragged themselves away till four o'clock had come and gone. Then Matthew opened the door a little way and sat listening for the double knock which might come at any moment. It had been arranged that Grigson should telegraph from Westminster the moment the result was known, and follow up the message in person as quickly as possible.

At length the long-expected summons came. A moment later the telegram was brought him, but he forbore to open it till the servant had left the room. Then he tore it open with fingers that trembled like those of a man stricken with palsy. The message consisted of three words only, but three words that were pregnant with a terrible significance to him who read them—'Bill thrown out.' That was all, but it was enough. The telegram dropped from his nerveless fingers. He sank back in his chair, and pressed his hands to his heart, as though something were stifling him. His last reed was broken, his last hope strangled. Now that he knew the worst, now that he knew nothing could save him, the tension of his nerves,

which of late had goaded him almost to madness, suddenly gave way. A dull, lethargic apathy began to steal over him. Nothing could matter now; the blow had fallen; he had drunk the cup of bitterness to the dregs.

The afternoon waned and darkened; a servant came in with a lighted lamp and drew the curtains; but Matthew neither stirred nor looked up. Grigson had not yet arrived, but that mattered little; he wanted to listen to no details; the one huge, indisputable fact overshadowed all else. By-and-by there came a tap at the door, which, if Matthew Roding heard it, he did not heed; then the door was opened and Ruff Roding entered. After closing the door, he stood for a moment or two, as if in doubt, and then went slowly forward. Then Matthew looked up, and the eyes of father and son met. Never had Ruff been so shocked at anything as he was now at the changed appearance of his father, whom he had not seen for nearly two years. He felt a choking sensation in his throat, and he crushed back his rising tears as he drew near and held out his hand. 'Father, I heard to-day for the first time that you are in trouble,' he said. 'I have come to see whether I can be of any use to you.'

Matthew let his nerveless hand rest for a moment or two between the young man's warm palms; then he said: 'It's very kind of you to come, Ruff. Not that you can be of any use—nobody can be that—still, it's kind. But sit down, won't you? What a beastly day it is!' He evinced not the slightest surprise at his son's unexpected appearance. It may be that, for the time being, he had lost the faculty of feeling surprised at anything. He sat staring stonily into the fire, taking no further heed of his son's presence. Ruff was at a loss what to say or do; nevertheless, he determined to stay on, for there was a look in his father's face—the look of a hunted animal brought to bay and grown desperate—which rendered him vaguely uneasy. He wished Grandad were there; it seemed strange that he was not; but he had left the house some hours ago, and no one seemed to know when he would return.

'This has been a terrible business, Ruff,' said Matthew at length, rousing himself with a deep sigh, but without turning his gaze from the fire—'a terrible business from beginning to end. I'm glad the end has come. I think I shall sleep soundly to-night, which is more than I've done for the last three months.'

'Is there no hope—no possibility of escape from this dreadful tangle?'

'None,' answered his father laconically—'none.'

A minute later there came a ring at the front door, and presently Grigson came hurrying in. He stared at Ruff, whom he had never seen before, as though wondering who he was, and what had brought him there at such a time.

'You got my telegram, sir, informing you of the result?' he said. Mr Roding merely nodded assent. 'It came on most of us like a thunder-clap,' went on the young clerk, 'although, of course, after Merryfield's speech on the other side, which was certainly a masterpiece, some of us—'

'Spare me the details, Grigson,' broke in Mr Roding. 'The result is enough.—You know what it means, eh?' he added, turning sharply on him.

The latter looked very grave, but did not answer.

'It means ruin, Grigson—ruin absolute and irrevocable.'

'I'm deeply grieved to hear you say so, sir; but I sincerely trust matters are not quite so bad as that.'

'They could not be worse; that would be impossible.' So he spoke, little dreaming what a few hours would bring forth.

'I will not detain you now,' he continued after a short silence. 'But be here in good time in the morning. There are a lot of papers you and I must go through to-morrow.' He turned and held out his hand—a thing he had never done to Grigson before. The young man pressed it respectfully, bending over it a little as he did so; then, with a brief 'Good-night, sir,' he took up his hat and went.

'The Pater seems to set a lot of store by that fellow,' muttered Ruff under his breath; 'but, for all that, there's something in his face I don't half like. What shifty, flickering eyes he has; and what a cruel, white-lipped mouth, which his thin moustache only half serves to hide! I should like the job of painting his portrait. It seems to me that I could bring out on the canvas the hidden soul of the fellow after a fashion which might possibly startle some of his best friends.'

WILD TRIBES OF PATAGONIA.

By the ordinary inhabitants of Europe, a good deal remains to be learned regarding the Argentine Republic. Except by a few persons specially interested in the country, little is known concerning it, even by those of more than average intelligence. Seldom does its name occur in our newspaper columns; topographical accounts of it in ordinary geographical manuals are meagre, and often incorrect; while any reference to the country in common conversation brings out a blank look which indicates the absence of any well-defined ideas about the country or its inhabitants. Yet it is a country of great present interest and much prospective importance. Its geographical extent is enormous. Extending over nearly thirty-five degrees of latitude and twenty of longitude, it has an area of one million one hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles, or a superficies six times that of Germany, France, or Spain, and ten times that of Italy or Great Britain and Ireland. At the close of 1882, the population was estimated at three million twenty-six thousand, of whom three hundred and sixty-three thousand seven hundred and forty-five were foreigners, chiefly Italians, French, Spaniards, Germans, and English, the remainder being Argentines—a mixed race descended from early settlers—together with various tribes of wild Indians, to be found chiefly in the great territory of Patagonia.

The capabilities of the country are prodigious. Supposing the soil to possess, on the average, the same capacity for producing food, and the bowels of the earth to contain raw material wherewith to nourish industry equal to that of Germany—and its capabilities are really much

greater—there is still room enough for two hundred and seventy millions of additional population, who could live in greater comfort than the average inhabitant of the Old World. In its central latitudes, the climate of the Argentine Republic is comparable to the finest parts of Europe. It is milder in winter, but rather hotter in summer, than the climate of Italy. Nowhere in the country is it either completely continental or purely maritime; it is rather a medium between the two, and is of the character best adapted both for the health of man and the productiveness of the soil.

Patagonia, the southern portion of this great country, is a region of vast solitudes, thinly dotted with the huts of Indians, and pastured by wild animals, including the guanaco, the ostrich, and other useful creatures. It is a land of romance, much of it still unexplored, and affording scope for tales with any amount of poetic embellishment. Exploration of the country is progressing; and in occasional records of discovery is contained much valuable information. Among recent explorers, one of the most distinguished is Señor Ramon Lista, a member of the National Academy of Sciences in the Republic, who has lately published in the Spanish language, at Buenos Ayres, a volume containing some account of his discoveries.

Part of this interesting volume is occupied with a description of the Tehuelches, a tribe of Indians, noticed by former travellers, but really not known with any distinctness till the publication of this volume. Specimens of the confused and contradictory statements previously current are furnished by Señor Lista. On the subject of their stature the most opposite opinions have been published about the Tehuelches. Pigafetha long ago described them as giants, saying, 'these men are so large that our head scarcely reaches to their waist.' On the other hand, in the account of Magellan's voyage, published in 1557, the Patagonians are described as two or three handbreadths in height—a handbreadth extending from the end of the thumb to the tip of the little finger extended. In the voyage of Joire Loaisa (1525–1526), published by Oviedo, it is said 'the men are three handbreadths in height, and the women of equal stature.' In the account of Drake's voyage, published in 1578, the exaggerations of Pigafetha and Oviedo were for the first time contradicted; but Argensada, in his history of the conquest of the Moluccas, quoting the opinion of Sarmiento de Gamboa, in 1579, describes them as nine feet in height. No notice of their stature was given in the published accounts of the voyages of Cavendish, the inference from which is that nothing remarkable was observed. Richard Hawkins, in 1593, considered them to be real giants; and in 1599, Oliviero de Noart described them as men of lofty stature. Commodore Byron, who cruised in the Strait of Magellan, in 1764, with the ships *Dolphin* and *Tamar*, described the Patagonians as not only men of high stature but actual giants. In 1767, Captain Wallis, who likewise passed the Strait, saw those 'giants,' but said the majority of them were scarcely five feet six inches in height. The naturalist D'Orbigny, who took some measurements among the Indians of the Rio Negro, has placed their average height

at five feet nine inches. The explorer Musters makes them six feet high. The two last-named authors are considered by Lista to have come nearest the truth. Seven of the Tehuelches, whom he had personally measured, gave an average of six feet two inches. The Indian Hawke measured little more than six feet three inches, and was the tallest man known to him. The chief Orkeke measured more or less about the same. The women are not so tall as the men; but their exact measurement he could not give, as they would not allow it to be taken. The Tehuelches, therefore, are regarded by Señor Lista as the tallest men in the world. They are often strong, with feet comparatively small, thick heads, hair black and long, eyes black, large, and a little oblique, as among the Chinese and the Kassequers; the face oval, the forehead convex, the nose aquiline, the mouth large, and the lips thick.

Among Indians without any mixture of European blood, it is not rare to see the upper teeth worn to the root through mastication; but they are almost never decayed. This is one of their most remarkable ethnological characteristics, and is common to nearly all races of indigenous Americans. The same feature has been observed in the prehistoric skulls of Minnanes, Puelches, and Tehuelches, in Señor Lista's anthropological collection. This phenomenon has engaged the attention of naturalists, but no rational explanation has been obtained. The distinguished naturalist, Dr Lacerda, observed the perfection of teeth and the absence of decay in races indigenous to Brazil. Among a multitude of skulls which form the collection in the museum of Buenos Ayres, only one has been observed with any appearance of decay, which had resulted in perforation in an upper tooth. This cannot be explained by the nature or quality of the food consumed; and it is all the more extraordinary because the partial destruction of the upper teeth would naturally predispose to the decay of those below.

The colour of the Tehuelches varies in different individuals. Indians of pure race have a blackish olive colour, which becomes more marked with the advance of years. In mixed breeds, there is observable a colour more clear, and like that of a European. This was conspicuous in a chief called Csom Chingan, who described himself as the son of an Indian woman and an inhabitant of Carmen of Patagonia. Csom Chingan measures about six feet, and prides himself on having a very little moustache, which Indians in general have not, having only a growth of down on the upper lip.

The men are generally strong, and sometimes graceful; the women are robust, gracious, and of beautiful form; but, with advancing years, they become positively ugly in appearance. There is never seen among these Indians any one crooked, handless, or a cripple.

The Tehuelches are very indolent about the necessities of life, but display much activity in connection with their pleasures, especially dancing, gambling, and drinking. Dancing is with them an important occupation, to which they resort in all the principal events of life. The passion for play is very great. After a fit of drunkenness, they will sit round the fire and play for their horses, their dogs, and even their arms.

The dress of these Indians is very peculiar. The clothes of the men consist of a *chiripá*, made of cotton or woollen, a plaid of guanaco skin, and sometimes a shirt, with loose drawers half a yard wide at the foot, which they buy at Pinta Arena, or in Carmen of Patagonia. They wear likewise a waistband decorated with silver, and a head-dress and boots made of horse-skin. The women usually wear a gown of woollen or cotton, without sleeves, which covers them from the shoulders to the ankles. At the top of this, in all seasons, is a cape of skin or of woollen cloth, which the rich women secure across the chest with a silver pin of ten or twelve centimetres in length. The other objects of decoration which make up the feminine dress consist of shining beads, hats made of straw, and silver earrings, which are worn likewise by men and boys. Both men and women paint their faces and their arms with ochre, sometimes black, which is said to protect the skin best from the solar rays and the dryness of the atmosphere; but chiefly red, which is most easily obtained.

The Tehuelches have a distinct language, which does not appear to have altered much for at least a century. Any little changes observable have arisen either from the change of conditions incident to all languages, from the sound of words as presented to the ear, or from the nationality of each traveller who took note of the language. They have no system of writing, and their traditions are very confused. Some old people say that in remote times their tribes consisted of many thousands; but a great deluge which covered the whole low lands had caused the destruction of multitudes, and the few who remained saved themselves by ascending the higher grounds. This tradition is interesting, referring, as it obviously does, though vaguely, to a great flood which has at one time destroyed a great part of the existing fauna. They have no religious symbols or ceremonies; but the custom of burying the dead in the position occupied by infants at the maternal bosom is thought to imply a belief in the dogma of the resurrection. They believe in the existence of a malignant spirit called *Walichu*, who alone causes all infirmities and misfortunes, and against whom they try to fortify themselves by means of sorcery. The 'Chouka Doctor,' to whom they resort, employs, for the alleviation of infirmities, certain vegetable remedies; but when these are not efficacious, efforts are directed to exorcise the evil spirit. With this object in view, they assemble the men and women of the tribe; then they shout and strike the tent where the sick person is, with the design, apparently, to frighten away the evil spirit. Sometimes the parents or friends of the patient leap on horseback and gallop off at full speed, by which means they assure themselves that the *Walichu* is left far behind.

The marriage ceremony among the Tehuelches is very simple: when a young man wishes to marry, and has in view any desirable young woman, he decorates his person with his finest clothes and with the best ornaments in his possession. Thus arrayed, he seeks an interview with the father, mother, or other nearest relatives of the damsel, to whom he offers some dogs or articles made of silver. Should his presents be accepted, the marriage is arranged and concluded. The newly married couple now live under the

same tent, where a ball is given on the day after the marriage. When night comes, the feast is concluded with a general round of drinking, if sufficient alcohol can be obtained.

Both men and women among the Tehuelches are great smokers. The pipes are made of wood, or stone, generally with silver or copper tubes, and are made by the people themselves.

Though indolent in habit, they are great hunters, and have numerous packs of mongrel greyhounds, the usefulness of which is so much appreciated, that for a young and swift dog they will pay as much as sixty dollars (twelve pounds), which may be in silver or in estimated articles, such as feathers or rugs of guanaco skin. When these Indians are not occupied with the chase or in breaking horses, they pass the time in lying with their faces downward, or in making saddles, boleadoras, and whips, or spurs, which they make of hard wood.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ANCIENT SYBARIS.

ALL lovers of classic archaeology will be pleased to learn that the Italian government has decided upon granting funds for the exploration and examination, by carefully conducted excavations, of the site of the ancient and interesting city of Sybaris, which, as is commonly believed, owed its ultimate decay and downfall to the excessive luxury of its citizens. They were once a really brave and warlike people, but degenerated into such effeminacy that they fell an easy prey to the inhabitants of the sister-town, Croton, the city of Pythagoras, by whom they were conquered, and the city utterly destroyed (B.C. 510) by turning the waters of the river Crathis so that they flowed over and covered the site. The city was situated in Lucania, in Italy, at the mouth of the river, on the Bay of Tarentum, the present Taranto, and was founded by a colony of Achæans. It soon became rich and powerful, and at one period had the command of four adjacent nations, of twenty-five important towns, and also of an army of three hundred thousand men. The circuit of the city walls is said to have been nearly seven miles in extent, and the immense suburbs covered a space of eight miles along the banks of the Crathis. Though often destroyed, Sybaris always seemed to have the power of rising from her ruins, to be rebuilt, and to become as powerful as ever, until finally destroyed by the Crotonians. The site of the ancient city having been determined by the French archaeologist M. Lenormant, no difficulty will arise on that head, and the excavations will be commenced shortly. A vast layer of earth, many feet in thickness, has accumulated over the ruins of Sybaris during the space of nearly two thousand four hundred years which have elapsed since its final destruction; and it is believed that the exploration of this mound of earth will be rewarded by the discovery of many objects of great interest, which perhaps may help to give a vivid picture of Hellenic manners, customs, and home-life at that far-off period. The site of the remains is situated near the railway station of Buffaloria, in the valley through which the river Crati now runs, and close to the town of Cassano,

situated on the western side of the Gulf of Taranto. The reports of the excavations will be anxiously looked for by all who feel an interest in this remarkable exploration, and it is to be hoped that the work will be carried out with energy.

AN ECONOMICAL STEAM-BOILER.

The announcement in the *Times* that a new steam-boiler had been patented, the use of which would effect an economy of upwards of forty per cent. in the consumption of coal, has been followed by the exhibition at Millwall of a new furnace and steam-generator, for which its inventor, Mr T. Lishman, claims even more surprising results. Its chief features appear to be the total consumption of smoke, and the utilisation of the heat produced to the utmost possible extent before the gases are allowed to escape. A large number of gentlemen connected with shipping, engineering, and manufactures attended the inspection; and at a subsequent gathering, at which Mr J. C. Wakefield, of the firm of Inglis and Wakefield, Glasgow, presided, Mr Lishman explained the details of his invention, and stated that it had been practically tested at Sir William Armstrong's Elswick works and elsewhere, in comparison with the ordinary steam-boiler; and with a smaller consumption of fuel, had evaporated fourteen and three-quarter pounds of water for each pound of fuel consumed, as against an evaporation of eight pounds in the ordinary boiler. The general result of the tests was to show that the new apparatus would effect a saving of from fifty to seventy-five per cent. in the consumption of fuel, while its complete combustion of smoke would render chimney-shafts unnecessary. It is intended to fit up one of the generators in Messrs Inglis and Wakefield's works, and its practical working will be watched with the greatest interest.

THE HEART SHALL FIND ITS EDEN YET.

FULL many a day which darkly dawns
And shadows forth a world of cares,
With sudden light grows clear and bright,
And Noon a sun-gold crownlet wears,
Thus shall it be with eyes tear-wet,
The heart shall find its Eden yet.

Come shine or shade, come joy or woe,
To cheer or sadden fleeting hours,
A little while and life shall smile,
And all the earth be decked with flowers.

For all who on this weeping earth
Grow old beneath the toil and pain,
At night or noon, or late or soon,
Shall find the heart grow young again.

The brightest hours are still to come,
The fairest days, the noblest years;
For shining skies and sunny eyes
Shall bid a long farewell to tears:
Through Love's bright gates wide open set,
The heart shall find its Eden yet.

DAVID R. AITKEN.

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AFTER THE CALM.

As the mist deepens day by day, less diaphanous in the mornings, and the hills are hidden, a wondrous silence everywhere—a change is going on, like a stream rising imperceptibly. There is a fresh touch of crispness in the air at nights; and occasionally, if you look towards the north-west, you can feel a passing breath on your face, as if some one had breathed upon it. Very late in the evenings, listening intently, there is a far-off sound, a moaning in the pines before the coming storm. A gentle movement in the ivy ruffles every shining leaf, but only for a moment ere it has gone. Presently, there comes another rush, more violent than the last—a shower of leaves flutter in the air, a boom across the valley resembling a rushing wind in the sea-caves, a dash of cold spray upon the casement—then silence deep, insensate as the grave. In your troubled dreams you seem to hear the uneven din of conflict, the hollow thud of mighty rain; and, as morning struggles through, the mists have rolled away, a drenching, blinding rain obscures the distant hills, the forest has rocked before the gale—the Equinox has come.

Under the dripping hedgerows next the covert side, a running stream fills every ditch, where the sodden leaves lie thickening before the wind, as they come down in whirling showers from the elms, bare at the summit now, like a ship half dismantled of her swelling canvas. On the sloping lawn, but yesterday hard and smooth, small heaps of earth arise where the worms have been at work; countless leaves wedged in tiny crevices, as if they had been planted there, seem to disappear before the observer's eye, drawn down into a million subterranean passages, to fertilise next spring's pasture. Every infinitesimal mound thrown up round the bare roots of the sward comes up to make a top-dressing, more nutritious than the most life-giving manure, acting at the same time as a drain. Without a sound or semblance of life visible, millions of earthworms in this out-pasture toil on night and day, draining

and fructifying, without fee or reward, changing every spring and autumn the character of the soil; drawing down in leaves and decaying vegetation the richest plant-food, and exuding a wealth of matter such as no science can supply. And all this infinite and necessary labour accomplished unseen, unaided, save by that instinct granted so mercifully by the great Architect himself.

Are there voices in the gale, or is it that 'the sightless couriers of the air' fan the sleeping flame of imagination? There is a steady roar in the great wood, changed almost out of recognition since yesterday, like the din of some great conflict, an angry boom high up in the rocking branches beaten by the rain. There is no doubt of this majestic wrath, something awe-inspiring, almost terrible, in its belching thunder. It comes rushing past overhead with a swift motion, as of an aerial squadron of cavalry sweeping on to a solid phalanx of expectant soldiery; the sharp shrill screams might pass for a flight of bullets whirling by. But if there be no hidden message in the wind, we can read something in the hoarse trumpet-calls—the victory of the gale in the fight, renewed with the red rising of the sun; a triumph over nature. First the leaves turn to glowing colours, then fall, and reveal branches bare, like a useless fleet of ships in dock. We can read in the dismal moan the tale of leaden skies, where the heavenly sluices are drawn up to the deluge; of long bleak nights under the cold moon; of the wind whistling mournfully outside the casements, and the great wood lying under a white pall. Day by day the issue of the conflict becomes clearer, till the final consummation is attained. There is something inexpressibly sad in the last shower of falling leaves, the last wild wheel of the swallow as he poises his flashing wings, and turns his sunny back to cold northern skies and the mad north-western gale.

The deep red fallow, where only yesterday the dry clods ground under foot like powder, holds rain-water in the hollows; the plough has been dragged out from its bed of nettles and dock-leaves under the hedge, its share pointed to the

furrows. Guiding the handles, a stalwart countryman lounges along, with many a blithe whistle and droning admonition to his team, tearing up the earth into long even ridges, thrown over smoothly, as if cut by a knife. Close behind, in grave procession, a colony of rooks follows, making little noise, for this is a strictly business matter with them, and the feeding is rich and varied. The sheep-dog, following the furrows, turns occasionally and scatters these sable visitors, till they rise and wheel in wide gyrations, with tail feathers spread, bearing up against the wind. They do not rise with a swift, sudden motion—no rook ever does—but hop solemnly three times before their pinions bear them upwards. There is an angry chatter borne down the breast of the gale; they drop down again one by one in a long string, following up the plough. The ploughman holds the guiding lines upon the handles of his plough, as he heels over against the stubble, much as a cyclist sways with his machine round a sharp curve. There are furrows at equal distances to check the evenness, straight as an arrow from hedge to hedge—marvellously true.

Suddenly, in the din and roar, a quick flash of light breaks through the clouds in the north-west, a brilliant ray of sunshine, as every cloud seems to melt away into an imperial blue. A great silence falls; you can hear the wind moaning away in the deepening distance; the forest trees no longer rock in the cradle of the gale—the leaves alone tremble and murmur. As the light shines down from above, every one of them seems transparent, a pale, yellow, reluctant glow faintly tinged with pink; the eating chestnut a deeper brown; the Spanish chestnut more opalescent. Between two belts of larch, the trunks shining like silver, is a long stretch of bracken, breast high, and tinted with a wild array of fantastic colouring; some of the fronds a golden yellow, splashed with red, and mottled in the greater leaves; another spray a faint cream, again with the subtle presence of pink, a tint which is more suggested to the mind than seen. Looking down the opening, filled with this soft nebulous fire, the eye is conscious of a thousand gradations of mordant emblazoning. Perhaps there are actually but three at most to which art could give a name, though in this distemper, this carnival of gorgeous staining, a practical analysis of dyes could see nothing but a poor achromatism; but it comes, meteoric to the eye, as the most brilliant dyes come from the blackest coal-tar. It is a self-luminosity, a phosphorescent glow, the clearer for the rain and sunshine. Over it the ash-wands arise, and round them a delicate tracery of brambles; dogrose with dull red berries, a faint bloom upon them, in contrast to the wild-grape fruit, glowing out of their golden setting like a priceless carbuncle. Here, underneath, is a graceful weed with a long stem, milky white upon the one side, purple on the other, with leaves shaped like a rose; a washed-out cream, opal blue on the edges, and barred in every delicate vein with the bloomy blue of an Orleans plum; only a wild woodland weed, to which one cannot give a name; yet the dew and rain and morning sun have beautified it as if it had been some priceless flower. It is like walking through a glowing furnace, a painless fire filled round and overhead with autumn gold; every flicker of the leaves a lambent flame, every

bending wand an ignis-fatuus, an aurora of its own creation; a yellow furnace with the cardinal colours in the fire, a faint rubescence rubifying to the eyes, mantling and changing in its wondrous phantasmagoria. Words fail, while the senses are lifted up and glorified.

But the fresh-born silence is rudely broken by the tramp of many feet, a wild hollo, and strange calls as the beaters force their way through the dense undergrowth. Almost at their feet, a brilliant meteor arises, and with a peculiar corkscrew flight, whirls over the oaks to the drives where the guns are standing. Down the wind he comes, with drum and whistle; a hidden voice cries 'Maark!' as he flashes over the brief opening; bang! go the guns, and down straight pitches the beautiful bird, crash into a thicket, followed by the dogs. The old retriever has him. See how gently he takes the quarry in his mouth, with just one upward toss of his curly black head, to carry the bonny cock on the balance, so that not so much as a feather shall be disarranged. Down at our feet he lays him on the grass, a last year's bird in full plumage, as the tuft of saffron feathers, the wiry feathers above the tail, denote. What a radiant sheen is upon his neck, a bronze gold shading down the throat to a gorgeous purple, with the scarlet plush under the eyes. The woods are lofty here, and every bird clears them a veritable 'rocketer' as they cross the line of fire in quick succession, amidst a constant fusilade from the guns, and strange cries from the beaters as they call to one another. But, fast as they come, the keenest shot in the country would be no match for most of them, for the sight is wonderfully short and the birds are high overhead. Presently, a lull comes, and looking down the drive, you may see a rabbit skip across, jumping as he reaches the open; and a frightened blackbird, with his shrill piping scream, standing out with his peculiar flirt of the tail and rapid dropping of the wings, which always denotes alarm in the 'stormcock,' as the village hinds call him. An old dog-fox, with a white tag to his brush, slinks across the drive stealthily, the very embodiment of vulpine grace, though his fur is wet and dragged, and the clay on his pads shows signs of a long marauding excursion. Like a snake in the grass comes a stoat, crawling close to the herbage—never, as is his wont, showing more of his lithe, long frame than is necessary for locomotion.

Since I stood, gun in hand, in this same spot a week ago, I note a wondrous change. There is a wild crab tree hard in front, against an ash sapling. Seven days since, the fruit was green and hard; the ash sapling a mass of leaves; now the apples peer down from the branches a ruddy red; the ash bears upon its poles but a scant handful of yellow mottled foliage. Since my last visit, the birds, driven in from the stubbles, have commenced to eat the berries. Here is a bush of wild-rose—not the pink-flushed rose with the yellow centre, but the white variety, with the smooth black stem, which blooms in July—though, strangely enough, the haws are wont to open sooner than that of the fairer and more delicate sister-flower. The haws are smaller, but dead ripe now; and on the bush opposite, every shining berry has been scooped out, only leaving the husk. Close

alongside is an ordinary dogrose bramble, the haws much larger, but as yet untouched; and if you gather one, you will note that on the underside they are still pale yellow. Looking closely at the brier, they would appear to be uniformly red; it is only on the under side next the ground that the yellow gleam can be seen. But the birds know. A little to the right is a thorn-tree, its leaves burnt a deep brown; a vivid mass of berries, so that they seem to weigh down the branches. In a somewhat observant life, spent for the most part by mead and stream, and never for very long beyond 'the babble o' green fields,' I have never seen the berries as they are this year. The village hind by my side, with the recollection of more than one hard, cruel winter before him, sighs as I point out this profusion, and prophesies another winter like the last. 'When the A'mighty sends all them hips [berries], it ain't for nout,' he says. 'The birds do know. See how the starlings begin to forgather o' mornings. Did ye ever know them so early afore?' That God sent the berries to feed his feathered choir, and that, according to the berries, so will the winter be, my companion firmly believes. Perhaps he is right; his faith is not far wrong. He has a simple west-country face, and a clear ruminative eye; it is only when he walks that you see what a cripple he is from the hereditary rheumatism, perhaps accelerated by the cider he drinks in such quantities. Even the boys beating in the woods, fine healthy lads all of them, begin to show, by the stiffness in their knees, that the old curse is upon them. Truly, it is wonderful with what patience, hardship and want and pain can be borne by our labourer of the fields without complaint, and what a little it takes to gladden his simple soul.

We beat the woods in transverse sections, working higher as we do so, till we reach the summit. The brightness of the afternoon holds good, though, occasionally, a long gust of wind tears over the oaks above. Before and behind, all round, can be heard a constant fire from the guns, as if an enemy's skirmishers had invaded the thickets: in one sheltered corner a dog sits up with lolling tongue and panting sides; close by, an empty stone jar against a huddled heap of shining plumage, the silver fur of the rabbits, no longer a warm brown, and the opal tints of the wood-pigeons. Up on the summit is an open field of turnips, which we cross in a serried line, driving the pheasants before us towards a dark belt of pines, where there is a mournful murmur, though the blazing woods lie peacefully still. As the line wheels round, facing downwards, there presents itself such a smiling panorama as is seldom seen. Right in front, belted on three sides by the forest, lies a noble house with down-trending lawns; behind, hills rise; and away in the uttermost distance, a sharp craggy peak—a misty glimpse of the Cleve Hills; sharp to the left, the Black Mountains, ridged and furrowed with white lines, which lines are nothing else but snow. Along the centre of the range, a storm is raging—a heavy white cloud, black as ink at the base, as it sweeps grandly along; before it is a dark shadow; behind, following in its track, the sun lightens crag

after crag, even to the valley below us, as the shadows pass across the open champaign. Far to the right rise the Malvern range; and apparently almost at their feet, so deceptive is distance, the cathedral tower and church pinnacles of Hereford shoot up like gray needles in the clear air. The pines murmur behind; the light beyond shines dimly through the purple haze there always is in the pinewoods, where the ground ashes and underwood are cut, and piles of fagots stand; where we walk upon sweet, fresh, smelling cones, and woodchips ankle deep. A fragment from the great storm upon the mountains yonder has been torn away, and come rushing across the valley, blotting out wood and pasture, where the dogs are driving the sheep home, and the distant ploughmen crawl like pigmies. Overhead, the firs toss and moan; a touch of sleet strikes coldly on the face, and everything is lost in the drenching blast. Presently, the light struggles through again, the thunder of the rain ceases, and the colours seem to have brightened, as under a new varnish marvellously prepared.

In these pinewoods, filled with the blue haze, trunks where the trees have once been 'felled,' have rotted, and thrown up a new vegetable growth—giant fungi with a covering like leather in toughness and texture, some of them soft to the touch and large as a lady's umbrella; others with a fibre strong enough to resist a stout blow. They are much finer in quality than those grown in the open, but they derive no warmth from the sunshine, so they lack the belted zones and vividness of colour peculiar to their fellows of the fields. In the semi-darkness, the birds fly over our heads untouched—there is no light to shoot. From the boundary-line of the firs, down nearly a quarter of a mile below, is a natural avenue, formed of hazel wands and trailing verdure; a green alley, filled with a dim semi-tone of refracted light, almost like a visible darkness. Against this is the outer boundary of the woods, where we take our stand in an orchard for a final battue. Here, by reason of its being a shaded hollow, perhaps, the grass is green; the apple boughs still lie under their russet coat; the fruit gleams gold and waxen, streaked and varnished red against the background. Some fern-leaves, the fronds hardly yet uncurred, peer out of the hedgerows; a late harebell or two, and some blue dog-violets without smell or fragrance. Against the wood, a belt of gleaming holly shines, every leaf lustrous, a prodigal waste of berries like points of sealing-wax against the everlasting though sombre green. It is getting dark now; there is a salmon-hued flush in the west, where the sun shines over the dismantled tree-tops; but the loud whirr of pinions tells us where the birds are, as they slide out of cover into the open on wings of wind. There is a quivering hum in the air, the hollow grate a pheasant's wings will make as they come sailing over one by one; a quick bang, bang, bang! in this warm corner, a puff of feathers falling like coloured snow, till, presently, a beater's head appears behind the hollies, and the last untouched bird goes humming, with his whistle going, across the apple trees. A few pigeons wheel in and out; a few more shots are fired; the keeper's whistle sounds by the woodman's cottage, answered by many

shrill signals; the dogs throw themselves upon their haunches; one by one we fall in together. A goodly heap of slain—twenty brace of pheasants, a half-score of rabbits, and a leash of pigeons; and as yet the burnt foliage is on the trees, the oaks are thick with leaves, and the larches form a cover almost impenetrable. Velveteens is satisfied.

As night drops upon us like a pall, there is no mist coming up from the east as the sea-fog rolls in with the tide; no promise of hazy mornings any more, with the sun-tinted mirage of the afternoons. The wind dies in short puffs; a keen shrewd air blowing the haze away, and disclosing, with a gradually increasing complement, a million frosty stars. You can feel the frost upon cheek and brow; but no man should venture to say what of the morrow, for it might vary from one more touch of Indian summer, a day of infinite calm in the blazing woods, and sunshine in the hollows; or, again, there might be the thundering blast of the morning, with the sheeted rain like a liquid wall on the fallows, and the gulls driven landward from the sea. Then shall the conflagration of the woods have burnt to the last fibre, and the red flush die to ashes, the sombre livery of a turgid December gray. But to-day they burn with a luminous shine; and the apple-racks are waiting for the ripening fruit. But a nation has died in a day before this, and nature only dies for a season; so long as her forehead is wreathed with the grape, and her face ruddy with harvest promise, we care not to see the yellow rottenness of the side which faces farthest from the generous sun.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER LVII.—THE FOUNDATION.

RICHARD CABLE scarcely slept all night. He thought of many things. He thought of what he had seen and overheard at Pentargon. He saw in the darkness the arms of his child round the neck, interlaced with the hair, of Josephine, her head tied up in his blue, white-spotted kerchief, lying on her shoulder, looking up into the pale face of her nurse, with a soul of love and forgiveness streaming out of those blue eyes. But he thought of something beside—of the plan he had made for Mary; and he was by no means sure that she would be well content with the arrangement. One circumstance had, however, occurred to make his way easier. When a young man has been refused, his self-love receives a wound more severe than his heart, and he is then impelled to do some act which will retrieve his lost self-respect. A man who has been refused, or jilted, is ready to propose to the next girl he sees; and no sooner was Walter Penrose aware that his suit for Mary Cable was unacceptable, than he offered himself to Sarah Jones. He did not care particularly for Sarah; but he did not choose to have it thought in the place that he was a rejected lover; and he did not choose

that the Cables should consider him as inconsolable. As this engagement was hurried, the wedding was also hurried; Sarah Jones had no desire to let Walter slip through her fingers by delay, and Walter wished to have his fate settled irrevocably as speedily as possible, out of defiance to the Cables, who had slighted his pretensions.

After breakfast one morning, Richard Cable said to Mary: 'Child, when you have cleared away, come to me into the summer-house; I have a word to say to you of some importance.'

'Father, I hear the bishop arrives to-morrow.'

'Yes; but I am not going to speak to you about the bishop.'

'And the confirmation is on Friday.'

'Yes; I suppose so; but that is not the matter.'

He saw her and Martha exchange looks. Martha put up her lip and looked sulky. Martha had inherited her father's stubbornness. She and Mary clung to each other, as the twins who intervened between Mary and her were fast friends and inseparable. Martha looked up to Mary with passionate love, regarded her as the most beautiful and perfect girl in the world; fought her battles, resented every slight shown her, or supposed slight, as she would bridle with pride and pleasure at every acknowledgment of her sister's excellence.

Cable went to his summer-house and smoked a pipe. Before he had finished it, he heard a timid foot on the gravel, and in another moment Mary stood in the open door.

'Come in,' said Cable.—'What is the matter? Upset because you have broken a plate? Bah! Fourpence will set that to rights.—Come inside, Mary dear; I must have a serious word with you.'

She entered, trembling, and with changing colour, changing as fast as the flushes in the evening clouds. Tears sparkled on her eyelashes, as raindrops on fern-leaves in the hedges at morn.

'What is the matter, child? Why are you frightened? Your father will never do anything to displease you. You can rely on that. His whole care is for your happiness, and it is for your happiness that he is now arranging.'

She raised her blue eyes; they were swimming with tears, so full of tears that he could not read through the watery veil what they said. He could not say for a moment any more. His pipe did not draw as it should; he unscrewed it and blew through the nozzle. His blood throbbed in his temples. He was vexed with his mother because she had refused to speak to Mary about his purpose, and relieve him of the irksome obligation. 'Mary,' he said, after a long pause, during which she stood before him with folded hands and lowered eyes—'Mary, I suppose you have formed a rough guess what my business is with you?'

She made no answer with her lips. Had he looked up, he might have read the reply in the pain-twitching lips of his child and in her shifting colour.

'Can you give a guess at what I have to say?'

Then she held up her head, looked full through her tears in her father's face, and answered: 'Yes,

dear father, I know—I can guess what you want to—say. But—O father! father dearest—spare me this time—do not say it.

'Spare you this time?' echoed Cable. 'What is the meaning of these words? When have I not been considerate and kind to you—to you above the rest?'

No answer.

He waited; but as he received no reply, without looking in her face, he began again: 'Mary.'

'Father,' she said, 'let me'— But her voice failed her, and she put her hands over her eyes.

'You do not know what is good for you, my child,' he said. 'You are indeed still very young, scarcely eighteen, and yet— But never mind; your mother was married early. If I have doubted for a moment whether I acted rightly on a former occasion, my doubts have vanished to-day. That young fellow, who once took a fancy to you, is now— Hark!'

At that moment the bells of the parish church began a glad peal. The wedding service was over that united Walter Penrose with Sarah Jones, and the ringers were sending the welcome from the church tower.

Then Mary raised her hands, clasped them over her head, uttering a piercing cry, and sank at her father's feet: 'Father! O my father! you have killed me!'

Cable caught her, and tried to raise her; but she twisted herself from his hands, and on her knees staggered round the summer-house, clasping her ears, to shut out the reverberation of the wedding bells.

Cable went after her; he caught her in his arms and held her; but she slipped down on the floor again and lay her length on it, beating the floor with her head, as one mad, and then scrambling up on her knees and throwing herself in a heap in the corner. 'O father! my father!' she cried, 'this is your doing! Walter does not love any one but me; and I—I love, and can love none other. I shall never, never marry now! You have made me miserable—you have broken my heart.'

Richard Cable was as a man turned to stone. He could not speak; he tried, but his voice failed. He put his hand to his brow, and a deep groan escaped his breast. All at once he stood up; he could not breathe in the summer-house. He was stunned by the reverberation of those St Kerian bells, beating in upon his brain, from all the eight sides of his wooden house. He left Mary kneeling on the ground; he rushed forth. He opened his gate and hobbled down the road. He could not bear to face his children. He did not feel the ground under his feet; he was like a dreamer, falling, falling, touching nothing. The birds sang in the bushes, the holly leaves reflected the sun from their shining leaves on the hedge. Everything swam about him. He could not run because of his thigh, and he had not his stick, so he went painfully, lurching like a drunken man. He had pierced his best loved daughter's heart; he had robbed her of her happiness, alienated her from him for ever—he had laid the foundation in his first-born.

Whither was he going? He did not know himself. He wanted to be away from Red Windows, somewhere out of the sound of Mary's

sobs, away from the reproachful eyes of her sisters; somewhere where he might be alone in his misery. There was one spot to which instinctively he gravitated—the old cob cottage. He did not consider that it had been given up to Josephine, or if he thought of that, he remembered she was away, and that, though she dwelt in it, it was now vacant. He did not rest till he reached it. The key was kept in the same secret place, the hole in the thatch, and when he put his hand there, he found the key. He opened the door and went in. He did not look about him; he saw the old armchair in the old place, and the table and the seven stools. The hearth was cold; the room was still, only a few flies humming in it. There were a few trifles that belonged to Josephine on the chimney-shelf and on the table; and to a crook in the ceiling hung a bunch of pink everlastings, head downward. He threw himself into the old chair and folded his arms on his knees, and laid his head on his arms and wept.

How long he sat there he did not know; thoughts hot as molten metal flowed white and glaring through his brain. Had he been happy in Red Windows? Was he not more miserable in his wealth than he had been in his poverty? What had his money done for him but steal his children's hearts from him, and seal up his perception of what was for their welfare? There, round the table, were the stools of his children, on which they had sat as little things and eaten their frugal meals. How much better they had tasted seasoned with love, than the richer repasts at Red Windows strewn with verjuice.

Those bells! Those wedding bells were still ringing! Oh, what a happy day for him, had they rung for Mary's wedding! How content he might have been with her down in St Kerian, near the smithy. Then every day he would have strolled into the village to see her and talk with the smith, his son-in-law. Now that was over. Mary's heart was broken. The bright future of the dearest being he loved had been dashed to pieces by his hand. Could she ever forgive him—him who had spoiled her entire future, blighted her whole life? How could he live in the same house with her whose happiness he had wrecked?

Then he remembered what he had witnessed on the cliff behind the *Magpie*—he saw again the little head bound up in his blue kerchief, resting on Josephine's shoulder, looking up into her face, and saying: 'I am glad it was you, and I love you a thousand times better!'

O wondrous beauty of forgiveness! St Luke's summer in the moral world, when a soft glory illumines the fading leaves and drooping vegetation, and makes the touch of decay and death seem the touch of perfect loveliness.

What was the worm at the root of all Cable's happiness, that which had robbed all his successes of satisfaction? Was it not the bitterness with which he had thought of Josephine, the savage determination with which he had stamped out every spark of relenting love that had for a moment twinkled in his gloomy heart?

As he thus thought, he groaned. Then, suddenly, he was roused and touched by a hand. He looked up, bewildered. Jacob Corye the inn-keeper stood before him with agitated, mottled face.

'You've heard it? It is true! We are all done for.'

Cable could not collect his senses at first.

'I came over at once, the moment the news reached me. I went up to Red Windows. Then I heard you had gone down lane. Some one saw you come on here. I followed.—Is it true? Tell me what you have heard. My God! this is frightful!'

'I do not understand you.'

'The Duchy Bank has failed—stopped payment. I had three thousand five hundred pounds in it. And you?'—

'Everything,' answered Cable.

'Just heard it. Could hardly believe it. I came over here. It is a frightful loss to me. Three thousand five hundred pounds! Why, I can never start the *Champagne Air Hotel*.'

'It is my ruin,' said Cable. 'I owe money for Red Windows, and I have put my savings into shares in the bank as portions for my girls.' He put his hands over his brow and laughed fiercely. 'Naked came I into the world, and naked I shall go out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; but I cannot and I will not say, Blessed be the name of the Lord.'

'Three thousand five hundred pounds!' groaned Corye. 'That takes pints of blood out of one's veins.'

'I am bled to death,' said Cable.

'Look here! What will become of Red Windows?'

'It will be sold over my head. I have not paid off; and I am a shareholder.'

'You have everything in the bank?'

'Every penny.'

'Look here, Uncle Dick,' said Corye. 'Under these circumstances, we must give up the *Champagne Air Hotel*.'

'Yes.'

'And we must think no more of mating my Joshua and your Mary.'

'That is past,' said Cable.

'Three thousand five hundred pounds!' groaned Jacob.—'Well, I pity you. I can feel. I am cruel badly bitten.' Then he went away.

Richard Cable remained in the same position and in the same place. He did not return to Red Windows for his dinner. He sat, stunned with despair, rocking himself in his armchair, looking upon the white ashes of his first life, and the ashes of his second life. His first ambition had been realised, and had turned to dust when he grasped it. The second had been realised, and had failed him also. What was done could not be undone. He must return with his daughters to the poor cob cottage. The wealth was gone as a dream—not a happy dream—a dream of disappointed ambition, of pride unsatisfied. It would have been better for him and his children if he had never left his stone-breaking, never separated himself from them. That episode of prosperity, like the episode of marriage with Josephine, had done nothing for him except unfit him for the life he had been accustomed to lead. He felt inclined in his misery to take his stone-breaker's hammer and break his daughters' hearts with it, one after another, and then die himself. Red Windows must be abandoned, and they must all accommodate themselves as best they could to the cottage, and cultivate again

the three-cornered garden; and he must go along his rounds with the van of calves and droves of young stock, rebuilding slowly his broken-down fortune.

'Cursed be the day,' muttered Cable, 'that ever I dreamed that daring dream!'

His head was burning. He could not weep now; his eyes were fireballs. The fountain of tears in his heart was dry as an old cistern, and nothing lay at the bottom but grit and canker. One thing that embittered his misfortune most of all to him was the thought of how the St Kerian folk, whom he had held aloof from, would rejoice over his misfortune. Those who had most fawned on him in his prosperity would now turn their heel upon him. How Penrose the blacksmith that day would laugh over his ill-luck, and bless his stars that his Walter had escaped union with one whom misfortune followed! How Tregurtha, from whom he had purchased Summerleaze, would rub his hands, and vow that the day had now come which he had long foretold, when Uncle Dick's pride would be brought low!

Then the strength of Richard Cable's character began to manifest itself again, as these galling visions presented themselves before him. It was true that he was a ruined man; but he had still the brains and the skill to make a new fortune by following the same course he had already pursued. As he began to think of the future, the present lost its intensity of bitterness. He felt that he still had in him sufficient energy to begin life for the third time; but he was shaken, and he could never hope to recover all that was now taken from him. There were other competitors stepping in where he had shown the way.

Whilst thus thinking, he heard the door open, and the blacksmith, Penrose, came in. 'Well, Uncle Dicky,' said the smith, 'what be this bad news I've heard? The Duchy Bank gone scatt [broken] and all your savings lost?'

Cable nodded and sighed.

'Bless me,' said Penrose, 'that's a bad lookout for you. Have you nothing laid by elsewhere?'

Cable shook his head.

'By the powers!' said the blacksmith, 'I'm mighty sorry for you. I've been at the wedding of my boy, and I'm only sorry he weren't spliced to the other one. Your Mary would have suited me better than Sarah Jones. But it was not to be; so let the past lie covered with leaves. Sarah Jones brings some money with her; but she has a shrewish temper, if what folks say be true. I'd rather have had your Mary without a penny than Sarah with all her brass.—But there! what is done is done, and to-day the parson has hammered them together on the anvil, and there'll be no parting after that, whether they agree or not. As for her sharp tongue, he must learn to put up with it and turn its point with gentleness.'

Cable sighed, and thought of his marriage with Josephine.

'Well, Uncle Dick,' continued Penrose, 'I've just seen Jacob Corye, who is badly hit. But he says you are worse bitten than he, and that there was nothing left for you and your maidens but the workhouse.'

Cable looked up, ironically, and said: 'No, not that.'

'No,' pursued the blacksmith; 'I knew it'

could not be so bad as that. Still, I thought I'd come on and see.—Corye said you were here taking on dreadfully about your loss, and like to do yourself an injury. Then an idea came into my head; it flashed up like a spark on red-hot iron. I came on, and here I find you.'

'Yes,' said Cable, 'here you find me.' He was not angry with Penrose for his intrusion. He felt that it was kindly meant, and the sympathy of the blacksmith touched him.

'Now, harky' to me,' said the blacksmith, lowering his voice. 'I know you well enough—a straight man as ever was. I reckon I'm a straight man too; and where I'm crooked, may God Almighty hammer me out of my crookedness with the hammer of adversity, straight again! But there—I've come to say that I've a matter of a couple of hundred pounds lying idle—thank heaven, not in a bank, but in my old woman's nightcap, and stuffed up the chimney in our bedroom—all in gold, and you're heartily welcome to the loan of it as long as you like. You leave this door unlocked to-night, and I'll come along as if I were out to smoke, and blow off the drink I've had to take because of all the toasts and well-wishings, being my son's wedding day; and I'll come in here, nobody seeing, and I'll put the old woman's nightcap and its contents into thicky [yonder] oven, where you'll find it to-morrow morning, and nobody the wiser.—No words,' said Penrose, starting up. 'I reckon I hear steps coming. I'm wanted because the young people are off.'

Before Cable could recover his speech, for moved to the loss of words he was, Penrose was gone. At the same moment in came three other men, Tregurtha the farmer, Bonithon the saddler, and Hoskins the miller. Each looked at his fellow to speak. Tregurtha, nudged by the saddler and the miller, after a few ineffectual whispered remonstrances, came sheepishly forward. 'You're in the old nest again, Uncle Dicky,' he began, then coughed. 'Us three chaps were in the *Silver Bowl* just now, when Jacob Corye came, mighty took-on about the loss of his money through the break of the Duchy Bank. He told us as how you had lost everything—as you'd put all the fortune you had into the Duchy, and took it out of calves and bullocks. I reckon it were a mistake. Keep your money in flesh, say I. I once lost a power of money in law. I never went to law again after that. It taught me a lesson, and I've profited by it. That is why I've money now. You may lose a calf here or a cow there of milk-fever, or a horse with the glanders, or a pig with the measles—and talking of that, my wife's cruel bad wi' erysipelas—but you've other things to fall back on. It is not so with a bank; that's like the bridge in the nursery story, which when it bended, there the story ended. Well, old friend, we—that is, Ephraim Bonithon, and Tony Hoskins, and I, was very troubled when we heard you had got pixy-led in Queer Lane; so, when Corye was gone, we put our heads together. Now, us three—that's Tony Hoskins, and Ephraim Bonithon, and I—have all of us got money laid by, are warmish men in our way—the thermometer in us don't go down to zero. So we've come to say, if you want to get on in the cattle business and are pinched to start with again, we three—

that is to say, me, and Ephraim Bonithon, and Tony Hoskins—be ready to stand security for you to any sum in reason that you like to name.—And,' continued Tregurtha, 'don't you never go for to think and suppose of selling Red Windows. Us of St Kerian be proud of that house standing up above the town, and us shows it to the little uns as a visible lesson to 'em of what uprightness and energy and perseverance may perform. Moreover—and besides—he took breath after this word—'us three men, the afore-in-mentioned Tony Hoskins, and me, and Ephraim Bonithon, can't abear to think of them seven shining and adorning beauties, your sweet maidens, God bless 'em! should not be housed in a nest worthy of such treasures. Then therefore and because'—another long breath—'if the creditors dare to sell that there house over your head, then we three—that is, Ephraim Bonithon, Tony Hoskins, and I, say—confound their eyes! And we'll buy the house and make it over to you, to repay us as you earn the money.' Then he drew a long breath and said 'There!' and the other two drew the backs of their hands across their noses and grunted 'There!'

Then suddenly, panting, in the doorway stood little Lettice, who cried: 'O father! come, come quick! Who do you think is come to Red Windows? The bishop and Mrs Sellwood; and they say they are old friends of yours; and want to see you and us all—and are asking after little Bessie.—And,' after panting a while, 'the bishop has brought a to-day's paper from Launceston, and he says it's all a parcel of lies about the Duchy Bank; it's the other bank, the name I can't call to mind, is broken, and not the Duchy.'

Then Richard Cable held out his hands and clasped and shook those of Ephraim Bonithon, William Tregurtha, and Anthony Hoskins, shook and squeezed them, but said nothing; yet, as he hurried away, his body shook, and his breast heaved convulsively, and sounds issued from his mouth, that made Tregurtha say: 'By George, he is pleased—how he is laughing!'

But Lettice, looking up in her father's face as she ran at his side, asked: 'Papa, why are you crying?'

Then he said in a choking voice: 'Run, Lettice—run after Mr Corye, and tell him not to fail to send little Bessie and—her who is with Bessie, in his gig, to Red Windows, to-morrow.'

SALT-MANUFACTURE IN INDIA.

THE tax or duty on common salt, or what is chemically known as sodium chloride, forms not only one of the main sources of the revenue of British India, but the manufacture and sale of the commodity itself, constituting one of the great government monopolies, give work to thousands of both Europeans and natives, under a separate department of the State, embracing a comprehensive machinery for the supervision of the industry, and prevention of contraband practices throughout the country. The vast extent of coast-line, with extensive estuaries and connected lagoons carrying the briny fluid of the surrounding ocean far inland, the excessive heat and dry parching land—

winds that prevail during the summer months, lend special advantages to the manufacture of salt from sea-water by solar evaporation; and ordinary cultivation ceasing when it is sufficiently warm for salt-manufacture to commence, such native labour as is necessary for its actual manipulation is readily obtained at a very moderate cost, rendering the value of the manufactured article so trifling, that even with the additional percentage tacked on by the government before sale, all imports of it are easily kept out of the local markets.

The sites taken up by salt-works, chiefly barren wastes where nothing else will grow, are situated either close to the estuaries through which they draw their supplies of salt water direct from the sea during spring-tides, or on swamps largely impregnated with natural saline deposits, where pits being sunk, the necessary requirements are met by percolation in subsoil brine. The usual practice is to farm out such land, free of all rates, to suitable persons, who supply the labour, and manufacture the article under government superintendence, receiving in return a fixed rate per ton for all approved salt made by them and delivered into store within a given time.

The works, extending from fifty to a hundred acres in area, are divided into beds, varying in size from ten by fifteen to thirty feet or so square, partitioned off by irrigation channels, along which the water is passed from one to another, and small embankments a foot in height, the larger divisions being utilised as 'condensers,' or wide shallow expanses for evaporating purposes; while the smaller ones, more easily got at, are reserved for crystallising the salt in.

The system of manufacture in India differs considerably from that of other countries in the separation of the various saline ingredients held in solution in sea-water, the ordinary composition of the latter being about 96.5 per cent. of pure water to 3.5 per cent. of various salts, principally sodium chloride. Work commences soon after the cessation of the annual tropical rains or monsoon, all the beds being first flooded with salt water. Thus thoroughly saturated and cemented, they are then carefully levelled and hardened by being beaten down repeatedly with heavy oblong logs of wood, those intended for crystallising in being further closely stamped by the feet of the workers; and the surface soil of stiff clay soon becomes impermeable, and a day's exposure to the sun renders the beds fit for use.

The condensers being divided into three series, the first or primary lot are next filled with salt water to a depth of six inches, and left to evaporate, being added to from time to time for maintenance of the original depth; and as the liquid gains in specific gravity, or becomes denser, Baumé's hydrometer is applied, and the brine soon marks ten degrees of density, when it is passed on to a secondary set, those emptied being refilled. From the secondary set, the heavily laden

liquid is allowed to gravitate, in due course, into a third or finishing set of condensers. And on marking twenty-five degrees, the brine is ready for the crystallising beds; all organic matter and the less soluble salts held by the water in the first instance having been deposited on its way as evaporation progressed, and the only salts now held in suspension being sodium chloride (common salt), with a small quantity of magnesium sulphate (Epsom salts), and traces of inorganic matter, magnesium chloride and calcium (lime)—the process up to this stage taking about three weeks, the original density of sea-water by Baumé's hydrometer being 2.5 degrees, subsoil brine sometimes marking five degrees at start.

There are now two methods of allowing the formation and collection of common salt—the rapid and accretion systems. In the first, the 'saturated brine' from the finishing condensers is run in to the crystallising beds, where sodium chloride at once begins to separate from the liquid, and crystallises on the floor; and by the third day, under favourable circumstances, all the pure salt has been deposited in a white sheet of opaque crystals, and Epsom salts is ready to solidify, the hydrometer now showing thirty degrees of density, and the remaining liquor, called 'bitterns,' from its particularly acrid taste, containing hardly any perceptible trace of common salt. The salt formed on the floor is next gathered up with flat wooden rakes, drained, and stored; a further supply of saturated brine again passed into the crystallising beds, and the same process followed, till, after the third gathering or scraping, the bitterns is got rid of, and the crystallising beds remade as before; the same procedure, as far as they are concerned, gone through *ab initio*, till the annual rains again set in, the periods varying according to locality.

In the accretion system, the only difference is, that on the brine in the crystallising beds rising to thirty degrees, instead of removing the salt already formed, a fresh supply of saturated brine is let in over it every third day or so for three weeks, the salt allowed to form in layers to the thickness of from three to six inches, and then removed by the hand, the bitterns being subsequently run off and the beds remade as before. In some works, the salt is raked through as it forms, and turned out in hard half-inch opaque cubes. Though of a better quality, it does not generally meet with much demand.

In addition to works proper, such as the above, shallow lakes with loamy or clay beds, communicating with the sea at spring-tides, are also utilised for salt formation. The lake being filled early in the season, the water is left to evaporate, and the various salts allowed to separate in layers; and on the remaining liquid rising to thirty degrees of density by Baumé's hydrometer, the top layer, or that of common salt, is dug out with pick and spade. This can hardly be

called manufacture, though it must be admitted that, requiring less labour and trouble, it naturally recommends itself; but then it must be remembered that facilities for this mode of making salt are not everywhere to be found, and one of the two systems of manufacture has to be resorted to where other difficulties are not present.

Much might be said of the relative advantages of either system; but the outturn of salt from a given area under each being about the same, and owing to the anomaly of the salt being sold by the government in weight and retailed in measure by the dealers, the salt showing most bulk is more sought after; and in the rapid system, this purpose is answered, as, not being allowed sufficient time to thoroughly crystallise, or being, so to speak, forced, the cubes of salt are imperfectly formed and hollow. As it takes a larger quantity to make up an equal weight, and the general Indian consumer not being particular as to quality so long as it is made up in quantity, the rapid system is consequently more in vogue.

On the eastern coast, the manufactured article is next stored on raised platforms in pyramidal heaps of about 132·25 tons each, covered over for protection from damp and rain with twelve inches of clay or thatch; while on the western coast, the annual rains being heavier, rough water-tight sheds are used instead, from which the daily sales are made as required.

The average labour required is one man per acre of land under manufacture for six months, the outturn of salt from the same area being about seventy-two tons per annum, costing when stored about 4s. 4½d. per ton, and sold by the government at 7s. 9½d., plus a duty, which varies generally as the Indian budget shows a surplus or deficit, and is at present fixed at £3, 2s. 6½d. per ton. (The rupee is calculated at 1s. 6d.) To this of course have to be added the dealer's profit and cost of carriage, which very considerably enhance its value to the consumer, especially in the interior.

The heavy duty on this important necessary to health, and therefore of life, constitutes one of the great grievances of the poorer classes, who, with salt forming spontaneously in the estuaries at their very doors, or easily separated from the soil round their houses, consider it, and not without some reason, specially unjust that they are not permitted to help themselves from nature's supplies, and so have recourse to every means of avoiding the duty, necessitating the employment of a large preventive agency to protect the revenue.

The imposition of the duty is defended as being the only direct tax that touches all classes, and the only tribute paid by the poorer section, or the masses generally, for the many advantages the better-to-do orders pay for in the various assessments imposed upon them. But the justice of taxing such a commodity is of course open to very grave question. Not only does salt answer the greater uses required of it, but from it are made, either in the rough crystalline formation or in a more alabaster-like style, the much-admired ornamental crosses, trays, and vases, samples of which were to be seen in the Indian Court of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. Once made, the articles are easily coloured or

polished, but of course, being of such deliquescent material, are soon affected by the weather, and have to be kept perfectly free from damp or other moisture.

THE OLD SECRETAIRE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER III.

LIKE most men of his profession, Warren was a keen observer of character; a mystery delighted him equally from a business or an analytical point of view. Here, then, were all the elements for a seasonable romance—a Haunted Chamber; a mysterious servitor of the good old orthodox type, moreover the only living historian of the tragedy—a trusted servant, who had actually a personal acquaintance, so to speak, with Edgar Warren, and who alone—Warren was sure of that—could solve a dark and blood-stained catastrophe.

Morning broke with snow knee-deep in the drive, huge drifts half-way up the windows, and no prospect of any outdoor amusement. Even the rural postman had not succeeded in forcing his way through. It was, as Constance Lumley observed, when the parliament had gathered round the hall fire, a Christmas evidently to be spent quite magazine-artically. With nothing whatever to do, and no immediate prospect of amusement, conversation began to languish, till one of the party entered with the startling news that the ghost-light had been seen burning in the haunted wing all the previous night. Thereupon, the listeners began to thrill, and a new zest was given to the flagging flow of talk.

'Christmas Eve, the anniversary of the tragedy,' Ada Secretan exclaimed. 'I had forgotten that. To-night, the ghost walks, rapier in hand, down the dusky passage. Shall we interview him?'

But in spite of nineteenth-century civilisation and the boldness of numbers and daylight, there was no enthusiastic response to this appeal, for each looked at his neighbour, waiting for him to speak.

'Haunted Chamber or not, this is the very morning to explore those old rooms,' Walter Secretan remarked. 'What do you say to us all going?—only you girls had better put on some wraps, for it is sure to be dirty enough. Those in favour of my motion, please hold up their hands.'

Immediately, a host of fair fingers were extended; and the proposal being carried *nem. con.*, the ladies trooped away to prepare themselves for the coming excursion. As they began to reappear one by one, cloaked and hooded, Warren and Walter Secretan returned in rough laced jackets, bearing between them a gigantic bunch of rusty keys, a small but powerful crowbar, and a dark-lantern.

A short walk along a broad flagged passage brought the sightseers to a flight of steps surmounted by a wide oak door, fitted with long iron hinges, rusty and timeworn, but still forming a powerful barrier against intruders. After some difficulty, a key was found to fit, and the creaking lock forced back by the united strength of Secretan and Warren. The bolts were drawn; but the great iron hinges held, till the crowbar being brought into requisition, finally the great

door flew open with a sullen bang that seemed to re-echo moodily down the dim reverberating passages.

A low corridor was before them, hung with ancient tapestry, torn and moth-eaten, and swaying in ghostly fashion before the cold air. Thick dust lay upon the tiled floor, deadening the sound of footsteps. Still the light of the lantern was enough to guide their somewhat hesitating steps, till at length a hall was reached, in the centre of which was a noble staircase, lighted from the roof by a glass dome, though the accumulated dust of more than half a century made daylight dim and pallid. Here every step echoed loudly; every vibration of the voice seemed to ring as if the place was filled with mocking spirits. With some difficulty they flung back the ponderous iron-lined shutters, and a stream of light poured in. There were rusty-armour figures in dim corners; pictures peeling slowly from their panels on the walls; a colony of rats scudded noisily across the floor under the rotting wainscot. There were three rooms leading out of the hall, the doors of which they had no difficulty in opening—rooms in which old oak furniture had been placed, though the damask had mouldered and left the frames bare. There was nothing of interest in any of these apartments, save one or two curious ornaments; and upon one dusty table, a pack of cards lay strewn, with a decanter and glass, the former containing a pungent sediment.

Up-stairs was a long corridor containing many rooms, all of which they explored; and here the girls found themselves in their element. There were wardrobes and huge linen-chests containing lace in abundance; tarnished silver buckles and rich brocades; lute-strings stiff as cardboard; a rich treasure of silk and velvet enough, more than enough, of dresses from the time of the 'merrie monarch' downwards, to furnish material for a hundred ancient comedies. The fair bevy of connoisseurs drew a breath of mingled delight and envy, when this rich harvest had been gathered into a shimmering heap.

They had drawn apart by ones and twos, each of the party pouring over some newly discovered treasure, as the boxes were turned out promiscuously on the floor. Point-lace collars and paste buckles, a heavy garnet signet ring, some delicate cameos, silken hose, and claret-coloured full-bottomed coats slashed with silk—every article of clothing affected by a lost generation was there.

'You don't deserve a shred of these beautiful things, Ada,' exclaimed Althea Wynne, drawing a long breath of unalloyed admiration. 'Fancy allowing all these treasures to moulder here for years and years!'

"O'er all, there hung the shadow of a fear," Warren quoted.—'Miss Wynne, I am afraid you are a Radical—you cannot understand the reverence due to one's ancestors.—And now, confess, Miss Secretan, have you not been just a little afraid to ransack these sacred apartments?'

'A little, perhaps,' Ada confessed. 'I almost feel guilty of sacrilege now. What do you say to carrying our spoils away? I think we have done enough.'

'Without invading the sanctity of the ghostly chamber!' cried Miss Lumley. 'Perish the thought!—Mr Secretan, lead the way!'

But here the first difficulty arose. No one

knew sufficiently the geography of the rooms, to point out the mystic apartment. All Secretan knew was, that the chamber looked out upon a green courtyard facing the east wing, and that it was lighted by an oriel window. At the end of the corridor the explorers found another room facing them, which, after a little cogitation and some speculation as to their exact latitude, Warren declared must be the place of their search. To their surprise, they found this door barred with iron let into the solid masonry, so strongly, indeed, that half an hour's exertion at least was required before they could wrench away sufficient of the barriers to try the key. At this critical moment, swift footsteps came unheeded towards the eager group, and Warren felt himself dashed aside with a force scarcely credible in the feeble frame of the intruder. 'Hold, hold, I say! Have you no reverence for the dead?'

Silas Brookes was standing with his back to the door, a flashing rapier in his hand. He seemed to have thrown off half a century of years; his figure, no longer bent and halting, was drawn up to its full height; a bright colour gave an air of youth to the shrivelled cheek; his keen eyes flashed with all the fire and brilliancy of perfect manhood. For a few moments the group started back in some alarm, and not a little fright amongst the girls, who clung to each other in unaffected fear.

'What is the meaning of this folly?' Secretan demanded, the first to recover himself. 'Brookes, you forget yourself. Go back into the house immediately, or we shall know how to treat you. You are alarming the ladies by this conduct.'

But the words might have fallen on ears of stone. The old man stood with one hand behind him, as if protecting some unseen treasure, the other held forward the rapier, prepared to pierce the first intruder.

'Shall we make a rush for him?' Warren whispered, his blood up by this time. 'We could easily overpower him between us.'

'Think of the girls,' Secretan replied between his teeth. 'I am afraid we shall have to beat an ignominious retreat. Confound it! this comes of keeping a madman on the premises; and yet I don't like to give in.'

Warren for reply was about to advocate extreme measures, when a happy thought struck him. After all, the situation had its ludicrous aspect; but he was too intent on his new plan to see this now. He whispered a few words in his friend's ear to the effect that he was to get the party away, and leave him to face the strange custodian of the Haunted Chamber.

'You have some scheme in your head?' Walter asked.

Warren nodded. He had a scheme, though it had scarcely taken shape as yet. Nevertheless, it was with a certain feeling of relief that he heard the echoing footsteps of his party dying away in the distance. Then he turned a pair of fearless gray eyes full upon the guardian, standing in the same watching attitude, and commanded him to lay aside his weapon. Brookes threw the rapier on the stone floor with a resounding crash.

It was an hour later before Warren stepped into the hall again, where he found the late adventure still being discussed by a batch of tongues. But

if they expected any story of wild adventure, to hear the history of some gruesome tragedy or hidden treasure, they were mistaken. He simply pointed out to them the fact that the old servant was not so much to blame for his conduct as they thought; but that it was more their fault, the simple fact being that the faithful valet was aghast at the idea of the room sacred to his beloved and revered master being given over to ruthless plunderers. Indeed, so smoothly did the wily dramatist put the case, that public opinion, which had been strongly against the obstreperous Brookes, rapidly veered round in his favour, till some of the actors in this affecting little comedy began to feel somewhat ashamed of the part they had played.

'Poor old man!' said Edith Lucas pityingly; 'and all this time we have been accounting him a dangerous madman. I'm so glad!'

Warren smiled under his moustache; and Walter Secretan, turning towards him, caught the look of amusement in his friend's eyes. Presently, under cover of the conversation, he got alongside him, and in a cautious whisper, demanded an account of the interview.

'Too long to tell you now,' Warren murmured. 'Only, if that old gentleman is mad, there is method in his madness.—Wait in the dining-room after dinner till the rest have gone, and I will tell you my plan.'

They had some time to wait, for it being Christmas Eve, the meal was a long and elaborate affair. It was nearly ten before the last *frou-frou* of skirts announced the disappearance of the ladies, and nearly half an hour later before the Squire and Colonel Lucas sought the drawing-room with many a sly allusion and bald platitude concerning the want of gallantry of the present generation. Walter closed the door behind them with a parting shot, and taking a cigarette from his case, composed himself to listen to Warren's plan of campaign.

'Did it ever strike you what a fine place this west wing would be for a gang of smugglers or coiners?' Warren commenced. 'You are not far from the high-road, within easy walking distance from the sea, and not a single servant in the house dare be near the haunted part of the house after dark. Why, they would be safer there than in London!'

'What are you driving at?' asked Walter uneasily.

'Simply this—that your faithful old servitor knows something about those rooms he is in mortal fear some one else should discover. I need not tell you that my pretty little romance touching his lifetime's devotion was a pleasant fiction. Walter, there is something going on here, and we must find it out.'

'I am afraid I don't quite follow you,' Secretan returned. 'You see, if there had been anything going on, as you suggest, all these years, we must have heard something of it. Depend upon it, poor old Brookes's brain is giving way. Remember, he isn't far short of ninety.'

'No more mad than I am. I convinced him diplomatically that there would be no further interference on our part, and you should have seen the look of relief on his face—it was a study for an artist. Now, in the next place, as to these ghostly lights they talk about'—

'They certainly do exist,' said Secretan with quiet conviction. 'I have seen them myself many a time when I was a boy.'

'That exactly confirms what I say!' Warren exclaimed triumphantly. 'Now, look at it from a common-sense point of view. Can you believe for a moment that these lights are the work of supernatural agency?'

'It certainly seems contrary to common-sense.'

'It's contrary to all kinds of sense.—Now, listen here. After I had smoothed the old rascal down this morning, we fell into conversation, and by degrees I learnt a good deal of the life of your ghostly ancestor; and, with all due deference to your family pride, I must say a more thorough-paced scoundrel seldom existed. Though, perhaps, the less I say about rascally ancestors the better. Under pretence of wanting a window open, I lured Brookes away, and while his back was turned, I opened bluebeard's chamber with the key.'

'Did you go in?' Secretan asked interestedly, for by this time he had caught some of his companion's enthusiasm.

'It was too risky, especially after I had soothed the old boy's feelings so nicely. All I wanted was to know if the key would fit. It will fit. Now, on every Christmas Eve at midnight that light is seen; so the legend runs. If you are game for a little healthy excitement, you and I will know before morning the origin of this mysterious illumination.'

'You can count on me,' Secretan returned, rising and walking up and down the room, to conceal his excitement.—'How do you propose to do it?'

'I propose to do it now, and in this way. It's past eleven; all the others are safe in the drawing-room, and we shan't be missed for an hour. They'll think we are in the billiard-room. A couple of peacoats, a dark-lantern, and a brace of revolvers, and our preparations are complete. Is it a bargain?'

A burst of merry laughter as they passed the drawing-room door, mingled with the sound of a piano and some one singing, told the conspirators they had not been missed. As they crept silently along the quiet passages, feeling their way—for they dared not show a light from the dark-lantern—the stable clock chimed the three-quarters after eleven. A few minutes later, after a cautious walk along the unaccustomed corridors, they found themselves at length on the threshold of the chamber where, fifty-six years ago that very night, Arundel Secretan had ended his wasted life in his last hour of despair. Cautiously turning the key with many a creak and groan, the great door swung slowly open, and a second later, the conspirators found themselves safely inside.

Despite the fact of undoubted courage and resolution, each of them was conscious of a certain quickening of the heart and tightness of breath, which came as near fear as it was possible. A feeble moon was trying to struggle through a rushing mass of pendulous cloud, lighting the great oriel window; there was a cold icy draught in the apartment, chilling the adventurers in spite of their additional clothing. As their eyes gradually became accustomed to the gloom, they noticed a funereal bed to the right of the window, with sombre trappings shaking in the wind; and

placed in the centre of the window an ancient secretaire with a high carved back, and countless drawers down either side. Had the place been kept sweet and clean, the rats and mice and all-destroying moths driven away, the apartment might have been termed luxuriously furnished. As Warren and his friend noted these things, the stable clock gave out the hour of twelve with mournful cadence as the notes were borne away on the breast of the wind.

'Now for the family ghost,' Warren whispered eagerly—'the witching hour has come.—Is your revolver all right, Walter?'

'I hope you won't do anything rash,' said Secretan cautiously. 'Mind, no firing, if it is possible to avoid extremities.—Hist! what was that noise? Verily, we *are* going to see something, after all.'

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when the apartment began to be filled by a faint luminous light under the window, throwing the rest of the chamber into deepest shade. The illumination growing stronger, appeared to come from behind the old secretaire. Presently, above it rose two small points of flame, two wax candles in ancient silver candlesticks, and something which gratified the watchers' curiosity indeed. The holder of these lights—a man in the prime of life, with handsome features and full-bottomed wig, was dressed in plush knee-breeches and white silk hose; his feet clad in shoes, latched with heavy silver buckles. He wore also a peach-coloured velvet coat, slashed with pearl-gray silk, and ornamented with gold basket buttons. By his side, as was the fashion of the period, he carried a long rapier in an ornamental leather scabbard. For a moment he stood with his back to the secretaire, gazing earnestly around, then apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, turned to the desk, on which he placed the candles, and took out a bundle of papers. At this grave moment, the watchers, engrossed by this sudden apparition, with its pale deathlike features, were so startled that Warren burst into a sudden exclamation. Immediately the figure rose and confronted them; they saw the rapier flash from its sheath, as the shade of Arundel Secretan arose and started forward. But at this moment a gust of wind blew out the candles, leaving the apartment in darkness; there was a short mocking laugh; and by the time Warren had sufficiently recovered himself to swing round the slide of his lantern, the figure had vanished, leaving not the semblance of a trace behind.

There was the bundle of papers, but where was the spectre? That he could not have left by the door was clear, for that was fast shut, and search as they might, they could find no other exit. It seemed almost like a dream—the sudden entrance, the wonderful disappearance of the lights, and, last of all, the still more wonderful spiriting away of the figure.

Secretan sat down trembling in every limb; his face was white and set, while great beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. 'Come away from this,' he said hoarsely. 'It is like tampering with a dead man's secret. Warren, as sure as I am a living man, I have seen my ancestor, Arundel Secretan, to-night!'

'Arundel Secretan be hanged!' said Warren contemptuously, as he placed the packet of papers

in his pocket for future and closer reference. 'Your nerves are all unstrung. It was that cunning old scoundrel Brookes, man! I could swear to those sinister eyes among a thousand.'

THE DEATH OF 'BLUE BILLY.'

THOSE of our readers who are familiar with the name of Blue Billy, when they read the title of this chapter, will be ready to ask: 'Is Blue Billy really dead?' and those unacquainted with the name will have some curiosity to know who or what was Blue Billy, how he died, and how he was buried—if he had many mourners, or died friendless in the workhouse. To all such inquiries, the answer must be given—that Blue Billy is not dead yet, but dying; and when he is gone, no one will mourn for him. He is friendless. Those who know him best, hate him most. He is the pest of our towns. He stinketh in the nostrils of the people. His breath tarnishes the fine metals, destroys gilding, picture-frames, bookbindings, and steel plates. Every person shuns Billy. The only good word that was ever said of him was, that sometimes he did good to patients suffering from whooping-cough.

Most people are acquainted with Blue Billy, although perhaps they do not know him by this name. He is the cause of the smell that we experience when we pass a gaswork. Blue Billy is the technical name given to the lime rendered foul in the purification of the gas. To a great extent it is this lime, when it is removed from the purifiers, that makes gasworks a nuisance. We are probably now on the eve of a new era in the manufacture of gas, and there is every probability that the time is not far distant when gasworks will be carried on without causing offensive smells, and when gas will be supplied to the consumers so free from impurities that it will be harmless alike to the most delicate flowers and the finest gilding in a drawing-room. The purification of gas in close vessels has occupied the attention of gas engineers for many years, and it may now be said that the problem has been solved. To enable the general reader to understand the new method, we shall endeavour to explain the process of purification, or as much of it as will be sufficient for our purpose.

Crude gas as it issues from the retorts is charged with various impurities. Chief among these are ammonia, carbonic acid, and sulphur compounds, all of which ought to be removed before the gas is sent to the consumers. Ammonia is a very volatile gas, for which water has such a strong affinity that, at ordinary temperature and atmospheric pressure, it will take up nearly one thousand times its own volume. In order, therefore, to free the gas from ammonia, it is only necessary to pass it through water, when the ammonia will be absorbed, and the other constituents of the gas will pass on. Chemists have discovered two classes of substances, which they call acids and alkalis. These have such a strong affinity for one another, that the moment they are brought into contact, they unite, and form what is called a salt. Ammonia is one of the alkalis; whilst the other impurities, carbonic acid and the various sulphur compounds, are in their nature acid. The affinity

of the acids for alkalis supplies us with the means of removing the second class of impurities by bringing them into contact with an alkali. The substances hitherto used are lime and oxide of iron. Limestone is a carbonate of lime, or a compound of the metal calcium and carbonic acid. When we burn limestone, the heat wrenches the carbonic acid and the lime asunder; and carbonic acid being a gas, it passes into the air and leaves the solid lime behind. It is then said to be in the caustic state. In this condition it is ready again to take up carbonic acid and to unite with it whenever they are brought into contact. But it will also unite with sulphuretted hydrogen. Carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen being the principal impurities in coal-gas, in the process of purification the gas is made to pass through caustic lime, which, by virtue of its chemical affinity, arrests these impurities, and allows the pure gas to pass to the gasholder. But by-and-by the lime gets foul, and the purifiers require to be opened and the lime removed. This is attended with a considerable amount of manual labour; and the smell from the spent lime is not only offensive but highly prejudicial to health. Gas engineers and chemists have long exercised their ingenuity in devising means for doing away with this source of nuisance. The ammonia derived from the gas itself is the agent used to effect this purpose.

It has been already said that the ammonia is washed out of the gas by passing it through water, the water holding it in solution. In this condition it is in the forms of carbonate and sulphide of ammonia. But, just as in the case of limestone, the carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen can be driven away by heat, and the ammonia retained in the water in the caustic state, ready, like the caustic lime, to take up these impurities whenever they are brought into contact with it. This is done in close vessels; and when the process is adopted, a gaswork will no longer be a nuisance to the neighbourhood. The same ammoniacal water is used over and over. As it becomes foul, it is revived by heating it with steam and dispelling the carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen; and a few sets of pumps take the place of manual labour. The same ammoniacal water being used repeatedly, there will of course be a surplus of ammonia. This surplus may be rendered of commercial value as liquid ammonia; or, utilising the impurities carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen, it may be converted into carbonate and sulphate of ammonia.

Thus, those impurities which gas managers, formerly, were glad to get rid of by any means, may be converted into marketable and valuable products. The process has been tried experimentally with undoubted success in Manchester; and at present, the gasworks in Belfast are being fitted up with apparatus for this method of purification after recent patents by Mr Claus of London. A process lately patented by Mr Young of Peebles, introducing important modifications, promises simplicity and economy, and was a short time ago brought prominently before the North British Association of Gas Managers, by whom it was regarded as a valuable contribution towards the economy and perfecting of the purification of illuminating gas; and arrangements were made

for its practical working. A matter of such importance to gas consumers and to gas shareholders in particular cannot fail to be regarded with general interest.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

CHAPTER VII.

NEXT morning the tardily breaking November dawn came all too soon for Matthew Roding; he would have been glad never to see daylight again. He rose earlier than usual, shaved, dressed himself with his customary care, and went down to breakfast; but all his actions this morning were like those of an automaton, and seemed to be governed by no basis of conscious effort. On the table he found three or four post-letters; Grigson would bring the business letters later on. These he took up one after another, and glanced over the superscriptions, as if from them alone it were possible to divine the nature of their contents. One he tore open, the rest he pushed aside as being of little or no consequence. The letter in question ran as follows:

MY DEAR RODING—I should have redeemed those African bonds of mine some time ago, but have only just returned from Scarborough, where I have been laid up for the last six weeks with a confounded attack of gout. I am sorry to hear that you also are indisposed, but trust you will be as right as a trivet again in the course of a few days. I will call upon you to-morrow (Friday) at two o'clock precisely, bringing with me the five hundred pounds, together with the interest as agreed upon, when I trust it will be convenient for you to return me the bonds. The five hundred pounds was of great service to me at the time, and my hearty thanks are due to you for the kind way in which you helped me to tide over my little difficulty.—Believe me, my dear Roding, very truly yours,

VINCENT FITCH.

'Fitch's letter could not have come at a more opportune moment,' said Matthew to himself. 'If he had not written to me, I should have been compelled to write to him. His five hundred pounds is the one little nest-egg I intended all along, unknown to anybody, to save out of the general crash, should the worst come to the worst, which, unluckily, it has. The notice is rather short; still, it will do. Ruff promised to be here soon after nine. I'll give him the key of the private safe as soon as he comes, and pack him off to the City to fetch the bonds. He seems anxious to be of use; besides which, I want Grigson for other matters.'

He was alone this morning, as he had been for many mornings lately—his wife seeming of set purpose to avoid putting in an appearance till after he had done breakfast and gone to his own room.

Shortly afterwards, Ruff arrived. 'How are

'you this morning, father?' he asked, with an anxiety he could not hide.

'Better, my boy, better both in health and spirits,' he answered with a sigh. 'It was the uncertainty that weighed me down so dreadfully before.—But that's at an end now,' he added with a dismal attempt at a laugh. 'The verdict has been brought in and sentence passed; I know now what I have to face.' Then, a moment or two later: 'I've something for you to do this morning, if you have a couple of hours to spare.'

'I am entirely at your service for as long as you may want me.'

'Then take this key—it is that of my private safe—and hurry down to my office in Throgmorton Street. There you will find Bunker, who probably is known to you already. Give him the key and ask him to open the safe. Inside it, he will find a bundle of papers tied together and labelled, "Congo Electric Lighting Company: Mr Fitch." After giving you the papers, he will relock the safe and return you the key. You will then make your way back as quickly as possible. But, above all things, be careful that you neither lose the papers nor have them stolen from you.'

'Never fear, sir,' said Ruff confidently, as he nodded and left the room. He had seen Grandad for a few minutes last evening before leaving the house, and had told him as much of how matters stood as had come to his knowledge. Greatly to Ruff's wonder, his grandfather had listened to him without any expression of surprise or betrayal of emotion of any kind. What did it mean? the young artist asked himself. Was Grandad becoming too old—in a word, too fossilised—to be affected by anything, however nearly it might seem to concern him? Knowing the old man as he did, Ruff could scarcely believe that. Or, which seemed hardly more likely, had he been aware all along how matters were going with his son, so that Ruff's news was really no news to him at all? In any case, Grandad was impenetrable, and Ruff had to take home his questions unanswered.

Matthew Roding's breakfast this morning was the merest apology for a meal. He was anxious for the arrival of Grigson; many minor matters had been neglected or overlooked of late which it was absolutely necessary should be attended to without further delay. He knew, of course, that he was ruined—that was a fact nothing could alter or modify; but without Grigson's assistance, it would be a work of some time and difficulty to ascertain the exact position of his affairs. But the minutes passed on without bringing the young clerk. Ten o'clock, eleven o'clock came and went, and still he had not arrived. What could have detained him? Matthew Roding began to pace the room, oppressed by vague fears of he knew not what.

Twelve o'clock arrived in due course, and then half-past, by which time he had nearly worked himself up to fever heat. At last a knock and ring. He was sitting with his back to the door, and did not take the trouble to look round when he heard some one enter the room. 'You are late, very late, Grigson,' he began. Then he turned, and his eyes fell, not on Grigson, but on

his son and Peter Bunker. There was that in the faces of both which told him, before either of them spoke, that they were the bringers of ill tidings.

'I thought it was Grigson who had come at last. Where is he? Why is he not here?' he asked quickly. His hand trembled as it rested on the back of his chair. Surely Fate could have no further blow in store for him! Had he not already drained the cup of misfortune to the dregs?

'I have seen nothing of Mr Grigson this morning, sir; but he looked in at the office rather late last evening—between eight and nine o'clock, in point of fact,' said Peter in his usual deferential way.

'Ah! What did he want there at that time of night?' asked Mr Roding with a startled look.

'He said that you had sent him, sir.'

'That I had sent him! What for, pray?'

'For a packet of papers that was locked up in the private safe.'

'I sent him for no papers.—But go on. What happened next?'

'Mr Grigson unlocked the private safe in my presence, sir—of course he had brought the key with him—and took away the papers he had come for. He said that, late as it was, you particularly wanted them to be placed in your hands last evening.'

'But—but—"I hardly understand," said Matthew, pressing his hand to his head with an air of bewilderment. 'How was it possible for Grigson to obtain access to the private safe when the key of it was never out of my possession till I placed it in my son's hands this morning?'

'I cannot say how that may be, sir,' answered Peter. 'All I know is that Mr Grigson had a key with him last evening which fitted the safe and opened it without difficulty. It was the fact of his having that key, sir, which I know you seldom or never let out of your own keeping, that lulled any suspicions I might otherwise have had.'

Matthew turned to his son. 'Did you ascertain for a fact, by personal examination of the safe this morning, that the Congo bonds for which I sent you were not there?'

'I did. There were no such papers in the safe.'

Matthew Roding sank back in his chair like a man utterly confounded. 'I see it all!' he exclaimed. 'The rogue—the unmitigated villain! I have been robbed, and by a man whom I trusted as I would have trusted my own brother. The consummate scoundrel!'

For a little space no one spoke. Then Mr Roding sighed deeply, once—twice. 'This is the last straw,' he said, turning to his son. 'I thought that nothing more could happen to me—that I had tasted the worst, and yet, see how mistaken I was!'

'But by what means did Grigson obtain possession of the key?'

'It was not my key he made use of, but a duplicate one. By what diabolical means he became possessed of it, I cannot even imagine. He must have laid his plans long ago and have been biding his time. He knew I was ruined—he knew the end had come, and that he had nothing more to expect from me. He knew the

Congo bonds were in the safe, and that, if he wanted to convert them to his own use, he had no time to lose. The consummate villain! And I put such trust in him, Ruff, such utter trust! It is like a wound from a two-edged sword.'

'Will the loss be a heavy one?'

'You shall judge. Some eight or nine months ago, this Mr Fitch, who calls himself an architect and surveyor, but who is in reality a speculative builder in a large way of business, brought me a lot of Congo bonds, on which he asked me to advance him five hundred pounds, of course at a fair rate of interest. It was out of my usual line of business; but as Fitch is a neighbour and has visited several times at my house, and as my wife and his were very intimate, I strained a point to oblige him, and found him the coin. Although Congos were not of much account in the market at that time, I had reason to believe that they would take a favourable turn before long, and I felt that I had ample security for my money. I was fully justified by the event. Before a month was over, Congos began to rise steadily, and have been going up ever since, so that to-day the bonds on which I advanced five hundred pounds are worth three thousand.'

Ruff, whose knowledge of financial matters was of the most elementary kind, was evidently puzzled by his father's explanation.

'I had a note from Fitch this morning,' resumed Mr Roding. 'He will be here at two o'clock to-day, bringing with him the five hundred pounds in order to redeem his bonds; and I have no bonds to give him!'

'But as you have no bonds to give Mr Fitch, he will of course retain his five hundred pounds, in which case I suppose you will be in a position to cry quits?' Ruff ventured to remark.

'That a son of mine should be such a simpleton!' said Mr Roding with a little scornful laugh. 'Did I not tell you that the bonds I am supposed to have in my possession are at the present time worth three thousand pounds? Even granting Fitch were willing to let me have them at their market value, I should have to hand him over a balance of two thousand five hundred pounds in order to square the transaction—a trifle which at present I don't happen to be possessed of,' he added dryly.

Ruff's face fell; he had not a word more to say.

Mr Roding scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed it to his son. 'That is Grigson's address,' he said. 'Take the first hansom you can lay hold of and drive there. Ascertain when the fellow was last at his rooms, and anything further about his movements that may possibly be of service to us. Not that anything you may discover is likely to be of much avail. No doubt he knew where to find not one but a hundred customers for the bonds, had he needed them. It would hardly be a couple of hours' work for such a clever rogue to get rid of them, receive an open cheque in payment, rush off to the bank, get the cheque cashed, and start for the continent, or whatever place he intends to favour with his presence. I've not the least doubt that he's miles away from London by this time.'

Ruff took up his hat and gloves.

'If possible,' added Mr Roding, 'I should like you to be back by the time Fitch arrives. I shall probably need the testimony both of you and

Bunker to confirm the truth of what I shall have to say to him.—How will he take it? There's the rub.—Oh, if I had but my fingers at that villain's throat, they would never lose their hold while there was a spark of life in his vile carcass!—Leave me now, both of you, but be in the way when Fitch arrives.'

Ruff came back in due course, with the information that Grigson had not been at his lodgings since eleven o'clock the previous night, when he had packed a small portmanteau and announced that he was going out of town for a few days' holiday. It was no more than Matthew Roding had expected to hear. He deferred taking further steps in the case till after his interview with Mr Fitch.

Punctually to his time, that worthy arrived. He stared a little at finding that Mr Roding was not alone. 'My son and one of my clerks,' said the latter laconically as he shook hands with his visitor.

Mr Fitch gave a curt nod, then coughed behind his hand and took the seat indicated to him. He was a short, stout, bull-necked man, with purple cheeks and round, protruding eyes. He was dressed in black; a ponderous gold chain meandered over his waistcoat; on one of his thick, podgy fingers flashed a large diamond, which seemed to acquire additional lustre from the grubbiness of the hand it was supposed to adorn.

'Well, Roding, here I am, punctual to a tick,' he began, as he sat down and ran his fingers through his hair. 'I've got the rhino, and you've got the bonds. Exchange is no robbery, as the old saying has it. Five minutes will complete our little business.' While speaking, he had produced a bulky pocket-book, which he now opened, and proceeded, with a sort of affectionate tenderness, to finger the bank-notes therein.

Evidently, Matthew Roding was at a loss in what terms to begin his explanation. 'I am exceedingly sorry to inform you, Mr Fitch, that I have not got your bonds,' he said at last with a degree of hesitation very unusual with him.

Mr Fitch's goggle eyes seemed as though they would start out of his head. 'Eh, now, how's that? Not a long enough notice, perhaps? But I thought you would only have to fetch them out of your safe, or wherever you keep such things.'

'Just what I thought myself, till two hours ago. This morning, I gave the key of my private safe to my son—not being able to go down to the City myself—and asked him to fetch the bonds for me and bring them here in readiness for you; but on proceeding to open the safe, they were not to be found.'

The purple in Mr Fitch's cheeks deepened visibly; he gasped like a fish suddenly taken out of water.

'Before you say anything, pray hear me out,' went on Mr Roding. He then, as succinctly as possible, proceeded to tell his hearer when and how the bonds had been stolen, finishing up by saying: 'I thought it best that my son and my clerk should both be present in order that they may be able to confirm the truth of what I have just told you.'

'This is a very strange story that I have had to listen to, Mr Roding—a very strange story, indeed,' said Fitch after a pause. 'Cleverly concocted, without a doubt; but I must tell you at once, sir, that I don't believe a single word of it.' While speaking, he had stuffed the notes back into his pocket-book, which he now shut with a loud snap.

A deep flush mounted to Matthew Roding's face, and his thick eyebrows came together ominously. 'I hope you don't mean to imply, Mr Fitch, that I and these two gentlemen have leagued ourselves together to impose upon you with a pack of lies?'

'All I've got to say is that I don't believe the yarn; it ain't good enough,' remarked the other doggedly.

It was only by an effort that Matthew controlled himself. 'I deplore the unfortunate occurrence quite as much as you can do, Mr Fitch,' he said coldly; 'but really, I am at a loss to know what further evidence I can adduce to prove the truth of what I have told you.'

'Deplore—deplore!' retorted the other with a scornful snort. 'You don't think I'm such a fool as to be put off with a few fine words! Do you know, sir, what those bonds of mine, which you hold, or ought to hold, are worth in the market at the present time?'

'I am quite aware of their current value.'

'I knew it—I hadn't a doubt of it. Yes, yes, you know the value of 'em, never fear! Three thousand pounds—that's what they're worth, not a farthing less. How much did you sell them for, eh, Mr Roding? how much did you sell them for?'

Before Matthew could reply, Ruff sprang to his feet and, crossing the room in a couple of strides, flung open the window. 'Father,' he said quietly, as he proceeded to turn up his cuffs, 'just allow me to have the pleasure of flinging this old rhinoceros out of the window.'

Mr Fitch's face turned a yellowish white; he hastily put his pocket-book out of sight.

'Sit down, Ruff; I command you!' said Mr Roding authoritatively. Slowly and reluctantly Ruff pulled down the window, but he did not go back to his seat.

There was an awkward silence, which Fitch was the first to break. 'Perhaps, Mr Roding, if you *can't* produce the bonds,' he said with an ill-concealed sneer, 'although, in point of law, mind you, you are bound to do so, or else lay yourself open to an indictment for fraud—perhaps, sir, in that case you are prepared to write me out a cheque for the difference between the amount I am indebted to you, principal and interest, and the market price of my property. It would be a trifle over two thousand four hundred pounds, as I reckon it; but that of course would be a mere fleabite to an eminent financier like you!'

Matthew Roding felt as though he were stretched on the rack. 'Mr Fitch,' he said, not without a certain dignity, 'I don't know whether or not you are aware of it—you may have heard of it, or you may not—but the fact is I am a ruined man. I have not more than a couple of hundred pounds in the world that I can call my own.'

'I expected to be told that—I quite expected

it. A man in possession, hey? etcetera, etcetera. Ah, ah! You see I know more than you thought I did.'

Ruff coughed and opened the window a couple of inches. Mr Fitch gave an uneasy glance over his shoulder.

'If these things are known to you, there is no need for me to say another word,' said Mr Roding haughtily.

'But I've got a few words to say to you, Mr Roding—a few words that you will find very much to the purpose,' remarked Fitch as he rose, pushed back his chair, and proceeded to button his overcoat. 'I give you till twelve o'clock to-morrow, sir—till twelve o'clock, not one minute longer, in which to produce either the bonds or the money. Either of 'em will do for me; I don't care a dump which it is. But if neither is forthcoming by noon to-morrow, I tell you candidly that I shall at once make it my business to go to the nearest police magistrate and apply for a warrant against you. I think there's no occasion for me to add another word.—Good-morning, Mr Roding; good-morning, gentlemen all—hem.' He had got hold of his hat and umbrella while speaking, and now, after a final glance over his shoulder at Ruff, he beat a somewhat undignified retreat from the room.

A YEAR AGO.

Just a little year ago,
You were all to me;
Even yet, I scarcely know
How such things can be.

Did you mean it all the time?
Were you false or true?
Is it change of place or clime
That has altered you?

Did you think to love me still?
Did your fancy stray?
Did you change against your will,
When you went away?

Do you still remember this,
Many miles apart?
Ah! you left your careless kiss
Printed on my heart!

Little did my soul divine
That the year would see
Your dear heart, close knit to mine,
Drift away from me.

Yet I dream you brave and true;
Through the mists of pain,
Still I stretch my hands to you
Till we meet again.

Just a little year ago!
Ah! my eyes are wet!
Cruel Love! do you not know
I can ne'er forget!

MYRA.

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CAN A BLIND MAN SEE A GHOST?

BY A BLIND CONTRIBUTOR.

'A MAN may see how this world goes with no eyes,' says the unhappy Lear; and, as is often the case with the demented, he embodies a profound truth in a paradox. We hear in every-day conversation, for instance, such expressions as, 'Any one can see that with half an eye.' Or, again, if a peculiarly sharp person is spoken of—'Oh, he can see as far into a brick wall as most people;' and so on: thus showing that the veracity of the principle expressed in Shakespeare's words in this matter, as in most, has long since been universally accepted. Hence, we have only to go a step further, and it may readily be assumed that, if a man with no eyes can see how this world goes, he can with equal clearness observe what is being done in the world of ghosts. To a blind man, therefore, we ought to turn for all reliable information from that mysterious and awe-inspiring region. He should be the accredited special correspondent, for he, above all people, has the capacity which entirely qualifies him for the post—his papers are, as it were, strictly *en règle*, and must go unchallenged. He is free of the whole country, even from its frontier to its innermost fastnesses and recesses.

The common question, Have you ever seen a ghost? can only be put to the sightless with any likelihood of getting a reliable reply in the affirmative. To suggest, therefore, that there is anything paradoxical in the query heading these remarks would be absurd; for not only is a blind man the best qualified to see a ghost, but he sees nothing else: we are all ghosts to him; all the world, and all the men and women, merely shadows, with whom, however, he is on the most familiar terms; his every-day companions, his intimates, his bosom friends. His mind's eye clothes them in forms and endows them with attributes entirely of his own creation, according to what he thinks should fit them, by the measurement he takes, from their voice and manners, of their character, stature, and appearance. These are

to him the touchstones to his judgments, and become either the passports to his good graces, or the features which inspire him with distrust, dislike, terror, or even horror. In that they are, in one sense, but visual phantoms, however—nothing but creations of the brain, reflections of ideas—ghosts, in fact—it may be thought they could not imprint themselves on his intelligence so indelibly and substantially as if beheld through the common channel of normal sight. No greater mistake could be made. The spectral image of his friend once established in his mind, the blind man beholds him plainly whenever he thinks of him or talks to him—yes, as plainly, unmistakably as those would do who are blessed with perfect physical vision. When, in our mind's eye, we see a person whom we know by sight, whose features and bodily attributes are familiar to us, his personal appearance is recalled with the vividness of reality, directly we think of him. Equally, the spectral image of any person as self-created by the blind man stands out on his mental retina—not, of course, with the actual *vraisemblance* of life—that is impossible—but with what to the blind man passes for the same thing. Thus, this can only be a *phasma* of the real person—in a word, the ghost. It is not necessary, urge the scientific investigators of these matters, for the physical retina actually to reflect the object and convey an impression of it to the brain, in order that the brain may conceive an image of that object; the mind's eye is all-sufficient in some cases for the mind; it is so for the blind man, fortunately for him.

His condition, perhaps, may be best compared with that in which the seeing find themselves when asleep and dreaming. What other men see only in dreams, he sees perpetually; for in one sense, his life is a dream, his world nothing but a world of, dreams and shadows. Of him as of the dreamer, it may be truly said:

Strange state of being,
For 'tis still to be
Senseless to feel,
And with sealed eyes to see.

Modern scientific, psychological research endeavours to demonstrate that nothing in this region, any more than in any other, is due to chance, but that all in it is regulated by unswerving laws, if we have the wit to read them aright. But the region of psychology being impalpable, there is more difficulty in submitting its phenomena to recognised tests than those of the material world. Hence it is put forward that although, of course, there are no such things as ghosts, in the usual acceptance of the word, there does exist that influence of one mind over another which will create apparitions sufficient to warrant those who behold them in saying they have seen a ghost. In other words, 'one mind may impress another otherwise than through the recognised channels of sense'—sufficiently, that is, to be entirely independent of matter. There is no commoner form of ghost-story than that which supplies the motive of the popular drama of the *Corsican Brothers*, where a person on the point of death, or in some extreme moment of peril, suddenly appears, independently of the distance between them, to another person, over whom he has some mental power, or with whom he is bound up by a close personal tie. Extend the principle herein enunciated, and although there may be no dire catastrophe invoking the presence, the image of some one far away, summoned up by thought in a blind man's brain, becomes to him literally the ghost of that some one. For, if that some one were actually standing side by side with his sightless brother, he could only appear in the same ghost-like form. The imaginative presentment of him would be, could only be, identical in both cases; for the man with no eyes could not see him in any palpable shape, but that shape would be none the less real or substantial to him because it was spectral.

We are not, however, attempting to write a scientific or psychological treatise. We have but a fanciful notion for showing that your blind man should be accepted as your most true ghost-seer, and that, therefore, the paradoxically sounding question with which we start has for answer a very significant affirmative. If ever it be given to man to see the ghost of his fellow-man, the sightless should be in this respect privileged beyond all others. To them we should look for all true ghost-stories, particularly at a season when such vanities are in the ascendant. Now, therefore, that there is a Royal Commission sitting to inquire into the condition and welfare of the blind, this fact should be remembered. There is always difficulty in finding employment for the sightless, so perhaps the suggestion will open up a new occupation for them. Let it not be supposed there is any lack of sympathy expressed in these words. The blind are proverbially cheerful and light-hearted, and will not misunderstand them. They love a joke above all things, and are keenly appreciative of everything which diversifies their circumscribed existence. A professed *raconteur* with no eyes might conjure up such romances from his darkened world as would make the blood of all of us curdle. At his command, and under every kind of fantastic guise and thrilling circumstance, spirits might be made to parade so startlingly before us that all the ghostly traditions of yore would be utterly eclipsed. Were he likewise a skilled musician—and music

should be his especial *métier*—he could, with appropriate and creepy pianoforte accompaniment, tell tales which would strike awe into the souls of the listeners. With a darkened room and suggestive surroundings in harmony with the occasion, such ghostly *séances* might be got up as would far exceed those of any table-turning, spirit-rapping medium who has hitherto appeared before a credulous public. Recitals of this kind would at least be a novelty, and form an outlet for any histrionic ability possessed among a class of the community who only lack encouragement in the right direction to show themselves not one whit behind the rest of mankind in intelligence, humour, and pathos. It may sound like a quaint conceit, but your blind man may lay the hint to heart, and see if it cannot be acted on, to his own and others' advantage. It is a sportive, if not a sporting notion—let him look to it.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER LVIII.—PIXY-LED.

'LOOKY' here, Joshua,' said Mr Jacob Coryc, as his son was getting the trap ready on Thursday, in which to take Josephine and Bessie to St Kerian. 'As the Duchy Bank isn't broke, you make yourself uncommon sweet to Mary Cable, and tell the father that I'm game to go on with *Champagne Air Hotel*.—What a shock it gave me when I heard the news! and however it got about is a wonder. If folks tell news, why do they always twist it so as to stick in your ribs? I've heard one of the coastguard tell, who was in Burmah, how the natives there run amuck. They get a sword or a spike, or something unpleasant, and they run along as hard as a racer, skewering every one they meet with it. It be just the same in England with folks; if only they get hold of a nasty, sharp, spiky bit of news, they run amuck with that out of pure wickedness.'

'Father, the sky looks ugly.'

'Yes; I reckon we shall have dirty weather; Northern Nannies,* maybe, drifts of storm and hail; but they'll pass.—What horse are you putting in?'

'Dancing Jenny.'

'Why, Dancing Jenny? She cuts capers in the shafts.'

'You had Derby yesterday to ride over to St Kerian on; and Dancing Jenny wants a run to take the tingle out of her toes.'

'If you was going alone; but with two fragile bits o' womankind, I should say put in Whiteface.'

'Whiteface has no life in him. Leave me alone. Do you think I can't drive? Why, you might set me to manage an Australian buck-jumper, and I'd do it.'

His father shrugged his shoulders. 'Well, put on a honey-face yourself to Mary Cable, mind

* A 'Northern Nanny' is a cold storm of hail and wind from the north.

you, now that the Duchy Bank is not broke. Get your mother to look at your face before you start, to see that it wears a proper amiable smile.'

There was no parish or other road to St Kerian from Pentargon, because Pentargon was a bay, and not a village; and the road along the cliffs as far as where the artery of communication between St Kerian and the coast entered it, nearly doubled the distance. As the crow flew, and as the track ran for foot-passengers and horsemen, the distance was seven miles; but this lay across moor and between bogs, and only those who knew it could venture along it. The neighbourhood was sparsely populated, and the traffic was small, except along the main turnpike roads. Near the coast, the slate rocks, laden with carboniferous particles that gave them a black colour, rise abruptly, but much contorted from the sea; they fall away inland, forming dips, in which are swamps, where rise numerous affluents of the Tamar; and beyond this boggy district extend granite ridges and moors in a chain, forming the spine of the Cornish peninsula. Such population as exists clusters in the valleys and by the sea; the moors are left to solitude and desolation. The short-cut to St Kerian lay across one of the sedgy, marshy basins in the slate, and then over a spur of granite moor, beneath which nestled St Kerian in verdure and shelter from the sea-gales.

Mr Joshua Corye had no idea of going round by the road; the ugly look of the sky made him desirous of getting the journey over as quickly as possible; and Dancing Jenny would be less likely to cut her capers among ruts and swamps than on a broad, macadamised highway.

When the gig was ready, Dancing Jenny began to paw and spring and show the antics that gave her her name; and little Bessie was frightened, and shrank to the side of Josephine.

'Are you wise, Joshua,' said his father, 'putting Jenny in that cart? The shafts are too short for so big a mare.'

'She'll do,' answered Joshua; 'there's no great weight behind.'

'I've put in a keg of *Maggie* ale,' said the landlord. 'There's a confirmation at St Kerian to-morrow, and perhaps the bishop might like it. He was very partial to it, I mind, when he was here once before—that is, before ever he was a bishop.'

'I didn't reckon on that extra weight,' said Joshua; 'I'll tighten the breeching another hole.'

'You can't do it,' answered his father; 'the buckle is at its furthest.'

'Then take out the keg of ale.'

'It would nigh kill the bishop with disappointment. I know for sure he's got this here confirmation at St Kerian just to be near where he can taste *Maggie* ale. Who ever heard of one at that place before? I knew by the look of his face, when he was here, that he never enjoyed himself so heartily as tasting *Maggie* ale; and when he'd done, he was off like a long dog [greyhound] home to his missus, t'other side of England, to tell her what stuff we brewed down here.—And now, blowed if he ain't brought his

missus to St Kerian! What for? I ask. Does a bishop want his missus to help him to confirm? I know better; he's brought her into the neighbourhood to taste the *Maggie* ale. And, by George! they shall not be disappointed.'

The old innkeeper helped Josephine into the cart—a tax-cart, that was convertible in many ways, by ingenious arrangement of the seats—and then heaved up Bessie into Josephine's arms. Bessie would sit between the driver and her nurse; or, if she were cramped in that way, on Josephine's lap. Bessie was uneasy at the prancing of the mare, and looked timidly in Josephine's face for reassurance. The latter smiled and appeared to be without alarm, and indeed she had been accustomed to ride and drive since she was a young girl and was not afraid of a skittish horse.

'Now, then, you kangaroo!' shouted Joshua, standing up, leaning forward, and lashing into Jenny, who bounded away at the touch of the whip, docile, conscious, by the feel of the reins, that they were in the hands of one who understood her and would put up with no nonsense.

'It's a wonderful thing to consider,' said Joshua, 'that there are men who can't see the points in a horse. You show them a good beast and a bad one, and they can't choose between them. It is like having no ear for music; and not knowing whether a chord is in tune or not.—Now, then! Jenny; none of your tricks!—Father is rarely taken up with bullocks and heifers; so is Cable; and I don't deny there's money to be made out of them; but so is there money to be made out of horses. Why should we not go in for horses here? To me, there's something mean in always growing bullocks and heifers; there's no science, no art, no interest about it. But a horse is another thing altogether. You can throw your soul into that.—Do you know this way to St Kerian, miss?'

'No,' answered Josephine. 'When I came to the *Maggie*, I came along the road.'

'That's a distance of twelve miles, or twelve and a half—two sides of a triangle.—I hope you're well provided against wet weather, miss? There's a storm coming on, and we shall be out of all shelter on the moor.'

'We have wraps,' answered Josephine.

The wheels of the trap went noiselessly over turf, and occasionally bounced over a tuft of gorse. There were wheel-tracks here and there, and in some places boggy holes full of black water. The tracks radiated away in different directions—it was hard to say in which they most predominated and indicated the existence of a way.

'One might easily be pixy-led on the moors,' said Joshua, 'and wander for days without finding a house. I've been pixy-led myself round a field. Father had in a fresh brew of *Maggie* ale, and I drank a good deal of it, and then went off to look after a gray I had at grass. The evening was dark; and after I had got into the meadow, I wandered round and about, and about and round, for an hour, and could not find the gate. At last, when I was thoroughly stupid and mad with vexation, I stripped off my coat and turned it inside out, put it on again—and there was the gate before me!—If ever you get pixy-led, mind and turn your jacket. I've heard it spoken of by the old people, often, but never heeded it till that

evening, and then I proved it.—Drat it! there comes the storm.'

A roaring, blinding rush of icy wind, laden with hail, and rain as cold as hail, came past. It was so fierce, so loud, so stinging, that Dancing Jenny was frightened or angry, and leaped and backed from it, and then stood stock-still.

'Get along, you crocodile!' shouted Joshua, lashing at the mare.

But a stubborn fit had come on Jenny. They were on an exposed moor, without rock or tree or hedge to break the force of the gale. The hail swept by them in sheets—it spun along the ground; it cut them as if the ice-particles were small-shot. To face the wind would have been impossible. It shook the cart, and threatened to throw it over.

'By Jove!' said Joshua, 'after all, father was right to ballast us with the *Maggie* ale. There's a dip yonder in the moor; we'll go down into that, and get under the lee of the hill.—Go on, you blackguardess!' And raising his whip over his head, he lashed Jenny with all the force of his arm. The mare, alarmed at the roar and force of the storm, stung with the hail on her skin, then tender, as she had been clipped and singed the day before, reared at the blow, and with a snort of anger, dashed away with the trap down the slope. Joshua put the whip between his teeth and held the reins with both hands; the decline became sharp, the wheels danced over the tufts of gorse, tore through brakes of heather, sprang into the air over a node of quartz-rock. 'Just like an Australian buck-jumper,' laughed Joshua—then Jenny was floundering in a bog, and snap—something must have given way. What then ensued, neither Josephine nor Joshua nor Bessie remembered. They had a recollection of a hammering at the splashboard, of a crash; and when Josephine collected her scattered senses, she, clinging to Bessie, and Bessie clinging to her, lay in the marsh, and Joshua some way off, motionless; and Dancing Jenny had kicked the gig to pieces, and was tearing away with the broken shafts dangling at her sides. But Josephine only caught one glimpse of her in a lull of the storm, and then down the moor-gully rushed the hail and rain again, like water pouring out of a sluice in a canal lock. About her were thousands of white cotton-grass heads lying prostrate before the wind, shivering, bobbing, as though the whole surface were covered with froth from the sea in flakes, or clots of snow. The cart was kicked to merest fragments—a wheel here, another with the axle there, the splashboard torn to shreds, the seat flung into the midst of the swamp, back-rail downwards, and the bottom and sides of the cart as though hacked to pieces with an axe for firewood. The breaching had given way, and the cart had touched the hocks of Jenny, driving the mare, already frightened, into a paroxysm of mad terror.

Josephine's first thought was for Bessie. The child was unhurt, though shaken; and when Josephine rose to her feet, she found that she also had been jarred by the fall, though no bones were broken or cuts inflicted. Her limbs trembled as with bitter cold, and a sickly faintness came over her, that prevented her from gathering together her wits and deciding what was to be done in the emergency. The effort

to stand against the wind and hail was more than she could make, and she sank to her knees. 'Lie still,' she said to Bessie, and drew her shawl over the child, to shelter her from the icy blast and needle-pricking hail. Even kneeling, with her side to the wind, she had hard ado to keep herself from being blown over, and she held to some rushes for support that were tufted with a coarse flower. The gale spent itself, at all events momentarily, and the driving hail seemed to be lifted, as a muslin veil, and beneath it Josephine could see Joshua lying motionless, as she had seen him in the first moment of returning consciousness.

'Will you remain here, Bessie, whilst I go to poor Mr Joshua? He is hurt badly.' The child gave a sign of consent; and Josephine, half standing, half kneeling, staggered along to the prostrate man. He was unconscious; he had fallen on hard ground, not in the marsh. No blood flowed; therefore, he had not been cut; but she was unable to guess the extent of his injuries. The hail was over his face, thawing with the rain into long trickles; his waistcoat, arms, and legs were capped with an incrustation of ice.

What was to be done? She could not leave him. She could not leave Bessie to run for aid. She did not know whence aid was obtainable. The utmost she could do was to get the cushions of the gig and lay one under his head. Then she went back to Bessie.

'My darling,' she said, 'can you walk?'

'Yes; but not far.'

'We must do our best. The worst of the hail-storm is over. Come with me; we must find some men who can remove Mr Joshua.'

'But where are they to be found?'

Josephine considered for a moment, standing with her back to the wind, with her hand to her head. She could not go down the valley, because it seemed to be nothing but a wide spreading swamp. To return over the way she had come would be to face the tearing wind, and would be ineffectual, because in coming so far they had not passed a house. The only chance of meeting with human beings was in going forward. Bessie must come with her. She could not leave the child to shiver in the cold beside the prostrate man, who might, for all she knew, be a corpse. So she took Bessie's hand, and encouraged her to step out bravely. The child was frightened, cold, shaken by the fall; but she had a stout heart, and promised to walk and keep up as much as she was able.

She returned up the slope, following the wheel-tracks the trap had made in the spongy soil to where it had diverged from a direct course. Then she followed what she believed to be the traces of former traffic, in the presumed direction of St Kerian. She looked about her. On all sides where she could see, where the passage of the storm had not made a blot over sky and horizon, was undulating moor, with here and there a hump of granite standing up through the moss and turf. Not a sign of the horse; not a trace of human industry. The curlews were screaming, and a flight of gulls overhead winged their way inland. Here and there, some sheep stood, clustered on the lee side of a granite block.

'Halloo, there!'

Before Josephine had seen a man, she was

startled by his salutation. Now she saw him, cowering against a piece of rock, gray-habited, of the colour of the stone.

She went to him at once. 'There has been an accident. Only a few yards away, down that hollow, a man has been thrown from his gig and hurt. He is insensible. Mr Joshua Corye—I daresay you know him.'

'What!—of the *Magpie*?'

'Yes, of the *Magpie*.'

'I know him. Is he killed?'

'I do not know. Do go at once to him.'

'I must get help.—Where is it?'

She indicated the exact spot. 'I will go with you and show you.'

'No,' said the shepherd; 'you go on with the child to my cot. You can't miss it. Keep right forward; and when you come to the Long Man—'

'The Long Man?'

'Ay, the Long Man—turn sharp to the right, and a hundred paces off you'll find some peat-works; skirt them, and you'll come on my cabin. There's a turf-fire in it. Warm yourself and the child, till we've got Mr Joshua right. I must go after help, and may be some time away.'

'But—the Long Man?'

'Of course—you know the Long Man of Carnevan. Every fool knows that. Turn to the right at the Long Man—you can't fail. A blind jackass would find the way.' Then the shepherd strode away in quest of help.

That *Man* was the Cornish for stone; and that the Long Man was a stone pillar, a rude primeval granite obelisk, never for a moment occurred to Josephine. She supposed that the shepherd pointed out the way to a fellow-shepherd who would give her the requisite directions, if she forgot those already communicated. So she went on, holding Bessie's hand, in the course pointed out by the shepherd. Whether she came to the monolith or not, she did not remember afterwards; she was not looking out for one, but for a tall shepherd, and she was not at that moment possessed with keen enthusiasm for prehistoric antiquities. She went on, feeling Bessie dragging more and more at her hand, till the little girl burst into a flood of tears.

'What is the matter, Bessie dear?'

'I cannot go another step—my back hurts me.'

Josephine stood still. What was to be done now? 'The distance cannot be great. We shall find the Long Man soon, and he will carry you.—Stay! Will you let me take you in my arms?—There; throw your arms round my neck and cling tightly; lay your head on my shoulder, and I will carry you. It is not far. We are sure to come to the tall shepherd in a minute.'

But no man was visible, tall or short. Josephine's knees gave way under the weight. She was not strong, and was herself tired and bruised and shaken, and was ill suited to carry an additional burden to her own weary body. Then, suddenly, they were wrapped in dense mist; it came rolling down on them like a solid wall of white wool; and in a moment they were enveloped, and could not see two paces before them. With the descent of the vapour, every

idea of direction was swept away. No distance could be seen on any side, no sky, only a little circle of earth, and that through a drift of whirling watery particles. The sense first produced was one of suffocation, then of chill penetrating to the marrow.

'Bessie,' said Josephine, 'I do not know where to go whilst this fog lasts. I will lay the rug on the ground and wrap you round in it, and wait.'

The child was too frightened and weary to object. Josephine wrapped her round and laid her on the wet moss, and then threw herself down beside her. It was impossible for her to find her way. She would only over-exert herself and fall fainting with her load, if she tried to go on. There was nothing for her to do but wait. The ground was frosted with hailstones, that showed no token of melting. The earth was black as soot, peaty, full of water, that oozed up under their weight—black water, smelling of bog. A stunted growth of whortleberry grew over it, and rushes; every blade of vegetation dripped with water, where not weighed down with hailstones cemented together. The mist penetrated everywhere; nothing could keep it out. Josephine was wet to the skin; her hands were numbed and aching with cold; her teeth chattered. She rose.

'My dear Bessie,' she said, 'we must make another attempt. There is no token of the fog dispersing. If I could only make out the direction of the wind, it would be some guide. Nothing can be worse than this. Let us make a push on. Now I will try to carry you on my back. I can manage that better than in my arms, at least it will be a change.'

So they struggled on. Josephine was warmed by the exertion; but she soon felt that her strength was not equal to more; and she halted, with shaking knees, and looked about her.

Then Bessie uttered a cry of terror. What was it? Through the vapour loomed a gigantic figure, huge as an elephant. It moved—and in another moment Bessie and her bearer saw a sheep run past them. The fog had marvellous powers of magnifying objects seen through its veil.

'There—there is the cabin!' exclaimed Josephine, and hurried forward—to disappointment. She found a huge pile of granite rocks, weathered into layers like strata of aqueous deposits, moss-covered, split into fragments vertically, and with fallen masses, like tables thrown over and leaning on one another. At all events, some shelter was to be had among these rocks, and Josephine scrambled into a cleft, and took Bessie on her lap and laid her head on her bosom. Her bosom was wet, but it was warm. The little girl moaned, but did not speak. Josephine looked at her face. The eyes were closed. 'Bessie, dear?' Then the eyes opened, and shut wearily again.

Josephine sat in the rocky cleft and looked out. The mist drove by like smoke, smoke thick as though the moor were on fire, and the mist had a peaty smell. Where she was, Josephine did not know in the least. Lest she should have gone along westward and strayed far from St Kerian, farther than when she started, was her fear.

The day was closing in, and closing rapidly. She had a watch, and looked at it, but found that it had stopped when she was thrown from the gig. She was too tired to speak to Bessie. She could not give her hopes, for she could not frame them herself. If the shepherd came to his hut and found that she wasn't there, he would look for her; but where was he to look? How to find her in such a vapour? She had been hot with carrying Bessie; now, again, she was cold, bitterly cold, and cramp came in her feet and arms. She tried to move; but Bessie uttered a fretful cry, and Josephine, on looking at her, found that she had fallen asleep. She sat on, leaning back on the rock, looking out with stagnant mind at the driving fog, shuddering convulsively at intervals with cold and exhaustion, listening to the sob and wail of the wet wind that played about the rocks and blew through its crevices. The ground fell away below the rocks rapidly, but whither she did not know, and conjectured into a 'clatter'—that is, a ruin of granite masses difficult to thread in open day, impossible in fog and dusk. With every wave of vapour a fresh fold of darkness came on. Night was setting in rapidly.

Many hours had elapsed since either Josephine or the child had eaten anything. Bessie fortunately slept. Josephine was not hungry, but faint. She ached in every limb. So great was her exhaustion, that she had difficulty in keeping her senses from sliding away into unconsciousness. The cold weighed on her like a crown of ice, and she had to summon all her resolution not to fall asleep or faint—she knew not which would ensue.

What would happen if they spent the night on the moor? Would they be alive by morning? For herself, she did not care. All her concern was for Bessie, who was intrusted to her, and for whom she felt herself responsible. She had sinned against Richard Cable so heavily, that if she failed to keep safe and restore sound to him his dear little child, the chance of his forgiving her would be gone for ever. Then she remembered how that often when at St Kerian she had seen the moor covered with cloud when the air was clear in the valley. The only prospect of life lay in escape from the vapour, and the only possibility of doing that was to descend from the moor.

She was so spent with cold and hunger and weariness, that she was obliged to do battle with herself before she could muster resolution to rise and recommence her wanderings. Her joints were so stiff that she cried with pain as she got out of her sitting posture, in which she had, as it were, hardened; she hardly knew if Bessie were awake or asleep, she was so silent. Round her neck, Josephine had tied Richard's blue handkerchief, as a protection from the cold, and it hung down in a point behind. She had laid Bessie on the ground before her, between her and the entrance to the rift. She knelt up, and unknotted the kerchief.

'I have been pixy-led,' she said, and sobbed with cold as she spoke; 'I will turn the kerchief.' She held it out above her head, unfolded it, gave it a toss and reversed it, and replaced it about her shoulders. At that moment the cloud-veil parted before the rocks, and through the falling night she looked down as into a lower world, and in

the blackness of a valley that seemed without bottom, saw a twinkle of many points of light. 'One—two—three—four—five—six—seven!' She uttered a gasp of relief—she could not cry. 'Bessie! dearest! Red Windows.'

THE WRECK OF THE DERRY CASTLE.

On the 12th March last the iron bark *Derry Castle*, Captain Goffe, belonging to Limerick, and chartered by Messrs Gibbs, Bright, & Co., left Geelong, in Australia, for Falmouth, loaded with wheat; and for one hundred and ninety-two days she was never heard of. No trace of her could be found in any port, and she was posted at Lloyd's as missing. To the surprise of all who heard of it, the sealer *Awarua*, a craft of forty-five tons, sailed up Melbourne Bay on the 21st September, having on board eight survivors of the wrecked bark, which, as they narrated, had been cast away on Enderby Island, one of the Auckland group, eight days after leaving Geelong. From a very full account given in the *Melbourne Argus*, we extract the following particulars of this lamentable tale of the sea.

The vessel left port with a fair wind on the 12th of March, and on the morning of the 20th March, at two o'clock, she struck the rocks at the uninhabited island group above mentioned, and broke up in a very short time. The captain, both mates, and twelve seamen were drowned in trying to reach the reef-bound shore; and seven of the crew and the only passenger, Mr James McGhie, endured for four months a series of privations and adventures which seldom occur in real life. It is indeed strange how nearly the *Derry Castle* was lost without leaving a trace behind. If she had struck on any other part of the long line of western coast of Enderby Island than the apex of the north-west point, those who reached the shore alive would have perished miserably on the rocks, unable to scale the inaccessible and almost perpendicular cliffs. The scene of the wreck is rarely visited by vessels; and the only passing craft that was seen in the course of the ninety-one days' sojourn there, failed to see the signals of distress which the castaways displayed.

The *Derry Castle* made a quick passage to Enderby Island. She had a fair wind, at times amounting to a gale, behind her, and she made the most of her canvas. On the night of the 20th March, only one day more than a week from clearing at Geelong, the catastrophe occurred without the slightest warning. Never was a vessel sent more blindly or speedily to destruction. It was about ten minutes to two A.M., and the chief-officer's watch on deck. All sail was set, and the bark was bowling along twelve knots an hour before the wind. The chief-officer gave the order to haul up the mainsail, and the watch were casting loose the braces. Neither the man at the wheel nor the lookout reported land, which the survivors of the watch say could not be seen.

The night was hazy, the sky cloudy—what sailors call a rather dirty night—and the wind freshening. Without the slightest alarm being given, or effort to change the course of the vessel, she ran bow on to submerged rocks, and bumped over them for some distance with terrific force. Then her bow dropped into deep water, and the stern rested high on the reef, with the seas rolling over it. The vessel listed heavily to starboard, and began to break up. She was so close in to the land—about two hundred yards—that the frowning coast-line now rose clearly into view.

One of the survivors, the only passenger on board, Mr James M'Ghie, a native of Limerick, and who had been on a visit to Australia for his health, thus narrates what happened after the ship struck :

'The ship was leaning over very much, and we clung to the rail, standing on the outside on the side of the ship, as we expected she might go right over at any moment. She was crashing violently on the rock at this time. The rudder had been carried away, and the sternpost knocked clean out of her, so that we could see right through her into the water beneath. In about ten minutes the mainmast went overboard with a loud crash. The crew were all in a very excited state at this time ; but word went round that she would probably hold together till daylight, and the panic somewhat subsided. Our position was miserable in the extreme—two heavy seas swept over us, the night was bitterly cold, and we had barely any clothing. It became evident that we could not live until daylight, if we clung to the wreck ; and we feared that if we stayed there much longer we should become so benumbed as to be unable to swim. I could see rocks at a distance of about two hundred yards away, but there appeared to be little chance of a safe landing there. Taking advantage of a sea which came over us, seven of the party jumped off to make a fight for life. Only one of these reached the shore safely.

I should have mentioned that directly after the ship struck, the captain and first-officer passed life-buoys and life-belts to us who were on the poop, so that we were all provided with them. Five more men jumped overboard soon afterwards and swam for the shore. The rest of us went separately, one after the other. I was the last but one to leave. The remaining man was clinging to the rigging. I could dimly see his figure, but could not distinguish who it was ; but I learned afterwards that it was Mr Robins, the chief-officer. I had a life-belt and was a good swimmer, and had little fear but that I could reach the land. The only danger I anticipated was getting there too quickly. The sea was terribly rough ; and soon after leaving, I was caught in a wave, which broke over me and twirled me over and over, until I thought I should have been drowned. However, I managed to survive, and swam on. I did not face the nearest rocks, which were high and precipitous, and had been hollowed out at the base by the action of the sea. They were also covered with seaweed or kelp, which hung down in long streams into the sea and floated on the surface of the water.

I had discerned in the gloom what appeared to be like a gully running into the land in a V shape about eighty yards deep. I made for this, and swam safely into the entrance.

Here I had the good fortune to find a spar from the ship, floating end outwards towards the land. I put my arm round this and clung to it. It was driven on to the rocks with great force ; but as the end of it struck first, the shock was not so great as to disable me ; and when the sea had broken over me and retired, I landed safely on a soft bed of seaweed. I tried to walk, but found that I was unable to do so. My feet were quite benumbed, and I fell down at every effort I made. I crawled for about fifteen yards to the shelter of a high rock, and called out loudly, to find if any one else had landed near me, and also with a view to help anybody who might be trying to land at that place. However, I got no answer. I remained for about an hour under the shelter of that rock, until the sea, increasing in violence, began to break over it, and I was afraid of being washed away. I was still unable to walk, and crawled for a distance of about three hundred yards towards some higher rocks that I could see inland, and reached these with great difficulty.

The salt water I had swallowed made me very sick, and it was with great pleasure I noticed a stream of fresh water trickling from the rocks, with which I refreshed, and invigorated myself. On the rocks I now reached I found Nicholas Wallace, one of the seamen, who was calling out loudly in an endeavour to discover any companions. We heard some one answer him ; but we remained together there till daylight under shelter of a big rock. It would be about three o'clock when I found him, and day broke about six. As soon as it was day, all the survivors mustered together, and we then found that only eight had reached the shore safely, seven of whom were seamen. It is impossible to describe our miserable and forlorn condition. Not one of us was even half-clad, several were almost naked, and we were shivering with cold. I suggested that we should make a search and see if we might find any of our companions lying among the rocks ; and we immediately set about it. The first body we found was that of the second-mate, named Rasmussen. His body was still warm, and he had evidently reached the shore alive, for the sea could not have thrown him where he lay. We did all we could to restore him by chafing his limbs, but without avail. He had probably landed on the high rocks, and stumbling along in the dark, had fallen down a considerable distance into the pool where his body lay. The fall had killed him, or he had been stunned by it, and then drowned in the pool. We also found the bodies of Captain Goffe and a seaman. Both of these had been dashed by the waves on the rocks and killed, as their heads were crushed in. Their bodies were thrown up on shore.

When it became quite light, we could see some one in the foretop of the ship. Some of the others recognised him as the sailmaker. He was a Swede, and went by the nickname of "Sails." I knew him by no other. One of the sailors got a life-buoy and a bit of line and held it

up to him, as an inducement to try to swim ashore, by showing that we were ready to help him. He took off his coat and boots and made the attempt; but the poor fellow never reached the land. He got to some low rocks, where we could not reach him, as there was a wild sea between, and clung there for a time, but was washed off again, and, as far as we could judge, was crushed by a portion of the wreckage, for we saw him no more. We then broke up into different parties, to explore the place on which we were landed. Two started to make a circuit in one direction, and two in another; I and three others remained near the wreck. One of the parties did not succeed in making the circuit of the island, and returned. The others found an old government depot at the opposite side of the island, but there was nothing there except one bottle of salt.

The only food that floated ashore from the wreck was two tins of preserved fish and half-a-dozen pumpkins. We had no knife, but found two on the bodies washed ashore; and with these we cut rushes and made a bed for ourselves, and slept that night huddled together as close as possible for warmth. We also took the clothes from the bodies we found, and divided them amongst us, to increase our scanty stock. We buried the bodies on the island.

We did not sleep much that night, for we found that the island was a great resort for seals, and we had settled ourselves right in their track. One of the men had gone apart and taken possession of a hole, which was soon claimed by a seal, which fastened its teeth in the calf of his leg. The man immediately abandoned the place and came running to us shouting, with a large dog-seal after him. The whole of the after-part of the night we had to stand up and defend ourselves against seals. Some of them were of great size, and were very fierce; but a tap on the nose with a piece of wood always sent them to the rightabout.

On Monday we searched the wreckage and turned over the timber which had come ashore, with a view to preserve all food or anything else that might be useful to us. It was this day that we found the two tins of herrings. On the afternoon of Monday we made our way over the island to the depot, which we found to be a structure about six feet by four feet six inches in size, shaped like a tent. Into this we all crowded that night and slept as best we could. For the next ten days we lived there on shellfish, which we found on the rocks, but in very small and insufficient quantities. They could be obtained only when the tide was low. Some of the men had also killed a seal and eaten it freely, but I could not do so: it tasted like very rancid cod-liver oil. We had no fire, and the weather was extremely cold and wet. We had one box of wooden matches, but there was never sufficient sun to dry them. I had a revolver cartridge in my possession, which I kept as a last resource, and on the tenth day we got a fire by exploding this. We took out the bullet, and managed to ignite a piece of dry rag, which was fanned into flame by being shaken in the wind. This operation was watched with the most intense interest, and when we at last got a fire, our joy may be imagined.

The island was covered with a low undergrowth of myrtle, and we kept the fire going by gathering all the dry sticks we could find, as we had no axe to cut wood. About this time we found an old boiler, which had been left on the island by some whaling-party, probably, and with this we increased our food-supply by making a kind of soup of seals' flesh. Some of the wheat with which the ship was laden now began to come ashore. It was swollen with water and salt, but we liked it all the better on that account. We ground this up with seals' flesh, and made a soup, which in our condition was very acceptable. We had plenty of water everywhere, as the island was nearly all a vast swamp. We took our turns at cooking and bringing in firewood, of which we accumulated a supply, in the event of bad weather. Our greatest care was to keep the fire alight, and in order to insure this, two men were always told off to watch it. We would not trust one; and threats of lynching, which might have been carried out, were held out to those on watch, if the fire should be permitted to go out. We felt that our lives depended on keeping it up.

Our troubles were greatly lightened by finding an old axehead on the ground, which had been partly burned. There was no handle in it, and it was very blunt; but with our knives a handle was soon made, and it was sharpened by friction on a piece of sandstone. This instrument proved invaluable to us by keeping up our supply of firewood and enabling the sailors to make a punt. All this time our thoughts were busy with plans for leaving the island. We had flags flying on three different points, to attract the notice of any vessel passing; and we also had bundles of wood ready to light fires on prominent places, should a vessel heave in sight. Men were engaged every day in bringing planks from the wreck, in order to make a punt, and also in carrying over all the wheat that could be gathered up, and of this we accumulated a stock of fifteen hundredweight.

Two weeks after we landed, we found part of the captain's sailing directory, which had been washed ashore. It was too wet to read, the leaves being all stuck together; but after it was dried, we were able to discover our position, and found that we had been wrecked on Enderby Island, in the Auckland group; and we concluded that the main island was about eight miles distant.

The part of the main island which was visible to the wrecked men was Port Ross, and there it was believed would be found a government depot containing stores for shipwrecked seamen. To Port Ross, therefore, which was tantalisingly in sight, the survivors used to strain their eyes in hopeless yearning to reach it; but they had no materials to make a boat. The wreckage of the *Derry Castle* which came ashore from time to time would have sufficed to make at least a raft; but there were no implements to fashion it. So that, in spite of something being seen on the foreshore of Port Ross, which some thought to be a rock, and others affirmed was more like a building, week after week passed without any prospect of escape. Surely never was succour so near and yet so far from those who yearned to reach it. Little more than a raft was needed; in fact, one of the

sufferers was willing to attempt the voyage on two planks lashed together; but this was out of the question. Yet no boat could be made without some cutting instrument to fashion the decking timber and fittings of the *Derry Castle* which from time to time floated ashore. It seemed that the party must hope on and hope ever that succour would come, and that they could do nothing more to help themselves than to providently parch all the wheat that came ashore, and husband it carefully by keeping every one to the allowance mutually agreed upon, and which was faithfully observed.

But towards the end of May a prospect of release suddenly presented itself, as we have said, by the discovery of an old axehead, which had been left near the old depot probably by some whaling-party. Here was the tool for making a boat! The work was immediately entered upon with hopeful zest by every one. As no boat could have been launched from the side of the island on which the bark was wrecked, on account of the surf, the men carried bundles of the wreckage up the cliff and across the island to the old depot, where the boat was in due course constructed. It was nothing more than an oblong box, six feet by two-and-a-half feet, with the ends running up a little like a Norwegian prow, so as to do duty as a keel or cutwater. The calking was done with odds and ends of rope-yarn, driven into the seams with a piece of hoop-iron, which had also been found. When the boat, such as it was, had been completed, it was launched, and with many hopes and fears for their safety and that of their rude vessel, two of the party—Sullivan and Rennie—pushed off from the shore, and essayed to cross the water which divided the half-starved, nearly naked mariners from what was hoped to be a feast of plenty, if only the stores at the Port Ross depot could be brought within their grasp.

While the punt was gone those left on the island were subjected to another cruel disappointment. A sail hove in sight—came, indeed, comparatively near; and they set about making such a smoky beacon as a passing vessel might be fully expected to see. But the beacon was made in vain, for the vessel put about and left the men to their fate. It seemed to them that she must be a poaching sealer, who mistook the fire for that of people who were on the watch for poachers, and so gave the island a wide berth. Be that as it may, she came and went; and the survivors were left to rely upon their crank punt, upon the trusty sailors who manned it, and the fulfilment of the belief that the government had stocked the depot with provisions.

Two days passed without any message from the punt, and then on the third day smoke was seen on Port Ross, which assured the watchers that their gallant emissaries were safe. They soon came back with glad tidings, and provisions and clothes, to prove what they had seen in spying out the country. At last, after four months of harassing anxiety and insufficient food, shelter, and clothing, they would be housed, fed, and clothed in comparative comfort, even though their Robinson Crusoe life should be prolonged indefinitely, or until the government steamer *Stella* should make her next periodical visit to the Auckland Islands in search of shipwrecked mariners. The transportation of the men and

the remainder of their store of roasted corn from Enderby Island to Port Ross was accomplished without accident, although several trips had to be made before the whole could be freighted across. An attempt was made to employ an old boat that was found on Port Ross; but after binding her round with wire, to prevent her going to pieces, she took in water so freely that she was abandoned. The dingey, too, had to be frequently patched up; but she did the work required of her without mishap, yet in a very slow and toilsome way. Ultimately, the whole of the band, with such possessions as they had, were established at the Port Ross depot, which contained clothing, fat, and biscuits. These were luxuries to the shipwrecked band, who, however, had still before them the prospect of a long and undesirable detention at the port. This was the more unwelcome to them, inasmuch as, while the health of the party had been fairly good, several of them were suffering from the exposure they had undergone. The weather during their sojourn at Enderby Island had been variable, with not a few fine days; but the time of the year—the middle of winter—had made camping-out with little shelter or covering almost unendurable, especially for such a protracted period.

The men were still tortured by the uncertainty as to when they would be released. They had been from the 20th March to the 18th June on Enderby Island—they kept count by notching each day as it passed—and they were destined to remain without further succour until the 19th July, when the *Awarua* put in to Port Ross in search of a boat which she had left there some time previously. The men on shore, overjoyed at hearing the vessel arrive and drop her anchor—it being after dark—hailed her; but as the weather was bad, they did not venture to board her in their punt. Early next morning, Captain L. F. Drew went ashore from the *Awarua*, and had a great reception from the shipwrecked party, whom he immediately took under his protection, and finally brought to Melbourne at considerable loss to himself and to his crew, who have shares in what was intended to be a five months' sealing cruise in Bass's Strait. The *Awarua* encountered such severe weather in coming to Melbourne that the schooner was well-nigh lost. The survivors of the bark, on their arrival in Melbourne, obtained a cordial reception at the Sailors' Home; and with the exception of M'Ghie, who was badly affected with rheumatism, none of them appeared to be much worse for all they had undergone.

THE OLD SECRETAIRE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER IV.

FRANK WARREN's practical solution of the apparently thrilling mystery had the desired effect. By one touch of common-sense the ancient tale was dissolved—in an instant the revered family ghost of the Secretans reduced to the level of a vulgar every-day fraud. When the adventurers reached the hall, they had barely time to remove their rough clothing ere they became aware that their absence had at length been noticed. In the hall, which was quite dark, some one had set a huge bowl of 'snapdragon,' the burning spirit

casting a curious blue glare upon the ring of surrounding faces. Warren was not too much unnerved by his late adventure to miss the opportunity which presented itself of taking the vacant place by Miss Secretan's side.

'Pretty conduct indeed!' said she. 'Give an account of yourselves. We have been seeking for you high and low till we almost anticipated for you the fate of the unfortunate bride of "The Mistletoe Bough."—Where have you been?'

'Hunting the "snark,"' quoth Warren lightly. 'You shall have all my confidence directly.—Dare you snatch a raisin for me? I am afraid.'

'Certainly not. I have burned my fingers sufficiently already.—Won't you tell me what you have discovered? You must have found something.'

'We have actually had an interview with the family ghost,' Warren commenced; and then drawing her aside, he told her everything under the seal of inviolate secrecy. And, indeed, he must have told his fair listener more than that, for when the last blue flicker in the witches' caldron had burned away, and the lamps were turned up, there was a touch of colour in her cheeks, and a new brightness in her eyes, only lighted by the tale that is never old.

Meanwhile, another conversation equally interesting had engrossed the attention of Edith Lucas and Walter Secretan. They, too, had withdrawn from the rest, and striking unobserved through the dining-room, made their way into the conservatory. There was the soft light from a pair of bronze lamps shining dimly through the ferns, behind which was placed a rustic seat entirely out of observation. For a moment they regarded it in some doubt, much as if such a thing was a new object to both of them, then they sat down. For some time there was silence between them, Miss Lucas engaged in rapt contemplation of her fan. Walter stole out a hand presently and laid it upon the white wrist of his companion, unrepined.

'Don't you feel horribly mean?' asked the girl at length.

'Certainly not,' said her companion coolly. 'Who was it who said that all's fair in love and war? Anyway, he was right.—My dear Edith, put it to yourself. Would you rather be here as you are, or still in London, enduring the lover-like gallantry of our gouty friend Ramsden?'

'But General Ramsden ought to be here too,' said Edith demurely.

'I am overwhelmed with grief by that officer's defection. I promised Colonel Lucas he would come; and the colonel—being desirous to sacrifice his daughter to an elderly cripple, whose only recommendation is, five thousand a year and his Order of the Bath—jumped at the chance of visiting his old friend Myles Secretan.'

'But you have not told me why the general failed at the last moment.'

'No? Then I will tell you. I had to exercise a little diplomacy, such as information to the effect that Woodside was a capital place for skating, in consequence of its being in the eye of the east.—"Ah, I suppose you use hot-water pipes in the house, then?" said the general uneasily.—"My dear sir," I replied, "my father would not hear of such a thing; and even if he would, the draughts are so prevalent that they would be

useless. But of course an old soldier does not mind that."—All the same, as you know, the old soldier did mind that; hence his lamentable absence on this occasion, to my great grief, as you know.'

Edith Lucas laughed and shook her head reprovingly. 'Of course, it makes a capital subject for amusement; but I could never marry him, Walter. But seriously, I do not like this; I do not like to be engaged without my father knowing. Perhaps he would be angry at first; but in the end I am sure he would consent. O Walter, why, why, don't you ask him and get it over?'

Secretan pulled his moustache and bit his lip uneasily. He was honourable enough, as young men go; but it had never struck him till now that there was anything wrong or underhand in this secret understanding. 'I was going to tell you,' he said. 'You must understand that I am beginning to earn a living by my profession—three hundred a year, perhaps; and another three which my father allows me, for I will not take any more. And I had made up my mind not to broach the subject nearest my heart to your father till I could show him a thousand a year from every source. We have a small outlying estate called Oatlands, which has usually been the portion of the eldest son on his coming of age, and which used to—does now, in fact—produce some fifteen hundred a year. But, unfortunately, my grandfather found his income insufficient for him, and, amongst other places, he mortgaged Oatlands for twenty thousand pounds. The strangest thing of all is that the mortgage is held by General Ramsden.'

'But what has all this to do with us?' asked Edith, somewhat puzzled.

'Simply this—that any reduction of the amount of this mortgage increases my income. The surplus over the interest thereon, to put it quite legally, has been saved since I came of age, with that intention.—But of course you cannot understand all this professional jargon. However, it shall be as you wish, darling, only let it remain for the few days you are here, and then I will speak. Don't spoil our holiday.'

'I wonder what your father will think of it, Walter?'

The lover's face brightened again. 'The dear old governor will be delighted; and so will Ada, I know. Who would not be proud to welcome you as a daughter, when?'

'Oh, here you are at last!' cried Warren, bursting in upon the tête-à-tête with affected unconcern, and looking at everything besides the blushing lovers before him. 'We have been searching for you everywhere. Come and indulge in the seductive game of blindman's buff.'

'Won't something less energetic suit them?' asked Secretan lazily. 'Why is it that all Christmas games must be noisy, not to say dangerous? However, if I must, I must.'

So they all joined in that simple game with a zest and gaiety and simplicity of heart that Christmas time brings to us all, when there seems to be an unseen kindly influence in the air—a deeper, holier feeling of good-will and friendship to all—when distinctions are forgotten, and high and low mingle together, forgetful of rank and class, for a few hours all too brief. When they

had exhausted that amusement, Christmas carols were started, after which every one trooped into the servants' hall to wish a happy Christmas to one and all. Whereupon the butler arose with a glittering eye and proposed the health of his master and the visitors; after which the Squire mixed a huge bowl of punch with his own hands, out of which they all drank, including Silas Brookes, whom they insisted upon dragging out from his solitary retreat to pledge King Christmas in a flowing glass. As he glanced over the rim of his tumbler, his eyes fell upon Warren's face with a glance so full of significant warning, that Walter noticed it and drew his friend's attention thereto. But Warren merely shrugged his shoulders, mentally resolving that come what may, the next trick played should be his.

'Is there a fire in the smoking-room still?' he asked, when the last good-night had been said, and quietness reigned supreme. 'It isn't three o'clock yet, and I should like one cigar before turning in. What do you say?'

As a rule, youth wants but scant excuse for stealing a few hours from the night. Moreover, it had been an evening of pleasant excitement, over and above the seasonable festivities in which they had indulged. Walter wanted no second bidding; and changing their dress-coats for something lighter and more comfortable, they selected a couple of the cosiest armchairs and commenced a somewhat confidential conversation. Presently, the discussion worked round to the visit, to the Haunted Chamber.

'Frank, you are perfectly right about that rascal Brookes,' Walter said energetically. 'I didn't think so at the time; but I am certain of it now. The look he gave you over his glass, the scowl upon his face, were identical with the aspect of my counterfeit ancestor. We can't let it stop here.'

'If you think I am the man to give a thing up directly it begins to assume an interesting aspect, you are vastly mistaken,' Warren remarked grimly. 'That there is some rascality on foot here, I am certain. Hang it! a man can carry devotion to his master up to a certain point; but it does not rise to the extent of working out this ghost business for over half a century, and denying rightful owners the privilege of looking over their own premises.'

'I must confess the mysterious disappearance most alarmed me. Where the fellow could have got to, utterly passes my comprehension. That he did not leave by the door, I am prepared to swear.'

'And so am I, for the simple reason that I had my back against it all the time,' said Warren dryly. 'But you must remember that your west wing is much more antiquated than the rest of the house; and both from old association and constant habitation in the place, Brookes knows more about it than any living being.—Now, do you remember ever hearing of a secret passage connecting any one part of the house with another?'

'So that is your theory, then?—No; I can't say that I have; and what is more, I don't think that any such thing exists.'

'And, on the contrary, I feel perfectly certain there does. To-morrow afternoon, if we can get that wicked old scoundrel out of the way

for a time, we shall soon solve the question. Lombard Street to a China orange, that we find a secret passage from Arundel Secretan's chamber to another part of the house.'

Walter continued to smoke in meditative silence, watching the wreaths of smoke curling round his head. Over all the house there reigned a deadly stillness; the wind outside had fallen, a bright moon shone upon the drawn blinds.

'What makes you think there is a mystery here?' he asked.

'Isn't there mystery written on the face of it? Here is an old servant so deeply versed in his master's secrets that he can be trusted on a confidential important mission, and not only that, trusted to be the bearer of a large sum of money. He alone knew the real cause of his master's death; he told the story after his own fashion. Before it could be proved, the only other man who could throw any light upon the strange affair was dead too. Need I say that I am alluding to Edgar Warren? How do we know, you and I, that, after all, this money was not actually sent?'

Warren had dropped his voice almost to a whisper. For a few moments, nothing was heard save the monotonous click-clack of the great hall clock and the soft sobbing of a dying fire. There was, moreover, such an earnestness in the speaker's tones, that Secretan fell in unconsciously with his humour.

'You mean, that he brought the money home with him? In that case, what reason was there for Brookes, after telling my great-grandfather that his mission was unsuccessful, to mention the reason of his errand to a soul? And if he had the money, why remain here?'

'Who can follow the workings of the human mind? But, for the sake of argument, let me try. Brookes from his close connection with his master must have known my esteemed relative well. When he found him at Venice in the autumn of 1823, he must have seen—as other people saw—death in Edgar Warren's face. Fletcher, the valet, told him his master was dying; that, Brookes admitted to me after that dramatic episode in the west wing. Now, here was temptation placed in his way. He would probably reason thus: "If I receive the money, and deny having received it, and my master's friend dies, I am safe. If he lives, then I must make my escape." But fortune favoured him strangely; for in a short time they were both dead. Brookes is a man suffering from some secret remorse; he has lying on his conscience a crime he dare not disclose. Some day, perhaps, you will know. But I am going to force his hand, if I can; and, not to put too fine a point upon it, I should like to clear my family name—for more reasons than one.'

Walter had followed this close reasoning carefully, not a little struck by the force of his companion's logic. For a moment he wavered; a little colour crept into his face as he replied: 'Strange things do happen—things we cannot explain. Is it not just possible that we have seen a supernatural visitor—that the figure you took for Brookes might be, after all, the shade of Arundel Secretan?'

'My dear fellow, I am not mistaken. And

besides, ghosts do not handle bundles of papers in that business-like fashion.'

The speaker drew the packet from his breast-pocket and broke the string. There were a heterogeneous mass of papers, smelling strongly of damp and mould, the ink upon them faded to a dull, lustreless red: invitations to rout and ball, a batch of unpaid bills, and small notes in more than one feminine handwriting. One there was, sealed with a coronet, unopened, and bearing the superscription, 'To Arundel Secretan, Esquire, of Woodside, Kent.' With an air of faint curiosity, Warren tore it open and commenced to read. When he had finished, he laid the letter down with a calm air of triumph. 'When was Brookes sent to Italy?' he asked.

'Early in the autumn or late summer of 1823. —But why?'

Without deigning any reply, Warren read as follows:

'VENICE, October 1823.

'Without my fostering care, 'twas but natural for trouble to overtake you. But your sore strait, as you call it humorously, is but a rosy plight; for, hearing of your indebtedness to St Devereux, at Venice (you were both at Rome, remember) I wrote to that nobleman a letter reminding him, quite good-naturedly, of certain little indiscretions of his youth known to me; also, that I had heard of his wonderful luck(?) at cards with you, and demanding from him a receipt for the money, which he was to take as paid. This I now enclose.—That I am your debtor both in money and kind, I own; and it is fortunate that I am at present in a position to aid you—a consummation not always equally possible. All you want, I lack; but in coin and current security, by Brookes's trusty hand I forward you nearly seventeen thousand pounds, leaving just enough for my needs; also a little jewelry, the gift of certain foolish admirers of mine, worth something to you in your trouble. Had you not quitted Venice so hastily, I would have repaid you then all I owed. May it serve you better than it has served me.—EDGAR WARREN.'

'And now,' Warren said, when he had concluded this strange letter—'and now, to find out where the cunning scoundrel has hidden the money.'

PREMEDITATED PAUSES.

THERE are many kinds of premeditated pauses. Dickens makes one of his characters resort to one of the most familiar forms of the premeditated pause in a very characteristic manner. Readers of *Martin Chuzzlewit* will remember that, on a memorable occasion, when Mr Pecksniff came down-stairs to the door of the *Blue Dragon*, he found Mrs Lupin looking out. In reply to an observation from that lady—'A beautiful starlight night,' said Mr Pecksniff, looking up. 'Behold the planets, how they shine! Behold the—' Those two persons who were here this morning have left your house, I hope, Mrs Lupin?' The two persons referred to were of course Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley. It seems almost impossible to imagine that such a man as Pecksniff would have asked after them

in a direct manner; and therefore Dickens, with that attention to minute detail so characteristic of all his writings, makes him resort to a form of the premeditated pause, as if the matter had just occurred to the immortal humbug. It is a favourite trick of many shallow-minded rogues to break off suddenly in the middle of a sentence and ask a question or make an observation, as if it had just occurred to them.

Another familiar form of the premeditated pause is often used by badgering counsel, who are wont to pause after each word of a question, to give the witness an idea that it is of great importance; but this ruse is not always effective, as the following anecdote will show. Counsel: 'Now—what—did—you—do—when—as—you—say—the—prisoner—threw—a—beer—glass—at—you?' Witness (promptly): 'I dodged!'

Some time ago, a joke turning upon a premeditated pause appeared in one of the comic papers. The scene is a courtroom, and the judge, addressing the prisoner, says: 'I fear you are a great rogue.' With amazing coolness, the prisoner says: 'Not such a fool, my lord, as you'—here followed a lengthy and evidently premeditated pause—'take me to be.' This manufactured anecdote was doubtless suggested by the speech made by Lord George Sackville during his trial. The words used by his lordship were: 'I stand here as a prisoner unfortunately that gentleman' [indicating the judge] 'sits there as my judge.' The result of the non-observance of the pause after 'unfortunately' was that Lord George was accused of contempt of court.

Lord Erskine was in the habit of making a very effective pause in all letters replying to solicitations for subscriptions. He wrote: 'SIR—I feel much honoured by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe'—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—'myself your very obedient servant,' &c. One of the best instances of this form of pause occurred in a letter received by a popular physician. This gentleman was pleased with a certain aerated water, and by his recommendations he managed to procure for it some celebrity. For this he expected neither reward nor thanks. Imagine his surprise, therefore, when he received one day from the makers of the aerated water an effusive letter, stating that his kind recommendations had done so much good that they ventured to send him a hundred—Here the page turned over. 'This will never do,' said the doctor; 'it is very kind; but I will never think of accepting anything.' Here he turned the page, and found the sentence ran—'of our circulars for distribution.'

Some persons have an annoying habit of anticipating the point of a good story, and of supplying a word when in conversation, if the speaker happens to pause. Canning once set a very effective trap for a gentleman who was in the habit of anticipating the point of his stories; and a husband, by a carefully premeditated pause, effectually cured his wife of the same habit in a somewhat similar manner. 'Dear me!' he said one evening, 'people should be more careful.'—'What about?' asked his wife.—'I was thinking of something that occurred in town last night. Major Baxter and his family sat out in the garden until late; and when the major got up and went into his room he had not noticed that his playful

little son had slipped away. Just as the major stepped into his room, he heard something under the bed—in fact, saw something—and thinking that a robber had secreted himself there, he seized a pistol and fired under the bed, and ‘Merciful goodness, and shot his little son!’ exclaimed the wife.—‘No,’ said her husband, with a quiet smile—‘the cat!’

It is always advisable to hear the end of a sentence. A literary man, for instance, once said to one of his lady-friends: ‘Will you accept my hand’—Gushing maiden: ‘Why, er—so sudden—so unexpected.’ Literary man (proceeding, unmoved)—‘book on political economy?’ Somewhat similar is a story told of another couple. He: ‘How bright the stars are to-night! They are almost as bright as’—She (expecting ‘your eyes’): ‘Oh, you flatter me!’ He (proceeding): ‘they were last night.’

Most orators make more or less use of premeditated pauses for rhetorical effect. A popular lecturer in the north of England is very fond of them; and in this connection he has given a hint that may be worthy the attention of young speakers. In reply to a friend who taxed him with pausing frequently at the beginning of his lecture, as if he were nervous or did not know what to say, he said that the best method of attracting and riveting the attention of an audience is to give them the idea that you are flurried, unaccustomed to public speaking—in short, that you are going to ‘break down.’

Lord Palmerston once made use of some very effective pauses which he could not have prepared beforehand, and these are worth quoting in conclusion. Whilst electioneering at Taunton, he was greatly troubled by a butcher who wanted him to support a certain Radical policy. At the end of one of his lordship’s speeches, the butcher called out: ‘Lord Palmerston, will you give me a plain answer to a plain question?’ After a slight pause, Lord Palmerston replied: ‘I will.’ The butcher then asked: ‘Will you, or will you not, support this measure—a Radical bill?’ Lord Palmerston hesitated, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: ‘I will’—Then he stopped. Immediately the Radicals cheered tremendously. ‘not’—continued his lordship. Loud Conservative cheers. When these ceased, Lord Palmerston finished his sentence—‘tell you.’ He then immediately retired.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was night. To Matthew Roding, sitting alone with locked door, it seemed days since Mr Fitch’s visit, whereas a few hours only had elapsed. No sooner had Ruff and Bunker left him, than he locked himself in, and had so remained ever since. His wife had knocked twice, but had been refused admittance. Ruff also had come, but had been equally denied. He had sat without stirring till it was quite dark; but at length he had drawn down the blinds and lighted the lamp, and had then gone back to his easy-chair in front of the fire. All day he had eaten nothing; the mere thought of food was distasteful

to him. Nearly all his thoughts since Fitch’s visit ran in one groove. What ought he to do? In what way did it behove him to meet this new danger with which he was threatened? He knew Fitch too well not to feel sure he would carry out the threat which his last words had embodied. His application for a warrant would be granted; the warrant would be put into the hands of an officer to execute; and to-morrow night he, Matthew Roding, would in all probability be sleeping within the walls of a prison. The charge against him would be nothing less than one of fraud and embezzlement; it would be Fitch’s endeavour to make out as strong a case as possible. And how would it be possible for him to prove his innocence? Would Bunker’s statement be credited? Would the fact of Grigson’s disappearance carry any weight with it? Who would believe that the latter had obtained access to the safe without his, Matthew Roding’s, connivance and consent? Then, again, when it came to be bruited abroad that he was ruined—a man hopelessly insolvent, with liabilities amounting to many thousands of pounds—would not the charge against him assume a still graver aspect? Would it not be thought, even if it were not alleged, that in his desperate need he had himself disposed of the bonds and diverted the proceeds to his own uses? In every way, Fate seemed to be working against him.

Even should a prison not be his immediate doom, heavy bail would be required at his hands—and who would risk becoming bail for a ruined man? And then the shame of it—the having to appear in a police court time after time—for such investigations are not concluded in a day—to answer a charge so heinous and disgraceful! Could he ever afterwards hold up his head and look the world straight in the face as he had hitherto done? Even should he be ultimately acquitted—unless, indeed, Grigson should be captured, which was a contingency it would not be safe for him to count on—a certain stigma, never to be got rid of, would cling to him. Men would pass him by on the other side with averted faces; many who had known him in prosperity would know him no more; he would be looked upon as a moral pariah.

As he sat there alone, these thoughts mixed and commingled with many others, some of them of the most trivial import, kept ebbing and flowing through his brain. His heart grew faint within him when he thought of the dread to-morrow. Could he bear to confront it? he asked himself again and again. No; he could not—he would not! There was one way, and one only, out of this terrible tangle in which he had become so hopelessly involved. When they should ask for him on the morrow he must be far away! He was worked up to that desperate frame of mind which does not pause to consider consequences; which, if any casual thought of them intrudes itself, crushes it down by main force and marches

over it to whatsoever predetermined end may be in view. Matthew Roding never stopped to think that his flight at this particular juncture would be set down as undoubted evidence of his guilt. Mind and body alike were unnerved and unhinged by all he had latterly gone through. He felt that it was utterly impossible for him to face the morrow's ordeal. He must escape while there was yet time. Only to get away somewhere—anywhere—he craved for nothing more than that.

No sooner had this thought fixed itself in his mind, than he became possessed by a wild, unreasoning desire to set about its execution without delay. He looked at his watch. It was still only nine o'clock, whereas he could have sworn it was long past midnight. There was just time for a few last arrangements before hurrying to Euston to catch the midnight express. He would go down to Cumberland, to the place where he had spent many happy years when a boy; he would be safe there for a while, and have a breathing-space during which to consider what his future movements must be.

While these thoughts were hurrying brokenly through his brain, like torn clouds blown by a tempest across the midnight sky, there suddenly came an importunate tapping at the door. He started involuntarily, and an icy shiver ran through him; for one brief instant he was possessed by the thought that some one had come to arrest him. A moment later, he recognised the folly of his fears. 'Who is there?' he asked in tones that sounded harsh and strident even to himself.

'It is I—Ruff,' came the answer.

Matthew crossed to the door, but did not open it. 'I cannot see you to-night, Ruff; I am exceedingly busy. Come to me the first thing in the morning.'

'It is Grandad who has sent me; he would like particularly to see you either here or in his own room.'

For a space, while one might count six slowly, there was no answer. Then Matthew said: 'I cannot see him to-night—it is quite out of the question. Tell him I shall be glad to see him, and—explain everything to him at ten o'clock to-morrow morning.' He waited till the sound of Ruff's footsteps had died away, and then he went slowly back to the table.

Grandad! The word had awakened thoughts and memories he would fain have let slumber. He, too, that white-haired, inoffensive old man, to whom he owed so much, and whose generosity he had repaid with such base ingratitude—he, too, would be involved in the hideous ruin that was about to be consummated. He had stripped himself of all he had in the world, and had endowed his son therewith, and this was his reward—that for the short remaining span of his days he should be homeless, and dependent on the charity of others for his daily bread. Oh, the burning shame of it! Matthew Roding sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands; his frame shook with the emotion he could no longer suppress. Nothing in his own troubles had moved him as he was moved now. But with strong men such attacks are both rare and of brief duration. The tempest having spent its force, died away almost as quickly as it had

arisen. Ruff, he reflected, would never see his grandfather want either for food or shelter. Matthew rightly gauged his son when he said to himself that should such a necessity ever arise, the boy would gladly share his last crust with the old man. But that in nowise lessened the heinousness of his own offence; it was through him, and him alone, that the possibility of such a thing could ever have come to pass.

He looked at his watch again. Half-past nine. He had little time to spare if he wished to catch the midnight train. To Ruff alone should be confided the secret of his whereabouts. It was necessary that he should be kept informed of the progress of affairs at home, and he felt instinctively that he could rely implicitly on Ruff's secrecy and discretion. He would also leave a few lines for his wife; it would be better than a personal parting; he dreaded a scene above all things just now, and Mrs Roding was the kind of woman who would be sure to make one.

Seating himself at his desk, he wrote a few hurried lines to Ruff, telling him where he was going, but entering into no particulars of his reasons for doing so, and arranging for a means of communication with him without the necessity of having his letters sent to the house. Then he scribbled a hasty note to his wife. She must be guided in everything by Ruff, he told her; and above all things, she must endeavour to keep up her cheerfulness. Their separation would not be for long. Then from his pocket-book he extracted a thin roll of bank-notes. These he counted and proceeded to divide into two equal portions, one of which he put back; the other he enclosed with the note to his wife. When this was done, he turned down the lamp till nothing but a faint glimmer was visible, and then taking the two letters in his hand, he unlocked the door and stood for a few moments, listening intently. There was not a sound anywhere. Closing the door behind him, he sped quickly up the thickly carpeted stairs. It gave him a little start to see his boy's bedroom door partly open and a light shining from within. Hearing no sound, he pushed open the door and looked in. Freddy was asleep in bed, and Mary Nunnely was sitting near him, busily engaged with her needle. The movement of the door startled her, and when she saw Mr Roding's haggard face thrust into the room, she could not repress a slight scream. He held up his hand warningly as he went forward on tiptoe. Happily, the child still slept. Matthew drew near and bent over him, and then laid a hand lightly on his forehead: it burned beneath his touch. The child's soft cheeks were flushed with fever, and his breathing was quick and laboured. Mr Roding turned a startled look on Mary.

'You have no occasion to be alarmed, sir,' she said. 'Dr Brown looked in about an hour ago. He says it is nothing worse than a feverish cold, and that Freddy will be all right in a day or two.'

'Poor little chap!' said Matthew with a sigh. Then he touched the child's hot cheek lightly with his lips. He was more deeply moved than showed itself on the surface. Of all creatures in the world, his child was dearest to him, but, in the urgency of the desire that was upon him

to get away, he had for the time forgotten him. Now, however, he felt that to have to part from his boy would cause him the keenest pang of all.

'You have always been kind to him, Mary,' he said. 'What, indeed, would he have done without you! And you will continue to be kind to him, won't you, after I am gone? But I need not ask. I know you will.'

'After you are gone, sir!' said Mary in utter surprise.

He made a little gesture of annoyance; he had forgotten for the moment that his departure was to be a secret from every one. 'Circumstances compel me to leave home for a little while,' he explained. 'I hope the parting will only be for a short time; but at present I cannot say exactly for how long.' Then, after a moment's thought, he said: 'Where is Mrs Roding?'

'She has gone to lie down; she complained of a bad headache; but I was to be sure to call her the moment Freddy awakes.'

His wife's absence from the scene materially aided his plans. He would be able to get unobserved to his dressing-room, where ten minutes would suffice him to cram into a bag the few necessities he purposed taking with him. That done, he would steal down-stairs and let himself out of the house unseen by any one. Once more he stooped and kissed the unconscious child, then taking one of Mary's hands in his, he said: 'God bless you, my dear, for your kindness to my boy! Whatever may happen in the future, I shall never forget it.' Next moment, he was gone.

Matthew had reached his dressing-room, and had placed the two letters where they would be seen by the first person who should enter, and was just opening his bag, when he was startled by a slight noise behind him. Turning quickly, he found himself face to face with his wife. For once, Mrs Roding had discarded both her jewelry and her trailing robes. She was dressed in a simple morning wrap. Her eyes looked worn and hollow, as if with much weeping, while the rounded contours of her cheeks had lost something of their whilom plumpness. Her husband stared at her, but did not speak. Going up to him, and placing one hand on his shoulder, while with the other she pointed to the bag, she said: 'Matthew, what is the meaning of this? Surely, surely, you are not going to leave me!' There was a pathetic ring in her voice that sounded strange to his ears.

Thus brought to bay, he felt that equivocation would be useless. 'Yes, Tilly; I am going away; but only for a very little time, I trust. I cannot help myself; circumstances compel me to go. I thought you were asleep, and that it would be better not to disturb you. I wanted to soften the parting as much as possible. But I was not going without leaving a message. See, here is the letter I had written to you.'

'A letter! What to me is a letter? And you would have gone away and left me without a word! O Matthew, have I deserved this at your hands?'

He turned and rested an elbow on the chimney-piece, but did not speak.

'And yet, perhaps, it is no more than I have deserved,' resumed Mrs Roding after a moment or two. 'If I had been a different wife, you probably

would have been a different husband. Ah, how foolish we have been, dear—how very, very foolish! I can see it now; the scales have fallen from my eyes.'

Her husband glanced at her with surprise. What change had come over her?

'If you *must* go away, dear—and I will not even ask you why you must—cannot you take me with you?'—Matthew shook his head.—'I would not worry you; I would not be a trouble to you in any way. I would not care a bit how poorly we might have to live, if only I might be with you.'

He could hardly believe his ears. Perhaps she read in his eyes something of what he felt.

'I have had time to think of late,' she resumed—'to think as I never thought before. Both you and I, Matthew, have trampled happiness under foot in our chase after shadows. Is it too late for us to find it again? I do not know—I do not know!'

She had laid her head against his shoulder, and he knew that her tears were falling. There is a contagion in such moods, and Matthew Roding felt strangely moved. He bent his head and pressed his lips to her hair—that hair which once to him had seemed so beautiful, which he had kissed hundreds of times before marriage and so very seldom after.

Presently she looked up with a wan smile and brushed away her tears. 'I didn't mean to break down; but it's over now,' she said. 'I will promise not to annoy you in the same way again. But oh! my dear, you will let me go with you, will you not? Do not leave me behind. I could be ready in half an hour, or even less.'

'It is out of the question, Tilly. There will be a hundred things for you to look after and attend to when I am gone. Besides, there's the child.'

'Ah!' she exclaimed with a start. 'For the moment I had forgotten him. No, no; you are right; he is ill; and I must not leave him. I will not urge you by another word. Tell me what it is that you wish me to do while you are away.'

He tore open the note he had addressed to her and gave it her to read.

'You say here that I am to be guided in everything by your son,' she said slowly, looking at him with wondering eyes.

'Yes; it must be so. There will be so many things to look after of which you have no knowledge and with which only a man can deal.'

'Then let it be as you wish.'

'Ruff has been badly treated, Tilly, by both of us. I see it, and regret it now. But he is not one to rake up old scores; he is staunch to the backbone; you may trust him in everything.'

'You know best, dear: it shall all be as you say.'

More than ever was Matthew astonished. Was it possible that his wife had never betrayed her real nature till now? that her heart, incrustured by a hundred prejudices of education and bringing-up, had had no knowledge of its own finer feelings, of its undeveloped capabilities, till Adversity had knocked at the door and imperatively demanded admittance?

He was recalled to a sense of time and place by the chiming of the clock. The impulse to get away, he hardly cared whither, was still as

strongly upon him as before. Although his colloquy with his wife had taken up but a few minutes, it had by so much lessened the chance of his catching the midnight train. He began to pack his bag hurriedly, giving his wife a few last instructions as he did so. She on her side was not idle. His anxiety not to miss his train had infected her. She strapped up his rug, and filled his flask with brandy; she replenished his cigar-case; nor was a muffler for his neck or his travelling-cap forgotten. In a very few minutes everything was in readiness. 'I kissed Freddy as I came up-stairs,' he said. 'I won't go near him again; I might disturb him.'

Mrs Roding did not answer; her arms were round his neck, clasping him in a last lingering embrace. He strained her to him, while their lips met again and again. From the heart of each, Love, new-fledged, had freshly sprung. Misfortune had served to bring husband and wife together in a way that prosperity never had and never would have done.

A few murmured syllables and then it was time to part. 'Do not come down-stairs,' he said. 'If any of the servants should happen to be about, they might think it strange.' A final kiss and he was gone.

Although Matthew Roding did not tell his wife so, he had made up his mind to take his departure by way of the back entrance at the bottom of the garden. For one thing, it was the nearest way to the railway station; for another, the road was lonely, and there would be little likelihood of meeting any one who knew him. There was not a creature about the lower part of the house to bear witness to his departure. Was it the chill night-air, or some influence far more occult, which sent a shiver through his frame as he closed the door noiselessly behind him, and plunging into the blackness of the shrubbery, began his dismal flight, leaving wife, child, and home behind him?

As soon as Mrs Roding had in some measure recovered her composure, she proceeded to her child's room. Freddy was awake, and Mary was in the act of giving him some toast-and-water as his mother made her appearance. The child gazed at her for a moment or two with brightly feverish eyes; then he lay back on his pillows and took no further notice of her.

Mrs Roding clasped one of his hot little hands between her cool palms. 'You will make haste and get well, won't you, darling, for mamma's sake?' she said.

'Fweddy don't know—pwaps,' answered the child listlessly, after a few moments' consideration. He had a way of speaking of himself in the third person, as though he were some one else.

'Wouldn't Freddy like to go a long journey with mamma—a long, long journey in a railway train into the country, where there are horses and baa-lambs and cows, and beautiful green fields that in spring will all be covered with buttercups and daisies?'

Freddy considered a while; his little mind was evidently revolving the picture thus set before him; then he said: 'Fweddy would like to go a long way in the twain with Maww. Maww is kind, and loves me, and I love Maww.' Then, after a further pause, and with his eyes turned

up to the ceiling, as though he were simply communing with himself: 'Mamma is nearly always cwooss with Fweddy; she calls him a bad boy, and sends him away fwom her. Maww and Fweddy will go away, and mamma can stop at home.'

Mrs Roding sank on her knees by the side of the bed. 'Heaven help me!' she murmured between her sobs. 'I have lost the heart of my child; it is mine no longer.'

FIRELIGHT.

Nor summer's noontide glory
Enfolding mountain hoary,
A breadth of woven gold;
Nor moonbeams as they quiver
At midnight on the river;
Nor starlight pure and cold;

Nor glare of lamps revealing
The giddy mazes wheeling,
Of feet that never tire—
Can rival in their splendour
That mystic charm and tender,
A trembling, fitful fire.

For while the gay light dances
Upon the wall, what fancies
Come dancing o'er the soul—
Come quicker yet and quicker,
The more the bright tongues flicker
In lightnings from the coal.

Then palaces are builded,
And days unborn are gilded
With visionary gleam;
'Tis then the memory passes
Beneath the churchyard grasses
In retrospective dream.

Ah, Firelight, weird, enchanting,
Bright hopes and dreams implanting,
Most sweet of lights and blest,
Beneath thy benediction,
Hearts weary with life's friction
Can find a moment's rest.

L. J. G.

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FIRELIGHT FANCIES.

THE winter spirits are abroad once more, holding their revels mid earth and sky. No one ever sees them, but they are very active notwithstanding, and know everything that is going on in their own particular sphere. They are very curious too. Shall I tell you what they find out? They look into an old house and see the dancing firelight throwing grotesque shadows on the walls, lighting up with ruddy gleam the old pictures and dim corners of a pleasant parlour, where, from quaintly carved brackets, shine out dainty bits of ancient china, pure white eggshell, tinted with a scroll of delicate-hued leaves and flowers; clear bright-blue cups and sugar-bowls, with brilliant winged butterflies poised jauntily on the edge, peeping into the interior; and tall crimson vases of Bohemian cut glass. The bright flames cast cheerful rays out into the dull, wet, cold street, through the crimson curtains and softly falling lace; and wanderers catch the warm radiance, and feel happier for the glimpse into the cosy nest.

The winter spirits like to see people, when, unseen, they sit in the gloaming and think over the scenes of their past life, as they crowd on the memory. They know it is good for them to have just one hour's rest in the firelight from the 'burden and heat of the day,' to think of those that have been 'loved and lost,' of the work done or left undone. If they are young and hopeful, the twilight visions are as bright as the dancing flames, and as full of pictures of a happy future. If they are middle-aged, and weary of the day's work and worry, how grateful are the sensations with which the twilight is welcomed; and the aching eyes are closed in thankfulness for peace and quiet, when resting before the warm hearth on the soft couch, or in the comfortable easy-chair.

The aged grandam drops her knitting and nods in the warm corner, and perchance dreams of the golden days of bygone youth, and of the eternal youth that seems now not far off.

The spirits see the troops of little ones, tripping

with eager feet down the stairs to the parlour, for their one 'children's hour,' that Longfellow has immortalised in his charming poem. How children love the firelight! How happily they sprawl on rugs or sit on stools at your feet, and watch the flickering flames, as some oft-told tale is related of giant and dwarf, fairy godmother, or the wonderful adventures of Alice through the looking-glass. Now the laughing trots will cling to your hands and beg for 'Another story—just one, please.' Do they ever tire of hearing about, Once upon a time, when all the people lived in tents?—of the long journey across the desert on the backs of camels?—of the wanderings beside the Nile with the turbaned, white-garmented Arabs?—of the rests under the palms, and the welcome springs of water? How the eager fingers stretch out for the rough pencil illustrations that are made by 'father' in the firelight on tiny scraps of paper, that are treasured afterwards for days; and do they ever hear the end of that favourite story? Do not the waving white garments get mixed up with the camels, and sleepy little lips murmur a protest about being tucked snugly into bed?

What can be more delightful than to sit in the ruddy gleam of the firelight with an old familiar friend, and talk of all that has happened to each other, during, perhaps, years of absence and silence!

To speak of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said;
Of what had been or might have been,
And who was changed and who was dead.

The winter spirits love to listen to tales, welling up from the recesses of the memory, of scenes that have been long forgotten—of summer trips taken into the heart of the country, amidst the gray old hills, and woods, and trout streams of early youth—of wanderings in quaint old German towns, and the dim cool cathedral of the sunny Rhineland; and the vine-clad hills and slopes of fair Italy, where the little and orange trees perfume the air with their loads of balmy sweetness—where, day after day, the blood-red sun sinks into the deep blue seas, or rises over the purple hills in

clear, unvarying brightness—of the more northern land of the Midnight sun, where dawn and twilight meet in a close embrace without the darkness of night between—of Welsh valleys and mountain maids—of purple moors and Highland homes.

At the sound of music, the winter spirits peep into the hall, and see blithe young maidens, and hear the trip of dancing feet in a gay reel or dreamy waltz. They see 'eyes look love to laughing eyes again' in the crack and sparkle of the huge wood-fire, as it goes roaring and flaring with mirth up the wide chimney, lighting up the heavily carved roof, the bright winsome faces of the girls, the stalwart figures of the scarlet-clad men, and the flitting forms of fair-haired children as they play at 'Hide-and-seek' in the dim recesses of the hall, amongst the high-backed chairs and 'cramp-corners.'

Then the winter spirits take a flying leap to the cottage homes in the village, and see the firelight gleaming through the little uncurtained windows—the homely supper-table spread, and the rough-handed labourer with his child on his knee, while the wife serves the simple meal.

During the long night-watches in the soldiers' camp, the winter spirits flit round the huge fires and see the ruddy light glow through the chill night-mists, warming the hearts of the watchful sentinels as they pace the weary rounds; or when, later on, boiling their camp-kettles over the blazing logs with faces turned to the 'fitful firelight,' the spirits hear the talk of home and friends, of sweethearts and wives, of mothers and children, many of whom will never be seen again; and of the brave comrades who have perished by their sides.

On the wings of the wind the winter spirits pass through the air and peer into the 'Tramps' Kitchen,' where the big roaring fires are kept up long into the night—where, in bad weather, these homeless souls can dry their soaking garments, and feel the genial heat of the glowing coals permeate their weary, aching limbs, while the leaping, flickering flames cheer their saddened hearts and sorrowful lives.

The winter spirits wonder why so many dwellers in houses love to shut up every blind, or bar every window with heavy shutters, during the long dark nights of cold black frost and blinding sleet. 'How far that little candle throws its beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world,' says that 'wise young judge' the gentle-hearted Portia.

When sitting in our pleasant warm rooms, listlessly watching the leaping flames, and hearing the north-easterly winds make wild 'keenings' round the house, or hollow murmurings in the bare branches of the leafless trees, filling the mind with weird suggestions and dreamy fancies, when our loved ones are all safe under our snug roof-tree—let us not forget the homeless wanderer or the weary traveller in the wild wintry weather—let us leave open the heavy shutters, so that the warm, inspiring rays of the firelight may shine through the curtains and blinds, and help those forced to be abroad in the wind and storm to find their way over wide moors or in dark lanes. The eerie cries of owls and night-birds lose their strangeness when any sort of light is near us; and the rushing blasts that drive the heavy masses of clouds along in shapeless heaps,

lose half their gloomy darkness and piercing cold when the glowing light from the flickering fires is seen in the distance. It tells of human fellowship not far off, and human help also, if need be, to those that are in the outside darkness of the stormy night.

Oh, leave a lamp in the window
To light the gloomy moor,
When clouds and sky are dark o'erhead,
And 'stormy tempests' roar.

Oh, leave a light in the window,
In the dark of a wintry night,
And show to the houseless wanderer
A welcome warm and bright.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER LIX.—AGAIN: JACOB'S LADDER.

To Richard Cable, broken and softened, the arrival of Bishop Sellwood was welcome. The bishop was staying at the parsonage, and had walked up to Red Windows to see Cable. When Richard arrived at his gate, he saw the bishop in the garden talking to the girls and Mrs Cable, his kind face beaming with pleasure. He came forward at once to meet Richard, and seeing that something had affected Richard, asked to have a talk with him in the garden-house, instead of going indoors. Then Richard told him frankly all his story, laying most stress on his trouble about Mary, and his fear that he had broken her heart and turned away her affection from him.

'For the matter of that,' said the bishop, 'do not be downcast. The girl is little over seventeen, and though she feels acutely at that age, the feeling is transitory; and before the year is out she will have recovered. It will all turn out for the best. Troubles come on us all, and deepen, where without them there might be shallowness.—And now—about Josephine?'

Then Richard Cable was silent for a few minutes, looking out of the door of his summer-house; but presently he drew a long sigh and said: 'My lord, will you and Mrs Sellwood be with us to-morrow evening?'

'I will answer for her and for myself.' Then, seeing that Cable did not desire further to pursue the subject, the bishop said: 'By the way, Mr Cornellis has played us a nasty trick. He got introduced somehow to Mrs Sellwood's sister, Miss Otterbourne, quite an old lady, and married her. She was pretty nearly twenty years his senior, and she did not survive her marriage long. My boy was to have been her heir; but she had the disposal of her property, and she has left it all to Cornellis, so my son is left out in the cold. It is of course a bitter disappointment to us all, to my wife especially; but—it is all for the best. I hate reckoning on dead folk's shoes; it always leads to disappointment; and in this case I really believe it likely to do good, for Captain Sellwood has been somewhat inert, as he had this Bewdley estate to fall back on. Now, he is thrown on his own resources, and roused to action. Cable—do you remember once how he went over the palings like a greyhound? When roused, he is energetic, but only when

roused. This failure of his hopes has woke him up, and he has returned to India, and I believe will distinguish himself there, for he has famous abilities, which only need calling forth.' Then he stood up. 'All right, my friend. Mrs Sellwood and I will be with you to-morrow evening, honour bright. Wring my neck, if I forget it!'

All next day the Cable girls were busy with the house, decorating it. Their father, full of excitement, urged them on. The bishop was coming to spend the evening with them, and so 'WELCOME' must be written up in letters of green leaves and flowers in the hall. Pots of red pelargoniums and variegated geraniums must be set about to decorate the entrance. A good supper must be prepared, and plenty of lights set ready.

'Let us have all the lamps and candles that can be spared set round the entrance hall,' said Richard; 'and then, with the flowers and the green leaves, it will look bright and welcoming. And—girls, mind you all put on your white confirmation dresses. You are to be confirmed to-morrow; but you must wear them also this evening.'

'Bessie is not here.'

'Bessie will be here.—Mother, mind that her white dress be laid out for her ready, and also that other white dress of satin you spoke to me about.'

'When will Bessie be here?'

'I cannot say.—Do you hear what a storm is raging? Mr Joshua Corye is going to drive her over, and you do not suppose that he will bring her till the worst of the weather is past. If she arrives in the afternoon, it will be well.'

The afternoon passed, and she did not arrive. Towards nightfall, a boy arrived on a moor-pony, without saddle, with a message. 'Please—Mr Joshua was thrown out of the tax-cart, and took up insensible. He's better, and eating and drinking hearty-like now.'

'Well—and is there no further message?'

The boy looked stupid. 'Can't mind what it was,' he said. 'I lost my cap; I couldn't hold the pony in.' He was capless, with his hair flying as shaggy as the mane of the pony. The rest of the message had been blown away with his cap.

Then Richard Cable, impatient, but hardly uneasy, went to his stable and harnessed his cob into a trap he had, and just as he was about to start, the bishop came up. After a hasty explanation, Dr Sellwood said: 'Give me a hand, Cable; I will come with you; I want to tell you of a plan my wife and I have formed.'

Cable helped the bishop in. 'There will be room for all,' he said, and whipped the horse.

'I want you to let Mrs Sellwood carry Mary off,' said the bishop. 'She is a dear sweet girl; and just now is better away from St Kerian. I hinted something of the sort to her, and a twinkle came into her face. There is nothing like change of scene and association for curing a heartache. Bless me! Cable, troubles are like stiles—made to be got over. She shall spend a month or six weeks with us; and you will see, when we send her home to you, she will have freshened up like roses after rain.' The same kind considerate man as bishop as he had been as rector.

'You are very kind,' said Cable, readily touched in his present mood—'every one, indeed, is kind;

I alone seem the one who has been hard and harsh.'

Richard Cable drove by the road, because he could spin along it at a fast trot; and over the moor, with night closing in and with a fog gathering, he would not venture. By the time he reached the *Maggie*, night had set in; but the effects of the storm were dispersing, the mists were clearing, and the sky shining, with its many stars.

'Well,' said Cable, drawing up at the *Maggie* door, 'where are they?'

'What?' asked Corye, coming out. 'Are they not with you?'

Then only did Cable learn the whole story of the accident. Joshua was better; he was put to bed, but vowed he would be up and take a ride next day.

'He's got such a constitution!' explained his father. 'He's been brought up on *Maggie* ale.'

'But—where are Bessie and the other one?'

'That is more than I can tell. They sent Zackie Martin the shepherd after my Joshua, and walked on themselves towards St Kerian.'

'But they have not arrived.'

'Bless you! they are there by this time. Did you not pass them? Which way did you come?'

'By the road.'

'Well, that accounts for your missing them. They went the short way over the moor.'

'But Bessie could not walk so far.—Where did the accident take place?'

'This side of the Long Man. Zackie told them the way and how to reach his hut, where there was a fire; but, I reckon, they tired of waiting, and went on.'

'They have not arrived. Bessie could not walk so far.'

'Go home over the moor; you'll find them at Red Windows, sure as boys go to stables.—It's a mercy my Joshua wasn't more hurt. He was quite stupid for an hour.'

Nothing more was to be got out of the inn-keeper. Cable became seriously alarmed. He asked for a light for his lamps, and started over Carnvean Down. He knew the way; he had ridden it and driven it scores of times. He was silent now, and the bishop respected his anxiety. Trails of fog still drifted over the high moorland, but they were speedily passed through; they were lifting in the cold night-air. Occasionally, Cable shouted, but received no answer.

'There is the Long Man,' he said, pointing with his whip to the stone, that rose about sixteen feet above the turf. 'If they are wandering anywhere about, they will see the lamps; we must not go too fast.' Nevertheless, ever and anon Richard urged on the horse. He was nervous; he did not know what to think, whether they were lost on the down or had pressed on. 'You see,' he said, 'Bessie could not go fast. *She*—that other—must tarry for her; so we may find them at home. I should have wished to have been there to meet them.'

They were an hour crossing the moor. As they came to the descent—'Look!' said Richard. 'Before I started, I told them to light a candle in every window up-stairs. One, two, three, four, five, six—seven lights.'

'Yes, I see; quite an illumination,' said Dr. Sellwood.

'And I told them to have a blaze of lamps and candles in the hall, that when they came in out of the dark, it would be to welcome light and warmth. Please God they are safe!'

'Amen!' responded the bishop.

When they came to the gate, which was open, Cable fastened his horse to it. 'I will not take him out till I know they have arrived,' he said, and walked on over the gravel path to the foot of the flight of stone steps that led to the front door. Then, all at once, he, going before the bishop, uttered a cry, and stood still.

'What is the matter?' asked Dr Sellwood, pressing forward.

They saw in the dark a black heap at the foot of the steps.

'It is they—it is they! They are dead!' cried Richard, quite unmannered and beside himself.

Then the bishop ran back to the tax-cart and removed one of the lanterns, and came with it hastily to where the heap lay. Cable was as one frozen to the ground, unable to act through overwhelming terror and sorrow. The bishop knelt, and drew back a thick shawl; then the light of the lamp fell on the face of a child, and the child moved, uttered a moan, opened its eyes, and turned them away again.

'It is Bessie!' groaned Cable.

'She is alive,' said the bishop. He gently disengaged her from the arms of Josephine, and for a moment laid her on the ground; then he felt the pulse and looked at Josephine. Then he took up Bessie again, and said in a low, shaking voice: 'Cable—I will carry the child in. She is in no immediate danger. It is other with Josephine—your wife. I must get your mother to bring her a cordial at once. There is hardly any pulse, scarcely breath left. She is sinking from over-exhaustion; and I do not know whether she will live or not. You stay by her; you alone can save her. The soul is fluttering on her lips to depart; try to stay it.—I will send for a doctor; but her fate will be settled one way or the other before he comes.' He had set the carriage lantern against the first step, the end, unperceived by him, was on the shawl, and as he lifted Bessie, he drew the shawl away and upset the lantern, which was extinguished. Holding the little crippled girl in his arms, he ascended the flight of steps and struck at the front door, that flew open; and he was dazzled with the blaze of many lights and the sight of the young girls standing there all in white. 'My dears,' he said, 'I have Bessie; she is safe. Your father is below; he wants light.—Quick! Go to him, and—and kiss your mother.' Then he pushed past them with his burden, calling for Mrs Cable.

Below, in the darkness, at the foot of the flight of stone steps that led up to the house, was Richard Cable, half-kneeling, half-sitting, staying up Josephine in his arms, holding her to his heart, trembling, sobbing, crying out of the depths of his heart to God to help him. Then, in choking voice, with a struggle to force the tones, as he held the hardly conscious form in his arms, he began to sing the melody—not the words, which he did not know, but the air of the mermaid's song, swaying her to the cadence of the tune, as if she were a babe he was hushing to sleep. Was he lulling her to her eternal sleep? Was she lying in his arms? And as he

thus sang and awayed her, down the stairs from the brilliantly illumined hall came the six girls, all in white, and each carried a light—Mary first, then Effie, then Jane, Martha next, and Lettice, lastly Susie. In their haste to obey the bishop and to assist their father, each had caught up a light; and so, each carrying a light, in the still air, under the stars of night, the six girls in white came down the steps to where their father held the exhausted Josephine. They came round her, each holding her light. Josephine opened her eyes feebly, scarce conscious that she saw aught; then Mary stepped timidly up to her and kissed her, and passed on; then Effie, and she went by; and Jane kissed her, stooping, and holding her light; and Martha next; and after her, Lettice; and last of all, little Susie.

Then Josephine's eyes opened wide; the soft warm kisses of the children and the light roused her failing spirit, and the open eyes looked, no longer with the glaze of death on them, but with a far-away, searching, earnest longing—*upwards*, into the dark sky, set with ten thousand points of light.

'Josephine!' said Richard Cable—'Josephine!' It was the first—the only time he had uttered her name since they parted on the night that he sought her at Brentwood Hall.

She did not answer—she had not strength to answer; but a slight movement was visible on her lips; and as the children stood with the circle of light round her, and Cable looked down into her white upturned face, he saw water rise in the eyes that had been dry, and brim them, and run over the long lower lashes, but—they never fell, for he stooped and received them on his lips.

Then the bishop appeared with something Mrs Cable had given him for Josephine to take whilst she attended to little Bessie. 'She may be carried in now,' said Dr Sellwood. 'Richard has brought her back from the brink of the grave.'

CHAPTER LX.—TWICE MARRIED.

'And now, sir—I mean, my lord—I shall venture to ask you to marry me again,' said Richard Cable to the bishop, the evening after the confirmation.

'Good gracious, Cable!' Dr Sellwood started.

'Well,' said Cable in his leisurely, resolute way, 'now that Josephine is recovering, I should like to be married again.'

'Married again!' Dr Sellwood's rosy face became mottled.

'Well, my lord,' said Cable, 'you see—before, it was Josephine married me; and now, I want to marry her.'

'But you are married. It can't be done.'

'Why not? It is not bigamy, is it, to be married twice to the same woman?'

'Bigamy—good gracious!—it looks something like it; and etymologically'—

'I beg your pardon, sir—I mean, my lord—I do not understand.'

'According to the derivation of the word, it does make it a case of bigamy.'

'But I cannot be punished for it—can I?'

'No; hardly that.'

'Or you for marrying me again?'

'No; hardly.'

'Then, bigamy or no bigamy, I wish to be remarried.—You see, it will be good several ways. Folks at St Kerian never knew that Josephine was my wife; and they would ask questions and talk, and want to worry out all our past troubles and differences, if I were simply to declare we had been married, but separated. Whereas, if we get married here, in the church, publicly, no one will think to ask any questions, and there will be no nose-poking into the past, to cause Josephine and me annoyance.'

'There is something in this.—I will turn it over in my head. Of course, the registers could not be used, but the ceremony.—I will write and ask my lawyer.—How is little Bessie?'

'Failing,' said Cable. 'I am about, I suppose, now to build up anew my domestic life, and I have laid the foundation in my first-born, and shall set up the gates in my youngest.'

'As for Mary,' said the bishop confidently—'no such thing. She'll get over this matter much more speedily than you imagine, and not a bit of her love to you will be lost. Take my word for it, all will come right in the end. You are going to lend her to us for six weeks.'

'Why!' exclaimed Richard; 'good gracious me! it must be for another reason.'

'What must be?'

'My bigamy.'

'Why? What is the second reason?'

'All is prepared for it—to the bridesmaids' dresses. My daughters have their confirmation garments, and Josephine her white satin wedding gown, laid out up-stairs all ready.'

* * * * *
Two years have passed. Richard Cable is the Richard Cable of old in gentleness, tenderness; all the sullenness and bitterness have passed away completely. But he is not the Richard Cable of old altogether, for there is a refinement of manner about him which he lacked when our story began and we first encountered him. But Josephine is very much altered from the Josephine with whom we made acquaintance on the lightship, now full of love and forbearance, and that ineffable sweetness and charm which only self-conquest and suffering can give.

'Richard,' said she one morning at breakfast, 'what is to be done?—Now that my poor father is dead, Bewdley comes to me. I am continually coming in for estates to which I have no right.'

'Do you remember how the bishop told us we were to cease knocking our heads together about Hanford? Now we have that, we do not want more.'

'No; I have no right to Bewdley. I shall make it over to Captain Sellwood, just as I made over Hanford to you.'

'Perhaps he will act as I did.'

Josephine sat dreamily opening the letter just arrived by post. All at once her interest was roused, her colour mounted, and her eye sparkled.

'What is it, Josephine?'

'This difficulty settles itself.'

'How so?'

'Look, Richard! Here is a letter from Mrs Sellwood.'

'How is Mary? When is she coming back? She spends half her time with the Sellwoods.'

'Look, Richard!—Mrs Sellwood—— But do

read, Richard.' She sat looking eagerly in his face as he deciphered the not very intelligible writing of the bishop's wife. Then his colour came and his eyes sparkled.

'Well,' said Josephine, 'does it not settle itself?'

'Not at all. Bewdley is yours, and Mary is my daughter.'

'Nonsense, Richard. There is no mine and thine between us, but all things are in common.—What do you say?'

'The bishop was right. Mary is consoled for the loss of Walter Penrose.'

'He is right. He always said: All will turn out well in the end.'

'And what can be better than that Captain Sellwood, who has come back from India, should have our dear Mary, and with her, that we should give him Bewdley?'

THE END.

WHY IS WHEAT SO LOW IN PRICE?

A SIMILAR question was asked, and answered, about Sugar in No. 195 of this *Journal*; and those of our readers who are themselves, or who have friends interested in agriculture may wish to know whether or not natural causes have depressed the value of our great cereal.

Wheat was for a long period the principal crop on good land in Britain, and would have continued to be so but for a variety of circumstances which have tended to render its production on many farms unprofitable. When the production of any commodity ceases to be remunerative to the producer, the natural consequence follows in the restriction of the produce. That this economic law has affected the growing of wheat, a very few considerations will make obvious. Previous to 1846, the price of wheat and other cereals was good, because they were subject to Protective laws; but with an increasing population at home, for whose wants our own agricultural produce was insufficient, and with heavy duties on all grain entering our ports, the result came to be a kind of dearth of the staple article of food, entailing great want and suffering upon the poorer portion of our population. But with the repeal of the Protective laws, another set of forces began to operate. Our ports were flung open to importers, and among other things, wheat gradually began to be thrown into our markets at an increasing ratio, America soon becoming the chief contributor. For the twenty years following, the effect did not tell heavily against the home-grower, because the high rates obtained for all agricultural products during and after the period of the Crimean war, enabled our farmers to hold their own. And not only so; the farmers became so prosperous, that rents swiftly rose, till they doubled and sometimes trebled those of previous years. In the meantime, the prosperity of agriculture at home was shared by the agriculturists in America as well, with the consequence that the area of wheat-production was largely increased in that continent.

Here, then, were our home-farmers face to face with two dangers. The first, high rents, was due to competition among themselves; the second, the increased supply of American wheat, was due to the high prices obtained in the British market during those prosperous years which made it practicable and profitable for the Americans to ship a more and more increasing supply of wheat for the wants of this country. So long as our farmers obtained, even in spite of this competition from abroad, a price for wheat large enough to pay the expense of cultivation and the increased rents now exigible from them, with a fair margin of clear profit over and above, things went very well. But by-and-by, and as a necessary result of the operation of a simple economic law, the amount of American wheat sent into our ports increased to such an extent that home prices began to fall. But while the markets fell, the rents remained stationary; and here it was that our farmers began to feel the pinch. In the United States, the wheat area, between 1870 and 1880, rose from a little under nineteen million to something like thirty-eight million acres. In other words, the power of wheat-production in the States had in those years doubled itself. In other countries—Australia, the Bombay Presidency, the Native States of India, and elsewhere—there had at the same time been a similar increase in wheat-production, and in a short time our markets became glutted with the united imports of these. So long as our farmers could obtain from forty to forty-five shillings per quarter for their wheat, they could struggle on, though not in some cases without the help of the landlord in the shape of reduced rents. But when the price fell even below forty shillings, a new set of circumstances had to be faced.

And not only did this later fall in prices affect the British farmer, it affected the American grower also; and for some years past, as a consequence of this, the area of land for wheat-production has decreased both in the States and at home. In this country, since 1876, the area of the wheat-crop has decreased by nearly eight hundred thousand acres, or about twenty-five per cent. of the whole. Yet even this, conjoined with the limited production in the States, has not sufficed to revive prices. At home, rents have gone down, and so have wages, yet the growing of wheat does not pay the farmer. In the States, the amount of production has been curtailed, the carriage to the seaboard and the ocean-freightage have been reduced, and still prices do not come to a point which makes exportation on the old scale profitable. The American farmer, indeed, is crying out that he cannot grow the article to sell in London at thirty shillings per quarter, and that Chicago is no longer mistress of the situation, as she is being undersold by the produce of the far East.

And this brings us to point out a chief element in the solution of our question, why wheat is so low in price. India possesses large tracts of land suitable for wheat-growing, and the area actually under this crop in 1886-87 is given as twenty-five

million acres, with an out-turn estimated at over six million tons. Here an anomaly presents itself. While the European and American farmers have to accept much lower prices than they used to do, the Indian grower is getting nearly as much as ever for his produce; and the opening of the country by railways is enabling him to send it to the ports in yearly increasing quantity. The explanation of this is, that he is paid in *silver rupees*, which have the same value to him as ever, being the currency and standard of value in his country. Silver, however, is with us only an article of *merchandise*, not, as gold is, a standard of value; and at present it can be bought at a decline on its value prior to 1873 of thirty per cent., and sent out to Bombay or Calcutta to pay for purchases of wheat. A small charge for coinage is made at the Indian mints; but it is found in effect that eight ounces of silver will enable a merchant to lay down in London one quarter of wheat. If the silver costs him five shillings per ounce, as it did on the average before 1873, the wheat might be sold in London at about forty shillings per quarter; but if it costs (as it does to-day) only three shillings and eightpence per ounce, then he can afford to sell his Indian wheat in the London market at twenty-nine shillings and fourpence.

To put the matter in another way: a Bombay merchant consigns his wheat to London for sale, and it is sold in Mark Lane at, say, thirty shillings per quarter. After deducting five shillings to pay freight and expenses, there would be twenty-five shillings left with which to buy silver, or, what amounts to the same thing, a bill in rupees on Bombay. At present exchange-rate of one shilling and fivepence for the rupee, there would be remitted seventeen rupees eleven annas for each quarter of wheat; whereas, if exchange were at the old rate of two shillings, only twelve and a half rupees could be sent. The effect of the latter remittance would be that if his wheat cost him about seventeen rupees in Bombay, the Bombay merchant would sell no more in London until the price rose to forty shillings. It should be, therefore, plain to our readers that India has a considerable influence on the price of wheat in England, and that this is owing to the fall in the value of silver. A further fall in the value of the metal might further depress the price of wheat, as twenty-four shillings per quarter would recompense the Indian grower if silver fell to three shillings per ounce.

But while the present price of wheat is, as we have shown, injuriously affected by the imports from India, yet it must be remembered that there are various counterbalancing circumstances which will always act so as to prevent a much further decrease. For instance, if India could have sent us all the wheat we require for home consumption over and above our own production, its influence upon our markets would have been predominant. But as it is, out of fourteen million quarters of wheat imported from abroad last year, only two and a half millions came from India. It will be obvious, therefore, that, unless the area of wheat-production in India is largely increased, all that its imports can do is to prevent American and other producers getting so high a price as they formerly obtained in our markets. On the other hand, the fact that India cannot give us all we require,

and that we are obliged to draw upon the States, Australasia, and elsewhere, for a further supply, will prevent the price from sinking to the lowest point at which wheat can be sent to us from India. By this action and interaction, therefore, of conflicting interests, a certain amount of stability is brought about; though the resting-point is, we fear, much below what the British farmer would require to render wheat-growing once more profitable.

Having pointed out that at present India cannot supply us with all the wheat we require, it may naturally be asked if she is ever likely to be able to do so. It is a difficult question to answer. It must be remembered that India suffers grievously from time to time from droughts and from excessive rains, and the recurrence of these periods, each equally hostile to the growth of wheat, will, it is believed by many, place a certain check upon its production. But Professor Wallace, of the Chair of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh, who has recently returned from a six months' visit to the agricultural districts of our Eastern Empire, is of opinion that the production of Indian wheat is more likely to be steady than fluctuating, and that it will form a substantial item in our country's imports. 'It was not, however,' he said, 'wheat of the quality wanted in this country, being impure and deficient as regards gluten.' We have, therefore, two opposing opinions as to the likelihood, or otherwise, of a steady increase of wheat importations from India.

At home, however, the position is sufficiently embarrassing. From an inquiry made in 1885, by the *Mark Lane Express*, the fact was brought out that wheat could not be grown in England under an average cost of thirty-six shillings per quarter. If it is produced at a less cost than this, the quality of the soil must be excellent, the rent moderate, and the farmer must be able to sell the straw. It should be borne in mind, in estimating the ability of other countries to undersell us, that the average yield in England is double that of the United States, and treble that of India. We have also our own wheat at our doors, whereas India must send hers perhaps a thousand miles by rail and six thousand by sea. American wheat has the same obstacle of distance to contend with; and although a great reduction in railway and shipping rates has occurred during the last few years, the transatlantic growers get so little for their crops, that they are in the greatest possible financial distress. So badly off were the farmers in Dakota last winter, that the State legislature decided not to collect the taxes.

The difficulty brought about by the lowered gold-value of silver is one that will have to be faced some time or other. A Gold and Silver Commission has at present under its consideration, among cognate subjects, this very question of currency, but whether they will be able to suggest an efficient remedy is not yet considered as beyond the region of doubt. Mr Goschen, recently waited upon by a deputation on the subject, spoke guardedly, and confessed that the difficulty, even to skilled economists and financiers, was one of no slight moment. He seemed to prefer waiting for the Report of the Commission before committing himself to any opinion, either

in favour of bimetallism or otherwise. It is to be hoped the Commission will be able to suggest some way out of the difficulty, which is a very serious one for our agricultural population.

THE OLD SECRETAIRE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

AFTER a long and earnest consultation, lasting almost till daylight, it was finally decided to make another expedition to the Haunted Chamber, with the object of discovering, if possible, any secret passage existing thence to another part of the house; only Warren stipulated that nothing further should be done until he should have completed his little domestic drama, the main portion of which had been written, only a few finishing touches being required to make it ready for distribution among the actors. And so far his prognostications having proved correct, Walter Secretan was content to leave the matter in his friend's able hands.

It was, of course, impossible to do anything on Christmas Day, even to get out to church, for the weather had taken a change in the night, and morning dawned with a strong wind and snow falling heavily. A kind of informal service was held in the drawing-room; and afterwards, for lack of other amusement, the party assembled one and all in the hall to listen to Warren's comedy, which was declared to be, with one or two trifling alterations, exactly the thing required.

'There is one thing we want now,' Warren observed, when parts had been chosen and the manuscript had been given into willing hands to copy—'the suggestions for the *tableaux vivants*. Can't some of you ladies suggest something original? We are all tired of Lady Jane Grey, Mary Queen of Scots, and Joan of Arc.'

'When are we to be ready for the first rehearsal?' Althea Wynne demanded. 'It will take me quite a week to learn my part.'

'In that case, we shall be reluctantly compelled to cut you out,' said Warren firmly, 'because the first rehearsal—of which I propose to have three—will take place in this hall to-morrow night at eight. Why, the great charm of private theatricals is in half-knowing your part, and finding your fellow-performers worse than yourself.'

'Mr Warren is quite right,' said Constance Lumley promptly; 'and so far as utter ignorance of the book-part is concerned, he shall not find me wanting. Besides, is there not an individual known as the prompter?'

'Most admirable of amateur actors, being least seen and most heard!' Warren laughed.—'I suppose that is settled then.—And now for the *tableaux*.'

'What about Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamond?' Edith Lucas suggested. 'Or perhaps'—

'The Eve of St Bartholomew, as interpreted,

by Millais,' suggested a demure voice in the background—an inspiration treated with contemptuous silence.

'What you want to do is to show off your dresses and look nice,' Warren observed. 'We seem to have everything to hand; only there is a plentiful lack of ideas, as Mrs Malaprop would say.—Now, do make up your minds.'

Finally, the choice fell upon three—the trial scene from the *Merchant of Venice*, after a struggle for the part of Portia; one founded upon the most pathetic scene in *Enoch Arden*; and finally, the play-scene from *Hamlet*—with, as Warren observed, the full strength of the company. Once decided, there was a general exodus on the artistes' part to make selection out of the rifled treasures of the west wing as apparel on the eventful night.

'Now is our time!' exclaimed Warren, when the last of the fair performers had disappeared. 'Old Brookes is safe in the billiard-room for the next half-hour, marking a game between the colonel and your father.—Get a couple of helpers out of the stable. I want that old secretaire out of the Haunted Chamber—it will be useful as an article of stage-furniture.'

'Have you made up your mind what is to be done?' Secretan asked, when he had despatched a messenger for the desired assistance.

'Almost. I am going to try and frighten the man—work upon his fears, if possible.—Mind you, not a word of this; I want it, if possible, kept a secret. I do not want anything we know, or what we are going to do, to be guessed even by the other players. I suppose you intend to have the servants in to see the performance?'

'Of course.—Where else should we get our audience?'

'That's exactly what I wanted to know. "The play's the thing wherein to catch the conscience of the king"—only, in our case the drama will play quite a secondary part in bringing that wicked old rascal to book.—*Allons.*'

'I suppose you know what you are talking about?' Secretan observed. 'For the life of me, I don't.'

'If you knew a little more of the divine bard, you would,' Warren observed airily. 'Perhaps it will dawn upon you presently.—However, here we are.'

Daylight made but little difference to the apartment. Upon everything lay the melancholy of decay—the carpet torn, and faded by the rust and dust of half a century. In the large open grate, a handful of wood-ashes still remained, with some charred embers, the remains of papers partially destroyed. Over the handsome cornices, once gay with gilt, a fine powder had settled, and great spiders had spun their nets.

With the assistance of the two stout helpers, they raised the old secretaire, though a lever had to be employed. As it gradually slid along, Warren's foot slipped through an open space. He recovered himself with a great shout, for, as the desk gradually moved away, an open trap-door stood revealed.

'The ghostly passage!' he exclaimed, whilst Secretan and the helpers looked on open-mouthed.

'This is the way he must have gone. You see,

it is exactly behind the secretaire, and protected by this movable back. Look!'

He pointed to the opening, where, at that moment, a head and shoulders had appeared. It was Silas Brookes, a look of deadly hate and vengeance upon his face, in the eyes fixed upon Warren with such rancour. As he stepped into the apartment in profound silence, they saw that he wore the masquerade dress of Arundel Secretan. The trembling hand was laid upon the rapier; but ere he could draw it, Warren, reading the mischief in his eyes, was upon him, and bore him to the ground.

'You two go and fetch your master and Colonel Lucas,' he said to the dazed helpers. 'You need not trouble to return again;' and the half-stupefied servants hurried off to obey the stern command.

There was not a word spoken till the host and his guest entered. Brookes's eyes wandered from one to the other in a defiant, hunted fashion: he knew that he was found out. But with his iron nerve, he was not the man to cry out for either mercy or forgiveness. Utterly amazed, the Squire looked to Warren for an explanation.

'Allow me to introduce you to the family ghost,' commenced the triumphant dramatist, 'as interpreted by this faithful servant.—But I forgot that you are entirely in the dark as to what has transpired. Call to mind, in the first place, your family legend, and the part one of my family played in it. You gave me permission to search these rooms, and thereby hangs a tale.' So saying, Warren related all he had seen and heard, ending his narrative by placing in the Squire's hand the fateful letter dropped by the ghost in his flight on the eventful preceding evening. As he read, his usually benign features became stern and hard. To the end he perused it, and then turned to Brookes, speaking in a voice clear and metallic, such as the ancient servitor had never heard before.

'Where have you hidden this money, you scoundrel?' he demanded.

There was no answer to the thrice repeated query. By this time the news had spread through the house, and one by one the visitors had joined them. Mr Warren threw the letter to Brookes, who read it slowly, ponderously to the end. His face turned to a pale ashen gray; he clutched at his throat, then the words burst from him, as he threw himself upon his knees at his master's feet, covering his face with trembling hands: 'I never meant to wrong my master—never! never! But the temptation. I found out Mr Edgar Warren; I got the money. It was when his valet told me that he was dying, the temptation overcame me. In London, I changed the notes into gold. I brought it down here. Then I saw my dear master. I lied to him, and he died by his own hand. Oh! if I could have only known—if I could have only guessed! I thought myself safe.—After my master's death, I was afraid to speak. The servants talked about his ghost. That was my opportunity. I had hidden the gold. Bit by bit I carried it here into this very room. I knew I should not be interrupted, so gradually I got it here—hidden, all of it safe. To keep it safe, I have played the ghost for all these years. But I have not been dishonest

—it is all there. I intended to confess before I died; I intended to be honest. I am no thief, so help me heaven!’

‘Where?’ Warren demanded impatiently—‘where, man?’

‘In the desk behind you, in the old secretaire—every penny of it. And now perhaps you will be content.’ He rose to his feet, as if to quit the room. The Squire signified to Warren to let him pass; and so he went without another word.

The ancient piece of furniture, now such an object of interest, was speedily prised open, and a breathless knot of spectators gathered round. The head of the desk had a circular top, which, upon being opened, disclosed a nest of drawers, each full of papers and memoranda, the drawers down either side being filled with a mass of odds and ends, but no signs of money. It was certainly strange. Apparently, there was no space to be accounted for, till a rule was applied to the side, and it was discovered that, behind the nest of drawers, a considerable space yet remained. They drew out every one of the tiny drawers, but no sign of an opening could be seen. Walter Secretan, in a fit of impatience, jammed the head of a hammer against the frail wood, and as he did so, the fabric gave way. Placing his hand in the aperture thus formed, he drew out one by one seven leather bags, each fastened with a small padlock, and a flat shabby-looking case, which he opened.

There was a cry of delight from the ladies, as a magnificent diamond necklace flashed and shimmered in the light, a quivering fire of stones in a tarnished gold setting; but no damp and decay could pale the gleaming jewels. As they passed from hand to hand admiringly, Secretan employed himself in cutting the top off one of the leather bags; and plunging his hand in, he drew out a score or two of English gold coins. When they came to count it, it contained two thousand four hundred pounds. A careful addition of the remaining bags brought up the total to sixteen thousand two hundred and eighty pounds in good English money, which, including the necklace, must have represented close upon, if not quite, the sum of twenty thousand pounds.

There was a kind of stupefied silence for a few moments; then every one seemed to find his voice at once, speaking in a clamorous din.

‘Warren, I thank you,’ said the Squire warmly. ‘I owe you a deep debt of gratitude, so deep that I scarcely know how to repay you.’

‘I shall soon put you to the test,’ Warren replied, significantly.

‘Well, of all the callous scoundrels!’ cried the colonel, when he had sufficiently recovered to speak. ‘Fancy having a man like that under your roof! I would soon make short work of him.’

‘Gently, gently,’ cried the Squire good-humouredly. ‘Remember the poor fellow has suffered terribly; and remember Christmas time, colonel. Peace and good-will to men. If he has repented, truly we must not withhold our forgiveness.’

‘Well, if he hadn’t been a rogue, you would be some thousands worse off,’ was the practical reply. ‘It’s an ill wind that blows nobody luck, Secretan.—Eh, Warren?’

‘It shall blow some one luck,’ said the Squire, turning to Warren significantly. ‘Come into the smoking-room and talk it over.—So, this is what a snowy Christmas comes to, is it? They say no snow no matrimony, and in this case.’

‘History repeats itself,’ said Warren calmly, indicating Walter and Edith Lucas.

They had the hall to themselves, both gazing out over the snowy landscape, her head upon his shoulder, his arm wound round her slender waist.

‘Why, bless me!’ exclaimed the colonel, staring through his eyeglass, ‘it’s my daughter, and your son, Secretan.—And all this time I was under the impression she was in love with somebody else.’

‘A mistake, sir,’ said Walter lightly, ‘as I hope to convince you presently. You see, General Ramsden is all very well; only, unfortunately, Edith does not love him.’

‘Unfortunately! you ungrateful young rascal! Why, bless me! in that case, why didn’t she say so at once? I am sure it was no wish of mine.—But you young people always delight in making mysteries of things, and we have had mystery enough for one day.’

‘Well out of that, darling!’ said Walter, as the elders disappeared. ‘But I am just cynical enough to believe that he would not have been quite so amiable, if it had not been for the discovery in the Old Secretaire.’

OXYGEN STARVATION.

If we are asked which of the many necessities of life is best entitled to the chief place, we must surely reply, Oxygen. This gas forms about one-fifth of the bulk of the atmosphere, and our wants are supplied by the act of breathing, so regularly and ceaselessly performed by every one. It is possible to live for a long time without the protection of a house or of clothing; it is even possible to live for many days without food; but if we are deprived for only one or two minutes of oxygen, the consequences are serious, and may be fatal. This is perhaps one reason why, of all things that our bodies require, oxygen is the only one the regular supply of which does not depend upon our own attention. The pangs of hunger and of thirst warn us when food and drink are necessary, but they can only be satisfied by our putting forth conscious effort. A man may be hungry; but if he is too lazy to seek out food and raise it to his mouth, he will starve. But it is not so with oxygen. We have power, it is true, temporarily to stop our breathing or to increase its rapidity by an act of will; but even when we forget all about it, the breathing continues.

This is one of the many mysteries of our being, always before us, but seldom thought of; and yet it is very striking. This frequent and important act of our daily life has not been entrusted to our care, but has been so arranged for that it is performed every three or four seconds from the moment of birth until death, without requiring

one thought from us. The breathing apparatus never sleeps.

Again, oxygen is so closely connected with the great vital processes upon which our growth and daily energy depend, that food itself is useless unless accompanied by a large supply of it. Indeed, when the quantity of oxygen which a man consumes in his lungs daily is calculated, it is found to be greater in weight than all the dry food he requires during the same period.

Yet again, if we wish a house and clothing and food, we must work for them; but for oxygen there is nothing to pay. It is free to all, and lies around us in such abundance that it never runs short.

Here, then, we see every means taken to insure that all our demands for oxygen shall be freely and fully met, and yet we are assured by medical authorities that a very large proportion—some say one-fourth—of all the deaths that take place is caused, directly or indirectly, by oxygen starvation. Now, what unfortunate circumstances prevent so many persons having a sufficiency of this all-important gas? The chief one undoubtedly is congregating in towns. Instead of living in the country, where every household might have a large free space of air around it, we draw together, for the convenience of business, to great centres. There the houses are crowded closely together, often piled one on the top of the other, so that, instead of an over-abundance, there is only a limited quantity of air for each. This is made unfit for the support of life by the very act of breathing; the impurities are increased by the waste products of manufactories; and oxygen is destroyed by every fire and lamp and gas-light. The winds and certain properties of the atmosphere constantly remove much of the impure air and bring in a pure supply; but the crowding together in many parts of a town is so great, and the production of poisonous matters goes on so continuously, that instead of each breath containing its full proportion of oxygen, the place of that gas is taken up to some extent by what is actually hurtful to life. When this is the condition of the atmosphere outside the dwelling, it is necessarily much worse within it, for there the displacement of impure air by pure cannot take place so rapidly. The consequences are as already stated. Large parts of our town populations never have sufficient oxygen; their lives are feeble and full of suffering, and numbers die before their time.

Such facts are painful to contemplate, but a knowledge of them puts the wise man on his guard, and he may do much for himself. In the choice of a house he will remember the advantage of a great air-space around it, and of plenty of space within it, so that bedrooms may not be overcrowded. Or if a large house is beyond his means, he will take care that the rooms are not crowded with furniture, for every piece of furniture excludes an equal bulk of air. When he enters the house, he will see that at all times as much fresh air from the outside is admitted, by means of open doors, and windows, as can be allowed without inconvenience from cold; and as

often as possible he will have a blow through, to clear out all odd corners where foul air may linger. Pure air and good food make pure blood, and only pure blood will give good health.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUSION.

DURING the solitary watches of the night, Mrs Roding's thoughts were mostly with her husband. When should she see him again? What dreadful thing had he been guilty of, that necessitated his sudden departure after dark, and unknown to any one? Vague, sickening fears of some terrible misfortune—all the more terrible because its proportions were unknown to her—haunted her all through the dark hours. She welcomed the daylight, when at length it came, as if it were a friend.

About half-past nine, Ruff sent to inquire whether she was at liberty to see him. It was strange how glad she felt at his coming. Half her troubles seemed to take to themselves wings as he walked in with his bright smile and clear resolute eyes. She advanced to meet him, and held out her hand frankly, blushing a little as she did so, for the remembrance of the past was still upon her.

'I am glad you have come, Ruff,' she said, 'because I have a letter for you which your father left with me last night. He—he has gone away, Ruff; circumstances compelled him to go. But the letter will no doubt tell you everything. She choked back a sob, and then sat down and waited while Ruff read the letter.

When he had come to the end of it, he slowly refolded it, looking at her with grave, sad eyes as he did so, but not giving utterance to a word.

'He has told you more than he told me—I feel sure he has,' said Mrs Roding with a quaver in her voice. 'I neither know why he went away so suddenly, nor where he has gone. I suppose, I may take it as a fact that we are ruined. Your father said I was to rely upon you, and be guided by you in every way. Of course, his wishes are sacred with me; and in any case, in this dreadful state of affairs I should neither know what to do nor where to begin. I am but a poor, weak woman, Ruff, and I must leave everything to you.'

'Rather different this from the Mrs Roding of other days,' was Ruff's unspoken comment. Then he said aloud: 'That my best efforts will be at your service, you may make yourself quite sure, Mrs Roding. Still, I am only a painter, and know little or nothing of what are called business matters. Don't you think that, under the circumstances, it would be a wise thing to take Grandad into our counsels and obtain the benefit of his experience?'

Mrs Roding's eyebrows lifted themselves in sheer astonishment. 'Call in Mr Roding, senior! Why, he's verging on his second childhood.—Of what possible assistance could he be?'

'Grandad is shrewder than you think, Mrs Roding. In any case, his experience would be invaluable to a duffer like me.'

'Just as you please, of course,' she answered

with a shrug. 'Matters are left in your hands, not mine.'

Without more ado, Ruff rang the bell. 'Ask Mr Roding, senior, if he will oblige me by stepping as far as this room,' he said to the servant who answered the summons.

Five minutes later, Grandad's tall, gaunt figure stood framed in the doorway. After bowing gravely to his daughter-in-law, he looked inquiringly at Ruff. Mrs Roding did not speak. The old leaven in her was at variance with the new.

'Come in, Grandad, and take a seat,' said Ruff cordially. 'We want a little of your advice.'

Mrs Roding screwed up her lips; it was all she could do to resist saying: 'You may want this old man's advice, but I certainly do not.'

'You are welcome to it for whatever it may be worth,' answered Grandad as he took the proffered chair. 'But what's your difficulty?'

'Before going into details, it may be as well that you should read this,' said Ruff as he handed him his father's letter.

Grandad set his spectacles astride his nose, and read the missive through with his usual deliberation. 'A bad state of affairs, very bad indeed,' was his comment as he gave the letter back to Ruff. 'What do you purpose doing?'

'That's just the point where your advice is needed. For my part, I must confess that I'm thoroughly fogged. With my father and Grigson both gone, how will it be possible to find out the exact state of affairs?'

'We must begin at the beginning,' said Grandad coolly.

'That is, if we can find a beginning,' answered Ruff.

'If we can't find one, we must make one. In my opinion, we had better make a start here—that is to say, we had better endeavour to obtain an estimate of the private liabilities before dealing with the business ones.—Does my suggestion fall in with your views, Matilda?'

She only half apprehended his meaning. 'Yes—yes; I suppose so. No doubt, you know best,' she answered in some confusion. She could not recollect when he had last called her by her baptismal name; why should he do so to-day?

From one of his capacious pockets, Grandad produced a memorandum book, and from another a stump of lead-pencil. 'It may be as well to put down the figures as we go along,' he said.

The process took a little time, for Grandad was one of those slow, elaborate writers who cannot bear to be hurried. When he had set down the total, and had verified it by going over the addition a second time, he took off his spectacles and leaned back in his chair. Looking Mrs Roding straight in the face out of his deep, cavernous eyes, he said: 'Perhaps it would interest you to be told the sum-total of this little account?'

She was powerless to answer him.

'The figures I have just taken down,' he went on, 'represent an aggregate of twelve hundred and ninety-four pounds six shillings and tenpence.'

'Can it be possible!' gasped the helpless woman.

'And this forms only a tithe of Matthew Roding's responsibilities. These, his private debts

—although not the whole of them—amount to so many hundreds of pounds. His business debts, I have reason to believe, represent nearly as many thousands. And yet, only three years ago, he started afresh in life with a balance of ten thousand pounds and a business unburdened with debt or liability of any kind. It is strange—it is passing strange.' He breathed on his spectacles, and began to rub them with the silk handkerchief he reserved for that purpose. He had spoken gravely but dispassionately. There might be an echo of sorrow in his voice; there was none of anger.

Some minutes elapsed before Mrs Roding could sufficiently command herself; at length she said: 'That we are ruined, I am quite aware, Mr Roding: my husband gave me to understand as much as that before he left home. But if he is to blame—and who can say that he is not?—am not I to blame also? I have not been the wife to him that I ought to have been. Knowing, as I did, his eager, sanguine disposition, his buoyant nature, which nothing can long repress, I ought to have restrained him, instead of urging him on by my example in the mad course he was pursuing. Had it not been for my extravagance and insensate vanity, had he seen that I was determined not to follow in his footsteps, it may be that he would have turned back before it was too late, and this catastrophe might never have come about.' She turned aside to hide the tears she could no longer restrain. 'Oh, Mr Roding, you cannot tell, you do not know, how unhappy I am!' she presently exclaimed.

'I can indeed believe that you are most unhappy.'

'Yes—but there is one thing that makes me more unhappy than all the rest. My husband has left me without telling me where he is gone, or when I shall see him again. That—that is worse than all! I could have borne poverty, have borne anything, as long as we were together. I do not even know what it is that he has done to compel him to leave his home like a thief in the night. Ah! Mr Roding, have you no grain of comfort for me? Cannot you tell me where Matthew is and when I shall see him again? Take pity on me—take pity!' She came forward and knelt by his chair, and took one of his gnarled hands in hers and pressed it to her lips and wetted it with her tears. 'I have been a vile, wicked woman—no one knows it better than I know it to-day. All along, I have done my utmost to injure you—you, my husband's father and our most generous benefactor. Ah! it seems incredible—impossible of belief, and yet it is too true. But yours is one of those noble natures which return good for evil, and perhaps, after a time, you may be able to say even to me, "You are forgiven."'

Grandad stood up, and taking both her hands in his, raised her to her feet. 'It is said already, if not by my lips, then in my heart,' he answered very gently and gravely. 'Who am I, that I should constitute myself a judge of others?' With that he took her face between his hands and touched her forehead with his lips, as a seal and token that the past was forgotten.

'What have I done to deserve so much goodness?' she murmured. 'Nothing—nothing!'

There was a tiny gong close to Grandad's hand; this he now struck three times in quick succession. An instant later, Matthew Roding appeared in the doorway. With a cry that was compounded of joy and utter amazement, his wife sprang forward and flung herself into his arms. Grandad and Ruff turned away, and busied themselves among their papers.

Scarcely was this incident over, when a loud summons at the front door made itself heard through the house, and presently a servant announced, 'Mr Fitch, to see Mr Roding.' Matthew turned pale. 'Twelve o'clock was the hour named, and it is now scarcely eleven.'

'Mr Fitch is here at my request,' said Grandad. They all stared at him. 'I sent him a note a couple of hours ago, he went on, 'asking him to come here as early as possible. I thought that I would see him myself, with the view of ascertaining whether there was not a possibility of our being able to arrive at some sort of amicable arrangement.'

Matthew started to his feet. 'Don't see him, father—don't go near him! It is altogether useless; he will only insult you. Leave him to do his worst.'

'Still, now that he is here, I may as well have a word with him,' said Grandad with quiet persistence. Then to the servant: 'Show me to the room in which Mr Fitch is waiting.' As he went out, he beckoned Ruff to accompany him.

Mrs Roding could not get over her astonishment at her husband's reappearance. 'It is all through Grandad that you see me here,' he said in answer to her questions. 'I was just about to open the door at the bottom of the garden, when he laid his hand on my shoulder. He had been smoking an outdoor pipe in the dark, as he often does. He made me go back with him into his room, and there I opened my heart to him, and told him everything. Would that I had done so six months ago! It was he who counselled me to remain and face whatever might happen. He showed me what a coward's act it would be to take to flight at the very time I ought to stick to my colours like a man. He made me feel ashamed of myself, and that's the truth; and—and so here I am, and here I mean to stop, come what may.'

'Heaven bless him for giving you back to me!' said Mrs Roding fervently.—'But here he is.'

Grandad entered smilingly, a slip of paper in his hand. 'Read that,' he said to his son; 'I don't think Mr Fitch will trouble you again in a hurry.'

Matthew took the paper and read. It was a receipt in full for two thousand four hundred and odd pounds—the balance, in fact, between the sum due from Fitch for the borrowed money with interest on the same, and the current market value of the Congo bonds which had been deposited as security for the loan.

To Matthew Roding, it seemed as if nothing less than a miracle had been wrought on his behalf. He read the receipt again and yet again, as doubting the evidence of his senses. 'You have done this, father!' he exclaimed at length. 'But—but I don't understand'—And then he paused.

'You don't understand where the coin came from to do it with, eh?' said Grandad, rubbing his hands and chuckling to himself. 'Well, well;

I happened to have a little bit hid away in a stocking, and it seemed to me that I could not put it to a better use.'

'Father,' said Matthew, in a voice replete with emotion, 'you have lifted from my shoulders the heaviest burden of all. This it was that drove me from home, or would have done, but for your intervention.'

At this juncture Ruff returned; he, too, carried a slip of paper, which he gave to Grandad, who, after glancing at it, passed it on to his son. It was a receipt for the overdue rent.

For a time Matthew's power of speech seemed to have left him. 'Father, what can I say except that you overwhelm me with humiliation!' he contrived at length to stammer out.

'Ah, ah, say you so? Just wait till I have done with you,' answered Grandad, at the same time making a sign to Ruff, who again left the room. 'Here is a schedule of your private liabilities,' he went on, 'which, with a few exceptions, will, I believe, be found to be tolerably exhaustive. Now, as there happen to be a few more stivers left where the others came from, I think we couldn't utilise them better than by sweeping these outstandings into limbo and starting afresh with a clean slate. What say you?'

'Are you a wizard, father, or what are you?'

Grandad laughed aloud; he was evidently in the pleasantest of humours; but before he could reply, Ruff and Bunker entered the room. Grandad having motioned to the old clerk to take a chair close by him, drew from his breast-pocket a thick roll of bank-notes. After counting and separating a certain number from the rest, he put the roll back into his pocket. Then turning to Bunker, he said: 'Here are a number of bills which I wish to have settled at once; you will find the address on each of them. And here is a summary showing the aggregate total, together with bank-notes for the amount. Verify the notes, and then set off at once. You will, of course, take a hansom, and you will come back here as soon as you have finished your round.'

'Right you are, sir,' answered Peter as he proceeded to finger and count the notes with his customary business-like deliberation.

While he was thus engaged, Matthew and his wife looked at each other with wonder-stricken eyes. Each knew that the same thought was in the other's mind. The money—the money—where with these miracles were being worked—where can that have come from? They were to be enlightened sooner than they imagined.

Taking off his spectacles and leaning forward a little with his arms resting on the table, Abel Roding confronted his son. 'So far, we seem to be threading our way out of the maze,' he said; 'but it won't do to halloo yet awhile. In the course of the talk you and I had together in my room last night, I think you mentioned that certain accommodation bills of yours, representing somewhere about three thousand pounds, would fall due in the course of the next two or three weeks, and that you had no means whatever of meeting them?'

'That is precisely the state of the case.'

'And there will be some other matters to meet as well?'

'Undoubtedly—a few. Probably a couple of thousand pounds would cover the lot.'

'And your balance at the bank?'
Matthew lifted his shoulders. 'The merest trifle, somewhere about sixty or seventy pounds, I imagine.'

'Then, notwithstanding what has been done already, the Bankruptcy Court still stares you in the face?'

'I see no other prospect before me.'

'Ah, my boy, as we say in the North, you have brought your pigs to a pretty market.' He drummed musingly for a few moments on the table with his fingers. Then turning his keen eyes full on Matthew, he said: 'You look fagged and ill; and no wonder. My advice is, that you and Matilda should start this very day for a month's holiday. Go down to Cumberland—go on the continent—go anywhere, so long as you get a thorough change and leave all your worries behind you.'

Matthew Roding drew a deep breath and flushed to the roots of his hair. 'If I could but do as you suggest, father!' he said. 'But about the acceptances? I cannot run away from my liabilities.'

'You would have done so last night but for me,' answered Grandad with a grim smile. 'As for the acceptances, you will have to leave them and everything else for me to arrange while you are away.'

'Pardon me, father, but I fail to understand how you intend!'

'Then your wits are scarcely so keen as they used to be. There is but one way of meeting your liabilities honourably, and that is by paying them.—I am not surprised at your astonishment. Allow me to enlighten you. When I transferred my business to you, and lodged ten thousand pounds in your name at the bank, you were under the impression that I had beggared myself to do so. Were you not somewhat of a simpleton to imagine anything of the kind? Ought you not to have known human nature a little better than that? I endowed you with a portion only of my fortune; had that portion been the whole of it, where would you be to-day? You and I courted the fickle goddess in two very different ways. What your way has brought you to is patent to everybody. My method of going to work was the exact opposite of yours. I never speculated rashly; what I made, I invested judiciously, being content with small margins of profit. I never took a step in the dark knowingly. My fortune was the slow patient accumulation of many years. You know the adage—"Many a little makes a mickle;" and my case proved the truth of it.'

There was silence for a time after Grandad had ceased speaking. Two at least of his auditors were too amazed for words. What must their thoughts have been!

'As for the Bankside business,' resumed Grandad after a space—'I should like you to go back to it, on your return from your holiday, by which time Bunker and I will have overhauled affairs and got them a little bit ship-shape. My predecessor made a fortune in the business; I followed suit; and there's time enough for you to do the same, if only you will take to heart the lesson of the past, and keep it in memory through the years to come.—But I am not going to preach at you. The best thing you can do is to send

out for a Bradshaw and get your portmanteau packed.'

Everything was carried out in accordance with Grandad's arrangements; and Matthew Roding started life afresh, a humbler and a wiser man, Ruff and Mary were married shortly after, and on their return from their wedding trip, Grandad took up his abode with them. Freddy is in the happy position of having two homes, and he divides his time pretty equally between them.

Of Grigson it may just be recorded that he was arrested in Paris about a month after his flight. Ruff found a photograph of him in an album of Mrs Roding, for the specious, showy clerk had been somewhat of a favourite with his employer's wife. It was through the instrumentality of the photograph in question that he was captured.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

At a meeting lately of the Royal Microscopical Society, Mr Crisp called attention to what he regarded as a misstatement on the part of Sir Henry Roscoe in his Presidential address to the British Association. In this address, Sir Henry Roscoe treated the one-hundred-thousandth part of an inch as the limit of visibility with the highest known magnifying power. Mr Crisp pointed out that the limit of visibility can hardly be definitely stated, but he assumed it to be beyond the one-five-hundred-thousandth part of an inch. Dr Dallinger, the President of the Society, corroborated Mr Crisp's observations, and said that he himself had certainly seen objects which were between the one-two-hundred-thousandth and one-three-hundred-thousandth of an inch. This correction is worth recording, if only as a proof of the marvellous perfection to which the modern microscope has attained.

A French pharmaceutical journal describes a new disinfectant liquid of great efficacy and power which has recently been produced at Paris from coal-oil. In appearance it is a sirupy brown liquid of a not disagreeable odour, which turns milky on the addition of water. It is described as being the result of a peculiar saponification of coal-oil by caustic soda. It can be used for all purposes where disinfection is required. It will destroy moss and fungus on trees; and by sponging a horse with a weak solution of the compound, aggressive flies are kept away.

A new form of boat, which may be described as a water-bicycle, has recently been tried with success in New York harbour. This curious vessel consists of two cigar-shaped tubes, each twelve feet in length and one foot in diameter, connected together by an iron framework. Between the tubes is a light water-wheel, which is worked by pedals, the navigator being seated upon a bicycle saddle fixed above the wheel. Although, on the day of the experiment, the wind was blowing hard and there was a choppy sea, the novel boat travelled three miles in forty-five minutes.

Some very interesting particulars concerning the art of diamond-cutting were recently contributed to the *Times* by Mr Lewis Atkinson, the

manager of the British diamond industry which attracted so much attention in the Cape of Good Hope Court of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. From this source we learn that up to the end of the year 1885 no fewer than six and a half tons of diamonds had been extracted from the four principal mines of South Africa, the value of the gems being estimated at about forty millions sterling. When these mines were discovered, there was only one diamond-cutter in London, and it became necessary to bring Dutch workers from Amsterdam. These workers struck several times for higher wages; but when, flushed with success, they demanded eighteen pounds per week, they were dismissed, and Englishmen put in their places. The great secret in diamond-cutting is 'patience,' and for this reason it is thought to be a form of labour peculiarly adapted to women. There are now many diamond-cutters in London in full work, and it is believed that the industry is being rapidly restored to Britain, from which country it migrated to Amsterdam two hundred years ago in consequence of religious persecution. The Americans are credited with being the best judges of diamonds in the world, and it is stated that they buy about three millions-worth annually from English cutters.

About ten years ago, Dr Goodrich of Kensington pointed out the danger which might result from the possibility of disease-germs escaping from the open windows of hospitals; and subsequently other medical men have called attention to the same possible source of infection. The late scarlet-fever epidemic in the metropolis has had the good effect of once more reviving this important question, and it would be well if a special inquiry were undertaken to ascertain whether the evil complained of is real or imaginary. It would be possible to arrange a system of ventilation which would insure the foul air from our hospital wards being passed through a furnace before mingling with the outer atmosphere. On the other hand, would such a course be consistent, while the foul air from our sewers is plentifully emitted from every street grating?

The system of electric traction for tramcars is steadily advancing, especially in America; and it is prophesied that in another ten years, or thereabouts, horses on tramcars will have been altogether superseded, with benefit to man and beast alike; for the poor quadruped of our streets has no harder work to do than the continual stopping and starting of these heavy vehicles. But we cannot boast that humane feelings have had much to do with the change. The fact is, that while horse-flesh costs about fivepence a mile, the electric system is about one penny less; it therefore pays well to be humane in this matter.

The increasing use of the electric light has led to great improvements in the electrodes or carbon rods between which the luminous arc is produced. Formerly, these rods were simply sawn from dense gas coke. But it was soon found that the impurities contained in this material led to constant flickerings and other irregularities. So processes for manufacturing the rods were invented and practised, first in France, then in America, and eventually the industry was founded in this country by a Company which has its headquarters at Millwall. In the process adopted at these works—that of Dr Liepmann—specially prepared

coke is first of all pulverised in a disintegrator; it is then hardened by heat, mixed with a tarry compound, and thoroughly incorporated into a plastic mass in a mill. It is afterwards subjected to hydraulic pressure, and forced through dies of different apertures, so as to form rods of various thicknesses. These are cut into twelve-inch lengths, and after being air-dried and straightened, are baked at a red-heat in cast-iron boxes. At the same works, carbon plates for batteries are also made, the weekly output of both rods and plates being about twenty thousand.

The recent fatal accident in a lead-mine, through the ignition of gas by shot-firing, once more calls attention to the necessity of finding some safer means of blasting rock than is afforded by gunpowder. The offer of Mr Ellis Lever to place in the hands of the Home Secretary the sum of one thousand pounds, to be divided between the inventor of such a boon and the producer of the best safety lamp for miners' use, has, for apparently very inadequate reasons, been rejected by the government. It would seem, however, from recent experiments, that the new explosive, Roburite, described recently by us (No. 203), fulfils all the conditions required. It will do the same amount of work in detaching rock as gunpowder will, while it emits neither flash nor sparks. Experiments made in chambers charged with explosive gases mingled with coal-dust showed that roburite does not ignite them. We trust that these results will be verified by further trials, and that by these means one of the most deadly risks which the miner has to meet with will cease to exist.

It is always a matter for regret, especially for the taxpayer, that our expensive engines of warfare are superseded by something different almost as soon as they are completed. Our small-arms, for instance, have generally been superseded by some other pattern before they have been furnished to all our troops. The torpedo boats about which we have heard so much during the past few years, and which have always been considered such marvels of speed and power in a small compass, are now found to exhibit several grave faults. They are crank, uncomfortable, and wet at sea, and therefore so unpopular with the service, that they are never used except for practice; and even when this happens, some defect is sure to be detected, owing to the idleness to which they have been condemned. So they are to be replaced by a new type of torpedo vessel which shall combine the good qualities of the old boats with the general usefulness of a pinnacle. The first boat of the new pattern was lately tried at Poplar, and gave, it is said, great satisfaction to all who watched her performance.

An artificial substitute for gum-arabic which is said to possess the appearance and properties of the genuine article, is described by the *American Druggist*. It is made as follows: Twenty parts of powdered sugar are boiled in fresh milk, seven parts; with this are mixed fifty parts of a thirty-six per cent. solution of sodic silicate (water-glass). After cooling to a temperature of one hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit, the mixture is poured into tin boxes, when the imitation gum separates from it in granular masses. This product cannot be used for adulterating true gum without ready detection.

Methylated spirit is a compound which is used for various purposes in the arts, and is also pretty well known in the domestic household. It consists of spirits of wine rendered nauseous to the taste by the admixture of a certain proportion of wood-naphtha, an addition which is purposely made to it, so that it cannot be used for drinking purposes, to the prejudice of the revenue. It was believed that by no process could its disagreeable smell and taste be taken from it; but this seems to be an erroneous idea. A mineral-water engineer and manufacturer of essences has recently been fined for using this potent spirit in his trade; and it almost raises a smile when we learn that his principal use for the fiery compound has been in the manufacture of essences wherewith to flavour so-called temperance beverages. The analyst at Somerset House who examined some of these sweet compounds deposed that they were composed entirely of methylated spirit diluted with water, and suitably flavoured. The half-gallon of samples purchased from this manufacturer, upon which the prosecution rested, cost twenty-four shillings, while the price of methylated spirit per gallon undiluted is three shillings and sixpence. It is an uncomfortable thought that other popular drinks may be added to by the same vile compound.

In Germany, paving-stones are being manufactured by a new method. The material is a kind of brick made by mixing finely ground red argillaceous slate and ground clay, with five per cent. of iron ore added to the mixture. This compound is moistened with a solution of sulphate of iron to which fine iron ore has been added; it is next formed into slabs by pressure, and submitted for several hours to the action of a furnace.

In the recent review of 'The Progress of Preventive Medicine during the Victorian Era,' which formed the subject of Dr Thorne Thorne's address to the Epidemiological Society, a good deal of attention was directed to the gradual decline of smallpox in this country. In the period between the years 1838-1842, the deaths from this disease in England amounted to 57.2 per hundred thousand living. In the similar period of five years 1880-1884, the death-rate had sunk to 6.5 per hundred thousand. It is believed that vaccination has not only had a direct influence in this marvellous reduction in the number of victims to a terrible scourge, but has also to some extent acted indirectly, in rendering the off-spring of vaccinated parents less liable to the disease.

It is a matter of common knowledge that india-rubber tubing gradually loses its elasticity, and becomes so hard that it will readily crack by pressure with the fingers. This alteration of structure is said to be due to the gradual formation of sulphuric acid, by the action of the atmosphere upon the sulphur contained in the material, and which is added to it in the vulcanising process. The deterioration can be obviated by occasionally washing the tubing with a weak alkaline solution.

An interesting paper on 'Primary Batteries for Illuminating Purposes' was recently read at a meeting of the Society of Engineers by the past President, Mr Nursey. We may broadly say that such an exposition of the capabilities of these

batteries was much wanted, for new kinds are constantly being invented, and many of them are much vaunted by those who have an interest in their commercial success. After describing the best known of these batteries, Mr Nursey suggested that they should be submitted to a committee of independent electricians, chemists, engineers, and others, so that each battery might be subjected to a rigorous test. In this way alone the survival of the fittest would be secured, and investors would save their capital. In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, Mr Preece, whose position at the Post-office has given him great experience of the behaviour of all kinds of batteries, expressed himself as being to a certain extent an opponent of primary batteries. He believed that any attempt at lighting mansions or houses by their aid must end in failure. One point in his remarks is especially worthy of notice. The inventors of new batteries are very fond of saying that the by-products will almost pay the expense of maintenance. Mr Preece tells us that in the Post-office are some five hundred thousand batteries, the products of which are of course very weighty. These products, however, have never yet paid the cost of collection.

A new process has been patented in America for the manufacture of tin plates of great length. The substratum is of steel, which, first rolled hot, and then cold, is gradually reduced to the required thickness. The surface of the metal is next scoured; and then, in the form of a continuous plate, it is fed into a bath of molten tin. After the metal has received in this way a coating of tin on both sides, it is passed between highly polished rolls under immense pressure, by which means the tin and steel are so consolidated together that the finished plate is superior in every respect to the ordinary article.

There was recently sold in London six tons of ivory sent by Stanley from the Congo via Belgium. The weight and quality were considered good; and Messrs Rodgers and Sons, the great cutlers of Sheffield, were the buyers. It is stated that this firm consumes annually the ivory produced by eight hundred elephants. At this rate of consumption, the increase in value of this beautiful material, and the threatened extinction of the elephant, are not to be wondered at. It seems that the African ivory-dealers are quite as expert at trade tricks as are the members of more civilised communities. They have discovered the advantage of pouring lead into the cavity of the ivory tusk to increase its weight, a mode of deception which often remains undiscovered until the workman saws the tusk asunder, when the teeth of the tool break against the inserted metal. As ivory is twelve shillings a pound, the fraud is a profitable one.

Mr Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, writes us as follows with regard to the use of cream with hot milk for the weakly: 'The value of cream as a nourishing and sustaining food is well understood; but it is a food apt to disagree. If mixed with milk before boiling, cream becomes partially coagulated; and cold milk with added cream is difficult of digestion. Some months ago, I tried the effect of good thick sweet cream stirred into very hot milk, that is, immediately after boiling. The mixture remained, as I had hoped, perfectly limpid and without tendency

to coagulate. Grateful to the palate and easily assimilated, I find, from daily experience, that a full mid-day meal of this food—at all times, for the weakly, infinitely superior to cod-liver oil—consisting of a quarter of a pint of cream, a pint to a pint and a half of milk, and a due proportion of bread, may be taken even by a dyspeptic like myself without fear of after-discomfort.'

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

SILENT we stand 'neath the wintry sky ;
The minutes are going fast ;
When out on the midnight air there rings
The sound of the bells at last ;
Clashing and chiming the Old Year out,
As we stand at the New-Year's door,
Waiting with half-reluctant steps
To cross its threshold o'er.

Full of changes the Past has been ;
And changes will come again,
Bringing their wealth of untold joy,
Or a weight of infinite pain ;
Loosening our hold on earthly things
And pleasures, so transient here ;
Welcoming in fresh loves and lives,
And parting with those held dear.

As we look back with a lingering glance
O'er bygone months and days,
How little we find for murmuring,
How much we find for praise !
Should we, then, hesitate to cross
And enter another year,
Rich in that all-sufficing love
That casts out every fear ?

Hush ! For one moment, silence reigns ;
Stilled is the merry din ;
Quietly let the Old Year go,
And let the New pass in ;
Only an instant, and then, with a rush,
As if all the bells of earth
Had caught the sound and lent their voice,
Is welcomed the New-Year's birth.

MENA BIELBY.

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